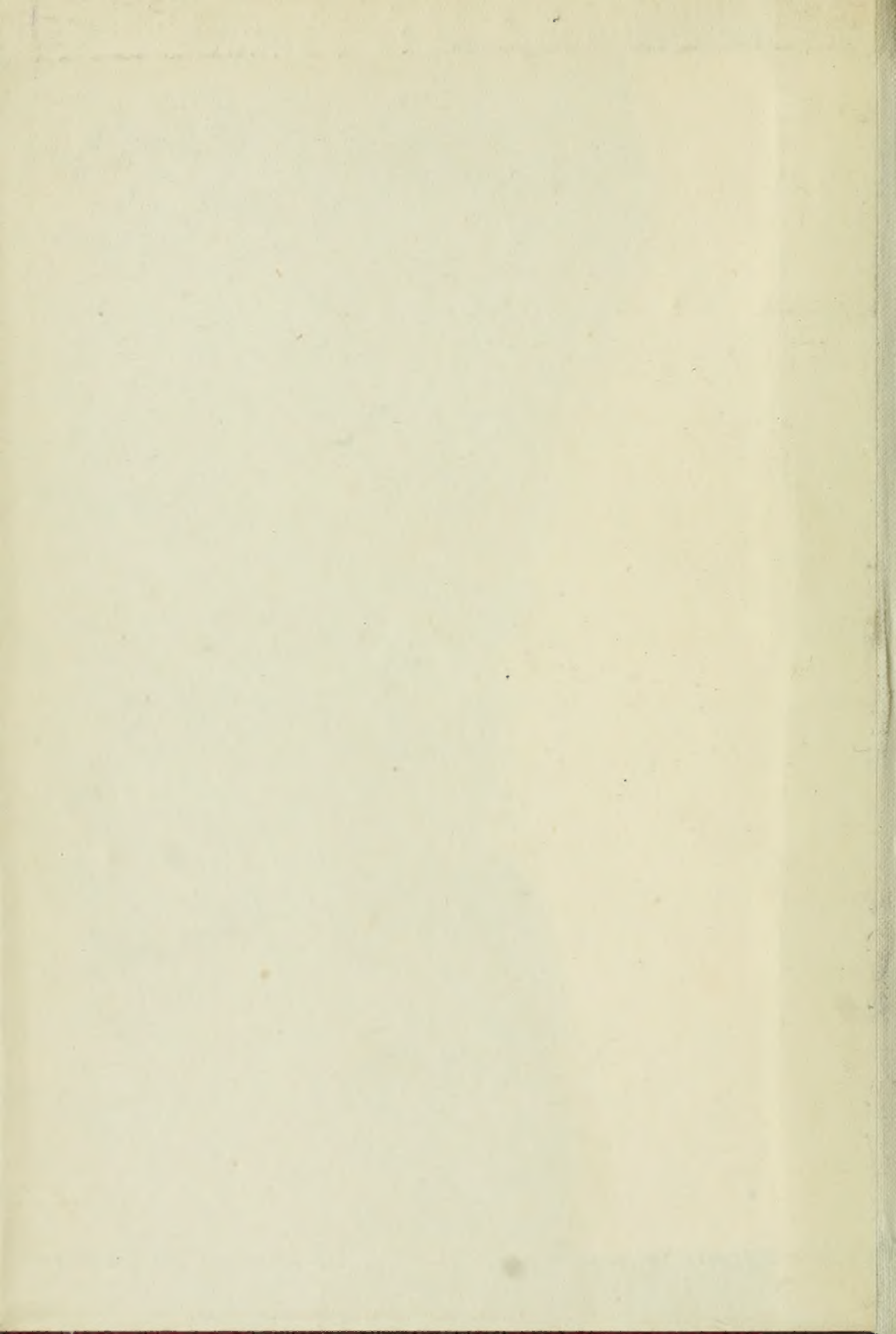


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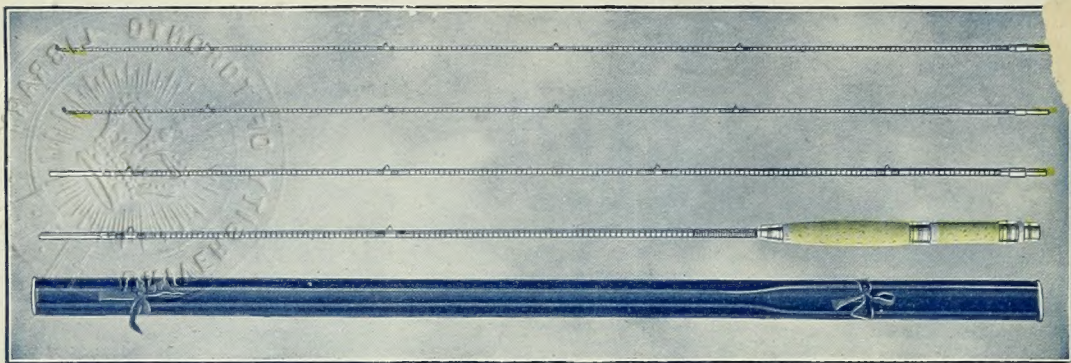
JUNE 1919

FIFTEEN CENTS



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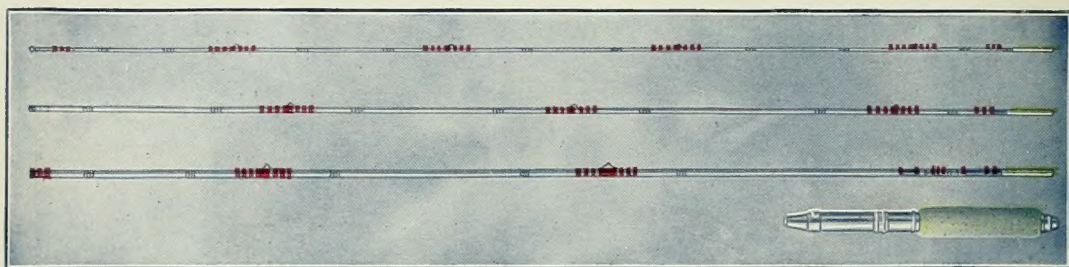
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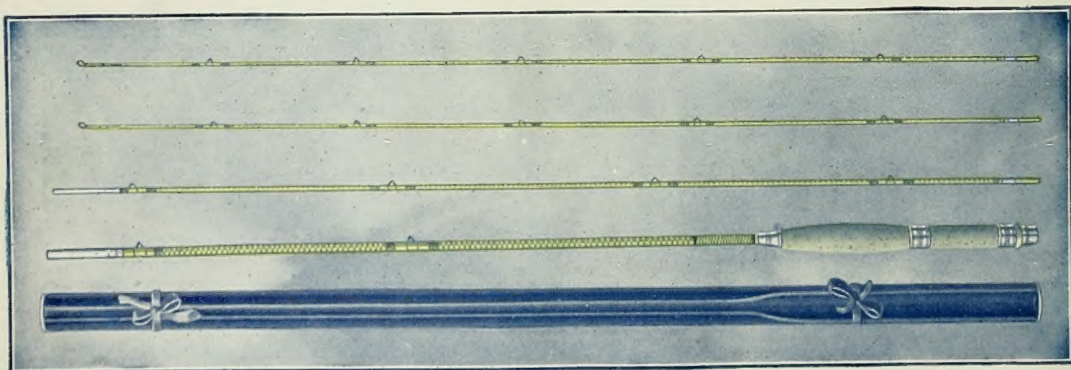
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VOLUME XXI

NUMBER 1

Rod and Gun in Canada

Woodstock, Ontario, June, 1919

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The Old Home Haunts

F. R. Stock

There's a sound that rings in my ears today,
That echoes in vague refrain,
The ripple of water o'er smooth-washed clay,
Where the wall-eyed pike and the black bass play,
That makes me yearn, in a quiet way,
For my old fly-rod again.

Back to the old home haunts again,
Back where the clear lake lies;
Back through the woods
Where the blackbirds brood,
Back to my rod and flies.

I'm longing to paddle the boat today,
Through waterlogged grass and reeds;
Where the muskrat swims, and the cat-tails sway;
Where the air is cool, and the mist is gray;
Where ripples dance in the same old way,
Under the tangled weeds.

Back to the old oak log again,
Back by the crystal brook;
Back to the bait,
And the silent wait,
Back to my line and hook.

I wish I could wade by the water's edge
Where the fallen leaves drift by,
Just to see, in the shadow of the ledge,
How dark forms glide, like a woodman's wedge.
Through driftwood piles and the coarse marsh sedge,
And to hear the bittern cry.

Back where the tadpoles shift and sink,
Back where the bullfrogs sob;
Back just to float
In the leaky boat,
Back to my dripping bob.

Oh, it's just like this on each misty day,
It's always the same old pain
That struggles and pulls in the same old way
To carry me off for a little stay
By the water's edge, in sticky clay,
To fish in the falling rain.

Back to my long black rubber boots,
Back to my old patched coat;
Back to my rod.
And the breath of God—
Home—and my leaky boat.

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

VOL. XXI.

WOODSTOCK, ONT., JUNE, 1919

No. 1



GEORGE GILBERT

TIME to turn out, dadburnie you," said John Aylesworth to himself. "It's Monday; time to begin your real work here."

But he did not heed that self-advice—then. Instead, he flopped down more cosily still under the good, rough, heavy blankets in his trapper's shack on the Nescopern, joying to think that his camp was pitched where he would have plenty of wood, easy to chop, to his hand. Also that he had been able to get his supplies in from Stratho, his out-fitting point, not a moment too soon to be ahead of the first snows. As he had gone to bunk the night before, after packing in his last load from the

canoe landing, he had heard the big flakes spat-spat-spatting against the tiny window at the east end of his shack. So he had gone to sleep to the mighty threnody of blasts carrying the myriads of "white bees" before them. Now, at ease, he could see flake after flake come against the window, but softly, as the wind had blown itself out in the night through the passes of Netagomish, using the vale of Otter Creek, from mouth to source, as the trough through which it had poured its especial fury upon the highlands in between Rainbow River and the Netagomish barrier.

"Silver Dale," from its sheltering clumps of white birches, Aylesworth

had named his camp site and the adjacent territory.

Otter Creek was then making music out under the bank in front of Aylesworth's shack, but the music was muffled, as if the creek already felt the grip of winter and the need for husbanding strength against the mighty efforts that it would be called in the coming spring months, to do its share toward ridding the land of the debris of a dead winter.

The creek's sources were on the western slopes of Netagomish, whence it flowed in rambling course almost west to Rainbow River, that had a trend north and south. Almost due north thirty miles from where Otter Creek made into the river, Stratho was going to sleep for the winter, after the summer and fall labor of caring for the needs of the "summer folks," fishermen, hunters. The Nescopern, east of the river, was barren, rocky, primitive. But back of it, between it and the foot of Netagomish, was the great expanse of Muskrat Marsh and between the marsh and the mountains good trapping territory, as Aylesworth had discovered during his Sunday tramps all about there, during the summer in between the periods he had devoted to guiding trout fishers or in the fall when he had guided deer hunters. Now the outsiders had gone, the big woods were quiet. That meant that the habitants could go and come without fear of being shot, in mistake for deer; could log it, trap, hunt, fish, dance, eat, drink and be merry after their kind, without fear of being asked to take some stranger fishing, for a consideration, or to take him hunting—for another.

"Get up," Aylesworth was ordered by one with power to attract his attention, if not to compel obedience.

A cold nose was thrust against the trapper's cheek, and a gentle "woof," sounded in his ear.

"Git out, old Snoozer," the would-be sleeper ordered, playfully whacking the Airedale's pointed muzzle aside.

But Snoozer thrust his nose back into the desired position again and finding that that had no effect, gently nipped his master on his right ear

that he nuzzled out of its hiding place under the upturned blankets.

A mighty heave sent Snoozer, blankets and all out onto the middle of the shack's floor. As the dog scrambled out of the tangle of woollen folds, a pillow made of a gunny sack's end and stuffed with balsam buds—best of all pillows—hit him squarely and knocked him over. Then, with a whoop, Aylesworth slammed out of the shack, Snoozer joyfully following, across the few steps of snow covered ground and to the creek, where he chucked his last protection against the cold—a light blanket. He took one plunge off the log jam that spanned the creek's big pool there, came up spluttering, swung himself onto the jam, draped the blanket about him, and with Snoozer snapping at the fluttering ends, raced for the shack door. Inside, red and tingling from his contact with cold air, water and snow, he fairly snatched his clothing on and in two minutes stood over the sheet iron stove, humming a little tune to himself. Spoozer watched him, anticipating benefits to come when the morning meal would be ready and he would be invited to have a bit from his master's plate to supplement the quarter of raw rabbit that he already had devoured, after being served with it by his best friend.

"You old Snoozer boy," Aylesworth said, as he sat down to bacon, flapjacks, syrup, beans and coffee, guess that may be the last swim for this year in the creek. Today we're going out on the scout to get our trap lines located for real business, you old ringtailed cinerarium, you. Hear that? I think we'll go up the Muskrat Marsh and to its head."

Snoozer, his head cocked now on one side, now on the other, listened. He whined, maybe because he understood, maybe because he wanted that last flapjack, soaked in bacon grease from the fry-pan. After he had the flapjack cached in his department of the interior, he raced around after his tail a few times, watched his master buckle on his belt, hang his "meat gun," a long barreled .22, onto its holster, put

his trail axe in its place on the other side of the belt, stow away tobacco and pipe inside his flannel shirt front, take up and put away a few slices of bacon, salt, pepper, tea and sugar in a two-quart pail, then put on his "ear-warmer" cap of red fox fur, his heavy mackinaw and lastly his lined fur gloves. Then Aylesworth pulled three dozen small steel traps out from under the bunk, swung them onto his back, opened the door to Snoozer's joyful barking, gave a glance at the clearing skies, from which some snow still sifted between the cloud rifts, smiled as he saw a rosy glow on Netagomish that told him the sun was boring a hole through the storm over there, made sure that his canoe was safe under the low hemlocks beyond the cabin, where he had concealed it after toting it up from Rainbow the afternoon before, and started off from the angle the creek made there, toward the marsh.

For all the fury of the storm's breath, the snow was only about eight inches deep. It might be gone in a day or it might be added to, by storm after storm, and stay until spring. The snow was virgin—not a track was to be seen on it—the wild folk having all kept in during the night and not having yet ventured forth to slay or be slain—to eat or to be eaten. Snoozer knew this as well as did his master, for he trudged at Aylesworth's heels along the banks of the little trickle that came from the marsh's foot to the creek.

Here and there Aylesworth set a trap in the tiny stream's bed, where signs showed him mink had passed up or down. Here he made a water set by hanging a muskrat ham on a twig over the water, with the trap buried lightly in the silt right under the bait. There he put a trap beside a rock that stood at the edge of a little pool, placing a piece of log in such a way that a passing mink would suspect it and sheer away from it to the supposed safety of the unmoved rock and so be taken. The dog, well instructed in trapper's lore, kept away from the jaws that could cause so much misery and made

mental note of the signs nearby, so he would not blunder into danger there later.

At the trickle's head Aylesworth found the dug-out canoe he had made during the summer and lodged at the marsh's foot against his present hour of need. This rude but serviceable craft would serve him in getting about the marsh until it froze. Then it would serve as a sledge, in which he could haul much weighty materials over the ice, from end to end of the marsh. Runners for it, for such a use, he had made, tucked away in the dug-out, ready to be attached.

At a word, Snoozer leaped into the dug-out. Aylesworth took the paddle, after disposing of his traps and crouched down for the effort of forcing the craft through the sedges and flags that still carried their burdens of snow.

The water, with here and there ice-needles showing in the steaming open spaces how nearly it had gone to freezing, was still. The wind had gone. The sun now began to peep over Netagomish into the valley between the mountains and the Nescopern. A late loon came up and laughed beyond. A few crows in far-away pines chaffed at a surly owl. From his hole in a nearby beech a red squirrel quarreled with the world.

The board paddle, wielded by Aylesworth's strongly muscled arms, sent the dug-out north, close to the eastern marge of the marsh.

On that side the ground sloped easily and there was a fairly wide space between the water's edge and that woods that was flat-white now, but that later would show its tracery of many trails when the woodland's denizens recovered from their first fright at the sight of the first snow of the new winter.

So crouched, paddle plying, Aylesworth made an attractive figure of easy strength and vivid vitality. His snappy black eyes held in their depths and about their corners tokens of gladness. His red fox fur cap, pushed back now from his curling black foretop of intensely lustrous hair, became him well. Every mo-

tion of his body gave proof of vigor, warmth of body, while the careful way he made each stroke tell told of cool-headed brainpower. The cold air allured him—filled him with happiness. Just past twenty five, clean-shaven, alert, thinking nothing of lonely vigils and tramps, with a conscience that permitted him to live alone for months at a time without being tired or ashamed of his own company, the North Woods trapper was typical of a large class—the Brethern of the Trap Line. He was just above the medium height, compact, stocky, without an ounce of fat.

Here and there on the marsh Aylesworth located rat houses, made conical and secure by the busy inmates. He set traps by the margin, potted a rabbit that he saw under a root curl on shore and sent Snoozer after it. Farther on he killed a hawk on the wing. And once, for the sheer joy of the effort he got out on the shore and ran Snoozer a race, just to feel his legs tingle.

It was about noon when Aylesworth came to the upper end of the marsh, a good dozen miles from his own shack.

The day had cleared. The sun was making the snow glisten with a dazzling sheen. The snow on the marsh's tufts and sedges had melted.

CHAPTER II.

A breeze, from the south, was making little wavelets talk against the dug-out's stern whenever Aylesworth let it drift.

The higher marsh Aylesworth never had explored. His trips through the region never had led him that far. But he wanted to go over the ground now, to make sure that no other trapper was on that range.

At the farthest point to which he could drive his dug-out amongst the flags and sedges he found a tongue of dry land extending out to meet his boat's nose. This he accepted as a landing place and, the traps being all set, and he having nothing to carry but his pail with the food in it, Aylesworth, making sure that little axe and "meat-gun" were in

their places, drew the dug-out up onto the dry point, ordered the unwilling Snoozer to get in and make his bed in an armful of dry sedge grass that his master threw down in the craft for him and leaving the dog to watch, struck up the little creek that came into the marsh there.

Up this he went, sometimes slashing through the tag alders, sometimes on the bank on either side.

Soon he found himself in a pretty little vale, with low hills on either hand, Netagomish looming afar to the east.

Not a track did the trapper view as he pressed forward. The snow was not deep enough to make the walking unpleasant. He could see far ahead along the little watercourse.

After Aylesworth had traveled an hour the stream-bed deepened and he found himself walking with his eyes below the level of the bank on either hand. After minutes of that work, he came to a spot where a big hemlock curled its washed-out roots over the route he was taking.

Something red caught Aylesworth's eye amongst the root-curls. A glance told him it was the tail of a large red fox.

Startled, the trapper clambered up to the level of the dead animal and saw that it was the victim of a large steel trap, that had been set in a hollow of the tree's bole. The fox was dead.

"Mighty clever set that," Aylesworth thought, bending over to examine the signs. He saw where the fox had meandered down the hillside. A hole in the fox's head told of how a bullet had ended its struggles in the trap. And now he saw, his attention taken less with the dead fox, now that the seeming mystery of its being there was explained, the tracks of a human being, coming from up-glade, toward him. Evidently they had been made quite recently. He was turning his body to see if the tracks led below, also, when some one asked:—

"What you doing at my trap, Johnny Sneakums?"

Aylesworth started erect, his hand on the butt of his little gun, at the

insult. To call a Brother of the Trapline a Johnny Sneakum is to say that he steals pelts from the other man's traps. It is the fighting word. But the voice was that of a woman!

Aylesworth saw facing him a slender girl, about his own height, with deep brown eyes, rich chestnut hair. Her short skirt of brown, high-laced waterproof shoes, blue sweater, and mink cap that was snugged in warmly about her ears and that only left her cheeks partly in view, bespoke good judgment in outdoor dress. A very capable little rifle lay cuddled in the crook of her arm and in her belt was a small ax.

A flood of red color came into Aylesworth's cheeks. If it had been a man that was before him, lips still open after using that odious phrase! "I didn't know there was anyone else—"

"Well, there is. Dad and I have lines of traps all up and down Muskrat Glade and near the head of the marsh."

Her voice was clear and even. Aylesworth found himself thinking that if she were not angry that voice would have been of a very pleasing quality, although he caught a slight foreign accent in her tones.

"Well, then, I'll keep my trap lines below you," John said.

She fingered her capable little rifle a bit.

"Do you want me to skin the fox for you?" he asked. His astonishment over coming upon a pretty girl in the Big Woods in the edge of winter had not overcome his sense of obligation to the sex, even if she had insulted him with her epithet.

"No, thanks. Dad'll do that."

This with decision. She stepped forward, stooped, grasped the trap chain, gave it a few deft twists that unfastened it from the root to which it had been locked, and then swung the fox over her shoulder and strode off, back up the trail she had made coming to the trap.

"I want you to understand that I'm not Johnny Sneakum," Aylesworth called after her. She had outraged his feelings twice, once with

the epithet, once when she had scorned his assistance.

Trudge, trudge, trudge.

She was going away, seemingly without answering.

But she suddenly turned with:—

"Then keep away from my traps."

The rifle covered him.

Almost before Aylesworth realized it and long before he had thought of a bit of effective repartee, she had resumed her trudging.

"Just like a darn fool girl," Aylesworth confided to the nearest tree.

CHAPTER III.

He never had guided women, nor cared to be about with camping parties that had women in them even. He had the old fashioned American backwoods idea that women should keep out of the woods, unless it was for a berrying trip or a nearby outing. With the men he was popular; with such women as he had come into contact he was polite with a detached politeness that had in it the hint of lack of interest. Among his own people in the little settlements up and down Rainbow river, John was at ease with girls and women—in fact, a general favorite. He was neither girl-shy nor gun-shy.

"Some fool city man has taken a notion to winter it up here," he thought as he saw the last of her over a rise out beyond where the creek was in a deep cut and the banks high. "I'm sorry though, as I wanted to run my lines up this little valley and see what it is like today. Darn girls, anyway—in the woods."

She had gone out of sight, in the depression behind the little ridge. The flickering stroke of her allusion to Johnny Sneakum was tingling yet on Aylesworth's pride. He half turned to retrace his steps back toward his dug-out, when he heard, first the snap of her little rifle, then her voice, raised in a scream. Placing his hand on the butt of his gun, he wheeled in his tracks and started up the trail she had made.

As Aylesworth raced for the summit of the rise he heard a man's rough voice, cursing. Then again the woman's tones were heard, fainter now,

appealing. Topping the slope, Aylesworth for a moment had a glimpse of the woman and a man, locked in struggle under a group of low hemlocks. She was defending herself desperately. The man was dark, somewhat over medium height.

As he neared them the crisis came. The girl collapsed and as she did so Aylesworth yelled hoarsely. His coming had been soundless in the snow until then.

At the cry of the trapper the man, casting one glance over his shoulder, dropped the girl and, before Aylesworth could throw the gun muzzle in line with the assailant, sped away, in line with the thick trunks of the hemlocks under which the struggle had taken place. Twice Aylesworth shot, feeling each time that he had missed. Then, just as he was at the point of striding over the girl, she groaned. He paused, stooped, saw that she had a cut on her forehead from which the blood was oozing out from under her cap visor. He dropped on his knees beside her, drew her body up until the upper part of it rested against his crooked knee. Then, pushing back the cap from her forehead, he saw the bruise from which the blood was trickling. Saw, too, the long brown lashes over the closed eyes, the rounded lines of the cheeks that were pale now under stress of shock and pain. The red fox, limp on the snow beside her, her rifle, slung to one side, the small ax, on which her left hand still held a grip, all caught his eye. The position of each was eloquent of her struggle.

He sought to make out if the man still fled and saw him, far up the slope of the hill, floundering through the deeper drifts up there.

"I can follow his trail later in this snow," he reflected. "I must take care of the girl now."

She groaned a little, turned un-easily on his knee. He reached out and got a handful of fresh snow and pressed it to her injured forehead. She winced as the pain smote through her returning consciousness, twisted to one side, and would have fallen from his knee rest, if he had not caught her and held her.

She opened her eyes, took two or three deep breaths and then glanced up and saw him.

"You, again?" she said, sitting upright.

"It seems so," Aylesworth said. "I heard you call out and came. When I get you back to your father's house, I'll take the trail after that fellow that attacked you and when I come to him, I'm coming a-shooting."

She got up unsteadily, and leaned against a tree.

He picked up the rifle and the red fox.

"If you can walk," he began, "I'll go with you and carry your things; if not, I'll knock together a carry-all out of limber poles and load you and your duffle on and —"

She grasped the rifle, then the red fox.

"Thank you just as much," she said, with an air of finality that was disconcerting. "But I'll take these myself. And I forbid you to harm that man. Thank you and—good day, sir."

She was trudging away, weakly, but determinedly, before Aylesworth had recovered his presence of mind. This time he watched her go with rising resentment showing in his glance and the grimaces he made at her back as she went. After she had disappeared between the trees far, far ahead, the trapper turned and paced back toward the lower end of the glade.

"Snoozer," he said, to the dog, when he had arrived at the dug-out and made ready to send it back with what speed he could get out of it, "aint it awful? When I offer to help her she calls me a pelt thief and when I save her from a ruffian and offer to punish him, she forbids me to touch him and won't even let me carry her rifle and fox skin home for her."

"Bow, wow, wow," said Snoozer, not only that once, but several times, on the way back to their own shack and inside it that evening before sleep time.

But then, Snoozer said "bow, wow, wow," to almost every direct re-

mark his master addressed to him, so perhaps that bit of dog Latin is immaterial.

CHAPTER IV.

After Snoozer had stowed away that last grease-smeared flapjack next morning, Aylesworth sat, pipe going, humming to himself the old tune:—

"There was a man and he had a cow
And he had no hay to give her;
So he got him a fiddle and played
her a tune:

Consider, old cow consider."

"Yes, you old Snoozer, consider, old dog, consider." he parodied to himself. "She wouldn't let me help her, nor yet bust wide open that man that hit her."

Then, after another puff or two:—
"And she's a spunky little devil,
too. Stood me off with her gun and
only gave in to that other fellow
after she had made a good fight.
Well, she's so tough, she can run her
own show, old Snoozer."

Yet when he went outside, he did not have any traps, as he had intended. Nor did he turn off to the east to run out a trap line toward Neta-gomish, as he had planned. Instead, with meat gun and small axe belted on, he went off up the little trickle toward the marsh. The weather had warmed during the night. The light snow was going fast. The sun had taken up the mists and now flooded everything with golden light. Crows cawed lazily and the ground squirrels were even scurrying. It was more like a day in early spring than one in the autumn.

Snoozer enjoyed himself immensely, and was first to find a mink and a half dozen muskrats on the trip up to the marsh and through it. The dog's master had something else besides peltry on his mind. As he drove the dug-out along, his brows were knitted in thought.

But once at the upper end of the marsh he hesitated. The memory of the girl's repulse of his offers returned.

He pulled the dug-out up until it was safe, and then struck off up toward the little creek's bed. But he turned aside long before he came

to where he had encountered the trapper girl the day before and swung off to the west, on the slopes of Nescopern, where he began to scan the softening snow ahead. Snoozer, in obedience to the command "to heel," trotted along calmly enough. If the foolish man wanted to keep him in, that was his business, although Snoozer could smell things that the man could not see. So Snoozer was not surprised when his master hastened onward, after sighting the tracks of a man on the steep slope, long after Snoozer had seen them and had winded them with his keen nose that told him that the tracks were those of a stranger to him.

"He went up this way, old Snoozer," Aylesworth said to the friend who knew it already. Old Snoozer only cocked a non-committal eye at the tracks. They did not concern him, if the two-legged god he served was going to take the matter in his own hands.

Topping the rise that marked the division between the highland and the little glade, Aylesworth turned to the east and saw below him the spot where he had seen the encounter between the man and girl the day before. The floundering tracks of the fleeing man were plain enough. Once he had fallen just before coming to the top of the sharp slope. Aylesworth was inclined to put that down to a slip of the foot until he saw on the snow at the side of the imprint of the fallen form in the snow a spot of rusty red that told him that the man had been bleeding when he had gone down there.

"One of my bullets must have hit him," the trapper thought.

From there on there was no more sign of floundering in the man's trail. But the wounded man had gone slowly, often stopping to lean against trees. Once Aylesworth found where he had removed one of his shoes, the imprint of the bare foot showing where he had stood for a moment with it uncovered and there he saw another stain of rusty red, such as blood on the snow makes when it has

been exposed to the weather for some hours.

On the high land the snow was not melting as fast as it had been in the valley. Here the man's tracks were plain, distinct.

Striding easily forward, Aylesworth made good time. About noon, when he was about opposite the head of the glade to his right he found that the trail dipped into a depression among the pines that crowned the slope there and at the bottom of the dip he saw a brush shelter, such as a man will put up for a stay of a day or two in open weather.

Aylesworth turned cautious now. He might have saved himself time by noting that Old Snoozer was not careful in his approach to the place. Seeing no one about, the trapper inspected the exterior of the lean-to, then went forward. The tracks about and leading to and from the shelter were too confused to give him the clue he was after until after he made painstaking inspection.

As he was about to step forward and risk exposing himself, Aylesworth happened to notice that Snoozer was yawning, uninterested.

"Nothing there, then," he reflected. So he stood up and with free stride, went to the open side of the wickiup. Bending, he wormed his way inside. Old Snoozer had told the truth by his indifference. The shelter was deserted.

Coming out, Aylesworth went about the spot with care. He finally unwound the maze of tracks and found where the man had gone off from the shelter, along the farther ridge, in the direction of Stratho. But Stratho was fifteen miles away and the way to it across the highlands was not an easy one. Aylesworth always preferred the Rainbow River route when coming to the Nescopern.

That point settled, the trapper went back to the lean-to and inspected its interior narrowly. That inspection yielded him nothing. Not a scrap of paper or a utensil had been left.

A comfortable bed of pine needles was on the ground under the lean-to. The sun shone against the poles,

warming them and the air inside thoroughly. A few crows scolded overhead and a squirrel chattered. Aylesworth drew out his lunch—two bacon sandwiches—and munched it thoughtfully, then threw Snoozer a piece of rabbit he had brought for him. Then the trapper drew out his pipe, crumbled some tobacco for it, and began to smoke reflectively.

The whereabouts of the man was none of his business. The woman had forbidden him to follow up the assailant on her account. He had wounded the fellow and if the man made a complaint at Stratho he might have to face a justice and explain, losing weeks out of the trapping season perhaps. Clearly he had done right at the time to shoot, but if he got before a backwoods Dogberry on a charge of using deadly weapons and the woman insisted that she had told him not to harm the man on her account, where would he be?

"I guess old Snoozer," he said, "we'll about go back to our own part of the woods and stay there."

He did not notice that Snoozer then was listening intently or sniffing the air as he sat just inside the wickiup. Or if he did, laid it to the dog's possible interest in the crows or the chattering squirrel.

After a few moments Aylesworth got up and started out, not very wide awake to the things of the moment; his mind on the puzzle.

Just outside he heard the order:—"No farther!"

From behind a pine stump nearby a capable little rifle barrel projected, in line with him. The voice was the voice of the girl he had saved the day before.

Snoozer barked, as much as to say,—"If you'd minded me, instead of dreaming, you would not have been caught so."

The girl stepped out from behind the stump. Her rifle came down.

"Oh," she said. "I didn't know it was you—"

She paused, embarrassed. Behind her stretched her trail, showing where she had come from the northeast up the slope, quartering up it, as Aylesworth had from the south east.



"The trapper inspected the exterior of the lean-to."

Her face was pale and a bit drawn. Aylesworth still could see the marks of the bruise on her forehead where the man had struck her, but she seemed to have recovered fully from her disagreeable experience.

"I thought I'd run this fellow's trail out to see if he kept on out or if he needed any more attention," said the trapper.

"I told you yesterday not to follow

him up," she replied, with a rather wistful note of appeal in her voice. Snoozer by that time had edged close to the woman. Now he made a tentative approach to her, tail wagging, an amiable expression on his honest face.

CHAPTER V.

"Good dog," she said, bending

over and patting his rough-haired sides and head. "Good dog."

Again, as on the day before, Aylesworth noted that her voice had in it a hint of something pleasant, if she felt disposed to make it so. Again he caught the foreign accent, perhaps French.

"Come here, Snoozer," he ordered sharply. The dog glanced at the girl, then at his master, then yielded to the greater compulsion and left her. "I want my dog to be mine, not everyone's fool."

Aylesworth turned shortly on his heel, snapped his finger to the dog and started away, angry with the woman, angry with himself.

"Wait!"

She had called to him.

He paused, thankful inwardly for the opportunity to secure surcease from self-reproaches that already were irking him sorely. Before he had gone two steps back, Snoozer was beside the woman and she was patting the dog again.

Her cheeks were not pale now; they were flushed, her eyes bright. The little rifle she had dropped against a tree bole.

"I am sorry I was so short with you yesterday," she began. "And that I pointed my gun at you a minute ago. I saw that man stumble when he was running away from you and was afraid he had been injured, so I thought I'd come up here to see if he was all—"

"Then you knew he had a shelter here?"

His tone was sharp, inquisitorial.

"I half suspected it. Why do you ask?"

Her tone was assured, calm.

"I thought when a man knocked a woman down, as he did you, that a woman would not care where he stayed or what became of him—"

Her gaze met his with level warning.

"You forget that that is *my* business," she said with an accent of finality.

"True," he said, ashamed to have pried into something she preferred to keep to herself.

"And just to show you that it is my business, why I may add that that man is *my*—"

She hesitated. Aylesworth, intent upon her words, almost feared to hear the next word.

"Your?" he suggested.

"Husband," he faintly heard her finish.

"Ah!"

His breath was exhaled in a little puff that escaped him, despite his instinct toward repression. The sun did not seem quite so bright, the clouds scudding over so white, the air so warm. The little breeze seemed to chill him as it tugged at the pine limbs, low and high.

"I understand now why you told me to let him alone," he said.

She was silent; appraisingly silent.

"Of course if you wanted to come up here to see if he needed anything, why that's your business, not mine. I guess I'll be going now. If there's anything you need any time, I'm below the marsh, on Otter Creek, about two miles up from Rainbow River."

He turned to go and this time she did not stop him. Glancing once back over his shoulder, he saw her standing there, her back against the tree, her little rifle near, the brown-red tones of her mink cap showing warmly about her face, her skirts swaying in the passing breeze—a sprite of the northern winter.

As he had glanced backward, he had not eased up in his free swinging stride. Better for him if he had, for as he turned his face frontward again, it was too late. He had placed his foot into a hole, covered with leaves. Into the hole his foot sank and he was thrown, lurching forward, spinning, to come down at last heavily on his right hip. He essayed to arise, half made it, felt his head reeling around, feared to sense the sickening pain in his hip joint that might presage a serious injury, then

"Could you hitch yourself up and back a little onto a traversel?"

It was the voice of the girl again. Aylesworth, on his back, felt snow pressed to his temples. A cool,

firm hand was under the back of his head.

"What has happened?" he asked, wonderingly.

"When you fell you struck your head and I'm afraid you have hurt your right leg badly," she said; "you twisted that, too."

Aylesworth remembered then his lurching fall—and his fears for his hip. He twisted his body and had to yield to the force of pain's arguments against any further effort just then. Decidedly his hip was in bad shape. Snoozer regarded him sadly.

"I knew you'd come-to," she went on, "and while you were unconscious I lopped down poles for a traverse. If you can work your way onto it, with my help, I can get it off down the slope and back to my camp—"

"It isn't far to my dug-out and once in that it is water almost all the way to my camp," he suggested. The hip was throbbing now, very much.

Aylesworth felt very foolish. It was the first time in his life he had been helpless and now it must needs be when a woman was his care taker!

"Or you might fix me a wickiup down below and let me stay in it until I get better or you can get word out—"

"No, I can take care of you if I can get you in somewhere that I can do it," she insisted.

"How far is it to your camp?"

"About three miles."

"It's about that to my dug-out."

"But once to it, I'd have to get you in it, and out at the other end of the marsh, then out of the dug-out make a new traverse and get you to your camp."

She puckered her brows in keen consideration of the problem. Aylesworth again saw the fading mark of the bruise the man had inflicted upon her.

She placed her hand on her little ax and turned, decision in her every move. Back of him he could hear her trimming the ends of poles that she had lopped down. Too deft for a city girl!

"I'm going to take you to my camp," she announced briefly. He

felt that the decision had been taken out of his hands—and was glad.

From her pockets she produced plenty of cord. Down the slope she found a larch tree and from its roots fashioned tough binders. She worked capably, easily, surely. Despite his pain he watched her with keen interest.

"You don't make it quite like we do around here," he ventured. "Nor do we call it a traverse. We make it narrower, longer, and call it a carry-all."

She made no comment, but kept at work.

"There," she said as she finished and placed it in position back of him. "Raise yourself and hitch back and I'll see if I can slide it under your body. 'Traverse' is the word we use."

Five minutes later Aylesworth, holding her rifle, was sliding on the rude but strong contrivance diagonally down the slope. There was no strain on her, except to guide the traverse and to hold it back.

On the level the pull came hardest. The snow was smooth along the little creek side and the leaves lay snugly on the forest mold underneath, making it easy for the poles to glide. Often he expostulated with her, but she persevered. The pain from Aylesworth's hip was racking him. At times his head spun dizzily and often it seemed to him that he forgot. At the end of one long spell of haziness he found the traverse still, the twilight coming on space, old Snoozer licking his face. Three big pines were near.

"Here we are; right at home," came the woman's cheery voice. "If you can manage to stand up on that one good leg and hop along, resting your right hand on my shoulder, I'll have you inside soon enough. I call this Three-Pine Inn."

With much discomfort, pain, and a failure or two, Aylesworth made it. Despite the pain he found it pleasant to be dependent upon her. She found a place for him on a seat inside made from half a barrel up-ended, with part of the staves cut away, the

inside stuffed with earth, the seat covered with an old coat.

"First, some supper, then we'll see what's to be done," she announced.

Despite the hard work she had done she turned briskly to the sheet iron stove to prepare the evening meal. Aylesworth watched her with the feeling that his hip was less and less painful, now that he was at ease, not jarring over uneven ground with it.

She shook from the tea box enough tea for them with a single flirt of the box. She had ready, as if against that need, just four slices of bacon and a small can of beans. Soon all was ready, served, on the table made of slabs. At her invitation, Aylesworth began to eat.

The cabin, Aylesworth saw at a glance, was one of those used by deer hunters earlier in the fall and by fishermen on their way back from Rainbow to some of the smaller streams flowing down Netagomish. It had been put up by the guides as a convenience to the public.

The girl noted his attempts to appraise the situation, but said nothing to enlighten him. She seemed to have something on her own mind.

At the meal's end Snoozer, expectant, had a piece of bacon, a piece of a biscuit that she found for him. The dog curled up near the sheet iron stove and went to sleep.

"He's sensible," was Aylesworth's comment. "As for me, I'm going to sleep in this chair, as much as I can. Don't let me make your life miserable. I'll be able to travel tomorrow, perhaps."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I am beginning to believe that when I fell I came down on the big nerves in my hip joint and that the harm was worse in seeming than in reality."

"You are not saying that just to reassure me?"

"No, Mrs.—"

He paused awkwardly.

"Mrs.—"

He paused again, inquiringly.

She flashed a smile at him.

"Mrs. DuPointe," she finished for him. "And your name?"

"John Aylesworth."

"Now that I am on the subject of you," she continued, "are you sure no bones are broken in your leg?"

"No, see." He made his toes wiggle, causing his shoes to flop up and down as he held the injured limb stiffly out before him. He stood up, hopped tentatively—sat down with face drawn with pain, but with triumph disputing with the agony on his features.

"A bad, bad bruise," he said. "If I'd known back there what it was, I'd taken a chance in a lean-to for a day or so and gone back to my place in Silver Dale a hop at a time. The dug-out would have made it easy."

"Well, we did the best we could—at the time," she offered.

"And I thank you for it," he said warmly. "You certainly don't wait to pay your debts."

She seemed about to give him a chilling reply for his allusion to the events of the day before, but evidently thought better of it, for she remained silent, her head on one of her hands, as she leaned an elbow on the table. Aylesworth glanced about. The bunk, at the far end of the cabin seemed comfortable, with its blankets folded neatly back, and he could help but think of his own tumbled bunk, that often did not get placed in order from month's end to month's end. She noted where his glances were directed.

Aylesworth met the situation with the characteristic directness of the men of the open spaces:

"Here," sliding off his belt and laying it on the table. "I'm not good for much. Take my gun and axe and keep them until I am. If anyone comes in the night, you'll be able to care for yourself better than I'd be able to do it for you, perhaps. I can bunk down on the floor or sleep in this chair. Perhaps your father may return—"

She stopped him with a gesture. He could see that turning the axe and gun over to her had won her confidence. Disarming himself, he

had disarmed any latent suspicions of him that she might have held. He had won her confidence.

"I may as well tell you," she said, "that when I told you that trap was set for the fox by my father, I was not telling the truth."

His eyes opened wide. He gave her a glance of frank amazement, but she went on, sweeping aside his initial questions with:

"I've been living here alone—since four days ago. My father taught me how to trap. If you care to listen, I'll tell you how I came to be here—"

"Go on," he encouraged.

He made a shift to ease his twisted limb; drew out pipe and tobacco from his shirt front, questioning her with his eyes.

"Go on, smoke," she said. "I know you men of the trap line are accustomed to tobacco and you must need it now, in your pain."

He crumbled the plug eagerly. Soon the peace clouds floated to the ridgepole. It was dark outside now.

The wind whispered under the rude eaves. Off on the slopes a great owl gave forth his blood-curling calls. A fox on the rocks afar said:—"Yap, yap, Yar-r-r." The woman got up, hunted a candle, placed it in a bottle neck. Aylesworth touched a match to the wick. The woman settled herself on a stool at the table's end.

"Now," she said. "Let me begin at the beginning: I was born in the Saguenay country, Canada—"

"That's where you learned to trap?"

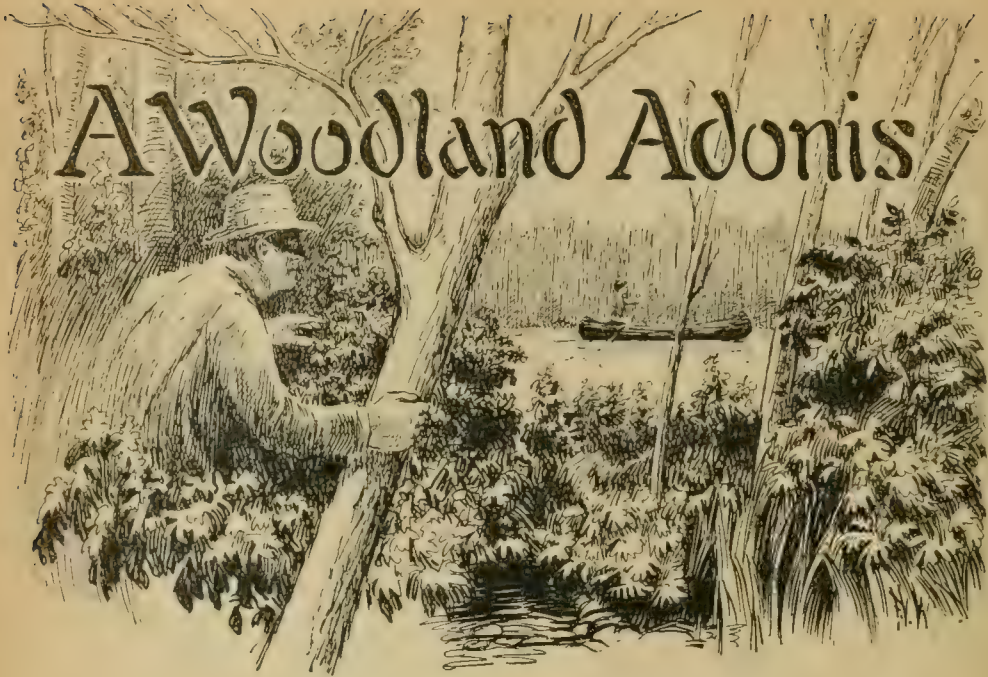
She nodded, settling herself for the recital. The candle flickered, its yellow rays lighting up her smooth, rounded cheeks, her chestnut hair that made such an effective frame for her pretty, frank countenance. Her two plump palms came up to support her chin and her elbows sought the table-end. The red waist that had been revealed when she had cast off her fur coat added, by its reflected color-tones, to her own natural refined color.

And so she began her tale.

(The next installment of "The Bear of Silver Dale" will appear in July issue.)



A Woodland Adonis



ED. CAHN

WAL, we got the dinner'n the gaff, an' the minnies an' the rods, an' the pitcher taker—what fur are we a settin' here?" Holly stepped into the canoe, dipped his paddle and we were off for the day's fishing.

He handed me the best 'lunge bait. "This here spinner's half copper an' half brass—they ginrelly like that—but I betcher you'll niver git a strike all the same."

He dropped his own bait into the water and watched the line sliding out of his pocket and over the side with a pessimistic frown. We started late, the wind was in the 'wrong quarter, the day bade fair to be too hot for fishing and consequently Holly was plunged in gloom. In his philosophy the day that the 'lunge would not bite could be counted as lost.

We headed toward Lovesick, Holly's paddle splashing mightily in the narrow isles between the wood beds to scare the coy maskinonge out where they would stumble upon our red-feathered hooks.

But all for nothing. The fish were not biting and my guide's spirits

continued to fall. The golden splendor of the sunshine moved him not. The silver of the birch wooded shore, the rosy granite isles with their tall pines and higgity piggity jumble of stone and fern, flower, berry and bramble flaunted before him to no end. A thin flock of early teal wheeling overhead awoke no gleam of interest and not even the spectacle of a giant bass jumping after flies out in deep water where he had no business to be, could make an impression upon Holly's apathy.

"What an improper time of day for a bass to be after flies," I ventured.

He jerked his line free of weeds. "I'm all the time a tellin' you them dashed bass aint got no brains. It's the 'lunge that's the thinkin' fish."

We went around the weed beds twice and then we dropped our anchor upon the granite shoal jutting out from what Holly called Spook Island, and settled down to bass fishing.

"I got a feelin' " said Holly as he bent over the minnow pail to pursue an agile shiner with his hand net, "that this here is one of the days

when the fish is on possible fur to be ketched."

"Why?" I asked, knowing what was expected of me as a properly behaved tourist.

"There's too much lollygaggin' a goin' on roundabouts. Fish is the awfulest animals fer bein' nosy-minded as ever was. Jist as quick as a feller and a gal git to spooning on the shore, all the fish knock off work an' come a runnin' fur to listen and fur to see.

"Purty soon they git to laughin' so hard that they fall over each other and wear theirselves plum out, complete. Then they go to the bottom and they stay there all day, restin' an' gossipin' while here we be toilin' away up here fishin' fur 'em fur nawthin'."

I observed that there was nobody in sight this morning.

He smiled at my city dulled eyes in superior fashion said, "Korreck ye are; five'n four's eight!" and pointed across the bay to the middle island.

I could just distinguish a canoe, and a girl in a white middy, and a something which I took to be a man. I pointed out to Holly that he was going quite a distance to borrow trouble, that the pair might not be of the fatal lover sort, that perhaps they were brother and sister or grandfather and grandmother.

He smiled as he hunted in the mysterious recesses of his voluminous black overalls for his tobacco. "Them's the fatalest kind. That gal is Nellie Evans. She's the teacher of the sixteenth school. And the feller is Donis Wells—him that's the goodlookinest cuss this side of Peterboro; or t'other side if it comes to that.

"W'y he's so goodlookin' that a painter woman that was here two summers ago called him Adonis. She met up with him on the Young's Point road and she said he was like a Grik statoo come back to life; whatever she meant by sich talk; and she hauls out a pencil and starts to draw a picter of him right there and then. But he went a tearin' down the road away from her like there was a bar

behint him an' sinct then everybody calls him Donis.

"Him an' Nellie's sweet on each other—Dad burn 'em! I wisht they'd git spliced an' quit charmin' off the fish."

"Why don't they?" I asked, trying another rod to change my luck.

"Donis's that anxious to he's fair champin' the bit, but Nellie she's hanging back. She's feared he'll git over wantin' her quick's he's got her and the thought's like pizen ivy to her. Nellie's proud and she's smart even if she ain't purty.

"She's saw a lot of married parties sinct she's been teachin' aroun' what wish they was loose agin an' she's shy o' gittin' herself hitched up into a box stall where she couldn't git out if she's a mindt to, that's one reason and another is that she's afeared that Donis will allus have a swarm o' gals eyein' and smilin' at him from fence corners, 'cause he's had 'bout seventeen million gals a-ready an' he's as handsome as 'riginal sin. She's skeered that if she marries him 'long 'bout the time the weddin' cake has been all et up he'll be tired of plain little Nellie an' begin to jerk on the mat'monial halter. She can't abear the idee of him gittin' tired o' her and wantin' to git away and she tied up to him like a anchor, so she keeps a shyin' off.

"If I was her I'd grab him. He's a nice lad even if he is too good lookin' fer this world and she'd be one too many fer any kingfishin' wimmin, that might come snoopin' aroun' I'll lay my best eye on it. He's got a good saw job down to Samson's mill an' gits good wages. He don't get plastered, nuther, an' his folks make a purty decent menagerie in the fambly album. Nellie couldn't do no better if she—"

"Looky there! Ya got a strike! Oh, Boys! but he's a big un! That's it! Yank 'im right off'n his feet!"

The bass had begun to bite and Nellie was forgotten until noon when we built our fire not fifty feet away from where they were.

I being a romantic old maid, intruded upon them without delay

and insisted that they lunch with us. Donis was not overly pleased but helped Holly skin our bass and collected a pile of wood for the fire. Nellie seemed relieved at the interruption. I could see that she wanted time to gather the forces which some vigorous attack of Donis' had pretty well routed, and so I ordered that the potatoes should be baked—baking takes time.

It was true, she was not pretty, her features were irregular and her eyes though bright and black, were too small for the demands of beauty. She was as slender as a reed and as wiry but she had patrician hands and feet and a truly royal carriage. I think I should have called her entirely cold if her rich contralto voice had not held all the warmth her face denied.

And he was an Adonis if ever whimsical nature fashioned one to be wasted in the green gloom of an unappreciative backwoods country. He was tall, wide-shouldered and narrow waisted with fine straight limbs which not even the crude country garments could conceal. His deepset sea blue eyes curved behind their long lashes in the perfect arcs one sees in old marbles, his nose might have been chiseled by some ancient Athenian master and mouth and chin and forehead matched it fully.

He spoke as any mill man would but his voice was good and when he looked at Nellie, which was nearly all the time, there came a note in it which thrilled even my withered heart and made Holly's eyes gleam.

He had a restless trick of stirring up his yellow curls until they stood on end and when he did it I could have loved him myself. But it seemed lost on Nellie. She scarcely glanced at him, when, after our meal of fish and potatoes and tea we sat on the ground and talked lazily. She quizzed me about the world beyond Peterboro and the news of the women's movement and said how she would love to get into the fight for the franchise herself.

Holly interrupted her with, "What d'ye care about that, Nell? Leave the world to worry along the best

way it can without you and git married like a sensible gal."

"Amen!" said Donis fervently.

Nellie's thin lips curved in a slight, cool smile. She fixed her eyes on the rise and fall of two pirate crows above us for a moment and then dropped them to Adonis' face.

"I have decided never to marry. I am going to see the world and do my work in it; be free; and leave others free."

Adonis recoiled as if she had stabbed him, then the hot color boiled up in his face. He seized her shoulder and shook her so violently that her teeth clicked together. "Is that my answer, you cold hearted one?"

She eyed him dauntlessly before she replied. "You know it is, and I shall not change it."

"Oh you won't? Well wait till you're asked!" He thrust her away from him and jumped into the water without so much as removing his coat.

I thought that he meant to commit suicide right there before our eyes but Nellie calmly reassured me.

"He's going to swim over to the mainland and go home through the bush. Sure, it's no swim at all for him but it's hard on his best clothes."

She got into his canoe and took up the paddle with steady hands.

"Excuse me, and thanks for the dinner. You will be wanting to get back to your fishing and I'll not hinder you."

She glided off toward the middle of the lake and turned north without so much as glancing at Adonis whose head was steadily bobbing away eastward.

Holly spat at a chipmunk seeking crumbs. "An' yit some folks'll tell you wimmin aint queer inseccks!"

We saw Adonis clamber up the far shore and plunge into the woods, but if Nellie turned back to look before the islands hid her from us, neither of us saw her.

My vacation ended with that day's sun and I did not see either of the lovers again.

The next summer when fishing time came again I bought a Canadian

ticket and returned to that lovely region of bright waters and happy lands, the Kawarthas.

Holly was waiting for me with a bucketful of fresh minnows, a can of dew worms and an elastic smile. The bass were biting and they allowed me to catch my legal limit of their number in my first two hours but finally, I had time for gossip.

How were Donis and Nellie?

"Waal mum, if folks go fur to tell you that nobody can live without a heart, don't you listen to 'em. Nellie gits along fine with nothin, but a stone. Y'mind how she fired Donis that day like a old boot? Waal, the next day he was 'round after her fur to 'pologize fur shakin' her. The durn little Injun she smiled like an angel an' he felt better an' he up an' asked her to have him agin and she turned him down harder'n ever and laughed at him besides.

"I heered her myself a tellin' him that he was fur too purty a man fur a plain gal like her and there wunt no use him hangin' aroun' her. An' to show him she wasn't foolin' she up and hikes 'er to Chemong with Nate Buller—him as Donis despises above ground! An' she kep' a going with him.

"Donis, he felt so bad that he lost most o' the meat off'n his bones an' he went aroun' lookin' like he's been bid to his own funeral. I told him that weren't no way fur him to do. I told him he oughter sicken her o' that and that the thing fur him to do was to make her greeney-eyed. He sawd I was right and so he started in to beau Lizzie Arnold aroun'.

"I got to say fur Donis, when he's a doin' a thing, he does it right. It wasn't no time till he'n Lizzie was 'gaged and the weddin' day sot fur a fortnit. An' you can belee me or belee me not, that stony-buzzomed Nellie was the first to wish em luck an' she giv Lizzie a swell kitchen shower with everybody fur miles aroun' invited and two dishes of ice-cream and all the cake a body'd eat."

"But what beats me is why she shook Nate Buller. I should think she'd a hung onto him like a puppy to a root after she'd lost Donis. But

she didn't, she up an shooked him the minute she heard Donis was 'gaged."

"Waal, the day after the kitchen shower, Donis went to the mill in the morning as per his usual. He's a sawyer an' was workin' the big circular. He'd just started her up an' he seen a blob o' sawdust on it and he reached down to the floor to git a bit o' waste to wipe it off.

"He clean forgot that he an' Lizzie had been a scufflin' and she tore a piece loose in the shoulder o' his coat. The teeth o' the saw ketched into that piece loose and pulled him over onto it like lightning.

"Nate, he was at the other end of the mill, but he had saw it and he made a dash to shut off the power but he couldn't get there quick enough and Donis couldn't help hisself and the edge of that there divvil saw had him!

"It got just one side swipe at him and threw him against the wall but it sliced—Aw! it's too hidgeous fur to be tellin'! But one good thing was it missed his eyes. It's a wonder it didn't kill him complete. He bled all over the place and everybody thought he'd die before he could be got home but he's alive this minute."

"And did Lizzie marry him?"

"Nawp. They say her folks made her bust the gagement. She felt turr'ble sorry fur Donis, but he could niver expect her to marry a man without a face, and everybody said so.

"After thet, Nellie took to goin' an' settin' with him after school under that soft maple in front of his house but she soon quit it fur he told her he wanted none o' her pity and he wouldn't take up her time, nuther.

"He went to all the doctors fur miles aroun' but nobody knew how to do nawthin' fur him an' he got turr'ble downhearted and out o' money. He got snappity with folks, too, and so he was let pretty much alone.

"He took to stealin' off in the bush, trampin' all day and hidin' behind trees if he seen anybody comin'. He'd borrey my old canoe, his'n being sold to pay a doctor's bill, and paddle all day and half the night,

keepin' away from everybody for fear he'd be stared at. An' he got sour and melangolly, the pore feller.

"I was a drivin' along the Buckhorn road one day an' I met up with Nellie an' giv her a lift. We hadn't gone more'n a mile when we saw Donis layin' beside the road, 'snorin'. Nellie she looked at him without flickin' a eye and she sayd to me, 'Drive on Holly, there's nothin' we can do.'"

"Boys! but that made me mad an' I lit into her, wicked! I tol' her that she was a pore kind of a woman anyways an' that if she'd a took him in the first place as she'd order did, him an' Lizzie wouldn't a knowed one another well enough to skuffle an' his coat wouldn't a been tore and got ketched an' nawthin would have happened an' he wouldn't be druv to drink out o' pure pizen miserable-ness.

"She never said a word but I could tell that what I was a sayin' was a sinkin' in deep an' I let her have it hearty an' strong. Finally, 'bout ten minutes after I'd quit, she asks me what I thought she could do now and didn't I know that the doctors said there wa'nt no cure for a lost face?

"Oh, I says, you can't do nawthin, but anybody what thought anything of him could and if they couldn't they'd do it anyway!

"She jist opened her eyes and her mouth as if she was a goin' to light into me and give me a good settin' out, but she niver said a word and when we got to Buckhorn she flew into the store and banged the door after her and that's all the thanks I got fur givin' her a ride.

"She's turr'ble secretive, is Nellie. She tuk the boat next day an' went clear to Peterboro and niver said a word to me 'bout goin'. The folks at the Point mistrusted that she might have a beau there, seein' as how she had throwed down both Donis and Nate, and everybody was talkin' about it until Donis went and gave them something new.

"Some of them boss doctors down there to New York had heard tell of his case and they was a itchin' fur

to try their saws on him. They said if he'd come they'd fix him up fancy and they sent him a ticket to come and fifteen dollars for expenses, extra.

"Pretty near the hull Point was there to see him off, 'cept Nellie. She took her canoe and went off somewhere with her chilly self an' let the pore boy go without even a handkersher wave from her—but that's Nell Evans over agin.

"Waal, Donis was gone three months and when he come back he had a new face, you kin belee me or not! Them doctors had got mighty busy and a lot of folks had read a piece in the paper about him and they'd giv him some of their skin an' he had a whole face agin. O' course he looks sort o' queer, an' you kin tell something has gone wrong sometime, but he's got a face anyhow."

"And will Lizzie marry him now?"

"Nawp. She couldn't without bustin' the law, for she an' Nate Buller skipped out and got married while Donis was to New York.

"And how about Nellie?"

"Aw, her!" Holly's voice was full of disapproval of Nellie and all her works, "she was in the crowd when his boat came in an' I heered her sing out, 'Hello, Donis, awful glad you're back agin all right.' He was so s'prised he couldn't answer her and she jist turned red and hikes 'er fer home and from that day to this she's kep out o' his way. He ain't seen her close onct.

"An' he might's well stayed away from New York fur all the good it done him. He's got the notion she can't bear the look of him an' he's tuk to the timber agin. He keeps hid like a thievin' Injun and even in the bush he wears a mask!

"He's crazy to do it. He don't look half as bad as lots that niver had no circular saw a chawin' up their faces. He's as thin as a worm-eaten rail and I'll bet my best cedar paddle 'ginst a dead minnie that he'll be foun' in the lake afore the leaves turn red. He's plum miserable, 'cause he loves that durned Nellie more than ever. Waal, let's us troll a while, it's 'bout time fur them muskies to be a gittin' on the job."

Holly sighed and relapsed into silence as he handed me my troll and burnished the brass spinner of his own bait with his thumb.

We were close to shore and glided soundlessly through the placed water for half an hour and then suddenly I saw the masked man.

He was sitting on a stone a few feet back from the water and he would have been entirely concealed by bushes and brambles if a stray colt had not been reaching for the delicate leaves of a young tree and bending a branch so that a view was opened to my roving eye. He did not see me, for his face was buried in his hands and his thin, bent shoulders were shaking with the deep silent sobs which well out of the heart when it can endure no more.

Holly had not seen and his tireless paddle bore us away. We trolled for an hour and then, returning as we had come, anchored in the shadow of a little bend to still fish. The colt had stripped the young tree, and the stone where Donis had been sitting was empty.

Holly baited my hook and then pulling his hat over his eyes stretched himself in the bottom of the canoe for a nap.

The last storm had uprooted a giant pine and it had toppled half into the lake. Our canoe was shaded by its spiky branches which concealed it from the shore. There was no sound nor sign of life outside our little craft: not a breeze stirred the birches and elms and hemlocks which rimmed the still waters. At their feet the water iris flaunted and dragon flies darted in and out. In the sky a superb cloud pageant was being staged for my sole benefit and I was watching it when the slightest of sounds made me turn my head.

Beyond my pine screen a red canoe was gliding in to shore. It stopped went on, stopped again, as if the girl with the paddle could not make up her mind, and then finally, it beached itself.

I glanced apprehensively at Holly but the slight crunching sound it made against a log did not disturb his slumbers. Somehow, I felt that

Nellie Evans was in no mood for Holly's greetings. She stepped out of the canoe and seated herself on a stump which grew near the water, and I was shocked at the misery in her face.

While I was wondering whether I ought to make my presence known to her the thicket behind her parted and Donis blundered upon her. She turned around before he had time to retreat and so he stood dumbly before her and crooked his arm over his mask like a boy afraid of a cuffing.

"Gee, Nellie, I—I never knew you you was here or I'd not have come. I wouldn't be saw, for anything. I guess you know that."

She smiled indulgently and patted the place beside her. "Come and talk to me, Donis."

He took an eager step forward and then, turning his back upon her began to paw blindly at the thicket to force an opening.

The girl sat still an instant and then she sprang up and dragged him back. She snatched off his mask and threw it with passionate vehemence upon the ground and stamped on it.

"There! That's the last of that! And don't you ever dare to put another on!"

He stood before her, the color flooding into his poor face and dying away again, "But I ain't fit to be without it," he whispered hoarsely "how can you bear to look at me?"

She hung her head. "How can you bear to look at me!"

He groped for the meaning of that blush, that idiotic, halting little query leaned over to read her face, drew back a step in bewilderment, and the next instant Nellie had thrown her arms around his neck and kissed him. "Oh, Donis, aren't you ever going to ask me again?"

It was then that I discovered that I had lost my minnow and it took me a long time to re-bait my hook. It occurred to me during the process that I had no right to remain but I seized upon the excuse that to go now would mean to be discovered and that would mean embarrassment for the

lovers, and so I sat still and let Holly sleep.

It seemed as though Donis would never let her go now that she was his. Happiness was re-creating him, his shoulders straightened and the light from his marvelous blue eyes bathed them both in glory.

"Do you mind if I kiss you again, Donis?" Having asked permission she did not wait for it.

"Oh, the Lord is good to me, Nellie! I've got you and if I only knew who to thank for paying my way to New York and for getting the doctors to fix me up I'd be happy for time and eternity.

Nellie smiled, a rear, radiant smile that made her more than beautiful. "It was me, Donis, dear. I wrote the doctors and sent the letter from Peterboro so nobody'd know."

"And the ticket and the money for extras! How—?"

"I had some money in the bank and I used it for that. Haven't I been schoolmarm for five years?"

"Why—?" he marvelled, man fashion. She laughed and crept closer within the circle of his greedy arms. "Y'know, Donis, I always did love you, but when you were so handsome it seemed that you couldn't be for ugly little me. I couldn't believe that you really wanted me forever, but afterwards I knew you did; that yours was a deep down, never say die sort of love, same's mine for you. And then I tried to show you that I knew it but you wouldn't see and I was angry. And then one day—I was talking to Holly and he gave me the idea and I wrote to the doctor. For a man, Holly has very sensible ideas sometimes."

I glanced at Holly's end of the canoe and was startled to see him sitting up. He had his paddle in hand and was grinning widely. "Korreck y'are—five'n four's eight," he whispered. I nodded and we silently stole down the lake leaving them to their happiness.

Well Satisfied With Rod and Gun

The following humorous letter is one of the many of a like nature that are constantly being received from satisfied subscribers.

Rod and Gun In Canada.

Gents:—

Answerin yer pleedins fer more money, I'm tuckin my check rite in here to pay fer *Rod and Gun* tew nex spring. Eph yer hurry teh there bank-I kalkerlate ther feller in ther little winder will han yer out ther cool cash.

Gee-gosh-all-hemlock! ever sense Bill Kiser heisted the white flag, it peared to me that you hed jist settled yerself to see how goldarned good yeh cud make that book of yourn; an seat my hidel eph yer havent suckseeded fine.

Now from where I sit, I figer out thet such good stuff thet you do be ahandin out is fit fer better paper.

Sakes alive Ed! jest you order up some better stock, then heist ther price to fit.

Bless my sole Boss, there must be enough red-blooded fellers in Canada willin ter show they be regler he men an pay a fair price fer a sportin book sech as you be abildin.

Praps every feller don't jest kare to set up all night areadin erbout the gun thet will shoot around a corner, an them skunk-chasers mabee dont givderam erbout the burnin question. "Do muskies shed ther teeth in August?" And the season would be goldarned dry when yeh cud intres a fisherman in ther best worm-dope fer dorgs; but jest you pack the hull lot in a bag an lle change my terbacker eph yer don't heve teh holler fer help teh get thier book out on time.

Fish-a-get-ably,

Yers trolingly.

St. Catharines, Ont.

Billy Wood.



Diary of a Seven-Day Canoe Trip Through the Timagami Forest Reserve, August, 1918

CLARENCE A. BROWN

Personnel of Party:—J. A. Pelkie, Guide and Boss Canvasman; P. A. Huntington, Cook and Ration Officer; Thos. Fell, Cooke; M. J. McDivitt, Journalist; H. G. Shaw, Geo. Starling, C. Starling, C. A. Brown, Chief Occupation—Getting out of their share of the work.

Brown had been talking for months about the wonderful time Shaw, Pelkie, and he were going to have, providing they could get another fellow, or as many more as possible. The maps looked so alluring, as were his descriptions, that Huntington and McDivitt started to get interested. As the time for starting drew near they had practically decided to accompany the lads. This was finally capped by McDivitt announcing he could go.

Further plans were then made, for we had decided to start on Wednesday August 21st, 1918. Brown got busy and ordered our supplies which were to be ready for us when we arrived at Latchford, the starting place of the trip. Brown, who was in charge of the trip from this end, announced that Pelkie, who was

coming to Latchford from South Porcupine, was being accompanied by Tom Fell and two Starling boys, Gus and Tubby, (otherwise George and Cyril), making a dandy party of eight.

Our two canoes were shipped north on Tuesday a.m., as the boys from South Porcupine arrived that day. They were to have everything in readiness, when we stepped off the train, Wednesday morning.

Wednesday—

Huntington, McDivitt, Shaw and Brown, left North Bay at 6.05 a.m. on the National, which had orders to stop at Latchford to let us off. It was one grand morning starting out, but at Timagami it was raining. This, however, had cleared up when we reached Latchford at 9.45. Here, the boys from South Porcupine were all in readiness, with tent, grub, blankets, and everything packed. Took a last inspection of our supplies, and after adding a few things to it, proceeded with them to Bay Lake on the edge of Latchford.

Left Latchford at 11.00 a.m. and proceeded up Bay Lake. We had

made out more or less of a schedule for the trip, so our first stopping place was Pork Rapids at head of Bay Lake, nine miles from Latchford, which we made at 1.45 p.m. Here, while Huntington and Pelkie were preparing dinner, the rest went fishing for fresh meat for our dinner. Four in number were quickly caught, which were delightfully carved by Tubby and made a fine meal.

Dishes were then washed, and we made ready for our journey. Left Pork Rapids at 3.00 p.m., and after a delightful paddle up the Montreal River with its many turns and swamps arrived at Mattawapika Falls at 5.30 p.m. Montreal River was certainly the home of the wild ducks as we saw bunches of them all along the way.

Mattawapika Falls being our camping place for the night, we spent a lot of time enjoying their sights and fishing, catching three nice ones for our supper. Here we were visited by two fire rangers, who were quite glad to see us, and hear of the outside world. Around the Falls was our first portage of about half a mile. Just at the edge of the Falls we found a dandy place for out tent, Pelkie being instructor in the pitching of it. At 8.00 p.m., supper was served a la ground. The fire rangers having eaten, refused to join us, but were tickled to see the way we devoured our grub.

It was dark before we finished, but by the light of the full moon we managed to wash our dishes. Sat around, gazing at the water as it dashed over the falls and danced in the moonlight. It was a wonderful sight. Everything in its natural state. By 10.30 we were all blinking after our day's paddle, so turned in for a good night's rest. Not being used to the earth as a mattress we had quite a time dodging the rocks, as we rolled in our sleep.

Thursday—

About 2.00 a.m., Huntington grabbed McDivitt, saying "What's that? What's that? Don't move." He had seen a dark spot on the canvas and with the moon shining through two holes, he thought it was the

bears the rangers had been talking about. We finally convinced him it was only his imagination. He appeared quite happy, and was asleep again in a minute.

Arose at 6.30, just as the fog was lifting. Expected to have fish for breakfast, but Shaw and McDivitt reported only one between them, so we had to be content with bacon, and one fish among the eight of us. Pelkie and the Starling brothers packed the tent, and blankets, while Huntington got breakfast. As soon as the dishes were washed, we were ready to start.

Left Mattawapika Falls at 9.00 a.m., and proceeded up the river towards Lady Evelyn Lake. It was the prettiest picture we had yet seen all along the river which was just like glass. On either side were huge cliffs and rocks with pine trees of all sizes clinging to the crevices. You wonder how they held on. All along the shore, were water lilies galore, making everything harmonize.

About 11.00 o'clock, took a little rest in the form of fishing. Brown and McDivitt annexed two nice bass while Huntington got a pike and two pickerel. We caught all we could handle in about five minutes, so our rest was of short duration. At 12 o'clock, Chef announced we would have our dinner of fish on the next island. Pelkie had told us to keep our eyes peeled for moose along the river as they were quite plentiful. Much to our disappointment, we did not see any. To our surprise on landing on the island, we saw two Indians. Of course we went over to see them, and were delighted to see beside them a bull moose. They had just shot it a few minutes before we came along. It was a pretty beast just a year old; its horns still covered with fur.

While we were preparing our dinner, the Indians started to work cleaning it, and it was with hungry eyes, that we watched them carve off the quarters. They were experts at the job. Took several snaps of the operation then proceeded to pounce on the fish we had just caught. The way we devoured it,

you would think it were moose, but no such luck, though we were tempted to take some.

At 3.00 p.m., everything was cleaned up, even to the moose, so we started for Lady Evelyn Lake, about seventeen miles above the Falls. Arrived at the lake at 4 p.m. to find a heavy sea rolling. Our intentions were to have gone across the lake to Lady Evelyn Falls. Though we started out bravely, we soon found out it would be no easy job to face the head wind and swells, for we were taking water over the bows of our canoes every few minutes. Passed an island where a lady and a gentleman had taken refuge, and after passing a few friendly words with them, proceeded to find a camping spot. Flat rocks covered with moss made a dandy spot to pitch our tent. Huntington cooked our mountain bass, while we got our supplies unpacked and tent up. It sure did taste good, as we were real hungry. Our poor chef didn't get time to eat until we were nearly through as we devoured his cooking so fast. We decided to have jam but on looking in the can, and seeing how sick it looked after Brown had been at it, decided to go on rations in regard to it. No jam until Sunday.

We were all tired, as we hadn't slept much the night before, so as soon as Fell got through peeling the spuds for next dinner, we all turned in. The moss sure made a good mattress, and we were all soon in our places. Had made a gag for Brown so that he wouldn't awaken us in the middle of the night by his mumbling of things we knew nothing about. We were not sleepy so lay awake watching our big camp fire. Tubby couldn't rest until he had his bath so up he gets and gives a dandy illustration of swimming under difficulties. Weather very unsettled and still blowing.

Friday—

Arose at 6 a.m. Weather still unsettled. Had our usual run of bacon for breakfast. Started to rain a wee bit, so decided to wait a while before starting. In the meantime, Brown, Huntington, Shaw and McDivitt engaged in a game of 500,

Huntington and Shaw being victors. Began to clear up about 9 a.m. Starling Bros. decided to go fishing but took no bait. After paddling around for an hour, they returned with no fish, as expected. They must have foreseen some work in taking down the tent. Anyway, they delayed our departure half an hour.

Left the island at 10 o'clock and after a brisk paddle in the head winds, reached the narrows. Here the islands were so numerous that Guide Pelkie ran a little off his course. After about half an hour's circling we found the channel and proceeded to Lady Evelyn Falls, arriving here at 1 o'clock, all ready to eat, as we had had a hard paddle against the wind.

McDivitt and Pelkie prepared the fire, while Chef Huntington got the mountain bass ready. We were so hungry we cut all rations but the one on the jam. We were finally filled up, and as usual had our after dinner rest. Shaw and Brown started to get meat for the next meal, annexing one bass and one pike. McDivitt tried his luck, but could only catch bottom. Tubby then delighted the bunch by his naked dive after it. He was good but the rocks were good too, so we had to leave our troll behind.

Lady Evelyn Falls were just over the Portage, so we packed up and away we went, arriving on the edge of Diamond Lake just above the Falls. Spent an hour sight-seeing and taking pictures of the Falls. McDivitt delighted the bunch by growing so clumsy that he let his left foot slip, landing in the lake, first mishap.

Proceeded across Diamond Lake which was small, but very pretty with its birch woods on all sides. Here we met four canoes filled with boys from the Keewaydin Camp on their way around by Obabika Lake on a fishing trip. Crossed Diamond Lake and landed at Sharp Rock Portage in 55 minutes. It was such a short time since we crossed the last portage that in no time we were started. Pelkie said it was only half a mile but before we were over it, we began to doubt his word. He

forgot to take in the hills we had to climb.

Arrived at the other side in half an hour and beheld beautiful Lake Timagami. It looked so pretty; at least that bay did, with its clear water, and high rocky shores. Sharp Rock was right at the edge of the Portage, rising to a height of nearly 200 ft. and looked like the pictures of Gibraltar. Shaw and Brown were so taken up with the clear water, that they started fishing immediately, thinking they might see the fish biting. They forgot about the logs in the water, and were delayed some time finding out it wasn't a whale they had. Paddled down through the many islands until 6.30 when we came to a dandy camping place on one of them. Our chef announced we were to have mountain bass, brown gravy, potatoes, and two pieces of bread for supper. Everybody thought this enough but Shaw, who was always looking for more. Pelkie and the gang prepared the beds, while Huntington and assistants prepared the supper. It was some meal too. No rations, except on the bread. Even Shaw was satisfied, having traded his crust off the next loaf for McDivitt's.

After things were cleaned up, and a large camp-fire started, McDivitt, Shaw, Starling and Huntington engaged in a game of 500 by its light, Starling and McDivitt being the stars at it. Turned in at 10 p.m.

Saturday—

Arose at 6.30. Had our usual ration of bread and toast; the fish being a bit shy of Shaw's troll, we had to eat bacon. Had our usual after breakfast bath, and McDivitt, seeing himself in the water, went to comb the reflection's hair, and to the disgust of the bunch, lost the comb, so for the rest of the trip, we would have to dismiss that part of our toilet.

Left at 9.30 for Sandy Inlet, intending to arrive at noon. Guess breakfast must have gone to Pelkie's head for we hit for the wrong side of the lake. After visiting every nook and corner, we finally discovered the little channel. He claimed the water was so high that he had no landmarks

to go by, but we saw lots of rocks, trees, islands, etc., so wouldn't take that excuse. After joshing him considerable, we let the matter drop. In our travels McDivitt and Huntington each captured a nice bass for dinner. Ran into two fire rangers where Lady Evelyn Hotel used to be. They scared Brown and Shaw by asking them all kinds of questions.

In the distance we saw our next portage, and to our surprise on coming closer, we saw two women, dressed in khaki trousers, with puttees and everything to match. They were well decked out for the trip, and looked really well in their male attire. Their husbands soon appeared on the scene, each with a canoe on his shoulders. As they were watching us, we showed them what experts we were in following trails, and in no time were on our way across the portage. This was about a mile long, and very steep at times, so we had to take a rest on the way over. Arriving in Lake Timagami again, we had saved about fifteen miles by our portage. Rounded a curve and beheld Sandy Inlet with its beach so much like Lake Nipissing, our play-ground of many years. In the distance was Father Paradea's farm. The first civilization we had seen since we left and a welcome sight, for no matter how much you like the wilds, you are always glad to see a little civilization, and best of all, surrounded by the wilds. Here was an ideal camping spot. Places for the tent and fireplace were all ready. There was a table made of logs, and practically all conveniences for an ideal camp. Set table in style and soon found out we had lost all table manners we ever had, for there was nothing on the table we couldn't reach, and what there was, didn't last long. Bass, bacon, potatoes, and bread completed the menu. A few of us, who had more ambition and sweet teeth than the rest, picked blueberries for our dessert.

We had planned to go to Kee-waydin Camp to see if we could get some more supplies, and of course, thought of Home Sweet Home, and others. Everybody except Pelkie,



1. Mattawapika Falls. 2. Camp on Lady Evelyn Lake.
3. Another View of Mattawapika Falls.

the married man, wrote home. Our writing paper was birch bark, and we made envelopes of the same material, sticking it together with pitch. A very neat job it made too.

Set off at 5.00 p.m. in three canoes. Pelkie and Brown, having something up their sleeves, stayed home. Had no sooner started than it started to rain. It looked like a shower, so kept on going. Made first point, when it started to thunder and lightning, so we decided we had better beach until it was over. Found a smooth rock and landed getting under our canoes. It came down so heavily that we were drenched by the water splashing up under the canoe. It cleared up in fifteen minutes, and a bright sun dried our clothes. Had one dandy run down to Keewaydin Camp on the calm water. The lake is more like a river, having so many islands, and being so narrow in places. Arrived at Keewaydin Camp at 7 o'clock.

Keewaydin camp is an ideal summer colony, with its cottages and tents, surrounded by the high hills on either shore, itself being situated on a heavily wooded island. There were about 100 people on the island, all out for a good time, and by their contented looks, they were having it. Made our business known, and were soon in a little store where we could buy almost anything we wanted. They had no bread to spare, but we got sugar, jam, candies, biscuits, etc. The Chief said he did a wonderful business in the few minutes we were there. The supper bell rang while we were there, so we hung around with hungry eyes. There was no encouragement, so we left at 8 p.m. for our camp at Sandy Inlet, where we expected supper to be waiting us. Had a lovely paddle home, singing all the way. Pelkie said they could hear us miles away, and it sounded better than when we were close.

Our suppers were all ready when we got back, and we were promised bread in the morning, and lots of jam, we cut out rations for first time on trip. Had lots of everything. Our fish supper didn't materialize as

Pelkie and Brown said they had fished two hours with no luck. They promised some on the morrow for sure, so we let it go at that. After everything was cleaned up, had our usual after-dinner songs and speeches, turning in at 10.30 for a long rest, as we intended staying here for Sunday, and there was no reason for getting up early.

Sunday—

Couldn't sleep after 8 o'clock, so up we got, and had breakfast, giving an extra cleaning. Left at 10 o'clock to fish and see Father Paradea's farm. Lake Timagami was too rough for fishing, so took a run up a creek around the farm, crossed a portage to Red Squirrel Lake. Red Squirrel was very pretty, but no rocks to fish from, and as we didn't bring our canoes over, we were at a loss. Tried our best, McDivitt risky, as always, tried trolling off a log out into the lake. Things looked very encouraging for two nice bass followed his first cast. In the excitement of the next cast, he forgot the log was slippery, and much to his surprise, landed in the drink. He was thoroughly discouraged then, and gave up fishing.

Met two Americans and their Indian guides with their canoes and outfits, at the foot of the portage. They were after Lake Trout, and had copper lines and everything for them, as you have to fish down about 600 feet to catch these whoppers. One of the fellows had caught one the day before at 650 feet, weighing twenty-five pounds. It took two hours to land it. How we wished we had brought our copper lines. We had thought we were good at carrying packs over portages, but when we saw the loads these fellows' guides carried, we stopped bragging, for they had easily twice as much as we could carry.

Dropped into Father Paradea's farm on the way back and had a friendly chat with the Father. He showed us all around his homestead, and it did look like a real farm. We then announced the real object of our call. We were after grub. Got carrots, onions, potatoes, and lettuce,

but were disappointed about bread, as the lady of the house said she wasn't baking until next morning and had just enough to do her. As we had caught no fish, and bacon, carrots, onions, fried potatoes, and lettuce for dinner, and believe me, when it was dished up, we had enough for anybody and were glad to lie down and take a rest. Huntington went in swimming with the lads from the farm. Decided to leave immediately, as Lake Timagami had no notion of calming down. While we were packing, along came one of the lads from the farm with a loaf of bread under his arm, meekly announcing forty cents for same. Bread was necessary for us, so we meekly settled the account with a smile.

Had a hard pull across the Bay, then up the creek to Red Squirrel Portage. This was made easily. Geo. Starling and Tom Fell both decided to carry their canoe, leaving pans and dishes behind. This aroused Tubby's ire, for he left them half way over, and after denouncing Gus with words you should only hear in church, sent him back for them.

Crossed Red Squirrel Lake in short order, sailing for about two miles with the wind in our backs. It was just what we had been looking for. Brown kept saying, "If I only had my sail." Red Squirrel is about five miles long, but with the wind, it seemed about two.

Decided to make next portage into Carrying Lake. This went well, with but one mishap; McDivitt's load becoming heavy, he decided he would rest, and set same down on Fell's canoe, which was lying by the path. Then he heard something give. Never thinking, they went on, but on starting across Carrying Lake, Fell thought he must have upset, the canoe was filling with water so fast. McDivitt had put a hole in it. Luckily they had no grub in their canoe. Got canoe patched in fifteen minutes and crossed Carrying Lake which was only about a mile long. We were doing so well, we decided to keep at it, and started across portage to McLean Lake. This time McDivitt was induced under pressure to carry

the canoe, he thinking the grub more important had carried it over the other portages. He did very well, seeing it was his first attempt, getting over the portage, (which, by the way, was the roughest on the trip), without a stop.

Started down McLean Lake looking for a camping place for the night, as we had decided we had done enough of paddling for one day, having crossed two lakes, and three portages, and being in four different lakes, in one day. Nearly crossed McLean before we found a place about one hundred feet in the air. Rock climbing was no obstacle to us, as we had scaled many. Hoisted our tent up, and found a dandy flat piece of rock to pitch it on. About ten feet from the tent on two sides, was a sheer drop of one hundred feet to the lake via several sharp rocks. Found a dandy patch of blueberries here, so with berries, jam, and bread we made our supper. Forty cents a loaf bread at that.

It looked like a dandy fishing spot, so McDivitt and Tubby started fishing, each coming in contact with a large pickerel. Dusk was coming on, so we had to call off operations until the morning.

Basked in the perfect moonlight until 10.00 p.m. and received a severe lecture in regard to walking in our sleep and meandering over the side of the cliff, and then turned in, as we were quite tired. It was so nice, that we forgot to bring in our supplies including the bread. Were awakened in the small hours of the morning by McDivitt, wanting to know who had fallen over the cliff. He really thought somebody had splashed him for his head was soaking wet. Found it was a heavy rain that was falling and his head was under a hole in the tent. Were very much disappointed at seeing the rain, for our bread, etc., was out in it.

Monday—

We were on rations now all right. Got up and brought it in, but couldn't do much with it before morning. Sun was shining dandy when we got up, so put our bread out on the stones to dry, it taking nearly all morning to

do so. Went fishing as per usual, but the fish must have learned since the night before, for we were only able to get another one. This along with the other two of the night before made a dandy meal. Took some snaps and got everything ready for our departure for Anima Nipissing as soon as the bread was dry.

Left our island home at 11 a.m., and proceeded through McLean Lake. For the first time, we were able to get from one lake to another without portaging. Between McLean and Anima Nipissing Lakes is a small rapids which we were able to paddle up, though against a very stiff current. Met two rangers on Anima Nipissing Lake and after telling them we were Canadians, which was all they wanted to know, proceeded on our way to the Narrows, where we were to eat, and stay until next day. Arrived at the Narrows at 1.00 p.m. to find a table and everything ready for us, even to the fire-place. Went fishing, but the lake was too rough, so gave it up. Had a real dinner of onions, potatoes, and bacon. When dinner was over, started exploring, visiting neighboring shores and islands. Had a dandy jaunt, arriving back in time for supper about 6.00 p.m., bread, butter and jam being the lay-out.

After supper, Brown and McDivitt, started to play Shaw and Huntington a game of 500. This seemed tame so, thinking of our stomachs, started to play for a pound of fancy biscuits, best three out of five games. Huntington and Shaw brought home the cakes, three games out of four. Played for another pound, Huntington and Shaw again being the winners, three games out of five. Enough biscuits, so started to play for two dozen chocolate bars. This must have been some encouragement for McDivitt, for he won the first game by a grand slam on the first hand. Pelkie now relieved Brown at the game, as Brown's eyes were sore, and he couldn't see, game being played by camp fire light, with great excitement, all hands being interested, as they were to share in the stakes.

It was nice and warm, so we

decided to sleep out, without putting up the tent. It was a dandy clear night. At 6.00 a.m., Gus, who was under the edge of the blankets, and cold, got up and put on a fire, but it went out as soon as he went to bed again. So we slept until 8 a.m., as nobody would volunteer to get up and start the fire again. The sun shone, however, lifting the fog and warming things up.

Arose about 8 o'clock and had our usual run of toast and tea for breakfast. Immediately Huntington Shaw, McDivitt and Pelkie started to finish their card game, this time to see who would pay for the chocolate bars and fancy biscuits both. The games were so hotly contested this time, that we forgot all about the dishes. The whole crowd were again referees. One game went twenty-nine hands before it was finally won by Huntington and Shaw.

Assistant Chef Fell announced it was 12.00 noon and no dishes washed. Brown and Starling were despatched to clean up while Assistant Chef Fell was appointed Chef pro tem.

Dinner was ready before we were through, but Huntington and Shaw took a long chance, and put the finishing touches, winning the stakes, nine games to seven. McDivitt and Pelkie were then proclaimed as having the honor of buying two pounds of fancy biscuits and twenty-four chocolate bars, with Brown to help in the financing, as he played the night before for a short time.

Dinner was then served. This being our last dinner out, we cooked all the potatoes, bacon, etc. Our rationing had worked out fine with everything except the sugar, which played out before we were through.

Camp was broken up as soon as dinner was over, and we left on the last stage of our journey over Anima Nipissing Lake at about 2.00 p.m. Arrived at the end of the lake at about 2.30 and were delighted to see two bear cubs on the shore. Were delighted still more when we found out that they were tied up. They belonged to the fisherman and were quite friendly while you were beyond their reach. This Brown made sure



4. Dinner at Lady Evelyn.

5. Lady Evelyn Falls.

6. Just leaving portage at Lady Evelyn Falls.

of. Took some snaps of them and then found out from the Forest Rangers that the fishermen had a lynx tied up. We had heard so much about these lynx that we were curious to see it, and if possible to get a good picture of it. Tried to get the rangers to show it to us. This they meekly said they would do if the lynx were not so fierce especially in the middle of the afternoon after he had eaten and was lying down.

They suggested our asking the fisherman, if he could get it to come out. By this time we wanted to see it, if we had to pull it out ourselves. The fisherman reluctantly said he would try to see if he could get him out. We all got a safe distance away, in fact Huntington and Shaw climbed to the top of a fence, and everybody was ready to run. The fisherman got a long pike pole and began poking under a pile of boards where the chain led to. This failed to dislodge him, so he got hold of the chain quite short and with a quick jerk out came the link and all our excitement. There was only one link on the end of the chain and we didn't know whether to run or not, as we keyed up to such a pitch of excitement. The other link was absent. No one wished to move until the fisherman did. The startled looks on our faces was too much for him and he burst

out laughing. We saw the joke quickly then, though it was on ourselves, and enjoyed it as much as if we had played it. It was too good and too well acted. We then heard the story of how Morrissey and family from Latchford had come all the way to see the lynx. People from Cobalt were there, so we were not the only ones fooled. We immediately packed and began our long portage amid the laughing and joking of everyone about the lynx.

Tubby took the lead and was soon out of sight. We knew it was a long hard portage of two miles, so set to work easily. Huntington was the hero of the portage, going through with his canoe without a stop, though the flies did tickle him and tempt him all the way across.

Tubby and McDivitt made it also, but their loads were easier and lighter to carry.

At the other end of the Portage, met Morrissey and two Indians. This was very tempting for we were within three miles of Latchford, ice cream, beans, bread, sugar, and those chocolate bars. Gus appeared on the scene then, so we persuaded Morrissey to run us down in his launch, seeing we would give him considerable business. He was a good sport and consented to do so. It was a dandy little trip in the cool breezes after our hot portage. No paddling—just going like the wind.

Got a whole new outfit of grub and started back. By the time we got to the portage, everything was over. We were about to hear an uproar from the rest but Gus stood up in the launch with a cone of ice cream each, and their wrath soon melted away. They were real pleased when they saw all our grub, and we began looking for a camping place and an opportunity to demolish it immediately.

Started down Bay Lake and soon found a dandy point. Prepared our evening meal as never before. No rations on anything. Beans, bread, butter, sugar, fancy biscuits, ice cream and chocolate bars, all washed down with soda water and soft

drinks. We were sure the full bunch when we were through.

Latchford seemed so good to us that we decided to paddle down en masse and look it over. So when everything was cleaned up, we left in our four canoes over the calm waters of the lake. Pelkie and Gus excelled themselves by leading us in songs, which enlightened our way over the dark waters. Arrived in Latchford perfectly sober. Everything seemed so sleepy that we decided to waken the people up by parading their two streets and singing songs. Visited the station, Brown and Huntington each talking to North Bay, and announcing that we were all O.K. and sober. The station agent said he was going up to see the lynx on Sunday, so we told him to be careful, and after throwing a great line of hot air, got him real excited. It was with regret that we learned later that he got wise to the lynx and didn't go.

Left at 10 p.m. for our happy home up the Lake. Our merry songs frightened a flock of wild ducks which had decided to camp on the lake for the night. Arrived in the best of spirits and prepared our beds for the last night in camp. Fell did his best to get covered up and asleep peacefully but in throwing his legs around he let one of his feet drop in his eye. There was only one open now, and this was soon on its way to slumberland. Gus decided he needed more blankets. These Brown and Shaw decided belonged to them, and for the next two hours, none knew just what clothes were which. There was no sleep for anybody then. No doubt our shouts could have been heard at Latchford. Think we must have all been afraid to go to sleep for the lynx was only two miles away.

Wednesday—

At 1 o'clock the storm subsided to calm, and by 2 o'clock we were all ready to fall asleep but McDivitt and Huntington who had lost both their blankets. A search revealed none, so everybody cuddled up close and tried to make them comfortable. By a.m. there was nothing but a bunch of twisted legs with a little

blanket showing here and there. In the a.m., McDivitt and Huntington found their blanket up on top of the tent, having been thrown there by Gus. McDivitt decided they needed more sleep, so he got all the blankets together and crawled under. Tubby and Shaw decided this wasn't enough, so let the tent down on them too. They slept until everything was ready, nearly missing breakfast. Made a clean sweep of breakfast and ate everything up as it was our last meal out.

We even shaved and brushed up a bit for we were going to civilization again after an absence of eight days and didn't want the folks at Latchford to know we were as wild as we looked, but preferred them to think that we could look like respectable citizens sometimes.

At 10 a.m., Morrissey came up in the launch and loaded the tent, blankets, packs, and everything and took them to Latchford, and we followed with the empty canoes.

Had dinner at Latchford and five of us came south on No. 2 to North Bay, while the other three went to South Porcupine on Train No. 1.

Above is a resumé of the trip, compiled by McDivitt from the diary he kept while on the trip. It will be noted that McDivitt names the two Starling Bros., Brown and Shaw as being prone to getting out of work. The fact remains that when breakfast was over in the morning and the dishes were to be washed, the tent taken down, the blankets rolled up, and the grub packed that was the time that McDivitt had to write the diary.

The above may be exaggerated in places, and in places the pen could not nearly do justice to the good time we were having, the sheer exuberance of spirits of eight normal healthy young males, out for a good time, with not a care in the world, and the bonds of civilization and convention severed behind them for a solid week of enjoyment.



F. V. WILLIAMS

JUST a wee bit of black and white fur—he was when he arrived at the boys' home via the coat-pocket route of a friend, scarcely had his eyes open in fact, when he was tumbled unceremoniously onto the sofa, from which vantage point he blinked up at the anxious, smiling faces about him.

The boy adopted him right away and carried him to the kitchen where he was treated to a saucer of fresh milk and from that time on he was the boy's especial care.

In six months' time Nimrod was "some" cat, from the sprawling playful, awkward kitten he had developed into a very much alive cat. The boy realized this in the space of a very few short months. One summer evening when he was splitting firewood in the back yard,—his pet was fifty feet away amusing himself with a captured grasshopper—when suddenly the boy chanced to look up and there within three feet of Nimrod was a great gray and white tom cat from just across the fields.



Don't trust your pet with the canary or you may find that your valuable singer has ceased to exist.

He recognized the cat at once as one of the largest and most battle scarred old "toms" he'd ever seen. There was no chance to interfere, for with the swiftness that only a cat can display in an attack, he was upon the black and white youngster. His weight knocked the younger animal off his feet, but to the surprise of the boy his pet threw himself on his back and the fur that was flying for the next half minute or so was not all black and white.

By the time the boy had recovered his wits, the larger cat had had enough and with a bound he was out of the fight and had sneaked away like a shadow into the refuge of the tall grass, that had been his cover in his attack on the unsuspecting youngster.

In the yard back of the house, especially about the old chopping block, there was a regular feeding place for sparrows and blue birds, for after each meal in the house the tablecloth was shaken from the back door and bread crumbs and scraps lodged about in the chips and small sticks making good picking for the

small birds. Nimrod found this out, and he would spend hours at the still hunt game trying to capture one of these birds, but for many days the game always ended the same way, the birds would discover him and the cat would stand up and sweep his tail about as he gazed after the disappearing birds, disgust written on every line of his black and white face, and then he took to hunting in the woods that stood at the back of the field, and one fine day when the boy's mother was hanging out some laundry in the back-yard, the cat approached her and rubbing against her feet and trying in his way to attract her attention, she looked down to see that he had a song-sparrow in his mouth, and that the bird was alive. Now Nimrod was a well fed cat, in fact judging from all the laws of "eats" he should have been satisfied with what he received at home, so the lady thinking she could possibly save the bird's life reached down and patted the cat's head, whereupon the cat lay the bird down on the grass at her feet. Holding the cat with one hand she reached for the bird with the other, and—the bird sprang into the air and flew away, evidently none the worse for its capture.

The summer was well along and the boy made his last trip of the season up the old trout stream and got home at dark with fourteen fine brook trout. He dressed them, put them in a pan of water with a pinch of salt and went in with the others of the family to the dining room for supper. There was a rattle and thud in the pantry, and the boy left the table to investigate. Nimrod had been sleeping under the kitchen stove when the family went to supper, now he was in the pantry with one of the largest trout in his mouth. Did he drop it when the boy appeared? Not he. With a growl that would have done credit to an animal twice his size he bolted for the kitchen, from the kitchen to the dining room and from the dining room to the parlor, still hanging onto that trout and at last he took refuge under the very sofa that had been

his first resting place, seven months before. All coaxing to come out was answered with savage growls and when the family let up with their inducements to come forth he proceeded to devour his fish.

The kitchen broom was procured and the "pet" was forcibly driven from his retreat. The way was clear and he bolted for out-of-doors, and after this performance he was barred from the house. However, there was a nice warm woodshed access to which could be had at any time, night or day. The boy had fixed a warm "nest" in an old dry-goods box and Nimrod spent his sleeping hours in this place. Prowling about the woods half the night and depending less and less on his two-footed friends for sustenance, in fact it was very seldom he allowed anyone to pet him or make much of him, his head was a mass of scars, relics of encounters with those of his kind that he ran across in the course of his wanderings about the woods near the farm houses of the neighborhood.

One day after the first frosts had come the boy went to a moss covered bog a mile or so from the house to gather wild cranberries. They were plentiful there and he had been picking some two hours and was sitting under a bunch of old brush on a bit of dry ground—which was not to be had on the surrounding bog—eating a sandwich, when a slight noise caused him to look up and there stood Nimrod with a large mole in his jaws. He came up and laid it down at the boy's feet and purred and rubbed about his legs, arched his back and acted in every way as proud as any hunter very well could over a successful kill.

Where he had captured the mole and how, was a matter for guess work, but the proof lay before them as plain as the sun in the sky, and when the boy had finished his berry picking and started homeward the big cat followed him the same as a dog would, but the mole had evidently furnished him with a satisfactory lunch as he refused to eat what the boy offered him upon their return home.

Then the winter came, and the boy put out a bait for foxes and he used to go out at nights occasionally and "lay" in the blind built for the purpose, in the endeavor to get a shot at foxes that had found the bait and came nightly for their feed of frozen pork—the bait was a hog that had died of some unknown ailment and was not fit for human consumption, and once after a light snow the boy discovered cat-tracks aplenty all about, and one, a track particularly large, he followed all the way home, straight to the old woodshed, showing that Nimrod varied his diet with a bit of "Cold storage pork", however he did not come near the house, but as the winter wore away his coat became glossy and he actually got fat.

When spring came the family moved. They went away for eight months and the cat was left behind for the very good reason that he could not be found at the time the moving took place. The last of November the folks came back and they had scarcely been home a week when one fine morning old Nimrod put in his appearance, but he sure was a "wild cat" now. No amount of petting or persuasion could induce him to allow the boy to put so much as a hand on him. If food, good food—he was very particular—such as fresh fish, or fresh milk, were placed at a dis-



The picture of meekness in the day-time about the house.

tance, he would taste them, perhaps eat, if he liked it, but no amount of persuasion would induce him to come inside the door. He was in fine condition, old Nimrod was, although across his shoulder just below the nape of his neck was a scar three quarters of an inch wide and two inches long, mute evidence of the narrow escape from the jaws of some hungry fox, but "Nimrod," the pet house cat had *gone wild*. Not because he was underfed or because he was abused, but because by nature he was a hunter and the country surrounding his home was filled with game, small song birds, squirrels, woodmice etc. He could easily live and thrive on his hunting and he

preferred that to being about the house.

We will all admit that cats make pretty nice pets; those who won't admit that much will have to say that you'll have to travel a long way to see anything more graceful or interesting than a kitten at play, or a "mimic" battle between two kittens. It's all interesting but by the same token you can't *trust* a cat, either the four-footed or two-footed species. A cat is a cat, their nature is to hunt, and the purring, lazy-eyed "puss" that's lying around the house a part of the day, is a merciless murderer of nestlings or young birds learning to fly. If you'd like to prove this, put your well-fed, well-cared for cat out on the lawn some day where there is a young robin or sparrow just learning to fly. Of course, this is rather hard on the aforementioned bird, but if you will retire to some spot where you can watch unobserved the actions of your pet cat, you will likely be convinced that your cat "loves to kill for the sake of killing."

House-cats gone "wild," or returned to their natural state, you will find around many a good hunting ground, and perhaps it may sound a bit crude to say a bullet or a charge of shot is the best way to treat them, but could you see what will happen to the first nest of young partridge or quail, or any other bird he discovers, you will sure be ready to shoot, and not only does he kill to eat, but your pet cat will kill for the "fun of it." It's his nature, he can't help it, but that doesn't help preserve the game birds and song-birds of your neighborhood, does it?



All innocence as he comes purring to you.

NEW SPECIMEN OF SQUIRREL

The capture of two white ground squirrels in a grain field at Athlone, Cal., by E. L. Burns of that locality is affording natural historians interesting scope for speculation.

The squirrels have snow white fur and pink

eyes, but in all other respects resemble the ordinary ground squirrels. Burns had seen the two animals many times running about the field and made unsuccessful attempts to trap them. He caught them finally by digging them out of their underground abode.

Editorial Notes

Anyone consistently reading Robert Page Lincoln's numerous articles, that have appeared in Rod and Gun, cannot fail to arrive at one conclusion regarding the well-known writer and that is, that he is one of Nature's children and is blessed with the heritage of the open.

Versatility is one of the pleasing features of his literature. From the scientific style of, "On Making A Split Bamboo Fly Rod," to the soul-inspiring "Ode To A Whip-poor-will," requires a diversity of literary ability that is seldom possessed by modern outdoor writers.

Although practically unknown in the game fields he has been one of the staunchest advocates of clean short and game conservation on the continent. His exposure of the Southern game butchers did more for the protection of the Federal Migratory Bird Law than any other single effort that has been brought to our notice.

It is as an angling expert that he is known to Rod and Gun readers. Fishing Notes Department are eagerly read by Walton's legion of followers, and all are loud in their praises of Robert Page Lincoln.

ESTABLISH FISH CULTURAL EXPERIMENTAL STATIONS.

There is a bill before the New York Legislature providing for the establishment of a fish cultural experimental station at Cornell University. The estimated cost is twenty-five thousand dollars and the object is the better development and utilization of the aquatic resources of state and nation. These

ends will be accomplished by training student in research work and investigating the various problems of fish breeding and propagations.

It would be well to establish a Canadian institution along similar lines; not so much for fish breeding but for the better utilization of natural aquatic resources. In the older and more settled parts of the Dominion the stock of fishes in the natural waterways is sadly depleted through numerous causes, chiefly we imagine through the pollution of these waters.

The good work of the various Conservation and Game and Fishery Clubs throughout the country would be greatly augmented by the advanced ideas and scientific knowledge obtainable from a fish cultural experimental station. The cost of establishment could be borne by the Government.

One of the most modern and best equipped fishing accessory manufacturing plants in Canada is that of Allcock, Laight & Westwood Company at 78 Bay street, Toronto. This old established firm has world wide reputation for excellent fishing products. Their rods, reels, artificial bait, spoons and general accessories are in general demand in Canada and the United States.

Their show rooms in Toronto contain a beautiful display of trophies of conquest effected in various waters of the Dominion.

Their interesting advertisement, that will appeal to all disciples of Walton, is to be found on the inside cover of this issue.

TELLS OF HABITS OF BEAVERS.

In an interesting letter, Mr. James Dickson of Fenelon Falls gives some of the habits of the smaller fur bearing animals. His information is of great interest as it comes from actual experience.

"The beaver, fisher, marten, otter and mink begin to breed when one year old and have from four to five kittens at a litter. As man is their only enemy, they increase in numbers very rapidly. The fisher and marten are not amphibious but receive their food in the same manner as the fox.

"The beaver lives exclusively on bark, favoring poplar, white birch and alder, in the order named. They do not fell large

trees until the supply of the smaller ones is exhausted in the vicinity of their dam. In one instance I found a poplar 28 inches in diameter which they had felled but it was the only one of a number in the same vicinity that they had touched. Even in cases of this kind they only eat the bark from the limbs of the larger trees.

Otter and mink live almost exclusively on fish although the mink will make a meal of a young muskrat should he find one unprotected. Neither the otter nor the mink are ever found far from the water without a good supply of fish. And no class of fishermen know better how to locate and catch fish than this species."

Rod and Gun Folk: Robert Page Lincoln

READERS of *Rod and Gun* will be pleased to make a closer acquaintance with the editor of the Angling Department — Robert Page Lincoln. A life-long devotee of sport in all its varied phases, he has specialized in fishing and it is as such that readers of *Rod and Gun* know him. Although still under forty years of age, he has been quoted as an angling expert not only in Canada and the United States but in the whole of the English speaking world. His articles which appear regularly in *Rod and Gun* represent years of actual experience and research.

Born in Minnesota, a region blessed with a record number of lakes, Mr. Lincoln spent his days of childhood and youth along the famous Minnehaha Creek, known to the Sioux Indians as Little River. Longfellow's poem, "Hiawatha," has immortalized the Minnehaha Falls and it was in this beautiful district that Mr. Lincoln first came in contact with nature.

Breaking into the journalistic game at an early age is an achievement common to our literary celebrities and Robert Page Lincoln is no exception as he commenced writing for the magazines and newspapers at the age of fifteen. His first efforts were directed to trapping magazines. At the age of nineteen he became connected with Trapper's World, a magazine owned by David Edley Allen of Iowa. Outdoor People, started

by Messrs. Allen and Lincoln next occupied his attention but it was merged with Trapper's World as it was not a financial success. Writings from Mr. Lincoln's pen appeared, at this date, in *Maine Woods*, *Maine Sportsman*, *Sportsman's Guide*, *Fur News* etc. He became a staff correspondent of the *Sportsmen's Review*, and is still connected with that weekly. Accounts of out door life activity, written by Mr. Lincoln commenced in *Forest and Stream* of New York at that time.

His next venture was in a new magazine called *The Open* that was started in Minneapolis. In this enterprise he was connected with Charles Lewis Gilman, one of the leading authorities on guns and a trained newspaper man. After six months *The Open* was abandoned owing to lack of support from sportsmen.

After travelling to all points of the compass, Mr.



Robert Page Lincoln

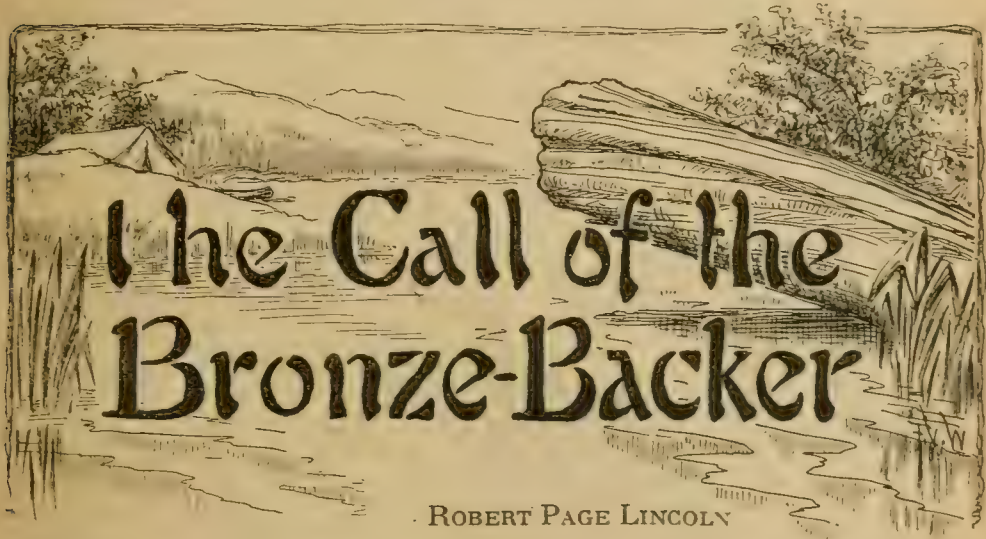
Lincoln is more than ever convinced of the need of conserving fish and game. For some fifteen years he has followed a policy of conservation and is one of the strongest exponents of wild game and fish preservation. He spent valuable time and money in backing the Federal Migratory Bird Law and was the first writer to expose the game butchering in the State of Louisiana. Save the game even at the cost of putting aside the gun, has been Mr. Lincoln's plea for years. Of late years he has turned his

attention to the devastation wrought by the fish destroyers, whose numbers are legion.

Mr. Lincoln is a firm believer in *Rod and Gun* and in a recent letter remarks, "May the readers start

a campaign by which *Rod and Gun* will speedily become a national sportsmen's weekly."

Articles and essays will continue to appear in *Rod and Gun* from Mr. Lincoln's pen.



DOCTOR James Henshall in his well-known book, "The Book of the Black Bass," has stated that, "Inch for inch, the black bass in the gamiest fish that swims," or words to that effect. No doubt Doctor Henshall considered here both the basses; for my part I would say that the small mouth bass is the more game of the two. There is no doubt about it. Anyone who has industriously played both of these fish in their chosen elements will sooner or later find the scales tipping toward the bronzen warrior of the dashing stream. I have often threatened to write a complete book on the small mouth bass alone, and if the pathway is clear to such an attempt I should like to do so. One of the main features I should like to include in that book is a series of photographs showing the bronze-backer in action, from the time the lusty fellow hits the fly-hook, to the time the net slips under him. I know some small mouth stream scenes for a back-ground for such fishing that would do this fish justice. I know waters that have been made immortal by the small mouths they contain, and in such waters I would stage my work. The small mouth bass has been called by many of the old-timers the representative American game fish, and they have stuck to that

through thick and thin. In modern days and for some time in the past the small mouth has been lost track of, most of the attention being given to the large mouth bass and the various trouts. But there are old-time anglers who have been on the path of the rosy-eyed, bronze-backer, the small mouth, for some forty years. When the season opens it is not the trout they go after but the small mouths of the streams; and they use, not artificial minnows and chunks of salt pork, but the "tasty" fly. It may be that some small mouths are taken on floating logs, with countless hooks upon them, and strips of sow belly, but the vast majority of them have liked to sample the artificial fly as it is worked ingeniously through the water by the hand of an angler who is wise and up in the game of winged lure manipulation. Where the small mouth is caught in this manner one is assured of a fight that is worthy of the name and gets at the fine points of the gameness of the small mouth.

Whereas the large mouth bass is taken mostly in the lakes, in more or less still water, (which it seems to prefer), on the other hand the small mouth seems to take, naturally, to the running water, hence has a predilection for the stream, and a sparkling clear stream,

at that. And right there is something strange about the small mouth bass. It loves clear water with a love that amounts to a passion, and will not be without it if it can be helped. I have known cases where small mouth bass have left the waters of a partially muddy stream and have ascended the waters of a tributary stream whose waters have been clear, though comparatively low. In the holes along the course of that stream the small mouth bass fishing has been of the very best. In the respect that the small mouth has such a desire for clear, cold and sparkling water, makes it the closest approach to the trout, (the brook trout in fact), that can be found. Add to this the gameness that this fish shows in taking the artificial fly, and the fight it puts up, quite places it in a class for itself, with marks of merits up and down the line.

Quite different from the small mouth bass the large mouth seems to donicely in any sort of water into which it is placed. You will find them growing large and corpulent in the muddy, weedy lakes; though, of course, these do not put up the fight of the large-mouth that is taken from clear water, in northern lakes. Small mouth bass may be found in murky water, but if they possibly can get away from it, they will. There are fine streams that have become depleted of trout that would make excellent small mouths streams, though of course it is necessary that there be an abundance of feed along that stream's course; but by stocking the stream with minnows, chubs, shiners, etc., the stream could be made ideal.

While the small mouth bass is a stream fish if he can possibly choose a stream to live in, that is clear and clean, still that is not always open to his selection. Like as not he is found in some lake that is spring-fed from the bottom; has been in such lakes from time

untold; a native of the waters. It is not uncommon for the large mouth bass and the small mouth bass to be found in the same waters, though, (save around the spring-holes in the late summer), they do not school-up together. The small mouths keep themselves in one part of the lake, the large mouths in another. The characteristics of the two basses can be seen in this. The small mouths will be found around the rocky ledges, the shoals, the deep spring-holes, and off of the sand-bars. The large mouths will be found up among the weeds, reeds and pads, and in close to shore, sometimes feeding two or three feet from shore. The small mouths

are rarely if ever seen, save if you cup your hands and look down off the ledges, when, if the water is very clear you can look down, as I have done, and see the big fellows moving in and around the rocks. Where the small mouths run down deep in the waters, up to fifty, seventy-five or more feet, it is then that another method of getting them than the



fly must be used, though I have often caught them off of the ledges, rocks and sandbars by sinking the fly with split shot. The live bait man for deep fishing for the basses desires nothing save the live minnow. Your old-time small-mouth fisherman will tell you that there is no lure in this world or the next that is of such surpassing excellence as the young dog-fish minnow, which runs from two to three inches in length. The reason that the dogfish minnow is so good, he will tell you, is that it will last all through a day or more and still be worthy of fishing again. The dogfish is tenacious to a marked degree, which we know to be true. The minnow is hooked right back of the dorsal fin and is allowed to navigate as he will. If a small mouth is near he will nail it on the dot. Don't

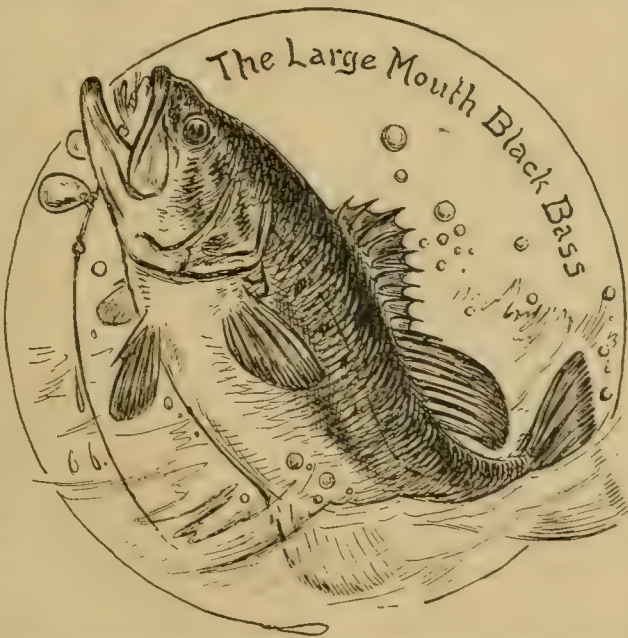
pull up the minute the old bass gets the minnow in his mouth, says the live bait fisherman. A bass likes to run with a bait; he mouths it; and turns it as he runs. Give him line, and then, set the hook when he has gone some six or seven feet. This is the live bait part of the game. There are those who laud the two and two-an-one-half-inch young bullhead to the skies as a lure for the basses in the deep holes. Catfishes will do as well. Those who use these for bait clips off the "prongs," or the bones that set into position when a fish nails them. We may suspect that when one of these little bullheads gets to migrating around the deep holes, the bass near at hand, at once get inquisitive. Chubs and shiners have always been lauded high by the live bait contingent for their attractiveness; and perhaps they are as well known as any.

The way one does in hot weather, when the bass are running deep is to locate the deep places. This is done by sounding with a chunk of lead on a line. Where you find the deepest place, there you can be sure the bass will be found. Fish something like five or six feet off of the bottom and the results will be pretty satisfactory. It matters not how hot the day, in the deep holes the bass take fine. Any hour of the day is all the same with the small mouths in the deep holes. I have caught them fine around eleven and twelve o'clock when the burning sun threatened to dwindle me into a grease spot. If one strikes a good small mouth hole he will have the time of his life. It may take some time at sounding with the lead to strike these places but sooner or later they will be found. Of course these places are good year after year so the thing to do is to mark them down by lining up with objects on shore, so that you can go to that place every time without fail. Sandbars in lakes are often told by reeds growing up along their edges. I like

nothing so well as to fish for the small mouths or the large mouths, too, off of the bars and ledges in hot weather, using a steel fly-rod and an automatic reel. By using a six or nine foot invisible leader on which to attach the hook the chances of capture are vastly increased. This makes the lure stand out in the water as though it is absolutely free of any line. In the depths of the lake we may suspect that this deception is startling.

Down in the southern States of the United States I have come across large mouth bass up to ten pounds in weight. Some large mouths have been caught in the south weighing up to fifteen pounds. In northern waters,

however, the largest large mouth bass I have heard of being caught weighed something like eight pounds. Small mouth bass, on the other hand, never run to any appreciable weights. The highest winner on the scales that I heard of being caught weighed a trifle over five pounds. It is my quiet belief that five or six pounds, at the highest, may



be considered the maximum of the small mouth. It is said that when a large mouth goes to weight he is a hoggish glutton, and will load up and load up again on food, and never seems to get enough. I once caught a large mouth of over six pounds that had his stomach plugged full of food and two small bullheads stuck in his throat at the time. But did that bass stop there. He emphatically did not. He must up and strike a dead frog I was trolling deep. The small mouth bass is a far more cleanly feeder than the large mouth. He is not conspicuous for his hoggishness. Hence his weight never goes up the scale. Open the stomachs of your small mouth bass and you will be surprised to find the fare he has accumulated to be mostly small stuff, insects in cases, flies, small minnows, worms and helgramite. If there

are leeches in the stream, be not surprised to find three or four of these digesting in his bread basket. But though the average fair-sized small mouth you get on the hook is a modest-sized fellow, be sure that that fellow in fins can tune up the waves when he gets to sawing and blading the water. He is as gamey as any average trout!

It is the small mouth bass of the stream that is of course the most interesting of all, especially to the fly fisherman because it can be reached, (often most comfortable), with the fly. If you are so fortunate as to know where there is a stream with small mouth bass in it, count yourself supremely well educated. You need not worry about trout. You can have as much sport with the bronze-backed fellow, and by his fight at the leader's length he will imprint a score on your memory that is not soon eradicated. You may have been fishing that stream with live bait and big gobs of angle-worms; with plugs and with spoons. If so, you have known one side of getting the bronzen warrior, but you have yet to know the fly-casting methods and that method is the one that is superlatively worth while. If you bid to try it out just once you will regret it.

Many of the streams that the small mouths are found in are rough-and-racy runs of water. If this is the case, be sure that you use heavier tackle than you do in fishing for the trout. I like the steel fly rod, nine and one half feet in length for this work; prefer that, in fact, to the bamboo, or the solid wood. For taking in slack line with finish and with speed there is nothing like the automatic reel, the reel that is not so heavy, however, that it will disorganize the balance of the rod. Be sure and have a six or nine foot leader. This is a necessity.

"The small mouth bass," says one writer, "is an adept at finding the snags and rocks of the bottom and he fully knows how to use them to advantage. In deep water he will make a spiral dive in an effort to entangle the line around a root or snag, and break it, when it takes a little roughing to bring him up again. The thing to do in fighting the small mouth bass is to keep him near to the surface, to make it a top of the water battle; and this is particularly the case in fast water. This does not mean that the line should be kept so taut that you are in danger of pulling him through the air, like a flying fish, but just the happy medium between taut and slack. Let the rod arch, make the spring of the rod be the force that tires the fish. Keep-

ing the line pulled too strong is about as bad as giving the fish too much slack, as he is likely to make a getaway in either case. As the fish makes his leap through the air, take away the slack, but give him back a little line as he hits the water, so that he does not land on a taut line and tail off to other waters."

In the main this is good advice, though often one has trouble in keeping the fish to the top of the water. It may be said, with safety, that to keep slack away from the fish is the the main thing to guard against. The skin around the lips and mouth in general of a trout is thick and tenacious and once the hook is imbedded therein it is hard to shake it out. With the basses on the other hand, the cartilage around the mouth is thin and rips, so that after fighting a while the hook bend wears a sizeable hole in the cartilage, and this is especially true of the large mouth. If the bass obtains slack line and leaps with a shake, or so, of his head the hook may be dislodged. Therefore in fly fishing for bass, see that there is no disagreeable looseness to the line. The main thing to beware of are the snags, logs and other obstructions in the stream. River fish are acquainted with all of these places, and once they are captured they dart for them with only one purpose in view, that being to tangle or twist the line around one of these obstructions and so obtain enough slack to manage to break away.

Says "Tamarack" a well-known angling writer:

"Simplicity characterizes my humble views of fly variety requirements in the case of bass even more so than it does where trout-fly selections enter into consideration. In the days of my pioneer bass fly angling—and dates back well over forty years—following the teachings of local tradition, I adopted and tied flies of beamy contour and subdued coloration, partaking much of the type of Brown Hen and Governor. A little further on, adventuring into fields of originality (after the way of the novice in fly tying), I departed from the established beliefs of my elders and contrived weird combinations of shape and shade. In the end it didn't seem to make appreciable difference with the bass either. Their attitude appeared to be: *Go as far as you like. We are game!* When the fish were at hand, and on the feed, they never seemed fussy about the particular fly wished on them. And I still find it so. However, intensely it may be maintained by the majority of fly-purist that in angling for trout, especially with the dry fly, the imitation

of natural flights of insects is more or less a necessity, fly anglers, who are, in addition, familiar with the bass will readily grant that in these latter fish the attractive qualities of the lure are of more importance. The colors of dubbing, hackle and wings, which lend themselves best to the alluring appearance of a made-up fly and at the same time possess some degree of resemblance to the natural winged prey of surface-feeding fresh water fishes are found in large measures in the hues of green, brown, yellow and white. Thus with respect to the adaptation of greenish colorings we have the Ferguson, Seth Green and Grizzly King; brown is represented by the Governor and Brown Hen; yellow by the Professor and white by the Light Coachman, Rube Wood, and if one chooses, by the two Parmachenes. Were I confined to the use of a single fly for pickerel, large mouthed bass, perch, calico bass and small mouths I should select the Ferguson on account of its similarity in the water to a grasshopper or a small frog. The size of the fly to be chosen for use is determined to a considerable extent by the stage and the clearness of the water. A stretcher fly alone on a Number 4 hook is proper for general conditions. Where the stream is low and limpid, Number 6 will be found more productive, and there is no objection to adding a dropper to the cast under the circumstances of a reduced size of the fly. There are occasions of high and roily water, and also about sunrise and twilight when a Silver Doctor tied on a Number 2 hook will bring big bass to net. This salmon fly is peculiarly adapted to black bass angling because of its minnowlike aspect. Likewise when through any cause the fish are not taking hold freely the Silver Doctor in the smaller sizes—say 6 and 4—will often secure a rise."

There is a comfortable lot of truth in the above, every word of which I subscribe to. I cannot help but add one fly to the above, that I have found exceptionally killing, that being the Yellow Sally. You could release me on small mouth waters with just this fly and I would feel safe to go up against any of these bronze-back fellows. But, of course, I would want them in the Number 4 and 6 sizes as well as the Number 2 size for fishing around the hours of dusk. A fly that I have used very successfully is the so-called Massassaga fly, which was invented and is tied yet, I believe, by Mr. Walter Greaves, of the postoffice of Ottawa, Canada where a letter or card to him will bring

reply at once. Mr. Greaves is perhaps one of the most finished and skillful small mouth bass fishermen in the North. The Massassaga is tied to a straight-shanked hook, with a green-tinted body; a red ibis tail whisk; guinea feather wings, yellow hackle and a red tuft for a head. Added to my own recommendation of this fly is the recommendation of many other enthusiastic small-mouth fishermen.

To say the very least the yellow and green flies are the very best for small mouth fishing. It is certainly hard to say just what the bass think this fly to be, as it is drawn through the water, played here and there around the boulders, up close to over-hanging banks, in the pools below rapids, close to up-jutting snags, and in other such places where the bass happen to keep themselves. It may be that the fish thinks the fly not a fly at all, of course, but nothing less than a minnow. The delusion of life is conveyed to the fly when, by carefully moving it in the water, the open-and-close action of the hackles and the waver of the wings, perhaps, causes the bass to open his eyes wide with interest. Of a sudden, without thinking, (we will say thinking and take a pinch of salt with it), that bass will nab that "drowned" fly and the fight will be on. After years of fishing for the small mouth I am come to believe that the bass think the fly to be a minnow. If the fly be a green one, of the salmon size, it may be possible that the bass will take it to be a small-sized frog utterly marooned in the wet. I have no doubt this would be very true were that fly played near to the shore.

After one has been at small-mouth fly-fishing for a time he will come to understand that one must know when to set the hook, or there will be ten losses to one capture. One should always be in expectation of a strike and one should set the hook the minute you feel something close in on the feathers. I have heard it said that the trout is the speediest fellow to spit out a fly the second he finds he has been fooled, but allow me to say, (without casting any aspersions on the trout) that the small mouth bass in a close competitor for the laurels in the art of voiding the fly. It is strange here, but nevertheless it is a fact, that many fly fishermen obtain strikes but absolutely fail to be able to set the hook at the right juncture. To be able to explain this is hard; and I doubt if one is able to explain it. The knowing when to strike must be taught by instinct.

"In clear, fine water you will often see the

bass make his dash for the fly," says one writer, "and if such is the case, strike the moment you first glimpse him and that will not be one moment too soon."

As to this I cannot say. Personally I never set a hook till the feathers of the fly are come in touch with; but then the glint of green of the bass and the strike comes practically at the same time.

Many fly-fishermen who have sallied forth for the bronzen warrior of the deep have failed to play their fly deep enough in the water. Even six inches under the surface will not do, unless the bass are actively combing the surface for food and this is rarely the case. One will have far better luck if he will go down, one, two or three feet with his fly. If the water is slow-moving one

is able to get the fly down without any weight to speak of. But there you must fish a little deep you bite on a certain of number of split shot of suitable calibre to the leader and that will take the fly and leader down to a suitable depth. In deep holes you will, as often as not, be forced to go down so far as ten or twelve feet with the fly, but this is a safe proposition, and is often a very killing one. Such is the way one must go about it off of the rocks and ledges of the lakes. Do not draw the fly straight on through the water, but rather work it along with slight twitches of the wrist. This is what wins the big fellows to strike.

In the dusk, as I have stated, use the larger fly.

Also see that the points of the hook are sharp before you go out on the waters!

On Making a Split Bamboo Fly Rod

(Continued from last issue)

This Is The Concluding Installment Of This Article; Telling How To Glue Up The Strips In The Best Manner; Fitting The Ferrules; The Handgrasp.

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

IV.—Strip Assembly—Gluing.

ABOUT the time that the planing of the strips is finished the amateur will say, the worst part is done and all I have to do is to glue them together to form the whole. As a matter of fact the worst part of the work is left, for if the strips are not glued correctly, the work done well, there will be trouble, and, perhaps, the loss of the entire piece, or joint. It therefore behooves one to work in a painstaking fashion and to carefully study this chapter for it tells all there is to be told about gluing up the strips.

Dr. Holden says:

"The attempt at gluing up his rod-joints has proven the Waterloo of many an aspirant rod-builder. If the joints can be wound in a single direction only, and this be accomplished while at the same time straightening instead of twisting the joints, such a technic is highly desirable. Any ordinary glue will suffice. The writer has even glued up satisfactory joints with the sheet gelatine that you buy in the grocery stores for kitchen use, dissolved in warm water. Since the advent of the

best-known brand of a prepared liquid glue, which is on sale in almost any hardware store, a practical carpenter or cabinet-maker who in these days resorts to the old-time method of gluing is a rarity. No matter how good the glue, if the joint be not kept protected by a sufficient coating of varnish (when the rod is finished) the glue will not save the rod for usefulness. While the function fulfilled by the glue in binding the strips together is tremendously effective from the increased rigidity of the glued joint as compared with its strips when simply bound together by windings, it is nevertheless true that all the glue has to accomplish is to prevent the strips from sliding one against the other—that is, to prevent the strips from acting individually instead of a solid whole joint when a bending strain is applied. Now, a very slight adhesive force between the strips will suffice for this, when it is distributed along the whole length, and when this bend is reinforced by strong permanent silk windings held in a plentiful coating of varnish. This malleability of the joints, and

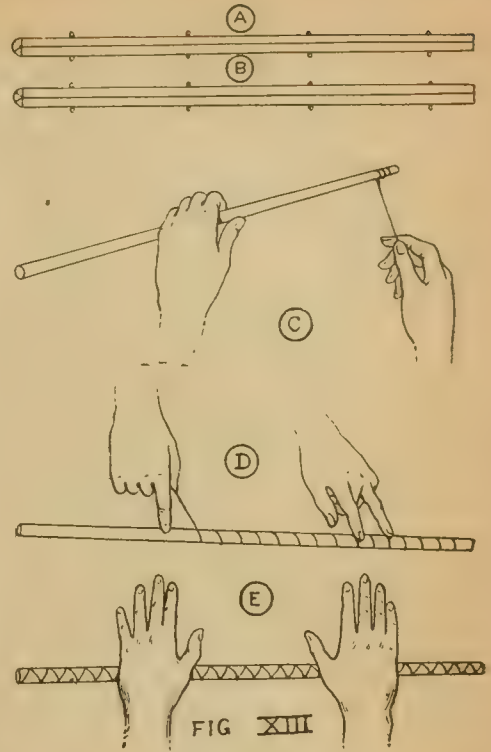
just how they act until the wet glue has stiffened, may be well observed in a joint whose finished strips are assembled and held in a snug temporary winding, without any glue having been applied as yet. Both the winding and fresh glue permit the strips to slide one upon another, as you bend the joint; and to remain in whatever was the form when the bending force was interrupted, because they also hold the strips from slipping back into their original position until a counteracting force is applied. Bend the joint into an S-shape and so it remains until bent some other way. Thus it is that this time of gluing up is the most advantageous time for molding the completed joints straight."

The first thing the amateur does when he is ready to glue is to try to glue two strips together, and then glue the third to that. If he does he will have trouble. I have found that in gluing strips, as I shall first tell about, another person will be a world of help. Therefore have a lad, for instance, with you to assist.

The glue to be used is that used by cabinet makers; or the so-called liquid glue, Le Page, will do nicely. I have used this grade in rod-making, and find it perfect; in fact it is now one of the best known glues on this continent.

Any glue applied to rod strips must be hot.

Please remember that fact, so that you will not miss the mark on that account. The second point to remember is that *the rod strips also must be heated*, near a flame, so that they will be almost unpleasant to handle. In heating the glue, place a receptacle containing water on the gas burner, set the glue pot in this and then keep the water first boiling, then simmering. The rod strips are heated just before you apply the glue. Now with a brush clean off the bench around you, sweeping away every bit of dust. Now look at (A) and (B) of Figure XIII. At a convenient place put nails in the bench the exact calibre of the rod at about four places, one to receive one half of the rod, the other the other half. You are now ready for the gluing. The lower strip of (A) is now taken in hand and with your one half inch brush of camel hair, or other hair, apply the hot glue to the heated strip. As rapidly as this is done lay it up against the nails. Your assistant holds it in place at exactly the right angle, flat side up. Now brush a thin coat of glue along the inside of the middle strip; *each side* I should say. Your assistant presses this in place and holds it there. Now the third strip is treated with



glue on its inner edge, and that, too, is pressed down in place. Go along the whole length now and press the pieces together, finally placing a handy, suitable weight (not too heavy) at three points between the nails. These tiny weights should serve to keep the pieces from spreading, making them lock tight. The directions I read stated merely to glue the strips together and lay them on the bench, no nails, nothing to hold them together. Naturally they sprung apart. By thinking it over I improved on the method by using the nails, also adding a pair of extra hands to help me.

At first as the strips lie in the mold (or between the nails, I should say) wipe away the bubbles or drops of glue that have oozed up. Let the strips lie thus for a length of time while the glue thickens, and the strips do not easily spring apart. Your two pieces, the halves of the rod will now look like (A) and (B).

Having gotten so far, the glue having bitten in and thickened between the strips you now take your brush and apply glue to both sides of the upward-facing surfaces. It is best to apply glue to both surfaces. During this performance the pieces lie between nails. Now lift up (B) carefully holding it at two points of its length, then quickly and neatly lay (B) on top of (A). Still keep (A) in

between the nails while you press and arrange (B). Now lift out both of them as they are pressed together. If you have an assistant have him hold the joint at two places to keep the joint together. Now take a thread (Number 25); make a noose, pull it tight near the end as shown in (C). Still letting the assistant hold the joint start spiral winding the rod joint down to six inches from the end. Pull the thread tight as you go, and you will note that as you do pull it tight the strips slip more than ever into place, binding tighter and tighter. Still letting the assistant hold the joint, go over it with your fingers, pressing here and there to make it bind better. Next you do the work without an assistant. Lay the joint on the clean bench and roll the joint, and, as you roll, draw the string tight. Go slowly and be sure that the strips slip into their places. (D) will show you how this is done. Presuming that you have now wound the rod joint from one end to the other very firmly you tie the thread at that end. Now if you glance along the length you will note that the joint is liable to slope the way your spirals are wound. Straighten away from the spirals, and to counteract the spirals that are wound one way, start your thread and wind it the opposite way very tight. All spiral windings of the thread are *three eighths of an inch apart*. Now tie your thread at the other end. In (E) is shown a joint wound one way and then spiral wound back to the starting point. When you have reached this stage you are ready for the final rolling. The first rolling of the joint as you wound it first had the effect of straightening it out. The second spiral-wound thread helped more. The final rolling does the job to a T. Roll back and forth under the flat of your palms as shown in (E). After a while of this rolling the result should be a perfectly straight joint. If it is straight it is ready to put away to dry in a dry place free from any moisture. The joint may be laid between the nails where you started your gluing as these are accurately spaced. This will hold the joint straight. Suitable weights may be placed on it too, if you wish. After a space of time extending from twelve to twenty four hours the glue will have set sufficiently firm so that you can take up the work again where it was left off. Of course the longer you let the joints dry, the better; but you can start in when it has been left twelve hours or twenty-four hours.

The double spiral wound threads are now taken off. There will be glue adhering at all places along the joint. To remove this

you use Number O sandpaper. The *flat surfaces* are lightly sandpapered, touching the hexagonal edges or corners as little as possible. Of course a touch or two along these edges making them a little rounded does not hurt. Thus the glue is removed. If there should be an uneven place at any joint along this joint it can yet be remedied. Hold the joint next to a flame, this will soften the glue. Now take the joint and again roll it. The result will be that the joint will fall straight. If there are little risers, or swells where the nodes are, take these down very carefully, level with the rest, with a fine file, and then use the sandpaper.

Having made the butt joint you glue up the middle joint the same way, and then you proceed to the tip. Like the planing of the tip the gluing of the tip is the most difficult and I find that an assistant in this work will come in very handy. Care must be used so that you will not break the tip.

Points to remember in gluing are:—Keep the glue warm and thin, *never* use thick glue as it is worse than, useless. Heat the strips as you glue them with the hot glue. Wind your spiral thread very tight. For the thicker joints of the rod, the butt and the middle, wind with black thread Number 25. For the tip you can use thread Number 40. Some believe in using cords, but I have never tried cords, using the threads specified.

We have now given directions for *one way* of gluing the strips into joints. We now come to another method.

Secure an iron pipe that is two-and-one-half feet in length, and one inch across. The nearest plumber will let you use his threader. Run some threads at the bottom of it and put on a *stop cap*. (A) in Figure XIV shows the cap screwed on the bottom, and the pipe ready

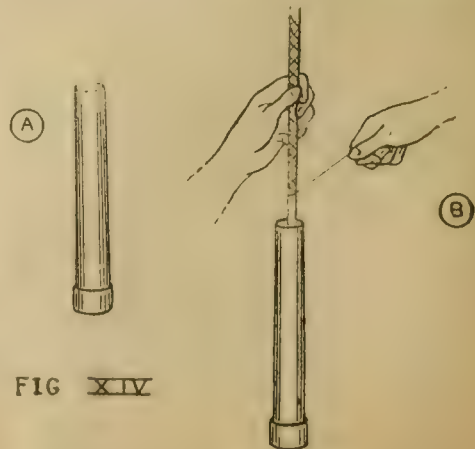


FIG XIV

for use. This pipe is used as a receptacle for glue, and the glue should very nearly fill it, if not fill it. The glue, remember, must be *thin and hot*. Therefore first heat the glue, and then pour it into the pipe tank you have made. Next a pail of water is put on the burner and heated to boiling. The pipe is set in this and with a wire across the pail is held firmly in place so that it will not totter. As the water boils the glue inside the pipe is kept thin and fit for use. You are now ready to begin work on the strips of the rod joints; this being the *second* method of gluing strips.

The rod joint will still have its one spiral wound thread on it. Leave that on for the present. Now take a second thread and tie it in the exact centre and wind a thread toward the back of the stick very tight, especially to hold the strips tight together in the centre. You are now ready to begin gluing. Now you unwind the single spiral thread so that there is no thread in the rod joint to the centre the other way. (B) of Figure XIV will simplify what the text may make obscure; note the thread spiral-wound both ways, merely to hold that end of the rod tight while you are gluing the other end. The end that is unwound will cause the strips to stand apart, which is the way you want them to do. Now insert these ends into the hot, thinned glue and poke them up and down and turn the rod so that the whole half end of the rod joint (the individual strips) are saturated in the glue. Now, as shown in (B) of Figure XIV begin to wind the glue strips spirally downward, drawing the thread tight. As the thread tightens the rod strips fall into place, and are bound together. You will find that an assistant here is of great value. He can hold and turn the rod while, with your fingers, you work the strips into place and draw the thread tight. When you get to the end of the glued section, tie the thread at the end very firmly and then wind it back to the centre spirally (spirals three eighths of an inch apart), and there, near the centre tie a knot. Now turn the rod joint and take off both the spiral wound threads of that, being sure to go somewhat beyond the glued part of the centre, for, that part being tight you will have missed it in the first gluing, the glue not working in. Now turn this and poke it up and down so that all the strips take on a liberal amount of glue, and then when you are absolutely sure that the centre portion has as much glue inside of it as both the ends, begin to wind it spirally toward the glued end just dipped,

and then when at the end, tie a strong knot, and wind it to the centre. Your rod joint is now ready to be wiped off. Take a half-wet cloth that has been soaked in hot water and very gently wipe off some of the glue, though not all of it. It does not matter if some of the glue adheres to the threads. This serves to hold them tighter in place for the time being. If the rod joint now seems to have a bend or twist to it, roll it under the palms of your hand, and counter-bend where needed. The result will be a straight joint. It is set away for from twelve to twenty-four hours, and then taken out for finishing. The threads are now taken away and with a very fine grade of sandpaper the joint is rubbed down, very, very lightly so as not to injure the enamel. *Don't rub down the corners*, though a little touching up of them, to round them gently, is not a bad idea. In this method, like in all methods, keep the glue heated and before the flame.

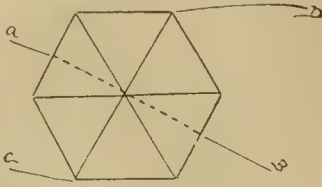
When your butt joint, middle joint, and tip joint are all prepared you will be ready to fit the ferrules. These, as stated, must be of the German Silver variety, as none other are worthy of countenance. Seeing that you have the best metal fittings.

In my article on the making of the casting rod I have given my recommendation to the capped and welted ferrule; turn to that article and note the ferrules I refer to. Of course the ends of these you split yourself by means of a fine saw as shown in that illustration. After you have split them they will be called *split* ferrules. The reason of the splitting idea is simply that they will bind to the wood firmer than ever when the winding silk is whipped over that *split* portion. Of course you understand that you get these ferrules, the *capped and welted sort* he referred to, in an unsplit state, and you make the splits with a saw yourself. It is of course a case for using pains. You can't take an old buck-saw and do it with, or chop them down in the woodshed with a dull wood-axe. You need a fine saw for doing it. I presume you can buy these ready-split from the manufacturers; but I have never bought them that way. There is no doubt about it, these split ferrules are so much better than the sharp serrated ferrules that I will not even talk about the serrated sort at all.

The measurement across, of your ferrule as compared with the wood should be as the measurements across the wood at the rod termination, as shown in Figure XV, being from *flat* surface to *flat* surface, from (a) to

(b); never from one point or corner, to another point; therefore, never from (c) to (d) for instance. In setting your ferrules to the wood *never touch the flat surfaces between the points or corners as this mars the wood.* This

FIG XV



is necessary, because the weakest point on the rod is at the ferrules. When fitting the ferrules, you merely trim down nicely and accurately the points, or corners. Then the ferrules with a little pushing slips on to suit, in a very tight manner. In fitting the female ferrule do not push it onto the wood so far down that when the male ferrule is pushed home it will hit the wood end of the joint. To test this out to get it right, lay the male ferrule along the outside of the female ferrule and at the point where the closed end of the male ferrule terminates, there make a mark. Allow a space of one thirty second of an inch between that point, and where this ends there your wood, when pushed in, will end. Many amateurs forget this and drive the female ferrule in too far so that when the male ferrule is pushed in, it hits wood and is only half way in at the jointing place.

You will now be ready for the cementing process. It is needless to make your own cements, since there are so many exceptionally good cements for ferrule fitting on the market. Ask the tackle outfitters for the best grade of ferrule cement that he has. Of course this cement is used for all kinds of rod fitting, for fitting the reel-seat, the reel-block that the reel-seat rests on, etc. When applying the cement hold both the wood and the cement over the flame, heating both, then cover the desired part. Be careful not to get any of the cement on the inner portion of the female ferrule. Now push the female ferrule home to the point on stick indicated, which tells how far you can run it in. You fit the other ferrules the same way.

The ferrule cement should hold the ferrules in place without additional pins; some anglers believe that by driving in pins on the ferrules it weakens the wood at that place. Of course pins, or screws, must be used on the reel-seat. Says Frazer:—

"Procure a small section of hard German silver wire, and a twist drill, each 3-64ths, of

an inch thick. Drill a hole in the reel-seat, and down to the cane, fitting it with a suitable length of the wire, and file off the end flush with the surface. Mark a place at about the centre of the female ferrules, and toward the end of the male ferrules, and securing the joint in a vice, drill carefully entirely through each ferrule, fit pins, and smooth off the ends. When a good ferrule is properly cemented, then pinned through, it should never work loose unless exposed in drying to steam-heated places. Cement alone will hold most ferrules, and this method will answer for the beginner who may not be handy in delicate work, but all of the best rods are equipped with pinned ferrules, and it is seldom indeed that one of them ever comes loose, even when kept in dry places."

I have personally tried ferrules with and without pins and cannot say that one is any better than the other. If the ferrules are split with the saw as I have detailed, if the ferrule cement is laid on nicely, and if the silk is wound very well over the split portion of the ferrule it binds tight and cannot come loose.

One amateur rodmaker has a very unique way of getting around pinning down the ferrules from the outside, and at the same time strengthening the wood ahead of the ferrule, since that is the weakest part on the whole rod. The information contained in this method may interest many rodmakers of the amateur school. Says this writer:

"After the ferrules were cemented in place, I bored a hole 3-32nds, of an inch in diameter into the wood, *lengthwise*, so that the bottom of the hole was one inch further into the wood than the ferrule covered. I did the same with both ends of the middle piece also. Into this hole I drove a piece of spring steel, a common knitting needle of the same size, which of course left a piece of steel one inch beyond the ferrules to support the wood where it so often breaks. Instead of pinning the ferrule to the wood I inserted a screw one half inch long, by one quarter inch wide, at the head of the wood as far as it would go. In this way the wood was crowded against the ferrule so hard that the latter could not be removed without first unloosening the screw and heating the ferrule in the ordinary manner of softening the cement."

I have never attempted this method. I do not know why, but somehow or another it appears clumsy, though no doubt the driving in of the spring-steel knitting needle will have a distinct tendency to strengthen the rod at that point. Of course this is a

take-off from the principle the English rod-makers use of the steel centres. As I have said I have not tried the above method so cannot recommend it. It is worthy deliberation upon at least.

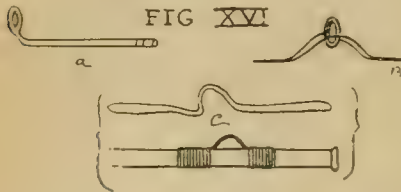
The handgrasp for the split bamboo rod is to be made the same as the handgrasp for the solid-wood fly-rod;—what answers in one answers for the other. I have already given directions on how this handgrasp, (of cork), is made, refer to this. Note Figure II of a past article which shows the moves necessary in making this grasp. In the *heavy* trout rod that I have told about in the very beginning of this article, (which is nine feet, eight inches in length) the grasp (including the three fourths inch reel-seat) is nine-and-one-half inches in length. The grasp is also the same in the *medium* weight trout rod of nine-and-one-half feet—this length, also including the reel-seat (three fourths inch reel-seat the same as the other). The *light* trout rod of nine feet has a handgrasp that is *nine* inches long which includes the same three-fourths, inch reel-seat. When making your handgrasp on your rod make a mark at the nine-and-one-half inch or nine inch point forward of the butt-end. Measure off the length of your reel-seat from the butt end, or extreme taper. Make your round piece of wood for your butt over which to fit the reel-seat, as previously told about, *being sure that it is one fourth of an inch shorter than the end of the reel-seat*, this to allow working your cork down into it when you are fitting the corks. Follow previous directions. Now fit your corks of the decided number, putting on the cement in a hot state. Press your corks down one by one. The first cork is shaped so that it butts up against the pine-wood inner block of the reel-seat, cement, and press tight. The rough corks are first trimmed down carefully with a sharp knife to somewhat like the shape of the finished rod-grasp; next you take a piece of rough, coarse sandpaper and go over all. When this is done you go over it with a fine sandpaper smoothing down all places. The corks should fit snug and tight into both the reel-seat end (and again please remember that you left off one fourth inch on the inner pine block of the reel-seat purposely so that you could sink the cork in to the wood, allowing the metal of the reel-seat to come outside the cork); fit the taper down on the wood the same way and cement both reel-seat and taper in snug. The reel-seat should fit over the block by a little pushing. Don't be afraid to use cement in

making the handgrasp. It is best to make a sketch of the handgrasp on a piece of card board and lay this on your corks after you sandpaper it down.

At this time I do not think it of any use to write about the making of any other form of handgrasp, as I believe the cork-grasp, above mentioned, is the best for all work, and is certainly the best for the amateur to work on. Again the bulk of the trout rods have cork grasps. We need say no more. Some light handgrasps can be made out of pine, fitted with *reel bands*—and a rod having this light handgrasp certainly makes a fine appliance, and it does not, in the least, increase its weight, but then it is not what one would call the easiest made. The independent handgrasp was first exploited in print by Mr. Henry P. Wells. He gave this form of handgrasp his unqualified recommendation in that if the rod took a "set" to it, the rod could be shifted either with the guides up or down. Thus if the rod had been used with the guides down and a "set" in the bamboo through one reason or another had come to be, a positive fact the rod could easily be turned so that the guides would be *up* and the result would be to pull the "set" in the rod, out. Simply, the independent handgrasp disconnects at the taper of the handgrasp and involves fitting a special female ferrule in the handgrasp, with an additional male ferrule on the first joint. While some like rods of this sort, personally I have no time for them and it would, I believe, be unwise for the amateur to muddle with it. Make your cork handgrasp right onto the bamboo, and, by taking great care you will be able to produce results that will so satisfy you that you will care to use no other form. The fact that nine out of ten well-known bamboo rods are made with the corks fitted tight onto the bamboo of the butt joint is recommendation of this method in itself.

The number of guides you are to have on a rod depends, of course, upon the length of your rod. For a ten foot rod about *twelve* snake guides are used, besides the tip-top guide and the reel guide, the guide nearest the reel. First let us get it straight about the reel guide and the tip-top guide. These two guides, by the way, stand the most wear and tear, of the line running in and out through them. It is, therefore, a good idea to have these guides fitted with agate. If you do not want to go to the cost of getting true agate lined guides you can get a very good imitation of agate anywhere among the

tackle outfitters. It is claimed that the trouble with agate-lined guides for fly-rods is that they may be broken. I have never had any trouble in this manner; but I have found out that agate saves line and improves casting. In (a) of Figure XVI we show an agate-lined tip-top guide; in (b) we show the reel-guide, which stands up on two arms, the kind you want to get. The tip-top guide



may be furnished (as may the reel-guide) both in bronzed steel material if you decide to take that. But get the top guide *off-set*, as shown, and get the reel-guide up-standing.

The best sort of guides for the guides between the reel-guide and the tip-top guide are the so-called *snake guides*, which we show in (c) of Figure XVI. This also shows one of these guides attached to the rod at the butt of the split ferrule at the end of the butt joint of the rod.

Get the snake guides in *bronzed steel*; but never get any guides, for *any* rod, in German Silver. Good as German Silver is in all other rod furnishings, in *guides* it is too *soft*. The line wears a niche in them, and they soon become useless. Get *bronzed steel*, if possible. Twelve of these snake guides are distributed along the length of a ten foot fly rod, at uniform distances apart; for a ten foot rod or a nine and one half foot rod the following is the way the snake guides run in size: 3-0, 3-0, 2-0, 2-0, 1-0, 1, 2, 2, 3, 3, 4 and 5. The largest ones are toward the butt of the rod, the smallest ones toward the tip. Note also here that the reel-guide should be size Number 10, or a trifle smaller, Number 9, if you so choose. The tip-top guide of the rod should be a Number 17.

In Figure XVII is illustrated a rod, showing where to place the reel guide, which is ten inches below the first ferrule snake guide. From that point measure to the tip of whatever size rod you are making and at a graduating distance apart place the remaining number of your eleven snake guides.

I have already touched on the making of the silk windings when I wrote on making the solid-wood fly-rod. If you will turn back

and read that you can follow it up nicely. In addition to this we may add the words of Mr. Frazer. He says:

"A split cane rod, properly made and cemented, can be used without windings, provided it is not exposed to actual soaking. Following this line of reasoning, some rod-makers hold that winding a rod does not strengthen it materially. This may be true of rods whose windings are spaced one-and-one-half or two inches apart, but if these are placed one inch, or less, apart, they do strengthen the rod. A rod that is soft in action may be strengthened by close windings, continuously from end to end, in *spirals*, provided the later are spaced about one thirty-second of an inch and not put on solidly. If you are in no hurry it is well to make the windings on the butt of the split cane rods narrow, say twelve turns each, but space them about one-and-one-fourth inches apart, with six or more windings one half inch apart next to the ferrule. On the joint make the spaces one inch, with a similar cluster next to the ferrules, and vary those on the tip from three-fourths to one half inch. I am a firm believer in closer windings near the ferrules, to strengthen the strips there against damage in *twisting*—not that ferrules should be separated in any other manner than by a straight pull. I have great faith in the conclusions arrived at after long experience by Frederic M. Halford. He advocates winding fly-rods *closely*, from one-half to three-quarters of an



FIG XVII

inch apart. In his opinion this increases the steely spring of a split-cane rod, and strengthens wood rods appreciably. He does not state how wide these windings should be, but it is assumed that they are narrow, say, seven threads in width, since wider ones are unsightly.

Note (a) and (b), in Figure XVII, where the joint guides must always be placed, no matter what the length of the rod. The windings of both these guides, to the right of them as they appear in the illustration *must lash over the split ends of the ferrules*. This serves to bind them tight.

What Is Most Alluring To Trout?

America's Foremost Angling Author Gives Some Very Interesting Points in Regard to What the Trout Most Desire in Various Sections

LOUIS RHEAD

EVERY old, experienced angler, has doubtless observed at different periods the rise and fall of various methods in the capture of the trout. From the days of William Prime, when worm fishing for trout was considered a fine art, the evolution has been complete so that the present time finds the outlook on a level basis and in a fairly rational state. I do think, however, the state is but transitory; that we are on the verge of still advancing to get better things, better methods, better implements, and a much more thorough understanding of the fine art of fishing. We shall later see the average angler get nearer to Nature, study the aspects of a trout stream, in all its varied conditions, and become familiar with aquatic insects and other trout food. We shall, in a future time, not be contented just with catching fish, but will rather find, and devote a greater portion of our time in making flies to imitate insects, in fabricating on our leaders, constructing better rods more suited to our individual wants than it is possible to buy. The modern American has a thoughtful, energetic mind, would rather invent and construct tools of the craft in preference to being led by the nose on all issues of that craft, by tackle dealers, their shop clerks, or manufacturers. In other words, he will want things *his way* and not take any old thing offered in exchange for cash. Also if the angler will insist, now and then (a line to the editor will do it) that magazine writers divert their energies to more useful and important subjects than the hoary old controversy—"are bass more gamey than trout." That question has been settled long ago by the angler's own experience. He knows, well enough, bass are more gamey than trout, and also, that trout are more gamey than bass. From the period when dry-fly-fishing was imported from England the method has simmered down to its right position as a mere annex to fly fishing, and its devotees, (of which I am one), have ceased to claim its exclusiveness, and its pre-eminence, as a method.

These preliminary observations to what is most alluring to trout, are intended to demonstrate that the broad-minded angler can

effectively seduce trout at the right time with either worm, wet fly, dry fly or minnow—natural or artificial—equally well, if he endeavors to rightly understand the haunts and habits of the fish, and the reasonable rise of insects,—both being subject to weather conditions, and water conditions. It is fortunate indeed, the four lures, worms, wet fly, dry fly and minnows are equally effective to all species of trout, no matter whether they haunt the waters flowing to the Atlantic, or to the Pacific. Of the latter, the most popular are the Rainbow, Dolly Varden and Cutthroat. Of the former the most abundant are the Speckled trout, Brown trout and Rainbow. But the average size of the Atlantic trout run much smaller, for a five pound Rainbow caught in the East is considered a giant. The same species caught in the West, from ten to fifteen pounds weight, is a common event. In every instance I allude to fish captured in their wild habitat. I have no interest whatever in trout reared and fed in captivity. I am fully aware that wild trout may be captured on other lures than the fly, worm and minnows, but the right choice of them for the proper time, and place, the care and skill used, are the things to achieve success. To quote from Prime's, "I go a-fishing," wherein he says: "The piscatorial dilettante is fond of condemning worm fishing as a low business. I differ from him. It is a fine art, and in all the classics of our art has taken high rank. If the test be found in the amount of skill required for its practice, then, without dispute, it ranks as high as fly fishing." He further says, "the angleworm is your main reliance, but if that does not take, try the tail of a small trout, or bright-colored-fin. Sometimes nothing is so taking as a grasshopper; at another time the eye of a trout, and often the red gill attract large fish." The baits here mentioned are as truly effective to-day, for the three species of trout in any locality of Eastern waters. The case is different of Western trout, because of the wide range and different climatic conditions from Southern California to Alaska. In rivers near Butte, Montana, Rainbows of

large size will take four inch bullheads and monster stone-flies, while more south, grasshoppers, caterpillars and even crickets are popular baits. East or West, minnows of various size and species are alike considered superior bait for big fish. Naturally so, when are considered that minnows furnish 90 per cent of their diet. The most effective use of flies—wet or dry—is purely a local matter to the streams you fish; that is, if your intention is to choose your flies to imitate the insects upon which the trout feed where your fishing is done. If you are not seriously intent upon the higher art of fishing and consider it sufficiently satisfactory to play the “chuck and chance it style,” i.e., casting anywhere, in any old way, (with commercial flies that are simply a bunch of colored feathers that imitate nothing), your chances are far less certain of good results either for fish or fishing for pleasure. As before stated, it rests entirely with the angler himself what he wants, and what he gets. Certainly the difference is real pleasure and results between the two is very wide, indeed, so much, as day unto night; as water is to wine.

I don't suppose any angler with a knowledge of the rudiments of fly casting could fail to cast a dry fly properly after a few hours prac-

tice under a competent teacher. Success comes quicker in the use of proper tackle, a tapered line, tapered leader, at the end of which is attached a single cock-winged drake fly. The same proper tackle applies to wet fly fishing, a tapered line and gut, at the end of which is tied a lap-wing dun, or upwing drake, is immaterial; but the two other flies should be graded larger in size as tied up the leader two feet apart from the end fly. These three wet flies should be allowed to run in mid-water fifty or more feet down stream while you wade the middle. As a rule this method is more successful to get a full creel than casting across stream from the bank to float down stream below to your side. If insects are rising from the bed of this river to the surface, then also, on the wing in the air, and your flies are a fair imitation of them, the chances are better, whatever baits, natural or artificial, are employed. The only time when the dry fly method is really more effective on a running stream is at the tail end of large placid pools, or perhaps at the head of the pool. All depends upon the surface conditions and depth. If a long pool is shallow at the head and tail end, but deep at the middle, fish the middle. Your own best judgment is the only guide as to methods and baits most alluring to trout.

Camp Facts

A Few Things to Remember When Going on a Camping Trip, also Some Conveniences that Will Help to Make the Trip What it Should Be

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

SOME people break away from the ruts of life long enough to leave the confines of the city, to set a tent somewhere beside a stream or a lake, or in some woody glade, there to spend a summer camping out. The majority will spend only a few weeks next to nature. Anyway you look at it this breaking away from the clutches of civilization is a fine thing, and helps to make life worth while. Most people have the notion that to enjoy the beauties of nature, and to really have a fine time of it, one must penetrate to Hudson Bay or squat under the Circle. The truth of the matter is that anywhere outside of the average Canadian or Northern-State-of-the-Union city one is able to find as fine camping grounds as can

be imagined. There are places near any city where things will be comparatively wild, and, too, by camping in such places one is able to draw upon farmers near at hand for provisions. The man or men who go far from the cities, into the wild places, leave behind them some of the comforts otherwise easily attained although, admittedly, they do see more of nature sculptured out of the rough, and of course they get better all-around fishing and hunting, as the case may be. Nevertheless there are places close to civilization where excellent fishing is obtainable, and where a camp will shine out in as much glory as though it were thrust away three hundred miles from civilization. It is better to camp out on a wood-lot on the

outskirts of a city than not to camp out at all.

Camping out can be made a difficult and disagreeable thing if one chooses to outfit in an inferior fashion, if he sets up his camp in an ill-judged manner, and if he selects the wrong place where to do this. If a party of three or four decide to camp together they can make the camp large in proportion, and by a little ingenuity can arrange a mosquito-netted summer kitchen in front by running the fly out over the front. If it is possible to arrange for a board floor to your tent so much the better. Then you will have a perfectly dry affair, throughout, and you will have no trouble making ditches around the tent with a shovel to run off the water. On the board floor a carpet can be laid with very good results.

It is pretty hard to camp without the liberal use of mosquito netting. Anyone who has tried it, never tries going out again without a suitable amount of netting along with him. The netting, (used in the right place) keeps out the winged pest. When you lie down to sleep with not one mosquito inside of the tent but with thousands buzzing around outside, trying to get in, you will vote the inclusion of this netting one of the best ever.

Never thrust a camp away amid the undergrowth. Rather locate it in an open spot among some small trees, with the woods some thirty feet away as a background. It is not best to put it away entirely in the open where the sun lights fully on it. Rather have it so the branches of the trees half shade it

creatures, and when making the way to the lake in the morning it was impossible to do so without getting wet from the heavy dew that drenched the bushes. A camp set upon sod is the ideal way, as the sod does away with the moisture coming up from the ground. Sod once dried makes for a healthy floor to the tent—as good a floor as can be found. With the canvas stretched over this no trouble is experienced.

The camp should be so arranged when set down that the drainage is good; and this is especially to be desired if there is no board floor to the tent, in which case there is need of ditches around. If the tent is set on a sort of a slope the rain will sooner or later find its way in. The ditches around the tent should not be dug close up to the sides, but under the fly along the ground. If the drainage is good there will be no fear on your part of being flooded out, for what the ditches will not take care of will be handled by the natural drainage of the ground.

Cooking in camp is not without its little trouble if gone about improperly. If you are not afraid of the cash and you are able to pick up a very nice camp stove, and if the transportation is not a troublesome matter you may be able to take along a little cook stove. If there are stores handy, so that you can readily obtain kerosene, you may be able to take along a kerosene stove, of which there are those made with one burner and three burners. Or may you wish to eliminate these all altogether in which case you will be able to bake bread, right before the fire in your reflector baker. You will need, however, some affair for cooking over, and frying, etc. If



during the day. I once had a camp deep in a woods, but I will never do it again. In that dank jungle there were billions of winged

you have a permanent camp with the aid of cement you can make up a fire-place such as that shown in Figure I. A fire-place such as this can be readily made by just piling the stones up all around, but if you mean to stay on that one place through your whole stay then I would suggest that you mix up mortar and make a real fire-place. If you are able to slip in a half sack of cement when the wagon pulls out, all well and good, you will not regret it. But of course, this is only providing that transportation is no inconvenience; if you go light, the cement, a half sack, will weigh fifty pounds and is not to be considered of course, save if you have the means of bringing it in. If you have the cement mix up the mortar and cement in the stones as shown. The top of the fireplace is a piece of sheet iron. Spikes are inserted around the edges, here and there, to reach down into the mortar. When the mortar has set the spikes are held in place very firm, thus holding the sheet iron top from going out of place.

If you have access to to a sack or so of cement you can make a more elaborate fire-place in which you can readily enough make your bread in a manner I shall tell of here. The inside of this fire-place can be the same as the one I have just spoken of, say three or three and one half feet square. Like the walls of the previously mentioned fire-place make them about eight to ten inches thick and sink them down in the ground about four or five inches so that all will be firm in place. Never make a fire-place of this sort on light leaf-mold ground. Preferably have this fire-place on solid ground. The walls may be one and one half feet high. When you have the sides done and the sheet iron with the spike through it in place then plaster up the sides nicely with cement mortar. Now dig down so that you reach the bottom level of the walls (this, by the way can be done in the beginning). Put mortar on the floor, and then sink into it flat stones, and then cover that over with mortar, ending out by making it a little smooth. You have previously accumulated some clay. Mix this up a little so that it is workable and spread that onto the top of the green cement to a thickness of two inches. If you have blue clay that is the best. If the only clay you can get hold of is the common yellow or reddish clay, use that, but wet it up and mix cement with it for a binder for the reddish clay is not so strong and binding as the blue. Now spread this over the cement, two inches

thick, as I have stated. (If you can obtain no clay, smooth out the cement on top of the flat stones, level, and this will do.) Under intense heat the cement is liable to crack. The clay should bake as hard as a brick.

Now then you have your three sides smoothed up nicely and the clay floor to the fire-place also smooth. Now the idea is to bake the clay floor. It is, however, best to let the cement throughout the whole set firm before you bake the clay. To bake the clay floor start slow fires, and then increase them until in the end all is red hot. Remember, *slow fires at first for a few hours* and then hotter fires after that. The result of this baking process should be a perfectly firm floor.

When you are ready to do your baking start a good fire in the fire-place, so that it is nearly red-hot. Oak wood makes a hot fire. Now scrape out all the coals and brush the floor of the fire-place clear. Throw some flour on the floor and if it turns brown it is the right degree of heat. Now have your bread dough in the pans, and set them in on the floor of the fire-place; close in the front *tight*, and also close over the hole in the sheet iron top where the smoke comes out from. Thus with the sides the top and the floor hot, the bread will soon bake, doing a fine job. Small loaves of bread, baking powder biscuits, cakes, etc., can be laid on large leaves. Bass-wood leaves are very good. Lay these leaves with their dough on them, on the floor of the fire-place and they will speedily bake. Be sure to have the front closed in, and the top covered so that none of the heat escapes. That is the secret of baking in this manner.

If you are near a clay bank there is a dandy way, (much like the above), in which to bake bread that I deem it well to mention. Cut into the bank, making a hole one and one half to two feet high, and three feet wide, and three feet from the front to the back. Preferably make the top arched as it won't be so liable to cave in. Smooth the floor of this, and then by a steady firing you will be able to bake the top, walls and floor as hard as brick. You have no chimney to this, allowing your smoke to come out in front. When you wish to bake, get the clay nigh to red-hot, then scrape out all coals, and brush the floor. You can bake the bread by laying it right on the floor, or in tins. Close in the front very tight so that all the heat is preserved.

The good point about the fire-place with

the sheet iron top is that you can cook over it and bake in it too. The clay-bank baking place is used only for baking.

The sheet iron top eliminates the usual trouble in cooking over open fires, where one approaches his task with a half heart, and really never makes a thorough job out of it. The trouble with cooking or boiling over an open fire is that your fire is either too hot, or not hot enough. On the sheet iron top all this trouble is done away with. The old way of boiling and camp cookery was not complete without the smoke-stained coffee pot that one could not lift out of the fire save with a brace of sticks, dumping out half of the coffee as the attempt was made. If the coffee pot was, or is, a poor one the handle comes off thus adding to the "joys" of cooking over the picturesque open fire.

A few remarks here about the water supply and how to obtain it will not be amiss. Many campers use water from streams and lakes without straining it, or without boiling it. Deliberate harm will not always come from this, but there are, and have been times, when there has been harm done. Don't scoop out water from any hole and expect to get away with it. Clear, clean water is in demand, and, because, with a little ingenuity it can easily be obtained, I suggest that the directions I give may be helpful. It has accurately been said that in a lake the clearest, cleanest water comes from near the bottom, at least in the depths. It is the surface water that gives up the refuse and the scum, and as the lower water yields up any of this it does not remain in the depths but comes to the surface. The result,



it can readily be seen is that the depth are always clean. Also the deeper down you go, the colder the water. The surface water may be warm, but deep down it is most agreeable. How to get water from the depths is, therefore, a desirable thing to know. In Figure II we show an ordinary bottle with a wire harness firm around it let down into the depths which is done by connecting an iron or stone weight to the bottom as shown. A strong cord or green linen fishing line is then attached firmly to the cork of the bottle. When your bottle is down deep enough the cork is pulled, after which the bottle fills, and you pull it up. Since the bottle is full coming up, no other water gets in. In this

manner, even on the warmest days, you are able to get hold of a cold bottle of water. Especially in spring-fed lakes can cold and sparkling water be brought to the surface in this manner. I have spoken of the small bottle. If you desire a greater quantity, use a five gallon can, (milk can); have a sufficient weight to it, and a wire to the can cover. Don't jam the cover down too tight, or you will not be able to pull it out. Just have it sit in tight enough so that it will make the trip to the depths without coming out. With a little care two people can readily hoist up a large can from the depths.

Never use the water right around shore, either for drinking or for cooking. Get good water, with the can, as I have outlined. Many take the shore water and strain and boil it but this usually is great deal of bother. Water from the depths it is not necessary to boil, though it should be strained which is easily done by running it through a tight cloth. To keep the water cool have a hole dug in a shady place and sink the can in this two thirds of its length. As I have stated a milk can makes one of the finest receptacle one can think of for holding the water.

I have mentioned one way of getting the water supply, but it is not the only method I know of—and this is a one not commonly in use. You obtain a barrel for the purpose in view. This barrel should be a former molasses or sugar barrel, thick staves, not of the common thin, cheap type for barrel. The molasses barrel is excellent for the purpose. Where the staves meet along the centre of the barrel, make thin openings, here and there; cracks, in other words. When you have some of these all around it will be ready to be used.

Now bring it down to the sandy beach of the lake. Dig a hole one foot from the water

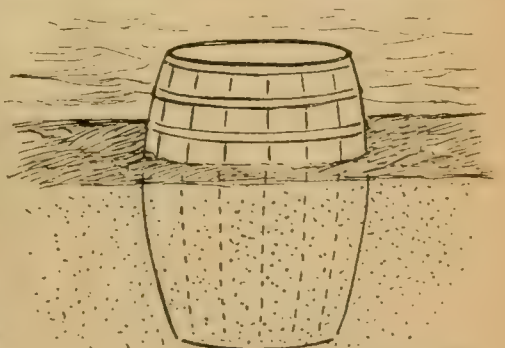


Fig III

edge the same size as the barrel and two thirds of its height. Sink the barrel down in this hole and then tamp the sand down around it. It will not be so very long before the water will begin to seep in through the cracks to fill the bottom of the barrel. This water is clear and clean, for the simple reason that it has worked its way through the sand into the barrel. The result is sand and gravel-filtered water. Keep the top covered over with a canvas cover that will just fit over it like a cap and thus nothing will come into it in the shape of insects, frogs and turtles. You have here clean water at all times; in fact as clean as sand can purify it. Figure III will give an idea of how the barrel is sunk in the sand at the lake shore.

Passing on from the highly important system of getting the water for the camp we come to the cooler, where the various food-stuffs are to be kept. There is a clumsy, disagreeable, absolutely impracticable method of digging a hole in the ground and keeping the various perishable foods in a box that fits into that hole. After one has been through a couple of rainstorms and has fished out the floating butter and dead frogs, he decides that some other method could be used. But how? No one seems to know any other method.

Figure IV shows a burlap cooler that has been tried out and has not been found wanting. It is absolutely clean, practical and rain or shine is on duty. This cooler may be made in any size you desire from being two feet square and three feet high to any other dimension desired. One three feet high and two feet square is enough for three camping out in a wall tent. In this affair

you will be able to put in all that you are possibly using and keep it in the very best of condition. You simply make a framework for this cooler out of two by one strips as shown in (a) of Figure IV. The top is boarded across, complete so that a pan can sit on it as shown in (a). At an equal distance from top to bottom, fit in more two by one strips. Three of these shelf-strips are about right. When these shelf-strips are fitted in place, tack on porch wire-screen so that it will be tight in place, and unyielding. On these shelves the food is to be placed.

The entire front of this cooler is done as shown in (b) of Figure IV. When the framework is done burlap is hung from the top of the cooler down on all sides. Along each corner have buttons. Thus one side buttons onto the other. The pan at the top is filled with water. The burlap before it is hung up is saturated with water. It is then stretched into place and buttoned up, and the tops of each side of the burlap is placed in the water in the pan at the top. This wet burlap acts very much like a wick. It keeps drinking in the water in the pan, thus conveying it downward along the sides of the burlap, keeping the burlap wet as long as there is water in the pan. The wind passing over and around the burlap keeps it cool within. Of course this cooler should be set in the shade, never where the sun can get at it and should preferably be nailed to some solid material. The burlap must be wet before you place the top ends of it in the water. The door buttons along one side, and top. Thus you unbutton the side and top over the door when you wish to open it. It is not necessary to have this

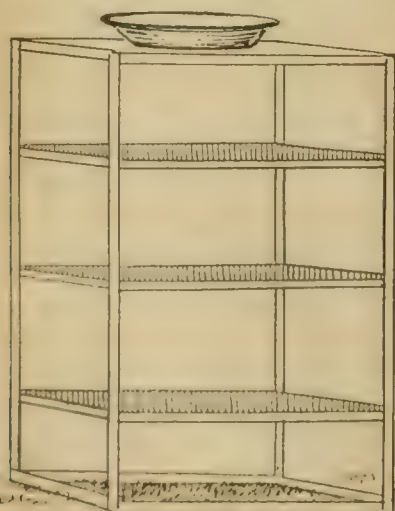
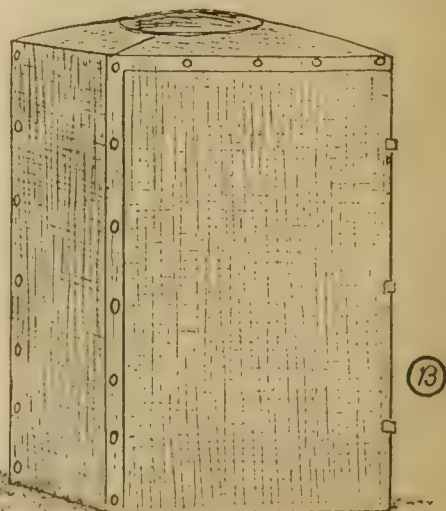


Fig
IV



connected at the top with the pan to draw water. Simply keep the door wet. With three sides drinking water that will be plenty.

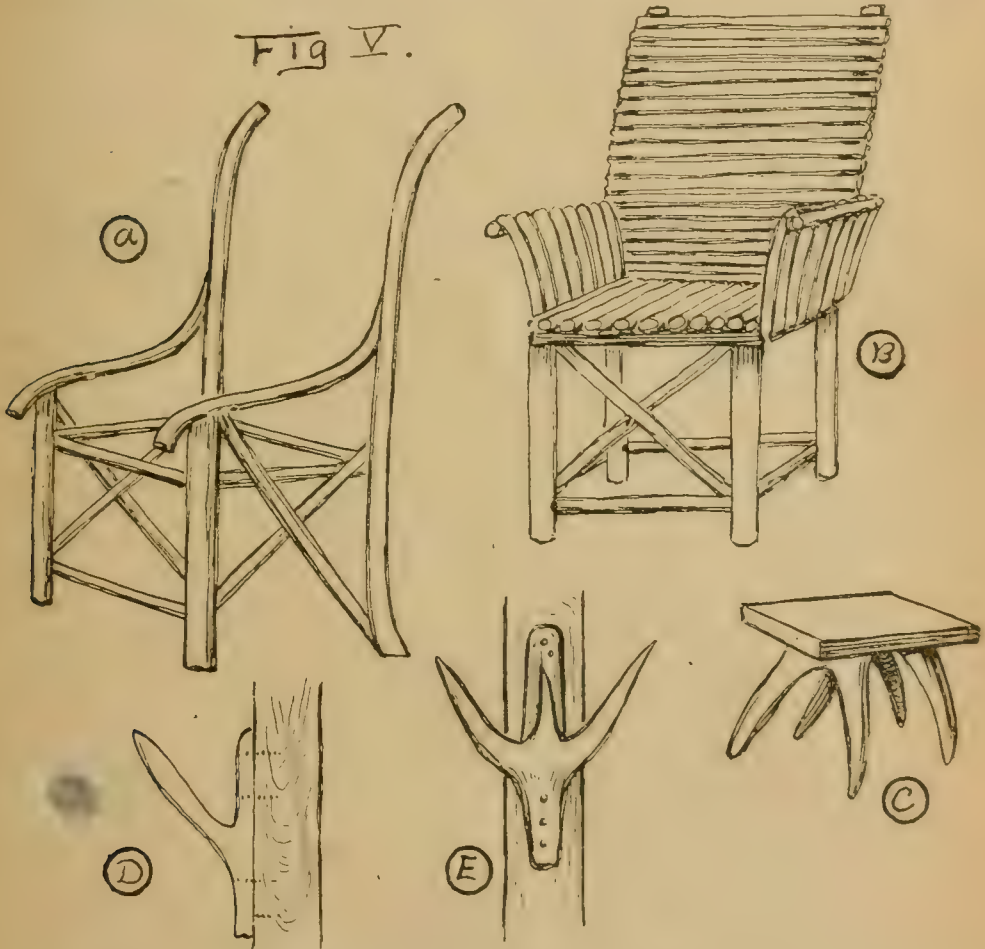
Personally I am not much in favor of the method of buying a camp outfit complete, knives, forks, plates and so forth; thus you often buy a camp stove and get the complete utensils along with them. These utensils are usually of inferior material. You can go around in the five and ten cent stores and pick up all the materials you need for a camping trip. It is

owner of this humble, inexpensive camp told me:

"A person does not begin to enjoy camping out till he has camped out from spring till autumn. A camp is not a camp unless one gets busy at odd times and makes his own chairs, seats and so forth out of trees and saplings. Rustic furniture make camping out plump full of interest."

Anyone with an axe and a sharp hatchet can make his own furniture, chairs and so

Fig V.



usually well to have enough of each, as regards utensils, so that if some are lost you have the means to replace them without any trouble.

Be sure and have a good axe along, and a small belt hatchet, also a good, strong, broad-bladed pocket knife for cutting purposes of all kinds.

I once spent seven months in a camp a long time ago. It was there that I first had a look-in on the joys of true camp-life. The

forth. It takes but a little time and it certainly is worth while. In making a chair you can weave willows or limber branches in for the seat and the back to make an elegant affair.

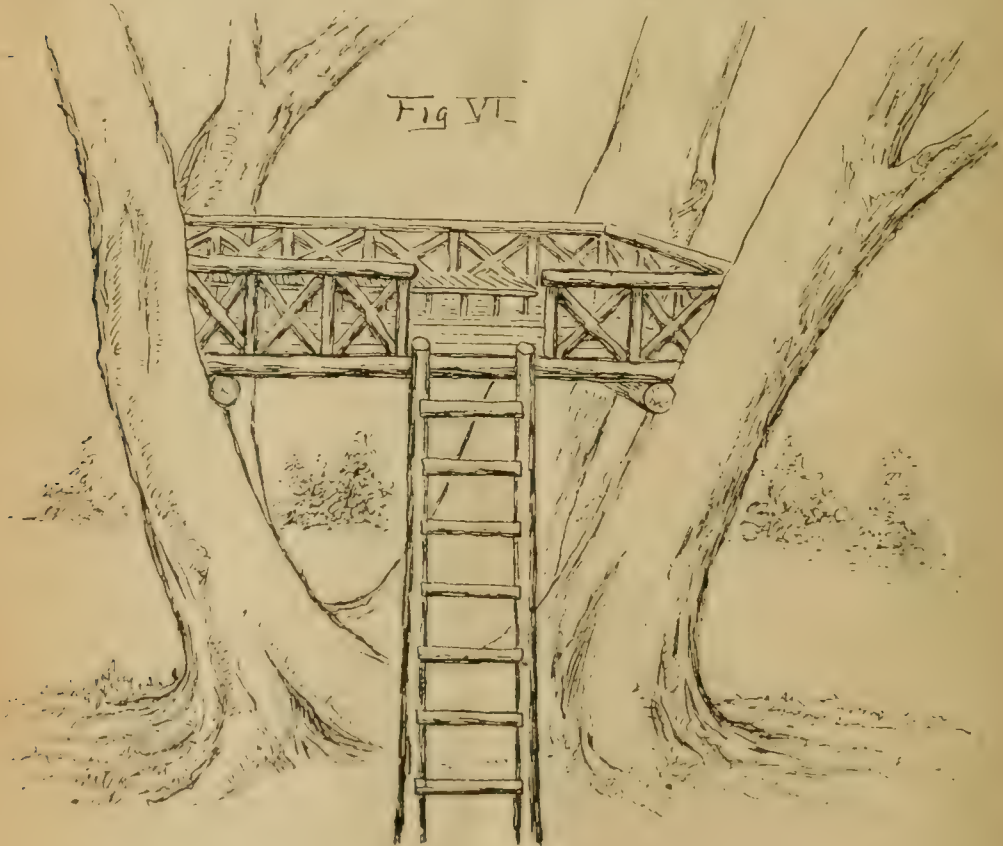
In Figure V, I show some drawings of camp things made rustic fashion that should be interesting. In Figure VI. is a platform up in a tree, with a ladder leading up, that should also win the eye and the heart at a glance. All of these are drawn from the real thing.

The letter (a) of Figure V shows the framework of a chair. Sticks can be tacked across, or the back and the seat can be woven in with willows or limber sticks. The letter (b) shows another chair very simply made. A glance should tell you how. The letter (c) is a stump sawed off, the roots forming the chair legs. In this case boards are used for the seat portion. The letter (d) points to a crotch on a tree sharpened and nailed up to make a hook to hang things on. If you have been bothered with trying to hang up four hundred and fifty-two things on one small nail this idea will be a blessing. The letter (e) is something on the same order, only having three wooden hooks.

By a little ingenuity you will be able to guess up hundreds of things like this that will really be a comfort, and will truly be worth while.

The good thing about the platform in Figure VI is that on sultry nights one may spend a comfortable evening there, at peace with the world. While the mosquitoes are liable to make life miserable close to the earth, where these winged pests keep themselves, the higher up in a tree you go the fewer mosquitoes you will find. We once erected a tent over a platform as that shown in the drawing and never lived more comfortably. Around the edges of this platform one may tack on wooden boxes a foot square. These boxes are to be filled with earth. By planting morning glories in these you will make a very nice screen of greenery.

The platform shown in the drawing, (which is made from "life"), over-looks a lake, permitting of an unexcelled view.





GUNS & AMMUNITION

Keeping Your Powder Too Dry.

JOHN LYNN

IF you think you can take your rifle at any time and lift a squirrel at fifty yards without fail, don't read this article, for it might destroy your faith and your joy in that gun. The joy of the writer in two rifles was killed a long time ago, and he understands what an ugly business the killing was. If, however, you are one of the many who often find a well-aimed bullet going astray, a possible explanation may be found there, for this is the meat of a report from a man who has been exceptionally placed to find out about one reason for rifles missing what they are pointed at. In fact, he wanted to call this article "Why We Often Miss."

Faith in a rifle backed by practice with it and by a natural aptitude for shooting is a good thing, but too much faith will not work out in practice and automatically kills itself. I pull a dead bead on the head of the same tack sticking in the same wood house once each week for season after season, how far from the tack could I expect the bullets to scatter? It is part of what the rifle *can't* do that is to be pinned down this time.

Many think of the rifle barrel and the bullet as the only features that can effect accuracy very much, overlooking the part the powder plays. The smokeless powder with which all modern cartridges are loaded has some odd qualities that the makers do not advertise. Some of these are shared by black powder, but not all.

There is the matter of moisture content of the powder, for instance. When smokeless powder is made, one of the final operations is to dry it in specially constructed kilns. This "drying" is not what we ordinarily understand the word to mean, but a careful

lowering of the moisture in the powder to a certain amount, and an equally careful keeping of what moisture remains. When the powder is "finished" therefore, it absolutely must have a certain percentage of moisture.

This percentage is set by the chemists at a compromise figure. Doubtless the powder would burn better and develop more force if it had no moisture at all, and doubtless practically all moisture could be taken out of it in the kilns, if desired. But smokeless powder draws water worse even than dry lime or dry salt. If it was perfectly dry, it would soak up water from the very air and within a few hours after it left the factory it would contain a varying amount of dampness that would depend on the weather. Some lots would have a chance to stay dry; others would get very damp. The amount of moisture left in the powder, therefore, is set by the chemists at the amount they think can be kept with least increase or decrease under average storage conditions.

These amounts vary with different kinds of powder or brands, and the exact figures are not given out by the powder makers. For explaining the effect of its moisture content on the shooting of the powder, however, any figure will do. Therefore to serve the purpose the figure two percent may be used. Our smokeless powder, fresh and clean from the mill, we will say contains this amount of moisture, and its behavior under field conditions is to be noted.

The first thing done with a new lot of powder is to test it by shooting, to see what charges are needed in the various guns to which it is suited. The powder makers do it and the cartridge loading companies do it.

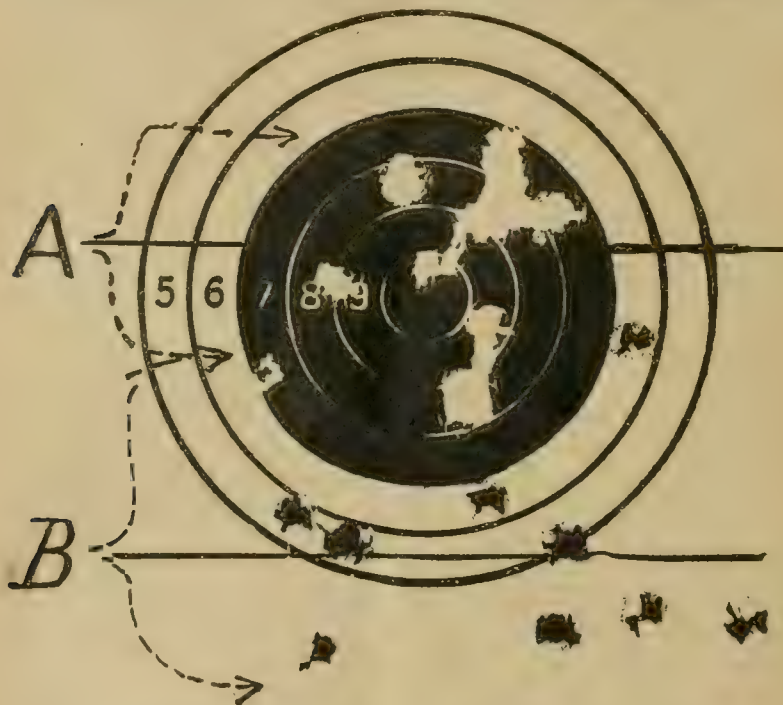
using instruments that tell the speed of the bullets. Each cartridge and rifle has a standard velocity, (as 2700 feet for the U.S. 30-06 cartridge and about 2000 feet for the 30-30.) When a new lot of powder is tried they simply use enough of it to give the required velocity.

The average shooter will be surprised to learn that in spite of all the makers can do different lots of the same powder vary in

51 grains to do the same. The standard charge of this powder and gun is supposed to be about 48 grains.

The tests are conducted with the regular amount of moisture in the powder, it must be remembered. The powder is stored for a while and is shipped here or there. It gathers more moisture if it is in damp rooms, or dries out somewhat if near steam pipes.

Further tests made then disclose that each



Two ten shot groups fired at 50 yards to show the effect of moisture in powder.

Rifle 30-1906 Springfield; bullet standard 150 grain 30 caliber; powder du Pont No 75, charge based on 15 grains.

The powder was divided 48 hours before the test. A few ounces was poured out of the regular one-pound canister into a tin box without a lid, and left in the damp air of a cellar, till just before it was fired.

Loading was done immediately before firing. The Ideal measure was set to throw exactly 15 grains weight of normal dry powder out of the regular can. The damp powder was put through the same measure without changing the adjustment, but the charge weighed $15\frac{1}{2}$ grains, proving that the powder had taken up $\frac{1}{2}$ grain weight of water to each 15 grains of powder, or more than three per cent instead of the $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent mentioned in the body of the article. (Of course under unusually damp conditions.)

The firing was done with one adjustment of sights; the ten cartridges loaded with the dry powder first. The top group, marked A on the target, is the one made with the dry powder; and the bottom group marked B on the target is the one made with the damp powder. Group A is only 1 3-8 inch in diameter; group B is $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches. More important, every shot of group B is below the lowest shot of group A, and the average striking point of group B measures 1 5-8 inches below the average striking point of group A.

strength so much that charges from some lots have to be several grains in weight heavier than charges from other lots. U. S. Government pyro powder, or du Pont No. 20 as it sometimes is called, has been used by the writer which required only 44 grains to give 2700 feet velocity in the Winchester Model 1895, 30-06 rifle, and again other lots of the same powder has been used which required

change of a tenth of a percent in the moisture in the powder shows up in the velocity perceptibly, while a change either way of so much as one half percent may make a difference of 50 to 100 feet in the velocity. The water cools the temperature of the gases as they burn, reduces their volume, and cuts the pressure behind the bullet. One half percent of the weight of the powder in a 30-30 shell

makes a drop of water about as big as a pin head.

The extreme range of a 30-30 rifle probably is about 3000 yards. This range is obtained at the standard velocity. If the powder used contains less moisture than when it was tested, however, the bullet will have a little more range, while if it contains more moisture, the bullet will fall short. *One half percent additional moisture probably would make a 30-30 bullet fall short 200 to 300 yards, and likely would take 400 yards off the extreme range of the 30-06.* If the fall is measured at 500 yards, the 30-30 may strike two or three feet lower, and the 30-06 a foot and a half. Even at 200 yards the bullet is lowered enough to miss most game and to miss a bulls eye. As for the tack head mentioned in the beginning, the bullet might be half an inch or so from that, though decreased velocity shows up most at ranges beyond 150 to 200 yards.

Smokeless powder therefore must be kept absolutely air tight after its moisture and velocity test if it is to give without fail the same results as when first tried. In actual practice it is not kept air tight, and does change its moisture content. The man who reloads his own ammunition has most to contend with. The powder cans have small air leaks along the seams and even through the body. The screw cap at the top is not fitted with a rubber washer. As the air outside and inside the can changes in temperature, it contracts and expands, which causes a current to suck through these holes. To see how much water the air carried, one has only to look at the drops which condense on the outside of a water pipe during some kinds of weather, or at the vapor that gathers sometimes on a window pane.

Factory ammunition is by no means free from the same trouble. To begin with, the powder is open to the air while it is being loaded. Then the cartridges seldom are air tight. The Governments like to apply some shellac about the primers of army ammunition and sometimes even about the bullets to shut out all the air, but sporting cartridges are never given this extra precaution. There is a flow of air through the holes about the bullet and about the primer, which, small as it is, is capable of introducing an extra half percent of moisture into the powder charge during a few weeks. Every hunter knows how cartridges are warmed up in a pocket, then laid overnight where they are lowered to zero temperature. Again they

may be laid on a dry shelf for months, and finally will be taken out and perhaps carelessly dropped into the snow. The result of all this is that after cartridges have been loaded some weeks, or powder stored for that time, there is no knowing in advance just where the bullets will strike. *Perhaps storage conditions have been just right for holding the original amount of moisture.* Then the bullets will strike at normal elevation. But perhaps storage conditions have been something else. From this cause alone it is not hard to predict what happens to the man who thinks he can pick up any ammunition and hit at all times any small object he aims at.

Yet the moisture content of the powder is by no means the only feature that effects accuracy or striking point of the bullet. Another is how full the charge fills the shell. The powder makers usually call this "density of loading." To put the matter more accurately, what is meant is the proportion of air space in the shell after loading compared to the space in the empty shell. No charge of powder can be *solid*. Some air always is to be found between grains. Smokeless powder also has air in the holes through the tubular grains or in pores in the fibrous grains. Quite often, also, the charge of smokeless powder does not entirely fill the shell.

Now, air has a great influence on the burning of the powder. The more air the charge has in the shell, the slower it will burn and the less pressure it will develop, hence the less bullet velocity it will give and the lower striking point it will give. With reduced air it burns faster, hotter, stronger. It follows that when a charge is increased to compensate for moisture it may have taken up, the extra two or three grains added to the charge may drive the pressure and the velocity up at a rate that looks unreasonable. There is an exact relation in every cartridge between the bulk and weight of the normal powder charge on the one hand, and on the other hand the space in the shell, the bullet, the barrel and the primer.

As these matters effect the hunter or the target shooter, the amount of air space may be altered by any one of several things. A shell may be slightly dinged. A bullet may be seated deeper than usual. A shell may have dirt inside. The walls of the shell itself may be thicker or thinner than usual. The primer may be stronger or weaker than ordinary. Every one of these things registers its result infallibly when the cartridge is

fired in the rifle—the bullets go somewhere else than to the usual spot. The extreme range is cut down or increased, the bullet flies higher or lower than it should at all ranges, and of course we fail to register on that tack head.

A third feature has its effects. This is the grain size of the powder. There are just two main classes of smokeless powder formula used by makers—the nitroglycerine powders and the nitrocellulose powders. In each class, however, are several different sizes and shapes of grain. The stuff in each class is pretty much the same for all the powders in it; the difference between them is largely a difference of grain.

The makers might not admit it, but anyone who stops to think will know that there are bound to be variations in these grains. There will be small grains and large grains. They may be mixed together in the same lot, or one lot may run smaller throughout than another. Big grains burn slower than fine grains, give less pressure, and lower bullet velocities. The hunter in the field never knows what proportion of each charge he has is finer than the standard for that powder and what proportion, coarser. If the primer flash first strikes coarse grains his velocity will be lower than if it strikes fine grains.

The God of Luck has a good bit to do with the striking point of the bullet so far as this matter of the grains is concerned. If shells are loaded at home the powder can be watched and perhaps a few of the grains measured with a micrometer caliper to get an idea of what will happen. Factory ammunition performance can be foretold in advance of shooting by tossing a coin about as accurately as any other way—which means that no one can tell whether the bullets will fly normal, high or low without actually trying a few shots.

And there is still a fourth feature of powder which effects the striking point of the bullet. That is the chemical make-up of the powder itself. Back at the beginning it was mentioned how some lots of powder run strong and take less number of grains per charge, while others run weaker and take heavier charges. The reason is that in the mixing it is impossible to get the different batches the same. No man knows what a lot of powder will do till it is tried in the gun.

The powder makers are careful about this matter, *selling to individuals only such lots as conform to a certain standard*, as for instance No. 20 powder for general selling must be of lots requiring about 48 grains to

the charge in the 30-06 cartridge. To the cartridge loading companies, however, they sell the stronger and weaker lots as well, knowing that these firms will test velocities for themselves and load only what will give standard bullet speeds. That is all very well within rather wide limits, but it leaves out of consideration the effect of density of loading and some other matters, with the result that we are off that tack head from still another cause.

Nothing in the foregoing is to be taken as implying that factory ammunition or carefully and properly hand loaded ammunition is unreliable. On the contrary, it is as reliable as the nature of the powder, primer, shell and bullet will permit it to be. The point is that no powder is made so exact and so unchangeable that we can draw a bead on that tack and expect to drive it or even to lead it every time. If the rifle is good and the shooting good, the sights may be adjusted to hit the tack *with perhaps any one lot of cartridges*. Then the next lot of cartridges that come from the store may put the whole bunch of bullets in an equally small space an inch or two higher or lower than the tack, or even off to a side a little.

Dead accuracy season after season would result from the use of absolutely uniform powder, shells, primer, bullets and barrel, which is a combination that never yet has existed.

Can you then adjust your rifle and expect it to shoot into the same bullet hole—or into a squirrel without fail? "It is to laugh!" as a Polish acquaintance of mine used to say.

And the fellow who takes up a 30-30 rifle or a 38-55 season after season and claims he can shoot 'em dead with any ammunition that will fit, because his gun is right and his eye is good—how about him? RATS!

The one outstanding lesson from this study of powder is that every hunter should do what a target shooter does—test every lot of cartridges just before he starts out to use them, and adjust his sights to their particular needs. If he does not he is likely to be treated to some painfully surprising misses on easy shots.

A further precaution that can be taken is to store powder or loaded cartridges so they will be *least* subject to atmospheric influence. Powder cans should be closed as tight as possible, always, and never should be left with the lid off over night. Powder itself should be handled openly only in normally dry air. If it has dried out or become

damp, stir and mix it well, then try a few loads to see how the bullets hold up at long range. Both powder and loaded cartridges should be stored in a dry place. It is not always possible to keep them at a fairly even temperature, but they never should get very warm, and if convenient they are the better for being kept from freezing temperature.

Finally the man who wants the finest results will take steps to waterproof all cartridges he keeps for any length of time and all he takes to the field. This can usually be done best by applying shellac round the primers and bullets, though plenty of a good

lubricant usually will do the trick for cast and grooved bullets.

Anyone inclined to experiment for himself can prove the effect of moisture on powder very easily. Of the same lot of powder, put enough for ten shells where it will be exposed to very damp air. At the end of about 48 hours, load into the ten shells, and also load ten more with powder that has been kept dry. Then fire them all at 500 yards without changing the sights. When you go to look at the target take along a piece of chalk or a big black lead pencil. You will find you can draw the outline of a full-sized bear between the centers of the two groups of bullet holes.

The .22 Long Rifle Hollow Point Cartridge.

C. S. LANDIS.

IN the February 1919 issue of *Rod and Gun*, Mr. Roy Fraser requests an article on the .22 long rifle hollow point cartridge and also requests that I get busy on something in the line of an article on the .22. Without knowing it he has very kindly supplied the most difficult part of any article, its subject, and I will try to supply the remainder.

As most of our readers know, the small bore rifle has been one of my pet hobbies for many years. I have tried practically all of the small bore loads on the market and many not on the market, and believe that the .22 long rifle hollow point cartridge comes the nearest to being the best all around small bore cartridge on the market for the AVERAGE shooter. This does not mean that I consider the .22 long rifle hollow point cartridge the ideal small bore cartridge. Far from it. The velocity is 60 per cent too low and sometimes the accuracy is not great enough—and it should possess 200 per cent more energy without any greater ability to MANGLE game.

Now let us consider what qualities the ideal small bore cartridge should possess. They are:

1. Gilt edge accuracy (1 inch circle at 50 yards).
2. Highest velocity possible with low energy and finest accuracy.
3. Not over 300 ft. lbs. energy.
4. Lowest possible COST.
5. Long barrel life—easy cleaning.
6. Sold anywhere.

7. Clean killer without undue mangling.

8. Danger space beyond ranges over which small game is usually shot—as short as possible.

9. Equal adaptability to both hunting and target shooting.

I am sure that I am safe in saying that the .22 long rifle hollow point cartridge possesses all of these qualities except number 2, and some of them are slightly deficient in accuracy. This can usually be overcome by testing the various standard brands in the particular .22 calibre rifle that one is shooting. After shooting 50 shots with each make, choose the one making the smallest groups, or rather the one that groups the 80 per cent of its shots in the smallest groups.

The difference between the average of the make, making the smallest groups and the make giving the largest groups—will be about 100 per cent or just about the difference between a 1 to 1¼ inch average at 50 yards and a 2 or 2½ inch average.

So far as I know there is no way of telling which make or lot will give the smallest groups without making a test of this kind. After making such a test buy all that you can of that particular lot of cartridges that give the best average and the greatest uniformity of grouping.

As a usual thing, the bullets having the largest hole in the nose of the bullet or having the highest velocity, or both—will give the poorest accuracy and the greatest killing power—when they do hit RIGHT, and vice-

versa. So therefore, which cartridge to select after making such a test, depends upon whether it will be used for close target shooting and squirrel shooting—or for rabbits, woodchucks and larger game.

The .22 Long Rifle as a Target Cartridge.

The .22 long rifle hollow point cartridge will—if you select a good lot of course, shoot for accuracy at 50 yards with any cast bullet load on the market that has the bullet seated in the shell—that I have ever seen. I do not believe that any factory cartridge that uses a cast bullet will equal it in accuracy excepting the same cartridge (.22 long rifle) with solid bullet.



Winchester .22 Long Rifle Cartridges, Lesmok powder and hollow-point bullets. Elev. 2,90, W.G. 3.95 Stevens' rifle and telescope sight. 10 shots 50 yards prone. No sighting shots. Oct. 26, 1914, 4 p.m. C. S. Landis.

I have, shooting a single shot hunting rifle equipped with telescope sight, scored from 489 to 493 out of a possible 500 for 50 consecutive shots—on a ONE INCH bull at 50 yards, quite frequently. It will not shoot out of a 2 inch bull (after being sighted in of course) at 50 yards, often enough to worry about.

As a Game Cartridge.

A gray squirrel—sitting up—presents a 2 inch area across the shoulders that is absolutely fatal each shot up to 50 yards if the shooter can HOLD.

I have killed 16 straight gray squirrels using this cartridge of Winchester make and have killed 5 with 5 cartridges with U.M.C.'s which were less accurate than the Winchesters in MY RIFLE but had a flatter trajectory, tore a much larger hole and were better killers on the larger species of small game.

As a squirrel cartridge—it has one peculiar and very good advantage that I discovered more or less by accident in shooting—that in game such as squirrels and at ranges not over about 40 yards, that it had a peculiar explosive effect on game that was shot in the

stomach (not entrails) and that in every case of this kind that came to my notice, it absolutely paralyzed the game on the spot.

A squirrel that was paunched would simply collapse, no struggling like one shot through the head or lungs, no meat spoiled, the game was not bloodied up by its struggles and was not mangled as badly as one shot through the shoulders.

In fact, I considered that under 40 yards, the stomach shot was the cleanest shot to make on this game when using the hollow point cartridge.

So far as penetration is concerned at 40 to 60 yards—the bullet would usually stop under the hide of the far shoulder, when shot through the shoulders, of tough old grays; and in end to end shots, head to stern or the opposite, I never got a bullet clear through the carcass and what was left of the squirrel was usually of not very much use for the table.

There is no question about the fact that this cartridge lacks both velocity and energy.

For a squirrel cartridge it should strike hard enough to knock squirrels off the trees when they are hit most anywhere. This it will not do over 40 yards and not always under that, unless they are cleanly killed or very badly hit. A .25-20 or similar cartridge, with its four times greater energy, will knock them off nicely.

When one is shooting off dense trees this is an important item. Due to the high trajectory of this cartridge it is practically useless against squirrels over 50 yards, due to high and low hits and misses, due to errors in estimating the range correctly, and if there is anything more discouraging to a squirrel hunter than to have half his bag of game shot through both hams and ruined by hollow point bullets I do not know what it is unless it is no squirrels at all to shoot at.

As a woodchuck cartridge it is fine killer at short range, on shots at the butt of the ear, through the neck or the spine between the shoulders but on other shots it lacks the punch to stop them on the spot before they dive into their holes.

On all lung shots or larger game such as coon, etc., it should do well as it tears a hole the size of a quarter to a half dollar as it goes through the flesh, but it lacks the penetration so necessary for good work on such game except at very short range.

On birds, anything smaller than grouse it mangles, and for crows, hawks, etc., it has such a high trajectory as to be practically



"Pull!" "Bang!"

A Clean Break! Out in the open, under the blue sky. The trap house just ahead and your eye ready to spot the bird in its flight from the trap. A quick aim, a steady pull—and, what satisfaction to see the clay target smashed to bits as it hurtles through the air. It's the greatest sport of man or woman. Make it complete by your selection of ammunition that responds to aim and trigger pull.

Dominion Shotgun Shells

are the trap shooter's dependable ammunition—accurate, fast and true as to pattern. There is just enough difference between Dominion Canuck, Sovereign and Regal Shotgun Shells to meet each individual requirement.

Join the thousands who are shooting at the traps this year. If there isn't a gun club in your town, start one—and be sure your ammunition is always Dominion—the ammunition backed by the big "D" Trade Mark.

Canuck Shotgun Shells—

one of the Dominion brands—now hold the Canadian long run record at the traps—203 consecutive breaks.

Dominion Cartridge Co., Limited,

Montreal, Canada.

useless compared to any high power small bore cartridge that is really accurate.

The beauty of the .22 long rifle hollow point is its cheapness, fine accuracy, good killing qualities up to 50 yards and no bother about reloading and as a result the man who shoots it actually KNOWS his rifle. He shoots enough to become thoroughly accustomed to the hang, trigger pull, sighting and trajectory of his rifle. As a result he

gets to be an expert small game shot. In other words, he gets all that is to be gotten out of his rifle and that is what the average busy individual who likes to hunt, but who has other things to do beside loading rifle ammunition every evening, is looking for.

I believe it to be the very best all around cartridge for small game hunting and target shooting for the AVERAGE individual for these reasons.

Experiences With a .22 High Power.

"E. H. D."

THIS will be an account of my experiences on game with the .22 high power Savage which I have been promising you for some time. It dates back into the year 1915 when the .22 high power was the newest and most talked about gun on the market.

I live in a city situated in the heart of the best hunting grounds in Ontario and it is no uncommon sight to see deer or moose come right into the centre of the city and stare in amazement at the buildings and then walk quietly off into the woods again.

Now to get back to the topic of conversation, I owned a .30-30 Winchester carbine but never seemed to have much luck with it as I had wounded several moose and they always managed to get away and die and there is no sport in that kind of hunting and I would rather miss them than hit and lose them as they nearly always die if hit through the body so I got rid of this gun.

A friend of mine had just bought a .22 high power and then a fellow offered him a .280 Ross to take out for his trip so he advised me to take the .22 high power and try it out and I accepted his offer.

There were to be five in our party this year but as some of the boys could not get away for four or five days after the season opened my friend and I jumped on the train on the night of November first and in a couple of hours were having supper in our camp forty miles away. We had come down just for a couple of days to scout around and to see where the game was holding forth, for the coming week we would be down in force after their hides.

We did not intend to shoot a moose on this trip but if we could get a deer we would take him out for meat for camp.

We accordingly left camp at daybreak the

next morning fully confident of making a hit before we returned so I put a piece of rope in my pocket and threw the little .22 high power over my shoulder and started. I must say for the benefit of the readers that have never handled one that they are very light and a real graceful looking little gun.

We hit the trail along the river for half a mile or so and then discovered some pretty freshly made tracks where they had been around the previous day so deciding where we would be likely to find them, as we knew the country pretty well, we got into one of our fishing boats and paddled up stream about a half mile and again took to the woods heading towards some lakes about another half mile away but before reaching there we struck some fresh tracks and separated to take our chances as I am a firm believer that four eyes and ears can see and hear more than two.

I had not travelled more than ten minutes going very slowly and wide awake when I came into view of one of the lakes, where I stood still and watched around the marsh for deer. Seeing nothing, I decided to go around on the right side as my partner would be on the left.

I had not gone over fifty yards until I thought I heard something on my right and turning my head I beheld a nice young buck standing under some bushes not forty feet from me looking straight at me. He was standing broadside to me with flag up and feet spread apart for a bound into the brush. I knew that I must use caution here as I am not a good shot by any means and had a strange rifle I had never fired before.

I slipped off the safety and very slowly raised the rifle to my shoulder, then slowly lowered my head to catch the sights without

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a movement of the body and as quickly as he crossed my sights I fired. He only stamped his front foot, switched his tail and ears and then was still again. I had seen the dirt fly off a rotten log just under his chest so I knew that I had shot low. In a second I repeated and taking a bead back of his front shoulder I fired again and he dropped on his front knees but was up in a second and flag down he made off. I again fired and missed and I made ready for another shot but it was not necessary for he ran about thirty feet and apparently blinded ran a foul of a snag and fell. Being unable to rise he died in a second or so before I reached him. Then I dragged him to higher ground and bled him but got very little blood.

By this time my partner had come up, so we dressed him and hung him up.

My first bullet had made a clean hole through the fleshy part of his front leg just below the body but the second had gone between the ribs and expanding before reaching the heart had literally cut it to pieces. Then it entered the shoulder on the opposite side leaving a hole you could easily place your four fingers into so I came to the conclusion that she was a bear to hit but I wanted to see how she would hit moose before I would want to buy one.

We did not see a moose in the next few days although we started a couple but the brush was too thick to get a sight of them so we came back and carried the deer home and had some choice venison for supper. Then we had a good sleep that night and the next morning we took part of him back to town, leaving the rest in camp for camp meat, when we would be down again for a couple of days for our annual moose hunt.

In three days we were again having a midnight meal in our camp by the stream in preparation for the hunt the next morning.

Before daybreak we were again on our way and about a half mile from camp we ran into a pack of coyotes but it was still too dark to see or to shoot them although there was quite a pack. They split into three bunches and ran howling through the woods. Wouldn't we have given them a merry time had it been light enough for us to see and to have shot into them with five guns spitting fire.

A few hours later my partner and I were sitting on a ridge overlooking the surrounding country in search of what we could see when I heard something break a twig and an instant later a nice bull stepped into view down in a thicket about a hundred yards

below us but unfortunately was gone again in a second from our view. Right here in spite of argument my partner pulled a boneheaded play, if I may call it so, as he slid down the mountain after Mr. Moose and both were lost to my view.

I was in a bad plight as I did not know what move to make so that I could get a shot but spotting a low ridge running crosswise to where I was standing. I ran along the ridge towards the rise in the ground and stopped about three or four hundred yards from the spot where I figured was my only chance to get a shot if he came that way and then I would be very lucky if I touched him at that distance.

Presently to my surprise up popped Mr. Moose on the run and swinging his head to look for my partner and I fired and missed. Again I fired and he hunched on one leg, then changing his course, limped into a poplar grove and stopped.

I had broken his hind leg, so taking another deliberate aim I fired and he fell. He tried to rise but could not seem to manage it so I fired a few more shots but to no avail as the brush was very thick. Seeing that he could not get away I came down and walked up to about forty yards of him and he was sitting up on his haunches. I again fired just back of his shoulder but he only tried to get up. Next I took a shot at his head but still no effect. By this time my partner had arrived on the scene and with two shots he finished him.

My first shot had broken his leg just below the hock, the second had broken his back just above the kidneys and the third went into his lungs. The fourth hit just below the eye had turned downwards and broken both jaw bones. My bullets had inflicted heavy damage but had not killed.

The climax came two days later when I was all alone. I noticed fresh moose tracks going in my direction but as there was no snow I could not follow to any degree of success so, stopping on a little open patch of rock, I was looking around and listening when a twig cracked and then out steps a lordly moose not more than thirty yards yards from me and stood looking straight at me. How I prayed, for a gun his size, no man will ever know.

I looked at the gun and then at the moose so decided not to take chance. Fully five minutes we watched each other. He was the largest moose by far that I had ever seen and I have seen dozens of them at quite close range.

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He carried 34 points, seventeen on each horn, and must surely have had a spread of six feet if I am any judge of distance. He had a beautifully shaped head as well. I would have given one hundred dollars to have had it at the railway station but the chance of killing him, or he me, was too great as he certainly would have charged me had I not killed him with one shot in the forehead, as that was the one best shot to take.

After watching him for some time another bull stepped out broadside to me about 20 yards from the big fellow and stood watching the other fellow. I looked him over and he carried 12 points but the head was scrubby compared with the big fellow. So was the moose but he was more my size so I picked out the small of his back and decided to give him a pill and down he went with a thud. I repeated for another shot and she jammed tight failing to extract the empty shell. I took a look at the big fellow and he had ambled off about thirty feet and was again standing so I yelled at him to go when he had the notion and he trotted off much to my satisfaction.

After using my pocket knife I managed to extract the shell and reloading worked down to about 20 feet from my moose whose back I had broken. He was still very much alive but unable to rise on account of the position he had fallen in.

I then took deliberate aim for the back of his ear and fired but he only tried to free himself. I fired another shot at the same place with the same result. I was now discouraged but had to finish my job so tried it again in the same place and he stretched out. All of the three bullets went in at one place not an inch apart.

This finished my experiences with the .22 high power.

Returning to camp I returned the gun with the remark "sell her" and he did. The purchaser of her, later killed a mobse with her after firing 21 shots into him and throwing nearly the whole carcass away as a result.

I now pack around a little .30 government 1906 and what she won't kill in a hurry there is not much use in anybody else trying, so far as the gun is concerned.

Notes on the .256 Newton

"CANUCK"

SINCE writing you the last time concerning my Newton I have tried each different load a number of times and would say that the .256 Newton is as accurate if not more so than any high power rifle that I have ever used. This with factory open sights.

I have found that the cause of wild shooting that I spoke of was due to a loose takedown. When I got that front receiver screw adjusted so a fair amount of force had to be used before the magazine floor plate "to which the front receiver screw nut is pivoted" would turn to the proper position where it would snap shut then it became a different rifle altogether. I will have a band put around the barrel and forearm just ahead of the rear sight band so as to have the barrel and stock absolutely rigid.

Then there will be no chance of the takedown working loose. I am also going to make or rather have made, a folding leaf rear sight which I think will have any folding leaf sight now on the market beaten a mile.

It will be a two leaf folding sight on which

each leaf can be adjusted laterally independent of the other. These leaves to have the usual slides for vertical adjustment. One leaf to be mounted on a regular thickness of base. The other leaf on a base $\frac{1}{2}$ as thick and about one-eighth inch wide, same shape as regular base. Now in the regular base cut a slot one-eighth inch wide and $\frac{1}{2}$ the thickness of the base in which to mount small base and leaf.

One of these leaves to be adjusted for the full loads and to be a check on the peep sight. The other for reduced charges in small game shooting, to be used when there would be no time to adjust a double micrometer sight.

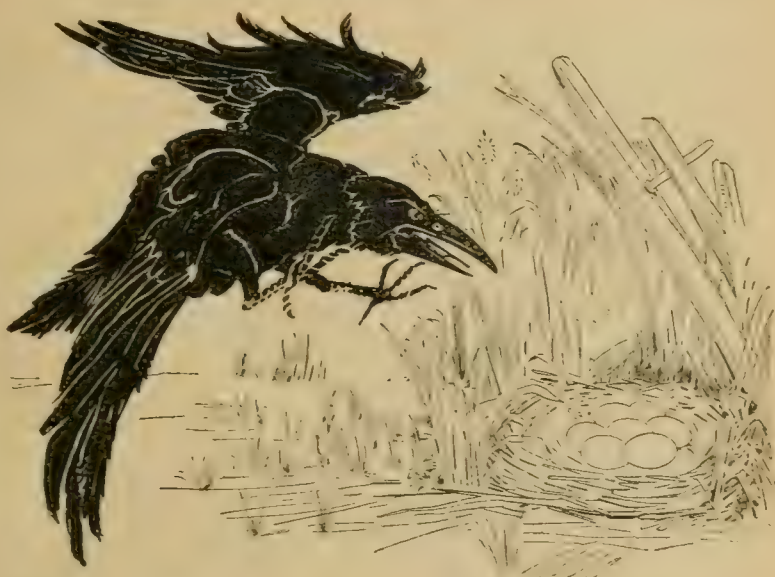
For the present I am going to put on a Lyman number (48) receiver sight a King folding leaf and a King one sixteenth inch gold bead front. I am of the opinion that this will make as good a combination as it is possible to secure at this time.

Since tightening up the takedown I have tried the Ideal bullet 269386 with 14 grains of du Pont number 80 and at 50 yards I averaged $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch groups. I have tried the

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regular 129 grain copper jacket soft point bullet with 38 grains weight du Pont number 18 at 50 yards and also at 100 yards and when the weather gets warmer will try this at 200 yards. This is a very nice shooting load. There is almost no recoil. It is not noisy and is very accurate.

This load is easy on the gun also, judging by the amount of metal fouling which shows on the cleaning patches when using stronger ammonia. I think this would be a fine deer cartridge. There seems to be plenty of power. Penetration is 10 inches of cedar, and there would not be such a loss of meat as the bullet has a much lower velocity and therefore does not have the terrific tearing effect of the full power load at 3000 or so f.s. velocity.

Shooting several 5 shot groups prone at 50 yards rest gave an average size group slightly less than $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches with this load. At 100 yards one group of five shots was about 3 inches. Three of these could be covered with a quarter but due to poor holding the other two shots were very poor making the group slightly more than 3 inches.

Using 47 grains of 16 at 100 yards gave 5 shot groups that also averaged 3 inches. This load seems to metal foul very badly, more so than the 53 grain load of duPont number 13 in the factory cartridges. These loads seem just as accurate as the factory loads.

This shooting was all done after the take-down had been tightened, but with open sights. I would like to try a few groups with factory cartridges but they are hard to get and cost real money here in Canada so I will have to forego the pleasure until some time in the future when I get the rifle equipped with the new sights.

Regarding the loading of the cartridges I have had no trouble with the cast bullets after I had reamed out the crimp well. I seat these bullets leaving one groove and one band out of the shells.

It was impossible to reload fired shells with the jacketed bullets using the regular shell muzzle resizing die as the brass of the shells was so thin that the resizer would not return the neck of the shell enough to hold the bullet. I got a new 25 calibre die which works very well on about 50 per cent of the shells. With the other 50 per cent the results are not so good as it takes very little pressure to seat the bullets in them, in fact they can almost be seated by hand. The tight ones I use for the high velocity load and use the others for the 38 grain load.

The cartridges so loaded can be worked through the gun all right. I have had no bullets pull out yet and the slightly loose neck does not cause any irregular shooting so far as I can see. Now that the war is over we may be able to get a better quality of shells and at least I hope so anyhow.

Just a few words in regard to the tearing effect of the .256 on game. Just before the close of the season last fall I went out for a few days hunt to try to fill my larder. Around three o'clock I had just come over a hill when I saw a big bull moose feeding on a hillside opposite me and I judged about 600 yards away. I thought this was too far for a successful kill so I started a stalk. I got along O.K. for about a hundred yards when the cover gave out and the only way was to shoot from where I was or let him go. I might say that I am fat and have no wind to speak about. I had been crawling over rocks and windfalls and did not fancy the range for off hand work. That rifle muzzle was making all kinds of curleycues too.

The first shot was a clean miss, the second the same but upon the report of the third shot I heard the impact of the bullet quite plainly. The moose made a spring to one side, then turned his stern end to me and walked into the brush and only went a little ways and stopped. On account of the thick brush I did not figure that I could hit him again so I started across the intervening valley. I got onto his tracks and within 25 yards, found where he had laid down but he had heard me coming and had gotten up and moved on. This was repeated three times in 100 yards.

When he got up the third time I got a chance and planted a bullet in his neck and that moose was dead instantly.

When dressing him we found my third bullet had hit him pretty low too far back making a paunch shot and had torn a hole in his paunch about 5 or 6 inches in diameter and made a fierce mess of things generally.

The insides were badly torn and there was two or three pails of blood inside. No bleeding outwardly, even when the throat was cut there was no blood flowed at all. All the blood was inside. Too much power here for deer.

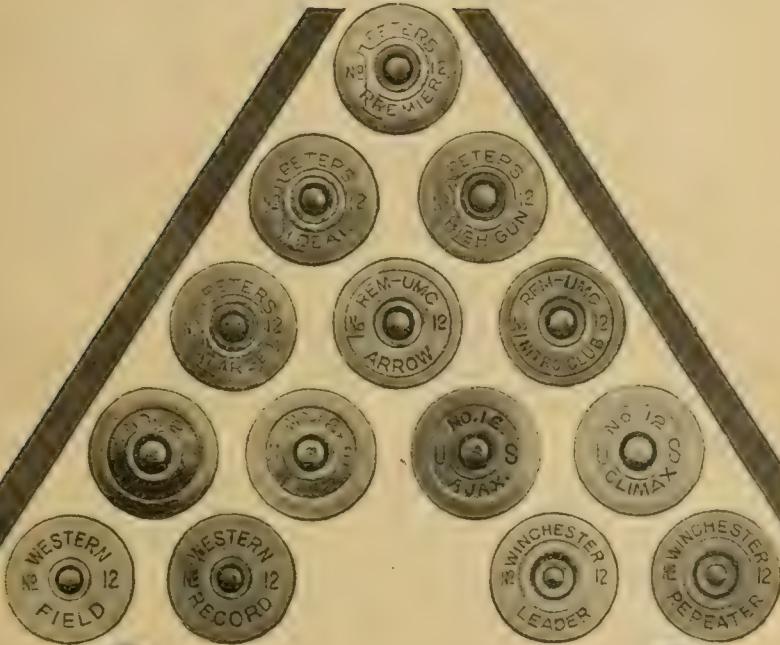
In my hunting next fall no more of that long distance stuff for me. I'll get close enough to place the bullet in a vital spot or else let the animal go.

I don't like to see any animal suffer, least of all one of those great monarchs of the silent places.

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Rifle Cleaning.

"P. A. L."

THERE are many methods in use for cleaning rifle bores, some are good and some are bad. I believe that the most common is to pass oily rags through the bore until the last one comes out clean and then to give a final oiling. Such a method would do fairly well for rifles using lead bullets and black powder, but the results are not very good when used on rifles using metal cased bullets and smokeless powder.

There are many nitro solvents and other cleaning fluids on the market, all advertised to clean high power rifles and of course to keep them in good condition. I say that these patent cleaners will only partly clean a high power rifle barrel.

What fouls a rifle barrel? Modern smokeless powder leaves a dark colored residue. While I am not sure that it is very destructive to steel or not yet the primer residue leaves a very acid fouling that gets into the pores of the steel and is hard to combat as a destructive agent.

The metal cased bullet leaves a metal plating in the bore. The higher the velocity, the heavier the plating. This plating must first be removed to get at the primer fouling in the pores of the steel. No oil cleaner will remove this plating. (Use a brass brush—Ed.)

I have tried all of the methods described in the sporting magazines and have come down to one simple and very effective method of cleaning a high power rifle. I must give Col. Whelen credit for the most of it as it was principally taken from information written by him.

First get a good rod. I generally go to a tin smith shop and get a soft steel wire the proper size and polish it with emery cloth. I then turn a ring on one end and later, cutting it the correct length, I file good sharp notches in four sides of the other end to pull the cloth up and down the bore.

Most shooters gather up old cotton rags for cleaning cloth. I think that is poor policy as they are generally rotten and the wiper will go through them and you will have trouble in getting the patch out of the bore.

I go to the dry goods store and get a yard of the strongest flannelette. By soaking it in clean water for a while and hanging it up to dry without wringing it will absorb the cleaning fluid and fouling much more readily. When dry I cut into proper sizes and keep in a covered box away from dust.

Now go to the druggist and get a 10 oz. glass stoppered bottle and have him two thirds fill it with 8.80 ammonia. See that he gives you the good stuff and not the common household variety.

After firing one or more shots out of the rifle you proceed to clean. Wet a patch with ammonia and pass it through the bore. It will come out black. Put another one through and it will come out blue. The first patch brought out the greater part of the powder residue, the second being blue, brought out metal fouling.

Continue to put wet patches through and scrub up and down several times to each patch until the last one comes out white. Now your bore is chemically clean but generally there is still a slight residue still in the bore that plain ammonia and a cloth does not take out.

Get a tube of Colgate's Dental Cream and wet a patch with ammonia and put a piece of the cream on it about the size of a pea and rub it over the patch, pass that up and down the bore three or four times and it will come out clean. Run another ammonia cloth through to take out the cream. Now dry the bore with a number of dry patches and be sure it is perfectly dry and oil well with pure sperm oil bought from the druggist.

That bore is now chemically clean and will keep in perfect condition for months and years with an occasional oiling. The process seems long on paper but when you get used to it it is quite simple and it is the shortest cut that I know of to safety in rifle cleaning.

If you happen to have a .22 rim fire that "sweats out" for a few inches just ahead of the chamber caused by the priming from the cartridge getting into the pores of the steel, just try cleaning with ammonia.

Keep that ammonia bottle corked at all times and do not use it in a warm closed room or the fumes will be too much for you if the druggist has given you the real article. Sixty-five cents will get enough ammonia, cream, and patches for dozens of cleanings. Always hang a rifle up with the muzzle down, and never cork the bore or leave the wiper in it.

When possible hang in a dry room of even temperature. A new rifle must be watched closer than one that has been used quite a bit. An old rifle seems to get the pores of the metal filled with oil and withstands rusting much better on the outside.

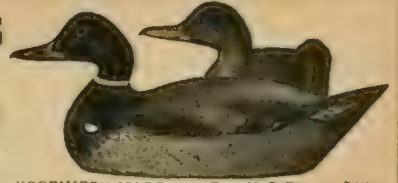
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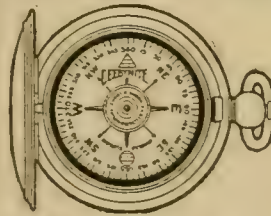
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The National Matches Will Be Held.

C. S. LANDIS.

ALL Canadian and American riflemen will be interested to know that the National Matches will be held this year.

The matches will be held under the direction of the U. S. Navy and will be on one of the large Navy rifle ranges which according to present plans, will be the Caldwell, N.J., range.

The Secretary of the Navy has appointed Lt. Col. William C. Harllee, as Executive Officer of these matches. Col. Harllee is so well known as a rifle enthusiast that nothing further need be said concerning the certainty that the 1919 National Matches will be a great success.

The arrangements for the matches will be made by the Navy Office of Gunnery Exercises. Capt. W. D. Leachy is director of this office. He is a member of the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice.

The great and outstanding feature of this year's matches is that they will all be shot with a "real" rifle and "real" ammunition. The .30-1906 Cal. model 1903 Springfield rifle will be used in all matches. Selected cartridges manufactured at the Frankford Arsenal will be provided. For both of which American rifle men will be very, very thankful. We could stand another war—but—it is doubtful if match rifle shooting could stand another dose of last year's condemned ammunition, rifles and weather combined.

The new course of fire consists of:

Rapid fire—200 yards—10 shots kneeling from standing.

Rapid fire—200 yards—10 shots kneeling, sitting, or squatting from standing.

Slow fire—600 yards—20 shots prone.

Slow fire—1000 yards—20 shots prone.

This year the famous long range matches like the Wimbledon Cup Match, the Marine Corps Cup Match, the Leech Cup Match, and the Members Match, will again hold the spotlight for the individual rifleman. The opportunity to compete for these famous trophies when the contestant is backed up by real ammunition—including 172 and 180 grain match ammunition in some of the matches, will be a drawing card that few can resist.

Few people stop to consider how close the scores run in these matches. In the last Wimbledon Cup Match but four points, out of one hundred, separated fortieth and one hundred and twelfth places. In the

Members Match last year but three points, out of fifty,—separated first and twentieth places. In the Leech Cup Match but three points, out of one hundred and five,—separated thirty-fifth and eighty-first places. In the Marine Corps Cup Match but a single point, out of a possible two hundred,—separated seventeenth and thirty-seventh places. This last was impressed upon me very strongly, as the loss of a single point cut me eighteen places in this match. We can easily see where the quality of the ammunition cuts a wonderful figure in the standing of the competitor. Therefore, in this year's matches wherever the contestant has a chance to use a more accurate powder or a more accurate bullet, or both, he is very foolish to not avail himself of the chance. One of these matches is won or lost by ten to forty shots *and no more*. What the rifle will do in the next five thousand shots counts for nothing. To win we must have ammunition that will hit that thirty-six inch bull at one thousand yards *every shot*.

The time to prepare for the National Matches is *now*. If we are so fortunate as to be selected to shoot upon our state team we can compete in every match. If not, we can go as individuals and compete in the six or seven great individual matches—have just as good a time and do almost as much shooting but we will have to stand our own travelling expenses in so doing.

At the time that this article is written the plans for the selection of the state teams have not as yet been formulated. Very likely the state teams will all be selected as the result of elimination matches.

At any rate we can be sure that with Col. Harllee at the helm, the 1919 National Matches will be very well worth the time and attention of every rifleman in America and Canada who can possibly attend.

Not the least of the pleasures of attending these matches is the chance to meet the majority of the worst rifle cranks of America.

We can see the great baseball stars in action for fifty cents—but we cannot play ball in competition with them for fifty dollars. At a National Match we can not only watch the greatest military rifle shots in America in action but we can also compete with them—and when we win—"Oh boy, ain't it the grand and glorious feeling?"

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Today and
Tomorrow

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Plans for the National Matches include teams from every branch of the Service (U.S.), from the Military and Naval academies, National Guard, and civilian teams from every state and territory. Those in charge anticipate that the 1919 National Matches will be the largest, the best handled and the most hotly contested matches in the history of match rifle shooting.

The embargo has been removed from the purchase of pre-war Springfields and a limited number of them may now be secured from the National Rifle Association at \$26.65 each.

Springfield ammunition will also soon be available.

The National Matches for the year 1919 will be shot on the Navy Rifle Range at Caldwell, N.J., August 25th to 30th inclusive. Preceding the National Matches, the period from August 4th to 24th inclusive will be devoted to instruction practice and to the Matches of the National Rifle Association. All teams wishing to attend the National Matches should be on the grounds at Caldwell, N.J., by August 4th.

Caldwell, N.J., is twenty miles from New York City, and twelve miles from Newark. To reach there, take a through train to New

York City, then take the Tube at 33rd Street and Broadway, or any station further down town, for Newark. Trains run every few minutes. Take a trolley at Newark for Caldwell. During the Matches, buses and automobiles will take you from Caldwell to the range, a distance of four miles. Those in charge of the Matches expect that they will be able to furnish a free bus service; but, at any rate, this will not cost over twenty-five cents.

Each team attending the National Matches will consist of seventeen members (12 principals, 2 alternates, 1 team captain, 1 team coach, and 1 team quartermaster, all of which must be shooters.) Eight of the seventeen members of each team *must* be riflemen who *have not* been members of a National Match team heretofore. The National Matches are assured. They will be managed by capable riflemen. Will you insure their success by your attendance and influence?

Those of us who have attended past National Matches hope to go back this year and meet old friends. Those who are newcomers will soon make friends from all over America.

Here's hoping that we meet at the National Matches—and—that you win.

Queries and Answers

Wants a Big Game Rifle.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I would like to obtain a suitable rifle to take into the Peace River country. Would the .250-3000 Savage or the .256 Newton Rifles be satisfactory?

Anton Skottam,

Terrace, Montana.

Reply.—These would both be excellent rifles provided you can get proper cleaning materials up there. If not better get a rifle that is easier to clean than these high intensity rifles. A .25 calibre high intensity rifle such as these is a mighty hard proposition to keep clean if it once gets badly rusted or pitted.

I would take several bottles of nitro solvent oil along if I were going on such a trip.

Editor.

Information on Repairs For a Belgium Browning.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

Would you please let me know where I could get repairs, including a barrel, for a

Browning pistol, latest model, .32 Calibre made in Belgium.

Andrew Dagg,

Onslow Corners, Quebec.

Reply.—I am afraid that only Von Hindenburg can tell you that. The Belgium gun factories are a thing of the past so far as commercial work is concerned. Possibly Schoverling Daly & Gales, or Francis Bannerman, both of New York City, N.Y. could supply parts but I doubt it.

Editor.

Wants a Pump Action .22 Long Rifle.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

What would be the best kind of .22 pump gun to get for shooting crows and groundhogs I would not care to pay more than about \$23.00 for it.

Woodstock, Ont.

G. S.

Reply.—I would suggest the model 1914 Savage and the model 12 Remington both using the .22 long rifle hollow point bullet cartridge. If you like a 20 inch barrel also include the model 1906 Winchester.—Editor.



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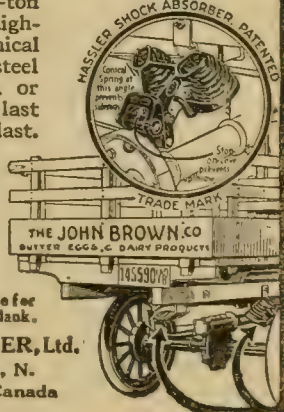
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THE PARSONS & PARSONS CANADIAN CO. HAMILTON, CANADA

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

Could you tell me through your columns where I could procure a smokeless powder suitable for reloading cartridges for the .44-10 New Service Colt revolver. What load should be used?

I have always used black powder when reloading but it is too dirty when more than a few shots have been fired.

As I have received some very useful information from your Department I take the opportunity of getting some more.

W. S.

Belleville, Ont.

Reply—You can use 4.5 or 4.4 grains by weight of Hercules Bullseye or the proper charges of du Pont pistol powder number 3 or no. 80 du Pont. As to where to obtain these powders, write the sales departments of the Hercules Powder Co., Wilmington, or E. I. DuPont De Nemours & Co., Wilmington, Del., U.S.A.—Editor.

The .22 Colt automatic pistol.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

Having used a Colt .22 automatic pistol for a couple of years I thought some of the readers of your magazine might be interested in the shooting qualities of the automatic and might wish to try a set of sights similar to those I have fitted to the gun I am now using.

After reducing the trigger pull on the pistol to 4 lbs., and taking up some of the slack in the trigger, I removed the sights and fitted a globe rear sight with an aperture three sixteenths inch in diameter, with outside diameter one fourth inch, and one eighth inch deep. I replaced the front sight with one having a one thirty-second inch white bead and found this combination did not obstruct the view for target or game shooting like the regular open sights.

I also have an interchangeable globe front sight with aperture five thirty seconds in diameter, three-sixteenths outside diameter, and one eighth inch deep, used in connection with rear globe as referred to above. I prefer the bead front and intended sending you some targets made when using this combination as I found that I could make smaller groups than when using the globe front. Having mislaid these targets the one enclosed was made when using the two globe sights at 20 yards distance, offhand.

Last May while on a vacation in Ontario I gave the pistol a try out on ground hogs and found it very effective when using the .22



5 shots, 20 yards, shot with .22 Colt Auto.

long rifle cartridge loaded with hollow point bullets. Most of the shooting was from the prone position at distances up to 40 yards, and during my stay I killed 24 hogs, these being all head shots, as I found that the body shots would not stop them before they would hole.

The penetration of the long rifle is about two and one half inches, being the same as when shot from the regular Colt or Smith and Wesson revolvers, and should any of the readers who own a Colt automatic care to use the .22 short cartridge in the pistol as a single shot they will find it very accurate.

E. B. Hutchinson,

Gretna, Man.

The .22 high power and the Marble's Game Getter.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

Is the .22 high power strong enough for moose and deer?

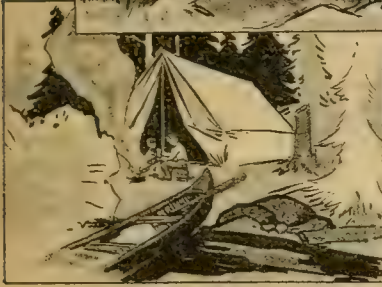
What sort of game could you recommend Marble's Game Getter for killing? At what range is it effective and could you say that it is an all around gun?

L. Addison,

Winnipeg.

Reply—I would consider the .22 high power a good deer rifle but very light for moose. I would prefer something heavier for both.

Marble's Game Getter would be better on a trap line than any other place. It certainly is not an all around gun in my estimation. It would be only suitable for shooting small game at very short range, or when nothing else was handy, for a shot at big game,



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PRESERVO treated canvas is also used by campers and sportsmen for many articles that go to make up the complete campers outfit. Canvas duffel bags, pack saddles, ground covers, supply covers, bed-rolls, all give better protection and more economical service when treated with PRESERVO.

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We have an interesting little book telling about PRESERVO treated canvas for campers and sportsmen, which will be mailed free on request.

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also at very short range. It is well made but too small to suit me.—Editor.

Caring for revolvers.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

Your note following G. R. Hunt's article on "Caring for firearms" impressed me as being a thorough appreciation of the necessity of keeping a barrel clean and dry.

Would you be so kind as to give me a few similar tips on "Caring for revolvers." Also I might ask, what is the most serviceable revolver for a three months sojourn in the wilds? What is the safest and best (for the weapon) way of carrying such a firearm when passing through dense brush? A holster?

A. R. Mann.

Toronto.

Reply—So far as the barrel and cylinder are concerned, Hoppe's No. 9 or Marble's Nitro Solvent oil are about as good as any. My trouble was always to keep the outside of the frame from rusting from sweat from the body. This of course, mostly in hot weather. I tried a wick rope, soaked in oil, to keep the bore dry, trusting to yank it out when the gun would be needed, and had that rust fast for me once. Gun grease is most too smeary for use on a revolver that must be carried all the time and the oil doesn't stick very well. Being in a colder climate, you would have much less trouble in this regard.

Unless you expect to shoot pretty large game with it, not carrying a rifle, I would advise a .22 Colt automatic pistol as being about the nicest little weapon you could get. The .22 heavy frame Smith & Wesson revolver or the .22 Smith & Wesson single shot target pistol would also be splendid. If you will need to kill anything as large as lynx or larger a .38 Smith & Wesson special model 1895, a .38 Colt special or a 45 Colt automatic government model would all be very satisfactory. I would suggest, that if you carry a heavy rifle, the .22 would give you very much more pleasure, and would get small game very nicely if used with hollow point bullets.

I would welcome an article such as you suggest as being very timely. The shoulder holster would seem to me to be about the best for use in the brush.—Editor.

Various Inquiries.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

My Remington .22 plugs up whenever I shoot a "long," and I have a hard time getting it out. Can you suggest a remedy?

Should I take a .22 or a .32 along a trapping line, especially for coons?

When getting traps, would you advise the number 1 or the 1½ jump trap for muskrats?

Kenneth E. Kemp,

Forest, Ont.

Reply—Your Remington has been spoiled by shooting shorts in a long or long rifle chamber. The only remedy is a new barrel.

On a trap line I would prefer the .22 to a .32 and a .25-20 to either if for coon, where one would likely shoot occasional coons that were not in traps.

I would advise the double jaw traps, about 1½ size, for muskrats.—Editor.

Reloading the .32 Special.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I wrote you once before re ammunition for a shot gun and am now inquiring for a .32 Winchester Special rifle.

I understand the .32 W. S. is a compromise rifle suitable for either high or low pressure ammunition and as I am about to buy a set of reloading tools would like a few points cleared up.

Would babbitt metal in small quantities mixed with lead for casting bullets injure the barrel when it readily stands high pressure ammunition.

What quantity would I use or if injurious what other metal, say tin or zinc, and what percentage of same would be satisfactory?

Is Marble's peep and hunting sight 1-16th inch size, a good combination for deer and also, for fine shooting.

Robert J. Scott,

Belgrave, Ont.

Reply—You could use Babbitt metal O.K. This metal seems to vary considerably in hardness depending upon who makes it, so that I would cast some bullets of an alloy of one to ten to one to fifteen, tin and lead, and then try to make an alloy from lead and babbitt metal that would appear to be of about the same degree of hardness. Babbitt metal alloys would not injure the barrel of a .32 Special to any appreciable extent.

The combination of Marble sights that you speak of would be very good indeed but for very fine target work, the front sight should be an aperture, a flat bar, or a pinhead, and one of the sights should be a windgauge sight.

Editor.

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Oriental Wiggler \$1⁰⁰
 Little Egypt Wiggler 75¢
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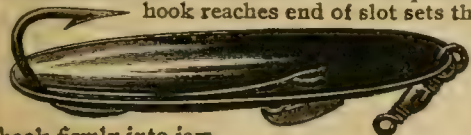
It's not what we say but what the angler says who has used them.

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hook firmly into jaw. Darts and dives just like a real fish. Catches more than any other spoon or wooden minnow. Great for all game fish such as Black Bass, Trout, Musky, Pike, Salmon, Cod, Tarpon, etc. Made in six sizes. Ask your dealer for **KNOWLES AUTOMATIC STRIKER** or we will send it postpaid. Fully Guaranteed.

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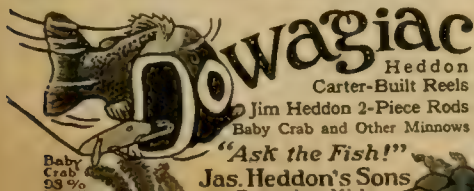
Length..... 1 5/8" 2 1/4" 2 3/4" 3 1/4" 4 1/4" 5 1/2"
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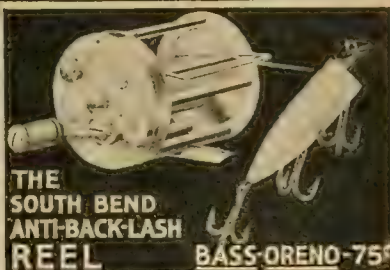
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The combination which can always be depended upon to get more fish than others--and in less time. With this ideal set, you can be sure that every cast is perfect; never a backlash. When your bait hits the water—it is sure to irresistibly attract every fish that is near.

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Ballistics of the .41 Swiss Cartridge.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I notice that some of your queriests are interested in the ballistics of the .41 Swiss cartridge. You state that you have never seen the figures for it. They are as follows.

.41 Swiss, bullet 313 grains, ballistic coefficient .266

	100	200	300	500
Muzzle yds.	1170	1064	992	874
Vel. f. s.	1338			
Energy ft. lbs	1252	939	782	626
Trajectory ft.	.232	1.04	2.56	8.41
Time of flight, sec.	.241	.509	.801	1.45

J. E. Henry.

Vancouver, B.C.

Reply.—Thank you very much for the information. Information of this kind is very valuable and is appreciated in this Department.

Editor.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I wish to thank you for the part "Notes on revolver loads" and hereby also to thank Mr. Linkletter for so kindly and plainly answering the questions I asked through the columns of your great outdoor magazine, the *Rod and Gun*, November issue.

I am a .45 hand gun crank and since reading Mr. Linkletter's articles some month's ago, in *Rod and Gun*, I used the same load in the .45 Colt, that he used in the .44-40, and found it very satisfactory, in fact much better than the 38 grain black powder factory load.

I have the 255 grain bullet mould only and can make them as perfectly as any factory bullet.

I am now going to try the 8½ grains Kings Semi Smokeless and 5 grains Bullseye with the same 255 grain bullet.

I shoot the .45 Colt, 5½ inch barrel and manage to keep inside the 5 inch circle at 50 yards and some times a little better. Nothing fancy you see, but good enough for me.

I am sorry to see by Mr. Linkletter's article that his eyes and trigger finger are going back on him but I guess he is one of the boys who can feel satisfied with his good work of the past as he watches the onward march of youth.

By the way, did you notice Chauncey Thomas's last campfire talk in this month's *Outdoor Life*? We shall miss him.

S. Fred Smith,

Jamestown, R. I.

Reply.—In the sporting powder booklet of the Hercules Powder Co. they only recom-

mend 5 grains of Bullseye powder for use behind the 255 grain bullet in the .45 Colt revolver. If I were in your place I would be very, very careful about exceeding this amount at all. The powder companies have very exact and expensive apparatus for determining the velocities and pressures developed by their powders. When you exceed the recommended loads you take a risk that the powder company who made the powder and have tested it, are not willing for you to take.

I understand that Mr. Linkletter has re-chambered all of his fire arms which makes considerable difference. There is always the chance that some other person's scales or powder measure may measure considerably different from yours, more so than many imagine, and if you exceed the recommended load of any dense powder made by any company my advice would be go very, very slowly and ask the Ballistic Engineer of the company that made the powder for advice before you attempt any excess loads.—Editor.

A Savage Rifle For Moose and Bear?

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I want to buy a Savage rifle for moose and bear. Would you recommend a .303 or a .250-3000 Savage?

Please give me a little information on them.

James A. Cooper.

Montreal.

Reply.—I would advise you to purchase the .303. For deer I would select the .250-3000. I have never been in favor of recommending a small bullet with a soft nose that is shot at very high velocity for shooting moose and bear. There may be times that you will wish for a rifle that will shoot a bigger bullet than a German anti tank gun shoots and let it be said, that is "some bullet." —Editor.

The .35 Model 1895 Winchester and the .30-40

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I wish some information on the .35 Winchester model 1895 and the .30 U.S. Army (30-40) Winchester model 1895. Which is the better for deer and moose, and which is the better target gun up to 800 yards?

Which is the better all around gun for the three things? I would like to know the point blank range of the two rifles as they are sighted and sent out from the factory.

R. Raymond,

Tusket Falls, N.S.

Reply.—For ranges under 150 yards, the .35 Winchester would be a better gun than the

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THE "DE LUXE" ROD, made of Steel hard "PALAKONA" is Hardy's latest
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forget that as wages in Great Britain are 75% less than in America we can
give greater value in high class hand work. All our rods are hand made by ex-
perts whose lives have been spent at this work, for which 50 GOLD MEDALS
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10-ft., weight 6 ozs. All fitted with Hardy's patent screw grip reel fittings.



DRY FLIES—As made by us for the late F. M. Halford
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GUT CASTS—The Anglo-American tapered mist color
No. 1 medium, No. 2 fine, as made for Mr. Halford.

Stout to 4X Ditto, Ditto to 3X, Stout Lake to fine, Ditto
to medium, Ex-stout to MEDIUM, Ex-stout to stout, 6 ft.

We will be pleased to quote prices on receipt of inquiry.

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says, "We must
never forget that it
is to HARDY
Bros. of Alnwick we
owe the supremacy
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Rod makers."

Hardy Bros., Manufactory Alnwick, England

.30-40. Over that the flatter trajectory and better accuracy of the .30-40 would make it superior for game shooting. For target shooting the .30-40 is far better than the other at the longer ranges. The .35 Winchester has more recoil than the .30-40 which must also be considered, especially in target shooting.

You will likely find these guns sighted for about 200 yards. I would consider 125 or 150 yards as far as they better be sighted for for point blank range.

The actual point blank range of ANY rifle is the end of its barrel and no farther.

Editor.

Inquiries on the .250-3000 Savage.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I have purchased and read, at your advice, Lt. Col. Whelen's book, "The American Rifle." I shall certainly read it again and no doubt then several times more. Actually that book is the cause of my bothering you some more.

I have become interested. I have begun to realize how little the average rifleman actually knows of shooting and of rifles and I hope to learn.

My last attempt to secure a .250-3000 Savage failed. I was disappointed to learn that they could not be purchased in Canada at that time. I intend to get such a rifle, bolt action, equipped with Lyman rear sight and Marble V. M. front sight.

I have the combination of Marble's Flexible rear and V.M. front on a .303 Savage at present and I find it excellent in the brush especially on moving targets. What I wish to ask you is this—Is there a Lyman peep sight made that could be attached to this bolt action .250-3000 rifle on the firing piece as Whelen suggests on page 84 of his book, and has it windage adjustment as well as elevation.

Would the firm attach and adjust properly these sights to this rifle? If not do you know a gunsmith in Canada that could be entrusted with the job?

I would also like a gun sling of the Whelen pattern. Could you suggest where I could get this?

Are Springfield rifles sold to civilians if made up as sporting rifles? Is there any way in which they could be procured?

I have chosen the .250-3000 Savage rifle for the following reasons. I have it on good authority, even Whelen, that it is an excellent deer rifle. Secondly, the bullet is not too

large for use on smaller game with a reduced load. Am I right? During the summer months I get considerable exercise in destroying wood-chucks or groundhogs as they are called here, for they are a pest in this neighborhood.

Hitherto I have used a .22 Savage repeater for them, but now I intend to use a reduced load with the .250. I shall certainly buy reloading tools and reload reduced loads as you suggested in your letter to me.

I enjoyed your article in the February Rod & Gun entitled "Common sense in purchasing firearms" yet I will disregard your advice by buying a .250-3000 Savage. I noticed particularly your remarks about the two men who firmly believed that they had killed deer time and again up to a quarter of a mile? One often meets that kind of expert riflemen. Last week I heard of one who shot deer from "One mountain to another." Well PERHAPS, and as you say, OCCASIONALLY and NOT in this country.

I feel safe in saying that most deer in these parts are shot at distances from 50 to 100 yards and VERY FEW over 200, to be generous. I find that many men have a very poor faculty for judging distance, or else a very elastic imagination.

Personally, I have never seen a deer in this country at greater distance than what I would call 200 yards and that was a generous estimate of the distance. Perhaps 150 to be exact, but I did not take the trouble to measure. The deer got away anyhow.

May I venture another question? Why is the Savage .250-3000 not a long range rifle. I know that it is not, neither is the .22 high power, for I have seen rotten shooting by the latter at 200 yards so that I lost all respect for the gun.

To a novice it would seem a bullet like the .250 with such a velocity and pressure behind it, ought to do good work at long range. For instance, the .30-1906 U.S. has less velocity less breech pressure, higher trajectory etc., yet is a long range cartridge. Would you explain to me wherein the cause of the difference lies?

What is the address of the firm making Lyman sights?

C. F. Christiansen,

Denbigh, Ont.

Reply—Lyman Gun Sight Corp. Middlefield, Conn., U.S.A.

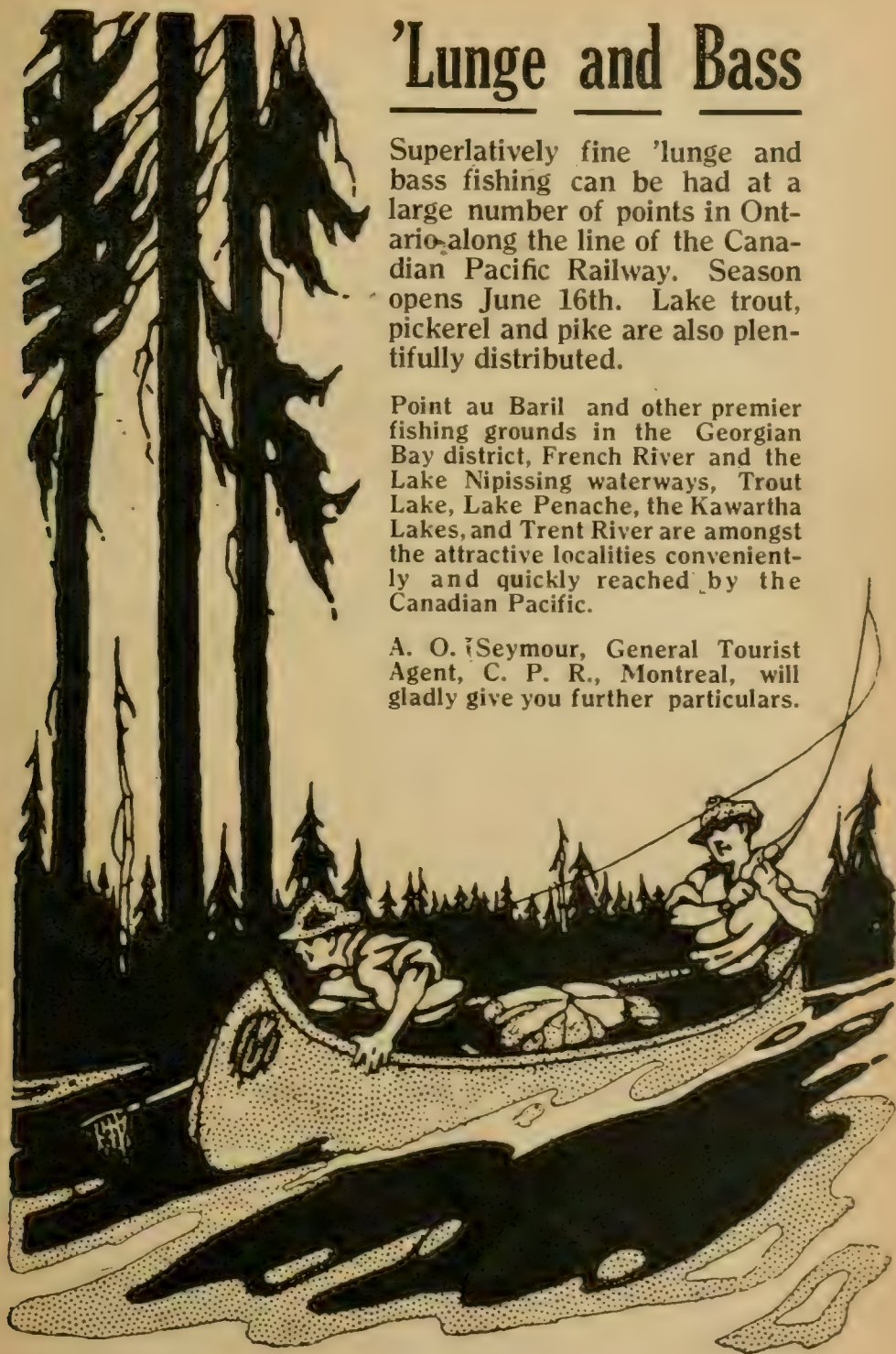
The reason that the .250 and .22 high

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A. O. Seymour, General Tourist Agent, C. P. R., Montreal, will gladly give you further particulars.



power are not long range guns is that their bullets are too short. If the .25 had a bullet of about 125 grains and the .22 of about 90 or 100 they would shoot right along with the Springfield cartridge in the same kind of a rifle.

The Savage lever action is not adapted to shooting a 125 grain bullet at 3000 f.s. but there is no reason why the bolt action, when it appears, should not be, provided of course the twist was correct for the heavy bullet, but 2800 f.s. would probably make a better proportioned cartridge so far as accuracy was concerned. It is altogether possible to overdo this velocity craze.

You cannot purchase a Springfield from the United States Government and can only get one in either military form or altered to sporting model from some private individual who owns one.

Most likely the Savage Arms Corp. could furnish a sling, but not the Whelen model, and also the Lyman sight for on the bolt, when they get to making this proposed rifle. I believe that these sights that are mounted on the cocking piece are without windage adjustment. Why not get a receiver sight put on, as I think you could get the Springfield receiver sight put on some way or other, possibly not according to Hoyle but you could likely get it put on some place? Just where would make little difference as long as the front sight was of a height to suit it.

Editor.

The .35 Remington Auto and Slide Action Rifles.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

Could you give me your opinion of the Remington slide action or pump and the Remington auto loading as to reliability from jamming, accuracy and keeping clean?

I note that they both use the same cartridges. Could you give me your opinion as to the relative muzzle velocities and striking energies when used in the two types of rifles?

I would suppose that they would be somewhat less in the auto than in the pump. Also what is the "striking energy" at the butt of the .35 auto loading, (recoil in foot pounds).

I am accustomed to shooting the .303 British 1895 Winchester so I suppose that I would not find it uncomfortable.

J. S. McVittie,

Sudbury, Ont.

Reply—I believe that you will get splendid satisfaction from either type of rifle. Of the two I would consider the auto the MORE

reliable in action and the pump the more accurate. I do not believe that you could tell any difference in velocity or energy.

The recoil should not be objectionable to anyone accustomed to the .303 British Winchester.—Editor.

Various Queries.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I would like to ask your opinion on the following—

What kind of rifle and calibre would be the most suitable for target shooting and for small game as woodchucks, squirrels and particularly the sweet melodious cat?

Is the auto loading Remington a good rifle for target shooting?

For extensive shooting with the rifle you recommend, would it pay to reload my ammunition?

What sights would you advise equipping that rifle with? Is the Lyman tang peep a good sight to equip such a rifle with?

Is the .38 Special Smith & Wesson, 6 inch barrel, which Ashley Haines says is the all around revolver, a good gun for target work? Also for light hunting in the woods? How would this revolver compare with the .38 Colt's Officers model?

I remember reading an article of yours on holsters for revolvers principally for a .22 Smith & Wesson heavy frame. Would you please give me the name and address of the manufacturers of it. If I remember rightly, the address was Cheyenne.

G. N.

Brantford, Ont.

Reply—I would suggest the model 1892 Winchester .25-20 calibre or the .22 long rifle Remington model 12, the Savage model 1914 or the Marlin model 1897.

Not as good as their model 12.22 long rifle calibre. The .22 special cartridge is not quite as accurate and costs more.

Yes, for the .25-20.

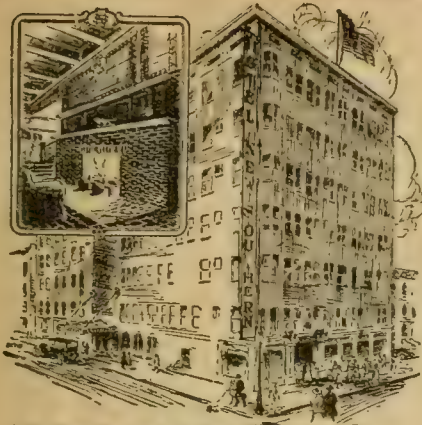
Lyman 2A and 5B. or Marble peep rear and bead front. The Lyman tang peep is as good as any sight made, when it is the double micrometer style.

There is no better revolver for your purpose than this .38 special Smith & Wesson. The holster article was evidently written by Mr. Haines.—Editor.

Rifles for big game.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

Which calibre of each of the following arms would be best for big game hunting in Canada,



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from plantation to
breakfast table——
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In ½, 1 and 2 pound tins. Whole—ground—pulverized—also
fine ground for Percolators. Never sold in bulk. 187

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

the Savage, Winchester, Remington, Marlin, Newton and Mauser?

Would a .303 Savage be best or would some other make be better? At what range would each of the rifles you selected kill a moose or a grizzly?

Is there any law to prevent a boy over 16 years of age carrying a high power rifle?

John H. Springer,

Woodstock, R.D.

Reply—For a young man of 16 to 20 I do not think it would be wise to choose a weapon of heavier weight or recoil than such arms as the .303 or .250 Savage, the .32 or .30-30 Winchester or Marlin, the .30 or 32 Remington rimless. Such rifles or a .256 Newton or 7MM Mauser would be amply powerful if you can hit what you shoot at.

The .303 Savage would be hard to beat for your purpose.

Each of the rifles mentioned would kill any big game in Canada considerably farther than you could hit it, provided the bullet struck in a vital spot. Some men would kill more game at 300 yards, provided they could see it, than others could at 50 with any rifles.

I do not know of any law of this kind. Consult your local authorities.

Editor.

Bolt Actions compared.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

Will you please describe how the bolt works when loading a 7MM, 8MM or 11MM, Mauser rifle or carbine compared with a Ross rifle which is rapid loading.

Thomas Dean,

Wallaceburg, Ont.

Reply—The Mausers all work by turning up the bolt and pulling it back, then pushing it forward and then down. The Ross is pulled back, then pushed forward. The Ross would be slightly faster in action but it has more recoil than either the 7MM or 8MM Mausers and this would almost equalize matters in actual shooting. Bolt actions are plenty fast enough for anyone who will practice working the action of a bolt action enough to get onto the matter. Speed of aimed fire and the greatest possible speed at which a rifle may be fired are two entirely different things. The first is practical, the second is nice to think about, and makes good advertising, but is of really very small account to the hunter.

Editor.

Information on the .22 high power Savage.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I am greatly interested in your magazine. I would like you to give me some information on the .22 Savage high power rifle. Is it strong enough for moose, deer and bear, and what about the .35 Winchester for same?

Malcolm Walker,

L'Orignal, Ont.

Reply—I would consider the .22 high power very light for moose and bear shooting. If you want a Savage choose a .303, or if you demand a high velocity, small bore weapon, the .250.

The .35 calibre model 1895 Winchester is a very effective weapon for this purpose. It is also heavier to carry than the light Savages.

If you mean the .35 Winchester automatic I do not think very much of it for a moose and bear rifle.

Editor.

A letter from a rifleman.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

What brand of smokeless powders would you use in the following guns; .38 Special target and the new .455 of the same make? I have the Ideal tools for each. (Ans. Du-Pont pistol powder No. 3 or Bullseye.)

I have had and still have a number of rifles both ancient and modern, of the latter I might mention .280 Ross, 7MM and 8MM Mauser, .303 English rifle. I also have the well known squirrel rifles of fifty years ago which still shoot accurately. I also have the .57 Enfield and the Springfield and also the old repeating Spencer carbine.

I also have a pair of Remington cap and ball revolvers and a pair of .36 Navy Colts which will give a good account of themselves if properly held.

In regards to scatter guns I have owned quite a number of nearly every description from the old tower flint lock to the 1912 Winchester.

There is also in the collection an old double barreled percussion cap shot gun made by Mortimer, the first one I ever ran across, but perhaps you are familiar with them. It has a 31½ inch stub twist barrels, patent breech, 20 gauge, straight sighting rib, front action lock, neatly engraved and beautiful springs.

The stock is birdseye maple done in old London oil finish and almost black with age. I use it with 2 drams powder, ½ oz. BB shot for shooting rats from a canoe. It is certain death at ranges up to about 30 yards and does not mutilate the game.

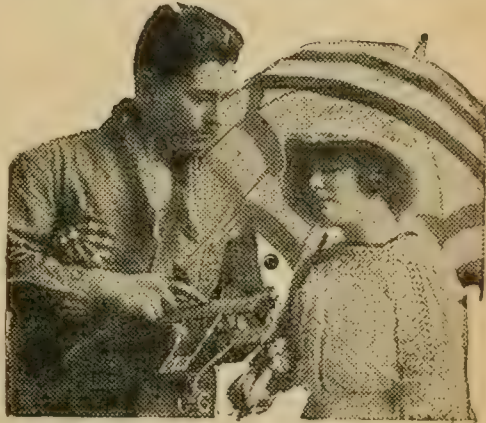
About Your Own Vigor Sent Free To Men

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Here is something I have to offer you absolutely for nothing—a little private book of special information about the legitimate uses and unnatural abuses of manly vigor; about the preservation of manly strength and its possible self-restoration; an illustrated, pocket compendium of 8,000 words, 72 pages and 30 half-tone photographs, reproductions—which I am very pleased to send by mail, absolutely free of charge, in a plain, sealed envelope, to any man, young or elderly, single or married, who writes for it.

Over a million of these books have been thus sent to applicants all over the world since my free offer first appeared. Publishers are charging as much as \$2 for books on sex subjects, while my book is free. Therefore, reader, if you would like a great fund of inside information relating directly to the subject of manly vigor, all put in perfectly plain, easy-to-read language, with many hints that you can surely apply to your own self no matter how strong you may be, or how nervous or run-down you may be—if you want to know the facts about this particular subject, given to you without a single scare, then fill in the coupon below, send to me and receive my book, sealed, by return mail. In one part of this little publication I describe a mechanical invention of my own, which I call the SANDEN Vitalizer, something you wear at night as an aid to the restoration of lost or waning strength; but you are not expected to get one of these appliances unless you decide for yourself that you want one. The book is complete, and there is absolutely nothing you are required to buy or pay, either now or in the future. Therefore, please send your name and address to-day. SANDEN, Author.

MANHOOD! The quality which rules the world to-day. My friend, there never was a time in the history of the human race when real, sturdy manhood, manly vigor and manly courage counted for as much as they do now, this very minute. No matter what your years, whether you are 20 or 60, you must be either entirely in the race or entirely out of it. It is invariably the fellow who proves up the strongest in this human strength that forges to the front, while weaklings stand aside; it is he also who is in most demand and most sought after by women and men in his community, simply because he radiates that marvellous magnetic influence which only an abundant vigor and rugged manly health can radiate. I believe any man can hope to completely develop or restore this same vigor of manly strength, no matter what his past follies may have been, provided he is willing to REALLY MAKE THE EFFORT; and provided, of course, he is not weighed down by extreme old age or is not incurably diseased. To my mind, the road of the one who wants more vigor is perfectly plain,



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but it is a road that any man MUST travel if he attains the highest ideals in respect to his own manhood. See information in my free book.

As to the SANDEN Vitalizer, previously mentioned, will say it is a little mechanical appliance, weighing but a few ounces, which you wear at night. This Vitalizer generates and sends forth a certain soft, penetrating force which I call Vitality. It apparently drives this Vitality into your nerves, blood, muscles and organs as you sleep. It is quieting to the nervous system—or, at least, so users say. Men write that it takes pain out of the back and restores vitality in 90 days. Remember the general information of the free book is independent of this Vitalizer, and you are not expected to get one of these little appliances unless you want to. You can write me later as to that if you so desire. With special attachments, my Vitalizer is used by women as well as men for rheumatism, kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders, etc. If you live in or near this city I should be most pleased to have you call in person at my office, where you may see and test the Vitalizer free of charge. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case. Or if inconvenient to call, do not fail to write for the free booklet.

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The heaviest loads you scarcely feel.
Raised rib which aids the eye to bring
Down your game either on foot or wing.

The gauge is twelve balls to the pound
Which is the best, so experts have found
Winchester make of the hammerless type
Large enough for geese, A No. one for snipe,
An ideal gun for all sorts of game
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A repeating gun that shoots six times
With action smooth as Byron's rhymes,
Its perfect lines are the graceful kind,
That Mortimer sought in vain to find

A hundred years ago, when he
Made guns for the English nobility.

F. E. McMullen,

Cayuga.

Wants a big game rifle.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

As I am still preparing for college I have never had time to go on a hunt but having owned different makes of .22's for several years, and being greatly interested in shooting, my father decided to give me a larger calibered rifle for a present.

Not being very certain what game I will have the opportunity of hunting, I think the best way to state the requirements is "A gun for deer with a possibility of larger game."

I have had in mind a model 1895 Winchester, chambered for the .30 government 1906 shell, with a Winchester telescope sight looming in the distant future. I have heard that a scope is inaccurate except on a solid frame rifle but on the other hand I would prefer a rifle which can be cleaned from the breech, and with a clear view of the bore at that time, if possible.

I do not know if the model 95; solid frame, has these facilities.

Is there any possibility of the manufacture of ammunition being reduced to standard calibres or of the surplus of military ammunition being placed on the market, owing to peace? This would make it advisable to buy an arm handling the .303 British or .30-1906 cartridge.

Gordon R. McGregor.

Montreal, P.Q.

Reply—For your purpose, I believe it would be wise to purchase a rifle of light recoil like the .32 Special Winchester, .250 or .303 Savage, or the .32 or .30 Remington rimless.

These rifles are all very good big game rifles, are light enough for a young man to carry easily, handle fast and none of them have excessive recoil.

The model 1895 Winchester would be preferable for killing power or long range shooting but at your age and with your amount of experience in high power rifle shooting I believe that you would be better satisfied with a lighter weapon.

Personally, I would prefer a solid frame rifle, either with or without a scope. If I had a takedown I would seldom take it apart.

Just what per cent. or whether any of the war cartridges would be placed on the market is merely guesswork. If they are, then a .303 or .30 1906 would be the calibre to choose, so far as cheap shooting was concerned, but some of this war time ammunition is not quite all that it might be and is loaded with full metal cased bullets.

Editor.

Making up a special .25 calibre rifle.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I have a .25-20 Winchester repeating rifle with a nickel steel barrel 24 inches in length. I have been reloading my shells using the regular 86 grain soft point bullet and 8 grains weight of Schuetzen powder. It is a very satisfactory cartridge for small game and is very accurate up to 75 yards, which is the farthest I have shot it as yet, however. It is not a suitable cartridge for deer by any means as I found out last fall.

Last week I was reading an old issue of *Rod and Gun* and saw an article written by Lieut. Whelen, where he said he had a rifle with a nickel steel barrel 27 inches long. The rifle was originally-chambered for the .25-20 cartridge but Lieut. Whelen had it re-chambered for the .25-35 commercial shell, and with the 86 grain soft point jacketed bullet and 22 grains of DuPont number 20 powder he said the velocity was about 2200 f.s. and would average 1.77 inch groups at 100 yards.

Well, that is some gun and I think the same load in my rifle would give as accurate results. But, what I think and what you know are two different things and that is why I am writing you.

If I sent my rifle to Mr. Niedner and had it rechambered for the .25-35 shell do you think I would get as good results as Lieut. Whelen got. My rifle weighs 7 pounds and the twist is one turn in 14 inches, so that I don't think that there would be any danger of stripping up to 2200 or 2300 F.S. For small

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game I would use the 87 grain full metal patch .250-3000 bullet, so if this is possible I think that I will have some gun, because, the 87 grain full metal patch bullet at 2300 F.S. would be a more deadly cartridge than the .25-35, would it not?

Lenoxville, Que.

Dr. H. V. Hight.

Reply-Unfortunately the receiver of the model 1892 rifle is not long enough for the

25.-35 shell. Therefore you could not remodel this rifle to handle that shell. Lieut. (now LT. COL.) Whelen's rifle was a single shot Winchester with a number three barrel, quite different from the weapon that you possess.

You could very likely have Mr. Niedner make you a similar rifle or fit a barrel with correct twist to a model 1891, .25-35 Winchester action.

Editor.

Matters Pertaining to Conservation

Should the Use of Firearms Be Regulated for the Protection of Game?

T. J. C.

I would suggest that no persons be allowed to carry a fire-arm of any description other than a revolver of a calibre heavy enough to be of protective use (for which the law provides that a permit to carry such must be obtained) in the woods during the close season. Licensed trappers and legal residents of those rural districts who do not kill game only when needed, and to whom a rifle or shot gun is a necessity, for the protection of property against marauding animals, hawks and owls that prey on domestic fowl the year round in backwoods settlements, could be excepted. The trapper and settler make it their business to destroy at every opportunity these pests.

Also that during the big game season no person be allowed to carry a rifle of a smaller calibre than a 30.30. My reasons for this being that a lighter weight bullet does not do sufficient execution to prevent the animal getting away after being hit, which they do in almost every instance and cannot be found, and eventually die from the wounds. To make more clear I will give one of many instances that have come to my notice at different times while hunting.

In following an old tote road one day I met a Finlander carrying a 25-20. We stopped for a chat and he told me that he had come upon a large moose back about a mile or so. It was standing broadside on, so he took a shot at it, hitting it somewhere in the left front leg or shoulder, for it trotted off limping. He claimed to have followed it for some

distance in an attempt to get another shot at it, but lost track of it altogether in a swamp. Two days later I was hunting in that vicinity and in passing through a small thick swamp I almost fell over the carcass of a large bull-moose with a fine set of horns. I was curious to know what caused its death, so I looked him over and found the left fore-leg at the shoulder swollen to three times its normal size. Taking my belt axe I cut it open and found part of the bone to be splintered at the back with a small metal-cased lead bullet wedged in the splintered part.

Now this seemingly was the moose the Finlander had told me about shooting just two days before. I judged it to weigh about eight hundred pounds and it had a fine set of eleven point antlers with a forty-seven inch spread. It was an all round fine moose and it seemed a shame to see it go to waste. I maintain that if this man had had a rifle of a 30.30 calibre or heavier, it would have shattered the bone and otherwise penetrated to a vital spot and prevented the animal from going any distance before dropping. As it was the small bullet just penetrated to the bone, splintering it and causing infection which caused its death.

In one small swamp grown thick with small evergreens and muskeg moss, as we call it, we found the remains of five deer and two moose. Bullet wounds, as shattered portions of bone showed, had caused the death of three of the deer and one of the moose. The others were possibly victims of the wolves.



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I do not mean to say that the small calibre rifle is the cause of all this waste, but that it is the cause of a large part of it that could be avoided by the use of a larger calibre gun. Some is caused by parties hunting small game with shot guns who happen on a deer or moose and cannot resist the temptation to shoot. The result is that the animal receives a charge of bird shot that has about the same effect at the time that a charge of salt would have, and if it does not hit a fatal spot and cause death the animal will in all probability die from infection. Anyone that cares no more for the preservation of big game than to do a trick like this has no business to have a gun. Anyone who carries a shot gun in hunting big game should not be allowed to use anything but buck shot or slugs.

There is, as we all know, a large percentage of big game, wounded by large calibre rifles get away on the best of hunters. If they are flesh wounds and bleed well the animal recovers, if not they die. A certain game warden in his annual report to the Government once recommended that the use of rifles for hunting small game be made unlawful. This measure, as a protection to game is useless and also unfair to those who use a rifle. It stands to reason that a partridge or rabbit has a far better chance to get away from a man with a rifle than a man using a shot

gun, and if you hit small game of any kind you have it, where if you were using a shot gun you would find that a partridge or rabbit can sometimes carry away a lot of shot. I have seen more get away wounded from the shot gun than I ever have from the rifle, and I have nearly always used a rifle for everything but ducks. Then again shooting a partridge with a rifle affords one more pleasure, for it requires skill to take the head off a bird with a bullet.

There are a large number of foreigners in this part of the country, (Soo district) carrying guns at all seasons of the year, who care nothing for the protection of game and whose only ambition seems to be to slaughter everything in sight. These men mostly work in lumber camps. It is hard for a game warden to catch them with a gun for the news of his presence in that vicinity travels mysteriously and fast, so that when he arrives at a camp there is not a fire-arm of any description to be found about the place. It is almost impossible to deal with this class of game hog as he should be dealt with.

Note—A solution of the game slaughter question, that will be satisfactory to all hunters, is hard to arrive at but the above writer has suggested a few commendable reforms. Contributions on the momentous question are welcomed by *Rod and Gun*.—Editor.

The War and Game

JOHN B. BURNHAM

President, American Game Protective Association

An Address Delivered at the National Conference on the Conservation of Wild Life, held in Ottawa, on February 18th and 19th

THE total death casualties of the war have been estimated by U. S. Secretary of War Baker as 9,000,000 men. The total population of the world is, I believe, something over a billion and a quarter souls, so that the world lost something like seven per cent. of its population. But reproduction was going on all the time, and the world has more people to-day than when the war began.

Audubon once estimated that a single flock of passenger pigeons which he saw contained more birds than the total population of the world, yet only a few decades later there were no passenger pigeons. The race had been annihilated.

The comparison is interesting, for it illustrates the fact that the human being is the most hardy game animal of all. The greatest war of history not only failed to annihilate, but also failed to stop man's increase. Also it must be observed that while humanity is increasing, game is decreasing. The ratio between man and the game he hunts is constantly assuming a more unfavourable percentage as regards the game. And the war itself, paradoxical though it may be, has, in many places and over large areas, accentuated the disparity.

Almost everywhere except in North America the food shortage has caused appalling

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inroads on the game supply. In England, the Honorary Secretary of the English Game Guild tells me it will take at least twenty years to get game back to anything like normal abundance. The great increase in vermin, with the game keepers off at the war, is partly responsible for this. In Russia, many of the finest preserves have been ruined,



JOHN B. BURNHAM

President, American Game Protective and Propagation Association

and game nowhere exists in its former supply. In France, the poison gases have completed the work of destruction. The Mexican bandits in their mountain retreats have converted magnificent game sections into unproductive wastes.

Carl Akeley says that the war has taken a toll of from half to two-thirds of African game in the sections where there has been fighting. Much of this game, he says, was wantonly slaughtered by the Boers for rifle practice. Aside from the northern portion of North America, the picture is one of nearly universal gloom, but here, I am glad to say, conditions are much brighter.

Both Canada and the United States have wonderful food supplies, and what is more important still, an exalted brand of wisdom

with regard to their natural resources. In both nations, the full meaning of the value of the conservation of wild life is at least recognized. This was never more cleverly demonstrated than by the passage of the treaty for the protection of migratory birds which to-day unites our two countries in brotherly bond, and which was ratified by your country during the darkest hours of the war.

Neither country for a moment lost its good sense. In the face of the clamour for cheap food in the form of marketed game, efficient protective laws were in no way relaxed. Both countries knew that if the demand were granted it would mean the annihilation of the game without any appreciable benefit, for the price of food would not have been lowered by any fraction of the medium of exchange. To-day both countries have more game than when the war began—game which is of far greater value from the standpoint of making by the taking, men and soldiers, self-reliant and healthy individuals, than it can ever be for food alone.

I have seen it stated of that force of troops which Canada sent at the start of the war that seventy-five per cent. were sportsmen. After the proof these men made of splendid valour and efficiency, no further argument is needed in support of game protection. If such men are bred and vitalized by any sport, then it is sacrilege to endanger that sport. Thank God the officials who have been responsible for the preservation of the game have been true to their trust.

Just one word of caution here, which must be taken at its relative value to the whole subject. The tendency to-day is toward too much restrictive law. We must not let the tail wag the dog. Conservation of game is right, but the conservation of sport is righteous.

Next to the advance of civilization, the chief factor that has reduced our game is the market hunter. Almost everywhere we have put an end to the commercialism of game, with the result that game is on the increase. The low water mark in many places has been passed. We have the laws and the machinery for putting them into effect. From my viewpoint, we now need better enforcement of existing laws rather than additional restrictions, which are only exasperation to good sportsmen. Where the law is not thoroughly enforced, you and I know that such restrictions penalize the best class only and that the others do as they please. Laws, as a general



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rule, should not be enacted too far in advance of public sentiment.

Close seasons are worse than useless unless they are enforced, and the vermin kept down. I say they are worse than useless, because they do not increase the game, while they do increase lawlessness and disregard for other laws. In the United States, antelope and mountain sheep have been exterminated under long closed seasons. In this instance, it is true there should have been closed seasons, but they should have been enforced. It would be much better to lose the game without law than to lose both the game and respect for law at the same time.

At the recent dinner of the Canadian Camp in New York, a Canadian member of Parliament told how generally game laws were violated in his province. North of this city, in time pasts, I have seen beaver skins openly trafficked in, while the beaver were nominally protected by a close season. There were plenty of beaver and the people could not see the necessity for protecting them. At Fort Yukon, they fed dogs on white flour last winter with moose in sight every day, but on the headwaters of the White River, men were taking dogs to board and feeding them mountain sheep. All you gentlemen, whether from Canada or the United States, could multiply such instances.

Don't spring your law, no matter how good, until you are prepared to put teeth in it. Better err on the side of too great liberality than err in the other way. Educate the public to see the necessity for protective legislation. The great mass of testimony proves that paper laws play into the hands of the Huns of sport. Let us, by all means, have fewer restrictions and better law enforcement.

In the United States, we feel that the situation as regards the future of the wild fowl

supply for the present and future is now amply safeguarded by the Migratory Bird Treaty Act. Though of not nearly so great importance as our treaty with Canada, we hope within a reasonable time to secure similar relations with Mexico. The wild fowl supply has certainly increased tremendously in the last few years, and I say this, despite the fact that on our side of the line the shooting season just past was, in many parts of our country, the poorest we have had in forty years. This was due, of course, to the unusual mildness of the weather.

In general, the States are looking much more closely than ever before to maintaining their supplies of localized game. A business-like feature towards this end which is receiving much attention with us is the game census. In many states, the new hunting licenses require, in addition to the usual facts, a report of all game and fur-bearing animals and vermin taken during the previous year. The killing of vermin is encouraged. This is being supplemented by estimates of the game animals and game birds at large in the covers. It is a business proposition, this inventorying of resources, and it furnishes a business basis for new regulations. I look to see the system greatly perfected in the United States and Canada during the next few years.

Then, too, we are doing a tremendous work in the United States in propagating game, chiefly deer and pheasants, to stock depleted sections. The States in the aggregate are spending a good many hundreds of thousands of dollars in this way for the benefit of the sportsmen. Looking to the day when wild fur-bearing animals will be less numerous than at present, the United States Government, under the direction of Dr. Nelson's department, has established an experimental fur farm in Northern New York.

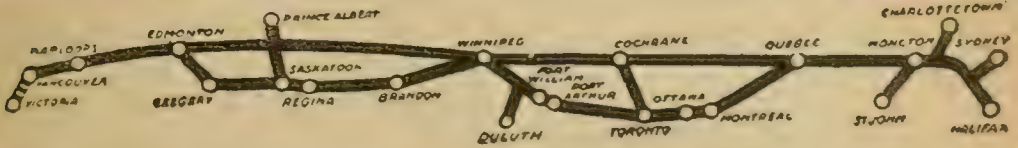
Alpine Club of Canada

The Director's Annual Address

MY annual address for our thirteenth Anniversary is a very pleasant duty as compared with that of last year. Then, all was at its blackest and the whole world waited with breathless tension for the mighty clash of numberless armed forces that was to decide the final result of years of terrible fighting such as had never been before. Even while I wrote that awful last struggle had begun. Deep down in all our

minds was the thought: "Can it be possible that the unheard of atrocities of the enemy hordes in Belgium and France and in other lands will go unpunished?" "If that be so what have we to hold to that is worth living for."

Long before the 11th of November, 1918, the final result was settled beyond dispute, but, on that never to be forgotten morning the electric spark circled the globe and carried



The Trout are Biting at
Rainy Lakes, Nipigon. Ogoki river, Nagogami
river, Kenogami river, Minaki Lake and the
"Shekak"

And the National Parks Allure
Laurentides National Park
Quebec

Algonquin, Nipigon and Quetico Parks
Ontario

Jasper Park, Alberta
Mount Robson Park, British Columbia

In waters as yet but little unrippled by line of white man
the real fisherman will find his paradise and a vacation filled
with the thrill of big catches lurking in every stream.

Go fishing this year, and to the right point—there is no
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Write for Canadian National Railways series of "Out of Door"
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H. H. MELANSON
Passenger Traffic Manager
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A detailed black and white illustration of a man fishing in a stream. The man is shown from the waist up, wearing a light-colored, short-sleeved button-down shirt and dark trousers with a belt. He is holding a fishing rod in his right hand, which is raised high, and a large trout in his left hand. The trout is being held up, showing its size. The background shows a forested area with trees and a stream. The overall style is that of a vintage travel advertisement.

the glorious news to every spot upon the earth's surface reached by the wires.

An Armistice had been signed at 8 o'clock that morning. Though a military preliminary, all knew that it meant the end of the war, and that all our dear ones who were still fighting were saved to us.

It is said that on the battle fields when the news was received, it was received with utter unrealisation. But one phase of the only half believed news was grasped. "We do not have to fight"—and there and then men sank in their tracks and slept—slept as never before—in an awful and unreal silence, such as had not been for four and a quarter years.

In the cities and the towns, where hopes and fears, exaltation and despair, ceaseless toil and energy, politics, and propaganda had been unending, day and night, men and women went wild with joy. It seemed a dream—too good to be true—and the pent up tension of the awful war period found vent in an hysterical display that for the moment carried the people off their mental balance.

The paramount thought was: "Our glorious heroes, our own dear boys will come back to us;" and glorified faces in the vast crowds told of those who still had dear ones to return—and then a further thought, and deep and sincere sympathetic sorrow went out to those whose fathers, husbands, sons, daughters, brothers and sisters were heroes for the cause—the men and women who had died that the Right might prevail; that the destiny of the world might be fulfilled. We mourn the loss of our dear comrades of the Alpine Club. They died for our sakes and for the sakes of posterity—but it could not be otherwise where men are real men and women real women.

The soldiers of the Allies have fought the Good Fight with incomparable honour and glory. Their records are forever graven on the tablets of their countries' history. Not least among such records are those of the Canadians and of the Americans—Lens, Vimy Ridge, Festubert, Cambrai, Ypres, Mons, Chateau-Thierry, St. Mihiel, the Argonne bear witness.

Not least among these are the records of the individual members of the Alpine Club of Canada; Canadians, British, Americans. In all one hundred and thirteen known members, men and women, have been on active service since the war began. The highest known rank, previous to the war, of any member volunteering was that of Major. There are now 12 Majors, 9 Lt. Colonels and 2 Brigadier Generals. Below the rank of Major are: 26 Captains and one Hon. Captain (Mrs. J. W. Henshaw,) 1 Lieut. Commander (U.S.A.), 24 Lieutenants and one Hon. Lieut., French Army, (Mrs. Stanley Jones), and 5 Sergeants. Thus, out of 113 volunteers from the Alpine Club, who have been on active service, 79 hold commanding rank. *That* speaks for efficiency.

Of distinctions, the following have been won by the said members during the war:—

British—C.B. 1, C.M.G. 2, D.S.O. 8, (and 3 Bars) M.C. 9 (and 1 Bar), D.C.M. 1.
Foreign—Cross, Legion of Honour 2, French

Croix de Guerre 4, Belgian Croix de Guerre 3, Crown of Italy 1, Rose of Italy 1, Order of Leopold, Belgium 1.

Eleven have been killed; two have been prisoners of war and a dozen or more wounded, some several times—*That*, speaks for valour.

It is a glorious record and one that might have been expected of mountain men and women in a period of such magnificent heroism.

An incident has come to us recently where the experience of mountaineering has been useful during the war:—A letter received by our Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Mitchell, from Capt. A. W. Wakefield—who holds the north of England record for a 24 hour run over a mountainous course (where he made something like 80 miles)—says "Today I have for the third time during the war been grateful for my climbing experience. There was a Boche flag on the top of a tall Marconi pole at the summit of the Citadel here in Namur, which had flown there ever since we evacuated, but I succeeded in getting it down today."

Another instance where mountaineering has been useful to one of our members on service is to be found in the article appearing in the last issue of the Canadian Alpine Journal (1918) from the pen of Col. C. H. Mitchell, General Staff Officer of the 2nd. British Army.

A full record of our members on active service will be found in the next issue of the Journal for 1918, in so far as we have been able to obtain information.

Since our last Anniversary two more members have acquired the greatest honour of all: Lieut. J. Tyler (U.S.A. Air Service) and Lieut. T. J. Taylor of Victoria, B.C. Both were well-known to us—the former at our Ptarmigan Lake Camp, 1915, and the latter through the deep interest he took in mountain matters and his knowledge of the country north of Mt. Robson. We mourn their loss and our sincere sympathy goes out to their sorrowing relations. For the fallen little need be said. Their names are forever writ upon the tablets of Time. They occupy places in the "Temple of Fame" and "High o'er their seats the form of Time is found,

"His scythe reversed and both his pinions bound."

Of high Distinctions a number have been added since last reported in the Journal:

Col. R. P. Clark, Victoria, promoted to Brigadier General.

Col. J. A. Clark, Vancouver, promoted to Brigadier General.

Col. C. H. Mitchell, Toronto, appointed Commander of the Bath, and presented with the Rose of Italy.

Col. W. W. Foster, Victoria, presented with a 2nd Bar to the D.S.O. and with the French Croix de Guerre.

Major F. A. Robertson, Victoria, presented with the D.S.O.

Major, the Rev. A. M. Gordon, Ottawa, presented with the D.S.O. (Promoted Lt.-Col.)

Major W. M. Pearce, Calgary, presented with the M.C.



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Capt. A. Morkill, Vancouver, presented with the M.C.

Lieut. T. J. Tyler (U.S. Air Service) presented with the French Croix de Guerre.

There are doubtless others that we have not heard of yet.

Already a number of our wounded heroes have been returned to their homes and I feel sure will be found participating in our Anniversary functions, for the strenuous and harrowing years of war do not seem to have loosened the lasting grip of the Great Hills. Though battered, weary and worn—many incapacitated from active mountain climbing—they return immediately to the old love and, even though their bodies may be unable, their spirits are with us and will be as long as they live.

Even before our next Camp, "The Victory Camp" comes off, it is likely that the majority of our Overseas members will have been returned to their homes and that many of them will be with us on that occasion. God grant they may. The Alpine Club of Canada must never forget that it is due to the loyal and loving adherence of our members on military service that the Club has been able to come so successfully through this desperate period. It is to such adherence, given—even in the midst of the absolute and strenuous demands of a life and death struggle and all its horrors, that we are today indebted for the solid base upon which we stand. I think it is wonderful—wonderful beyond measure—that such a thing could be; and it goes to show that the grip and comradeship of the mountains binds closer than even the demands of war a l'outrance.

To these heroes all honour is due. They have created for us a tradition beyond belief, and we plan in 1920 to hold a great "Welcome Home Camp" at Mt. Assiniboine and to have there all of our soldier members—men and women—who will be our cherished guests,—and to there and then express to them the very high esteem in which we hold them, and the superlative admiration we have for their mighty deeds of valour. It was not to be conceived that such men and women existed, and it remained for the greatest war of all time to produce these supermen and superwomen.

We have heard from our two members who were prisoners of war: Capt., the Rev. Gillies Wilkin and Sergeant W. A. Aldritt. Thank God, they are again with their kindred in the Empire to which they belong. Their trials and sorrows have been great, but their greater hearts have carried them through and have won for them the respect, admiration and gratitude of all true men and women for all time.

The close of the war has brought to us a sense of deep seated relief. Once more we are able to let our thoughts—without treason—dwell upon the mountains; upon the billows of fleecy clouds that adorn Canada's highest peaks; to see in our mind's eye the shimmer of the icefall; to gaze with wonder at a crashing avalanche, or a thundering rockfall; to trace the silver network of the streams, winding in sinuous curves far below; to spot the gem-like lakes of glorious greens and blues,

scintillating with myriads of diamonds that sparkle from their sun-kissed wavelets, or else see mighty snow-clad peaks reflected in their mirror-like surface; to smell the aroma of the pine and spruce while wandering in the midst of mossy, fern-grown forests; and, best of all to sense the pungent wood fire smoke, lazily curling upwards towards the starlit dome of Heaven, as we lounge around the Great Camp fire and join in the jolly lilt of a chorus or song, while the soothing pipe of peace in such surroundings belies the din and horror of the dreadful past—gone, let us hope forever.

This and all this has been the guiding star of our comrades of the great war, and has held them as by a steadfast anchor, throughout the period of din and strife, to a realization of their dreams.

I regret to have to record the death of Miss Margaret Springate, a victim of the recent epidemic. Miss Springate joined the Club in 1909. She was one of our most actively active members and a good and fearless mountaineer. She participated in a number of our camps and was well-known to us as Secretary of the Winnipeg Section; also a frequent visitor at the Banff Club House. We shall miss her co-operation much.

And now to touch upon matters of more casual importance in the routine of the Club's progress. We have come through the war in good shape, thanks to the loyal support of our members. For the first time in years we went behind in our balance of revenue and expenditure, but only to an extent of about \$250, an item we shall easily pick up this year.

Apart from this the Club has no liabilities other than its outstanding Club House debentures, due 1st. of May, next. It is not possible to meet them in full, owing to the falling off of revenue during the past four years, so a plan has been proposed to pay ten percent. of the principal over a period of ten years at the usual rate of interest, with the privilege of paying in full at any due date of interest.

The plan was submitted to all debenture holders and a considerable number have acquiesced in it. Many debentures have been donated to the Club and the outstanding indebtedness amounts to about \$3400, for which we have assets of more than three times the value. No difficulty is anticipated on this account.

The 1918 Annual Camp was held at Paradise Valley, on the site of our old camp site of 1907, with an outlying camp at Consolation Lake, on the site of our 1910 Camp. The main Camp was in charge of the Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Mitchell, and of Mr. C. H. Richardson of Calgary, who for many years now has so efficiently looked after construction for us. The outlying Camp was in charge of Mr. T. B. Moffat of Calgary and was managed in his usual very popular manner.

Although making all plans and preliminary arrangements for the Camps, I was only able to be present for the Annual Meeting of the Club. It took me nine days of travel, and very difficult travel at that, to get from and back to my work on the Interprovincial



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The climax of this 1000-mile journey is reached when the boat steams slowly up the magnificent canyon of the River Saguenay—where the traveller's amazement is tinged with awe as he beholds Capes towering higher than the Rock of Gibraltar.

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Boundary Survey, which lay a long way north of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The Camp was much enjoyed by those present. The attendance was small, only 54 in number altogether. The small attendance was largely due to the fact that no reduced fares were given by the railways and that all except strictly business travel was discountenanced by the Government to give precedence to war requirements.

The Manager in Chief of the Canadian Pacific Railway Hotels, Mr. F. L. Hutchinson, again loaned to us two of their Swiss guides, Edouard Feuz and Christian Hasler, who are old friends of ours and gave us their faithful service. Some good climbing was done in a quiet way.

At the Annual Meeting a resolution of greeting was drawn up and, later, sent to our members overseas; also one of sympathy and encouragement to our prisoners of war. They appeared to give much gratification. The usual resolutions of appreciation and thanks were also passed.

At the close of the Annual Meeting I visited the Yoho Glacier and made the usual measurements for advance or retreat and for flow of the ice tongue. These have been carried on continuously since 1906.

The Club House was open from 17th June to middle of September and was, as usual, in charge of the Secretary-Treasurer with Miss E. Savatard in charge of the domestic arrangements. The attendance was very small, and but for the fact that it is necessary that the house should be open during the summer months, to keep it in repair, it would have paid better not to have opened it.

Apart from the Annual Camp, little climbing was done by members during the year. Mr. Val A. Fynn of St. Louis made numerous expeditions and climbs in the vicinity of Lake Louise and Lake O'Hara. The chief features of these were new routes up Mt. Temple and of the Victoria and the Lefroy-Hungabee Ridges. Mrs. Fynn made the first ascent for a lady of Pinnacle Mt. and accompanied Mr. Fynn on several of his other climbs, particularly one of the Victoria Ridge.

Last summer Mr. Fynn renovated and equipped to some extent the cabin in the meadow near Lake O'Hara, which he refers to as Wiwaxy Cabin. This was a generous and public-spirited action and one that is worthy of our gratitude. The matter of cabins at suitable places in the mountains, to facilitate climbing and other expeditions, has long been in our minds, but we have not yet succeeded in attaining a financial condition where we can give active expression to our wishes. In keeping open and running our club House and Camp at Banff we have, for the moment, reached our possible achievement in this respect.

My dearest wish for many years has been to build and place at the disposal of our members for climbing activities a suitable little Chalet on our location by the shores of Lake O'Hara. The difficulty in connection with it is not so greatly the building of it, but the keeping of it open for use and the financing of sufficient help to operate it. I sincerely hope that soon, prosperity may overtake us,

and that we may be in a position to build there. Its utility will, of course, depend upon the demand for the accommodation it would furnish.

The Journal was published as usual and was in its usual good style. It elicited some very favourable comment and particularly so the illustrations, which were exceptionally good, especially those by Dr. Bulyea of Edmonton. Publication is now a very expensive luxury and it is largely to this cause and that of the help and food problems that we were behind at the end of the year.

So much for the past—what of the future?

Three years ago the citizens of Banff, in good sporting spirit, organized an Association of Winter Sports and held a Winter Carnival at a considerable loss financially. Notwithstanding the loss, a second Carnival was brought off the year following with much success. The first year's arrear was picked up in addition to current expense.

Last February a third Carnival was brought off and was again a success. The glorious weather, the bright blue skies, the snow-clad surroundings and the exhilarating ozone of winter in the Great Hills filled all who participated in it, with delight and proclaimed great possibilities for the future. Your Director, realizing that these sports are closely allied to the activities of our Club, and that the future may render possible their application to our Club House at Banff, as an adjunct of the Carnival, attended the last two occasions and rendered all possible assistance towards their success.

So appreciative of our collaboration were the members of the Association that for this year the Director was elected an Hon. Vice-President, and, at the Sports themselves, Official Judge of all events.

It is I think a wise policy for the Club to render all possible assistance and co-operation. Last year we contributed to the general expense fund of the Association for Carnival purposes, and this year we gave a handsome silver cup to be competed for by Ladies' Hockey teams. It was won by the Regents of Calgary after a very strenuous contest with the Monarchs of Edmonton.

In my last year's address, I referred to an invitation we had received from the Club Alpin Francais to participate in a Congress of Alpinism to be held at Monaco after the war. Matters in this connection have progressed and it has been decided to hold it in the Spring of 1920. Baron Gabet of Paris is President of the Congress. On the Presidential Committee, the Alpine Club of Canada has been given very full recognition by the inclusion of our President, Mr. J. D. Patterson, our two Vice-Presidents, Colonels Mitchell and Foster and myself as Director of the Club. I have the matter now in hand and am endeavouring to arrange a full representation and exhibit. For the latter I hope to induce the Government to send over Mr. Byron Harmon of Banff with his magnificent moving picture films of climbing and travelling in the Canadian Rockies.

Our Annual Camp this year will be held at the summit of Yoho Pass, on the site of our first camp in 1906. It will last from the 22nd



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of July to the 5th of August inclusive. It will be styled "The Victory Camp" and we then hope to have present a number of our returned soldiers—men and women. An outlying camp will be placed at the mouth of the Upper Yoho Valley.

At this camp several matters of importance will be taken up, noticeably:—the arrangements for the big "Welcome Home Camp" at Mt. Assiniboine in 1920, when we hope to have the majority of our returned men

and women members there as our guests.

We have also to consider an appropriate memorial to be erected at the Club House to our soldier members.

The Club House will be open about the first of July and it is hoped the attendance there will be greater than during the past two years. The officials in charge will be the same as last year.

ARTHUR O. WHEELER,
Director.



Criticism From a Bisley Marksman

Editor, Rod and Gun:—

In your November and December issues, considerable space has been devoted to organizations and praise of The Irish Rifle Club of Toronto; much of this has been contributed by one J. W. Smith, who we presume by his remarks must be a member of the Club, and an amateur at shooting, not one of the old marksman class, such as the D.R.A. or Bisley type, while one must not overlook the fact that this Club is a civilian organization.

In referring to the by-laws, I quite agree as to the purposes for which this Club was organized in, I believe, about 1912 or shortly before the war broke out. Now did this Club carry out all the purposes for which it was originally intended, that is promoting range rifle shooting, because at the very beginning I would like to ask the writer, J. W. Smith, (who should be familiar with the by-laws) if as he says "nearly all members" are accepted, but there are many who could not become identified with this Club, why? As to further discussing this point I would only refer you to the emblem of the Club.

The original members of the Club were all crack shots who were very nearly all members or ex-members of some militia regiment of No. 2 military district, and with their respective units had received their early training in musketry, some advancing so far as to be eligible for Bisley teams. Now about the time 1914 when the war broke out, every

marksman knows how all Ontario and Dominion matches were called off, owing to the war nothing in this line being conducted since, the country had its military affairs to deal with then, and musketry of practical nature was at once taken up at the various big camps. However, The Irish Rifle Club, Toronto, continued shooting during the war at Long Branch Ranges situated a few miles west of Toronto, but what was the practice, merely shooting at the 200-500-600 yard range season after season, without the slightest variation. Now who could not become very nearly perfect, if he had any knowledge of a rifle. And I understand most of the members have used special match Ross rifles, some possibly who were not so fortunate had to use the regular issue of the militia, but as to the actual number of members who were taught anything in marksmanship, I would venture to say it would not be such a great number in proportion to membership.

While Mr. Smith leads one to think that the contests were according to O. R. A. rules, it seems that possibly he may never have familiarized himself with the rules, and apparently never was in competition in O.R. A. matches.

During the war every person interested in musketry knew the difficulties that confronted them, and for this reason many old, time shots became identified with the I.R.C. this more particularly during the last couple



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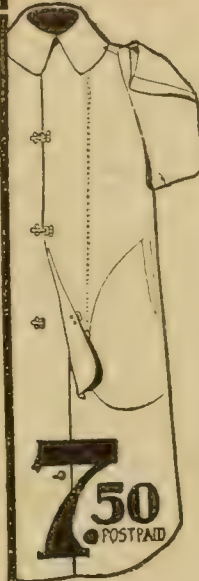
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of years. But of course the I.R.C. claim all the honor for such good scores during their season's practice, but when we look at the names, many of which are so familiar in connection with various old regiments of Toronto and big shoots held throughout the Dominion before the war, and as Mr. Smith says have been to Bisley, which I quite agree, it would seem more sport than instructional musketry, as many of these men won their laurels under the distinction of their own regimental units, and if Ontario and Dominion Associations should be revived again, you would find these old time marksmen lined up in their former place and I would venture to say the actual members left in the I.R.C. of Toronto, capable of making scores such as published in the December issue of *Rod and Gun* would be few. Quite an ordinary team, without scarcely any practice composed of members of the Toronto Board of Trade defeated the famous Irish team at Long

Branch ranges in 1915 and were defeated during the season of 1917-18 in the indoor matches by North Toronto team. Also in the January issue of *Rod and Gun* much praise again is given one J. Sharpe, who exhibits four targets, while we are told these were made at 75 yards, I do not for a moment believe any such targets were made at that distance; if these targets are as they appear indoor regulation, one could scarcely see the bull's eye at all. Then, of course, one is not furnished any details of target or calibre of ammunition used, as any shooter realizes how much easier it is to make bull's eyes with large bullets such as .303 gallery than .22 gallery. Therefore, the writer cannot agree that this is such a brilliant exhibition of indoor marksmanship as I personally have seen just as good performance many times before.

Bisley Marksman.

Needless Slaughter of Big Game

ALEX BLEAKNEY

The morning of the fourteenth of November, 1916, dawned with a heavy mist, while underfoot there was a few inches of snow. But the weather conditions only acted as an additional incentive to our party of six hunters, Lewis Irons, Edgar Wilson, Leslie Robbins, Charles Alwad, Lloyd Bleakney and myself.

We entrained at Salisbury, N.B. for Berry Mills where we were to make connection with the Lakes train. It was our annual hunting party and needless to say we were as happy as lords.

The first day in the bush found nothing of interest except greatly improved appetites but Robbins mentioned passing a buck that had no horns. "It never moved" said he and we all thought this very strange. He said that it was the tamest moose he had ever seen in his many years experience with big game.

The next morning I set out to investigate strange occurrence that Robbins had mentioned. Sure enough there was a big moose and a bull at that. A glance told me that he had knocked his horns off. A closer examination revealed the fact that he had been wounded and had been lying in the one position for a week. Some heartless brute had shot him and left him to suffer. What common curs

there are that infest our game fields! There are numerous people that shoot for greed and others for slaughter; in order to satisfy a lust for destruction.

The pot hunters had shot all the deer and moose even in our old game haunts which had been formerly ideal hunting grounds. A few more men of the stamp of Kerr of Essex County is the crying need of our country.

The following letter will be read with great interest by the writer's hosts of friends. Mr. H. Mortimer Batten is one of *Rod and Gun's* frequent contributors.

The Gables, New Galloway,
Scotland, 14th, March 1919.

Editor, Rod and Gun.

Dear Sir:—

I have to thank you for the four books safely to hand. I am reading these with very great interest, and find they contain just the information I was wanting. The hints on making various things in "Camp and Trail Methods" are excellent, while "The Science of Trapping" and "Steel Traps" describe many excellent sets.

The knowledge contained in these books should be sufficient to give any boy a start—a foundation on which to build up his own ideas. One cannot read how to trap any



Best British Briar Pipes



You, as a keen lover of all outdoors, cannot conceive of a more dismaying circumstance than an outing trip minus a First Quality Briar Pipe, a reliable blend of tobacco and your matches, "Now can you?"

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PATENT PENDING

more than one can read how to shoot or play billiards, but by reading one can cut short many of the initial failures by starting out on more or less the right lines. Later one develops one's own ideas, for originality and a bit of inventive genius are as essential to successful trapping as are good traps and tobacco. Many an old hand too will find good books on the subject a source of new ideas.

Thanking you again,

Yours faithfully,

H. Mortimer Batten."

Mr. Julius Lindberg of Jordan, Montana certainly thinks *Rod and Gun* is a good magazine. Under date of March 29th he writes:

"I am one of the lucky ones to come home from the war and it certainly was great to find *Rod and Gun* right on the table looking at me when I got back. It gladdened my heart like no other book or news could, outside of the glad news of the armistice. After lining up the French .75 on the Hun and being away from friends and relatives *Rod and Gun* seemed to be the true welcome home after all."

Mr. Linderman was overseas with Battery "A" of the 37th Field Artillery.

An interesting series of war commemorative stamps has been issued by Newfoundland. The device chosen for the issue is the design of the Colony, being the head of the caribou. Under the head in eight of the values is the inscription, "Trail of the Caribou" in a ribbon scroll intertwining oak leaves, beneath which is engraved one of the battles recording the valor of Newfoundland regiments. For example the one cent stamp bears the inscription, "Suvla Bay." This was received on an envelope containing a renewal to *Rod and Gun* from Mr. W. A. Sclater of St. John's Newfoundland.

The Keystone Camping Club who hold an annual camp at Washagaming, Northern Ontario have issued their 1919 camp folder. This very interesting little brochure contains a paragraph that does credit to the organization. All true sportsmen will agree with the following reprint:

"As in former years the club has always stood for good sportsmanship and insists on the strict observance of the Fish and Game Laws,

and while you are quite likely to meet with deer, moose, bear, otter and beaver, there is no necessity, and it is urgently requested, that you do not bring high power guns along. There is always danger and there is no game in season. The club is justly proud of its record of never a fatality in its entire existence"

APPEAL TO SPORTSMEN.

I am alarmed to see the great number of male bluebills on the northward bound spring migration—as I write fully 20,000 wild ducks surround my island—of these fully 15,000 are males. If we all try to kill drakes next fall we will help a-bit. This family of the wild duck is holding its own in numbers but the foolish females are lessening yearly.
Bonnycastle Dale.

The angler who takes a pride in keeping his tackle in good condition at all times would do well to look at the Tak-It-All Case illustrated on page 111. The beautiful exterior finish of mahogany, walnut and oak together with the all-wool interior construction, combine in making a tackle case that is second to none. One splendid feature of these cases is the separate plush-lined compartments for reels.

On the coast is found the great Indian fishing owl, and among the rocks of Marsaba the monks have half-tamed the orange-winged black-bird, which is really a starling of African type, as much out of his latitude as the hyrax. One of the birds peculiar to Palestine, the pretty little pigmy Mobite sparrow, which lives in reed beds, is one of the rarest birds in the world.

Reptiles abound, and even the Nile crocodile, the leviathan of the Bible, lingered long enough to give Tristram the chance of obtaining a specimen nearly twelve feet long, while in addition to the African cobra, we find the grass snake among the harmless species, and the wicked little horned viper lies in wait, as in olden times, to bite the heels of the horses.

As for the fish, they are as abundant and varied as cerfi, and it is interesting to note that the Sea of Galilee is still packed with them, and that the commonest kinds are of an African family, an interesting illustration of the scientific interest which unites with the religious to make Palestine among the most interesting of all countries.



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No. 2, 13½in. " 9in. " 8in. "	" 11.50
No. 3, 15in. " 10in. " 9in. "	" 14.75

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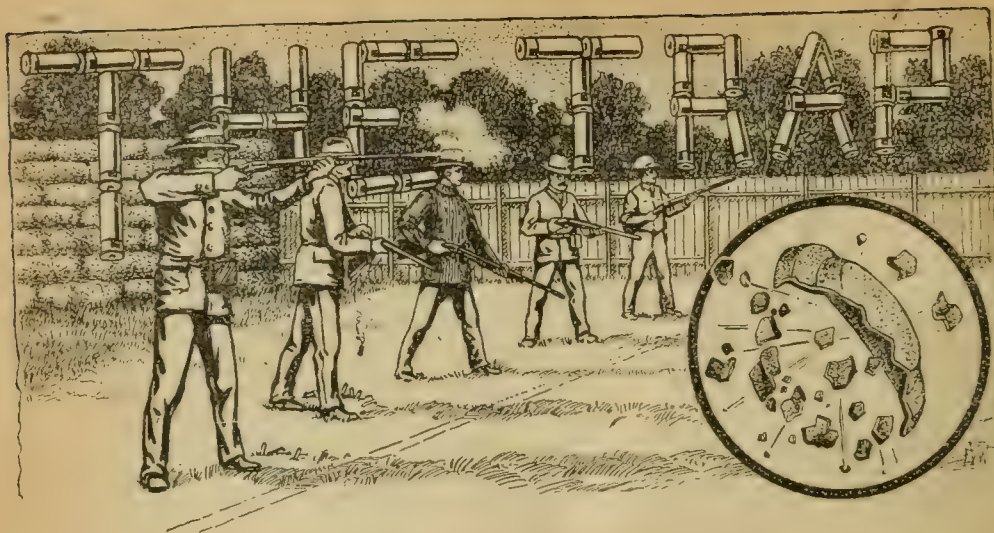
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Canadian Trap Record for 1918

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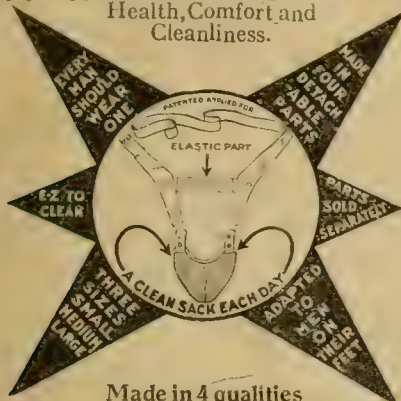
AMATEURS.

	S. A.	Bk.	P. C.			
Abbott, J., N. Battleford, Sask.	320	283	8843	Dolson, Fred A., Chatham, Ont.	400	318 8700
Allan, A., Edmonton, Alta.	175	129	7371	Dory, A. C., Gananoque, Ont.	150	112 7466
Allen, A. L., Gull Lake, Sask.	320	293	9156	Edwards, W. S., Toronto, Ont.	1850	1646 8897
Anstee, Geo., Toronto, Ont.	400	356	8900	Ellis, E. E., Windsor, Ont.	825	750 9090
Baker, Dr. A., Vancouver, B.C.	200	170	8500	Esch, A. H., Edmonton, Alta.	175	147 8100
Baker, F. H., London, Ont.	650	511	7861	Escott, A., N. Vancouver, B.C.	50	33 6600
Banks, E. J., Vancouver, B.C.	100	84	8400	Estell, Earl E., Mirror, Alta.	170	158 9294
Barber, Matthew, Carmonyag.	170	137	8058	Fallis, C. E., Biggar, Sask.	160	135 8437
Barnes, W., Hamilton, Ont.	100	89	8900	Farwell, M. E., Winnipeg, Man.	800	707 7093
Bates, A. D., Hamilton, Ont.	200	189	9450	Fawcett, S., Saskatoon, Sask.	320	227 9000
Beals, M., N. Battleford, Sask.	320	263	8218	Fenton, W. R., Toronto, Ont.	450	105 8621
Beattie, J. L., Banff, Alta.	120	95	7916	Field, Alfred, Vancouver, B.C.	740	638 9250
Benson, H. W., Zelma, Sask.	320	288	9000	Fisher, E. J., Jordan Sta., Ont.	200	175 9200
Benson, J., Zelma, Sask.	320	274	8562	Fletcher, M. E., Hamilton, Ont.	400	368 6600
Berry, H. W., Strathcona, Alta.	175	135	7714	Foley, E. G., Calgary, Alta.	60	36 7720
Black, J. H., Winnipeg, Man.	700	630	9000	Ford, R. O., Toronto, Ont.	250	193 8846
Booth, P. J., Toronto, Ont.	350	285	8142	Fox, F. I., Toronto, Ont.	650	575 1950
Boothroyd, J., Surrey C., B.C.	120	95	7916	Fox, Geo. W., London, Ont.	100	198 5612
Boultebe, W., Vancouver, B.C.	200	162	8100	Fox, John W., London, Ont.	310	174 8360
Bown, E. A., Ladner, B.C.	100	92	9200	Freeman, W., Edmonton, Alta.	315	285 7000
Bowen, P. A., Edmonton, Alta.	345	301	8724	Friend, Perl, Hamilton, Ont.	100	70 8600
Bowers, C., Vancouver, B.C.	150	120	8000	Funnell, G., Gananoque, Ont.	800	688 8596
Braden, N.S., Hamilton, Ont.	200	138	6900	Gardner, Joe, Calgary	285	215 8146
Branda, Benj., Hamilton, Ont.	100	83	8300	Glover, A. W., Toronto, Ont.	650	519 8986
Britton, G. A., Vancouver	100	91	9100	Glover, R. W., London, Ont.	750	674 9191
Brown, E. S., Toronto, Ont.	150	118	7866	Gooderham, N., Toronto, Ont.	2300	2111 8899
Brunk, A. J., Vancouver, B.C.	100	77	7700	Gooderham, W., Toronto, Ont.	500	128 8560
Burden, N. E., Calgary, Alta.	120	110	9165	Gomph, John, Hamilton, Ont.	1550	1336 8619
Burke, W. E., Preston, Ont.	200	179	8950	Goodale, M. E., Hamilton, Ont.	100	81 8100
Cadwell, M., N. Battleford, Sask.	320	256	8000	Gooderham, G., Clarkson, Ont.	120	77 6416
Cameron, E., Vancouver, B.C.	100	77	7700	Gordon, Hugh G., Banff, Alta.	50	33 6600
Cameron, W., Saskatoon, Sask.	40	26	6500	Gould, G., North Vancouver	240	170 7083
Campbell, P., Edmonton, Alta.	235	110	4680	Gould, J. M., Saskatoon, Sask.	300	221 7166
Candee, C. N., Toronto, Ont.	1150	1071	9313	Graham, W. J., Biggar, Sask.	350	306 8742
Carde, F. D., Vancouver, B.C.	250	215	8600	Griffith, S., Gananoque, Ont.	40	32 8000
Carr, W. E., Winnipeg, Man.	100	90	9000	Haight, C., Saskatoon, Sask.	1230	1121 9138
Choate, C. G., Hamilton, Ont.	730	621	8517	Harris, E., Hamilton	100	87 8700
Clark, W. E., Edmonton, Alta.	175	119	8514	Harrison, C., Minnieo B., Ont.	1275	1181 9262
Climie, G. S., Vancouver, B.C.	100	85	8500	Hart, J. W., Dresden, Ont.	200	151 7550
Clinger, A. H., London, Ont.	1900	1732	9115	Hawley, Newell, Galt, Ont.	175	103 5885
Combs, R. H., Toronto, Ont.	1450	1316	9282	Hay, B. C., Edmonton, Alta.	3335	3061 9187
Cooney, H. W., Toronto, Ont.	100	73	7300	Healy, A. F., Windsor, Ont.	100	83 8300
Corby, Edw., Falls View, Ont.	30	19	6333	Hobbs, F. S., Toronto, Ont.	150	136 9066
Cornwell, W., Vancouver, B.C.	100	81	8100	Hogarth, F. J., Toronto, Ont.	800	708 8876
Coulburn, A. J., Toronto, Ont.	345	326	9419	Hollingshead, W., Dutton, Ont.	175	125 7142
Cowdery, G. M., Calgary, Alta.	160	138	8625	Holman, G. A., Edmonton	320	272 8500
Crabtree, Harry, Regina, Sask.	180	709	8440	Holmes, Dr. G., Regina, Sask.	315	304 8721
Cramer, H., Vancouver, B.C.	100	82	8200	Holmes, W., Edmonton, Alta.	650	531 8169
Crape, D. H., Cluny, Alta.	80	61	7625	Honsbeger, M., Jordan Sta., Ont.	75	52 6933
Currie, B. S., Edmonton, Alta.	320	289	9031	Hougan, O. A., Edmonton, Alta.	130	80 6666
Curtis, B. F., Saskatoon, Sask.	100	85	8500	Houlding, Mrs., Sask'Un, Sask.	175	141 8228
Dennis, John, Brantford, Ont.	220	183	8318	Houston, J. C., Edmonton	1100	887 8063
Digby, D., New Westminster	990	881	8929	Hughes, Wm., Toronto, Ont.	900	787 8741
Dill, Ralph, Saskatoon, Sask.	750	625	8333	Hunsberry, H., Jordan Sta., Ont.	500	412 8840
Dillon, Wm., Hamilton, Ont.	320	214	6687	Hunter, J., Hamilton, Ont.	490	416 9120
Dodds, E., Swift Current, Sask.	420	390	9285	Hutchinson, R., Saskatoon, Sask.	315	274 7942
Doherty, W., Brantford, Ont.				Irgens, Christian, Edmonton	2130	2009 9431
				Jennings, J., Todmorden, Ont.	350	276 7885
				Jennings, C. C., Toronto, Ont.	320	281 8781
				Jones, W., Swift Current, Sask.	1200	1065 8875
				Jordan, Geo. G., Toronto, Ont.		

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Joselin, Wm. H., Toronto.....	600	540	9000	Pow, W. G., Tillsonburg, Ont.....	450	371	8244
Joyce, L., Bronte, Ont.....	200	152	7600	Rasberry, M., Hamilton, Ont.....	100	81	8100
Kerr, Fred, Crediton, Ont.....	800	704	8800	Rasberry, W., Hamilton, Ont.....	100	80	8000
Knickerbocker, W. Vancouver.....	100	73	7300	Raven, C. A., Edmonton, Alta. . .	175	115	6571
Konkle, D., Beamsville, Ont.....	100	81	8100	Reid, J. R., Vancouver, B. C.....	340	292	8538
Laird, Albert A., Toronto, Ont.....	200	170	8500	Reid, Wm., Vancouver, B. C.....	100	73	7300
Lea, A. W., Calgary, Alta.....	170	132	7764	Reis, Wm., N. Battleford, Sask.....	220	165	7500
Leavitt, S., Saskatoon, Sask.....	280	230	8214	Richardson, C., Toronto, Ont.....	200	167	8350
Legree, P. J., Winnipeg, Man.....	600	444	7400	Richmond, G., Saskatoon, Sask.....	120	86	7166
Lemp, Otto A., Dundurn, Sask.....	320	238	7137	Robinson, R., Calgary, Alta.....	345	300	8695
Lennox, H., Hamilton, Ont.....	550	488	8872	Rolph, E. R., Toronto, Ont.....	800	638	7975
Leshie, C., Swift Current, Sask.....	320	274	8562	Ross, Art. Montreal.....	500	359	7180
Lewis, Chas. A., Galt, Ont.....	1080	942	8722	Ross, Robt. C., Calgary, Alta.....	170	154	9058
Liersch, H. J., Vancouver, B.C.....	690	557	8072	Ruck, H., New Toronto, Ont.....	150	113	7533
Logan, A., Edmonton, Alta.....	345	303	8782	Sabin, J., Vancouver, B.C.....	50	42	8400
Lund, Fred, Red Deer, Alta.....	665	577	8678	Scholefield, H., Clarkson, Ont.....	750	616	8213
Mahon, E. J., Brantford, Ont.....	200	161	8050	Schrank, C., S. Current, Sask.....	320	266	8312
MacLean, C., N. Westminster.....	440	374	8500	Schwager, P., Dundurn, Sask.....	490	462	9128
MacLure, J. C., Kilgord, B.C.....	220	180	8181	Seager, Wm, Toronto, Ont.....	100	68	6509
MacNab, C., Saskatoon, Sask.....	280	223	7964	Sentance, J., Vancouver, B.C.....	30	14	4666
MacRae, J., Saskatoon, Sask.....	320	284	8875	Serson, Jack, Winnipeg.....	750	677	9026
Marsh, E. J., Toronto, Ont.....	815	586	7190	Severson, S. T., Camrose, Alta. . .	120	97	8083
Marshall, W. J., Galt, Ont.....	850	757	8905	Shimp, C. B., Vulcan, Alta.....	120	103	8583
Mather, P., Brantford, Ont.....	220	182	8272	Short, G. A., Coronation, Alta.....	170	149	8764
McBain, E., Strathcona, Alta.....	175	148	8457	Shourenches, W., Saskatoon Sask.....	80	32	4000
McCance, W., St. Thomas, Ont.....	1500	1259	8393	Simpson, H. A., Calgary, Alta.....	345	311	9101
McCausland, J., London, Ont.....	1150	1015	8826	Smith, Bert, Hamilton, Ont.....	600	562	9366
McCurdy, J. E., Sydney, N.S.....	890	782	8786	Smith, Duncan, Chatham, Ont.....	375	337	8986
McDonald, G., Saskatoon, Sask.....	320	267	8343	Smith, Harry, Chatham, Ont.....	425	371	8729
McGaw, T. D., Toronto, Ont.....	1000	881	8810	Snell, C. K., Hollyburn, B.C.....	100	81	8400
McGrath, J. B., Toronto, Ont.....	650	505	7769	Spence, J., Jordan, Sta. Ont.....	200	147	7350
McGregor, J., Melfort, Sask.....	160	126	7875	Spencer, C., Saskatoon, Sask.....	280	193	6892
McIntyre, J., Vancouver, B.C.....	590	508	8610	Stewart, E., Niagara Falls.....	100	73	7300
McIntyre, W., Montreal, Que.....	500	418	8360	Stewart, James, Niagara Falls.....	100	60	6000
McKay, T., Swift Current, Sask.....	160	143	8937	Stotts, W. F., Essex, Ont.....	100	92	9300
McLaren, W. B., Calgary, Alta.....	345	296	8579	Stroud, Geo., Hamilton, Ont.....	200	159	7950
McLaren, W. J., Calgary, Alta.....	170	133	7823	Sturt, E. H., Hamilton, Ont.....	850	756	8894
McLean, Alex., Calgary, Alta.....	170	141	8294	Suddady, N. E., Ferml, B.C.....	120	106	8833
McLean, C., N. Westminster.....	100	87	8700	Summerhayes, C., Br'tford, Ont.....	650	571	8784
McMorton, P., Toronto, Ont.....	400	344	8600	Summerhayes, J., Weston, Ont.....	1130	953	8133
McNeil, D., Brantford, Ont.....	100	96	9600	Syer, C. G., Bartonville, Ont.....	300	256	8533
McNeil, Dan., Florence, Ont.....	300	269	8966	Taylor T., Tillsonburg, Ont.....	350	291	8314
McPherson, O., Vulcan, Alta.....	120	98	8166	Ten Eyck, J. F., Toornto, Ont.....	200	169	8450
McRobb, J. A., Brantford, Ont.....	100	86	8600	Thode, A., Sutherland, Sask.....	160	122	7625
Mehus, E. P., Edmonton, Alta.....	75	35	4666	Thompson, C., Hamilton, Ont.....	1150	1018	8852
Meilicke, O. F., Dundurn, Sask.....	400	425	8673	Thomson, W., Hamilton, Ont.....	1150	1021	8878
Muller, N. T., Kindersley, Sask.....	320	293	9156	Ten Eyck, J. F., Toornto, Ont.....	200	169	8450
Motley, H. H., Calgary, Alta.....	50	40	8000	Thode, A., Sutherland, Sask.....	160	122	7625
Moyer, W., Jordan Sta., Ont.....	100	74	7400	Thompson, C., Hamilton, Ont.....	1150	1018	8852
Muckle, Bert, Calgary, Alta.....	170	144	8470	Thomson, W., Hamilton, Ont.....	1150	1021	8878
Murphy, J. F., Clarkson, Ont.....	80	52	6500	Toles, F. W., Galt, Ont.....	400	332	8300
Murphy, O. A., Ladner, B.C.....	100	83	8300	Toner, Geo., Gananoque, Ont.....	350	273	7800
Mutz, A., Vulcan, Alta.....	120	91	7583	Tulloch, R., Gananoque, Ont.....	600	503	8383
Myers, Dr. E., Saskatoon, Sask.....	80	64	8000	Vance, J., Tillsonburg, Ont.....	2400	2097	8737
Newby, W. E., Saskatoon, Sask.....	490	442	9020	Vance, S. G., Tillsonburg, Ont.....	4150	3882	9354
Newman, H., Hamilton, Ont.....	100	88	8800	Vail, W. C., St. Thomas.....	100	84	8400
Nicholls, C. S., Toronto, Ont.....	400	332	8300	Vinson, V., Hollyburn, W.V., BC.....	65	43	6615
Niven, W., Niagara-on-L., Ont.....	150	127	8466	Vivian, Geo. L., Toronto, Ont.....	1450	1263	8710
Oben, G., Vancouver, B.C.....	100	84	8400	Walker, H., N. Battleford, Sask.....	490	432	8816
Oliver, A. J., Galt, Ont.....	350	266	7600	West, K. A., Lovett, Alta.....	175	158	9028
Oliver, T. H., Ladner, B.C.....	340	319	9382	Williams, G., N. Vancouver.....	100	77	7700
O'Loane, H., Chatham, Ont.....	150	140	9333	Willis, F. A., Gananoque, Ont.....	100	83	8300
O'Loane, W., St. Thomas, Ont.....	200	150	7500	Winter, H. R., Toronto, Ont.....	150	134	8933
O'Loane, Mrs. St. Thomas, Ont.....	200	156	7800	Wood, W. B., Calgary, Alta.....	170	139	8176
Ollson, A. G., Saskatoon, Sask.....	160	131	8187	Woodruff, A. S., St. Catharines.....	150	113	7533
Owens, W. H., Regina, Sask.....	320	251	7843	Woolhouse, P., Saskatoon, Sask.....	80	60	7500
Page, Colonel, Brantford, Ont.....	1000	889	8890	Wright, E. P., Gananoque, Ont.....	750	629	8386
Palmer, Fred D., Galt, Ont.....	350	287	8200	Yuill, J. M., Moose Jaw, Sask.....	300	162	5400
Parmeter, A., Bartonville, Ont.....	150	122	8133	Yuill, T. E., Moose Jaw, Sask.....	320	274	8562
Passmore, John, Hensall, Ont.....	300	261	8700	PROFESSIONALS			
Pattison, J., Vancouver, B.C.....	1090	852	7816	Beckman, W. J., Regina Sask.....	320	276	8625
Payne, J., Tillsonburg, Ont.....	1850	1628	8800	Burtch, C., N. Vancouver, B.C.....	445	396	8898
Pearce, R. J., Toronto, Ont.....	610	532	8721	Day, Rowland, London, Ont.....	1750	1640	9371
Penner, F. J., Laugham.....	120	89	7416	Dunk, G. M., Toronto, Ont.....	1600	1392	8760
Pettman, Geo., Vulcan, Alta.....	130	101	9116	Long, Nelson, Hamilton, Ont.....	250	238	9520
Pierson, A., Calgary, Alta.....	345	300	8695	Morris, F. H., Edmonton, Alb.....	665	639	9600
Pike, Geo. F., Toronto, Ont.....	100	70	7000	Sutton, W. H., Winnipeg, Man.....	820	736	8975
Platton, Dr., Calgary, Alta.....	50	43	8600	Vandervoort, E. S., Vancouver.....	100	83	8300
Pomm'r'nke, H., Dundurn, Sask.....	320	283	8843	White E. F., Ottawa, Ont.....	1740	1628	9356

1919

Official Trapshooting Average for Eastern Canada, to May 1st

NAME	ADDRESS	Shotat	Broke	Pct.
Anstee, G.	Toronto.....	200	146	.7300
Burke, H. E.	Markham.....	150	117	.7800
Boothie, P. J.	Toronto.....	150	125	.8333
Baker, T. H.	London.....	160	115	.7187
Beattie, Geo.	Hamilton.....	200	181	.9050
Bates, A.	Hamilton.....	200	175	.8750
Barnes, Wm.	Hamilton.....	200	159	.7950
Burke, W. E.	Preston.....	200	172	.8600
Buften, C.	Niagara-Lake.....	100	65	.6500

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Chine, J. J.	Hamilton.....	200	142	7100
Clarke, E.	Galt.....	200	157	7850
Cooley, H. W.	Toronto.....	350	306	8742
Candee, C. N.	Toronto.....	350	299	8542
Cameron, S. S.	Toronto.....	200	140	7000
Carr, M.	Hamilton.....	200	155	7750
Choate, C. G.	Hamilton.....	200	157	7850
Combs, R. H.	Toronto.....	150	133	8866
Day, R.	London.....	200	181	9050
Dawson, R. G.	Niagara-Lake.....	100	72	7200
Dalton, W.	Toronto.....	150	53	3533
Edwards, W. S.	Toronto.....	350	276	7885
Friend, P.	Hamilton.....	100	48	4800
Fisher, E. J.	Jordan.....	200	144	7200
Fletcher, M.	Hamilton.....	350	292	8342
Gibson, J. M.	Galt.....	100	69	6900
Groves, J. W.	Hamilton.....	200	152	7600
Glover, R. W.	London.....	160	116	7250
Gooderham, N. R.	Toronto.....	350	302	8628
Goodale, M.	Hamilton.....	350	265	7571
Hughes, W.	Toronto.....	350	275	7855
Healy, F. E.	Toronto.....	350	247	7055
Harris, E.	Hamilton.....	200	170	8500
Hunter, J.	Hamilton.....	200	144	7200
Honberger, M.	Jordan.....	200	132	6600
Holden, A. P.	Toronto.....	350	742	6914
Hunsberry, H. W.	Jordan.....	200	172	8600
Hollingshead, W.	Dutton.....	200	174	8700
Jordon, Dr. G. G.	Toronto.....	350	286	8171
Jennings, J. E.	Toronto.....	350	302	8628
Joselin, W. H.	Todmodern.....	150	131	8733
Konkle, D.	Birchcliffe.....	200	177	8850
Knox, S. M.	Beamsville.....	350	203	5800
Lenn, x. H.	Toronto.....	350	308	8800
Lewis, C. A.	Hamilton.....	150	134	8933
Laird, A. A.	Galt.....	200	174	8700
Livingston, W.	Toronto.....	350	234	6685
Lloyd, C. H.	Carlisle.....	100	64	6100
Lansing, W. S.	Niagara-Lake.....	100	124	8266
Mantle, J. R.	Toronto.....	150	64	6100
Marlatt, C.	Hamilton.....	200	110	5500
Morgan, P.	Staffordville.....	180	125	6944
Marshall, W. J.	Toronto.....	350	188	5371
Marsh, E. J.	Toronto.....	350	315	9000
Moyer, W.	Galt.....	200	152	7600
Mott, A. C.	Toronto.....	200	160	8000
Metcalfe, R. P.	Jordan.....	200	135	6750
Mabon, E. J.	Hamilton.....	200	83	8300
McGaw, T. D.	Brantford.....	100	64	6100
McRobb, A.	Toronto.....	250	207	8280
McNeil, D.	Brantford.....	200	162	8100
McCausland, J.	Brantford.....	200	164	8200
McCance, W. J.	London.....	200	168	8100
Newlands, L.	St. Thomas.....	160	123	7687
Newlands, H.	Galt.....	350	270	7714
Nicholls, C. S.	Galt.....	350	275	7856
Niven, W.	Toronto.....	150	112	7466
Oliver, Col. A. J.	Niagara-Lake.....	100	64	6100
Palmeter, A.	Galt.....	200	142	7100
Payne, J.	Hamilton.....	100	63	6300
Page, Col.	Toronto.....	200	165	8250
Palmer, F. D.	Tillsonburg.....	200	169	8150
Pow, W. G.	Galt.....	350	257	7485
Rolph, E. R.	Tillsonburg.....	200	155	7750
Rogers, C. M.	Toronto.....	350	269	7685
Roper, W. H.	Welland.....	200	112	7100
Smythe, B.	Port Hope.....	150	106	7066
Schnick, A. H.	Hamilton.....	100	85	8500
Stingerland, M.	Smithville.....	100	67	6700
Stroud, G.	Niagara-Lake.....	100	55	5500
Serson, J. R.	Hamilton.....	200	153	7650
Summerheys, C.	Mimico.....	330	240	7272
Sturt, E.	Brantford.....	200	172	8600
Sutton, S.	Hamilton.....	350	315	9000
Summerheys,	Staffordville.....	180	136	7555
Salisbury, E. F. W.	Toronto.....	150	132	8800
Thomson, W. P.	Toronto.....	123	123	8200
Timmerman, H. E.	Hamilton.....	200	162	8100
Thomson, C.	Welland.....	200	124	6200
Terryberry, D. S.	Hamilton.....	200	161	8050
Vivian, G. L.	Hamilton.....	100	55	5500
Vance, S. G.	Toronto.....	200	149	7150
Vance, J.	Toronto.....	200	189	9150
Watson, F. W.	Tillsonburg.....	200	155	7750
Winter, H. R.	Tillsonburg.....	350	285	8142
	Toronto.....	150	130	8666

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Nelson Long	Hamilton.....	350	309	8828
Cashmore, G. H.	Toronto.....	150	131	8733

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CANADIAN WINS AMERICAN TITLE

With a score of 197 out of a possible 200, J. E. Jennings of Todmorden, Ont., won the national amateur trapshooting championship at clay targets over the traps of the New York A. C. at Travers Island on May 4th.

This is the first time in the history of the event that the title has been won by a non-resident of the United States. Jennings was in fine form, as he missed only three out of the first hundred and scored 100 straight "breaks" in his second round, establishing a new record for this shoot.

F. S. Wright of Buffalo, who won the New York State championship earlier in the week, finished second with 195. C. A. McCarthy of Philadelphia, a former national champion, took third place after shooting off a tie with Mark Arie of Thomasboro, Ills., and J. B. McHugh of Wilmington, Del. Each of these had a score of 194 and finished in the order named in the shoot off. Five others tied for the remaining five prizes.

Following is the order of the ten prize winners, together with their scores:—J. E. Jennings, Todmorden, Ont., 197; F. S. Wright, Buffalo, N.Y., 195; C. A. McCarthy, Philadelphia, 194; Mark Arie, Thomasboro, Ill. 194; J. B. McHugh, Wilmington, Del., 194; M. S. Hootman, Hicksville, Ohio, 193; J. Clarke, Jr., Worcester, Mass., 193; W. H. Yule, New York A.C., 193; J. B. Johnston, Pittsburg, 193; C. Burmeister, Chicago, 193.

HAMILTON GUN CLUB.

Shoot held on April 18th. Authorized by Eastern Canada Trapshooting Association.

NAME	Shot at	Broke
R. W. Glover.....	160	115
R. Day.....	200	181
J. McCausland.....	200	168
T. H. Baker.....	160	115
B. B. Jack.....	100	64
W. Hollingshead.....	200	174
H. W. Hunsberry.....	200	172
A. P. Holden.....	200	146
W. J. McCance.....	160	123
M. Honsberger.....	200	132
S. G. Vance.....	200	189
N. K. Gooderham.....	200	166
G. Beattie.....	200	181
J. E. Jennings.....	200	164
G. L. Vivian.....	200	149
J. Payne.....	200	165
W. G. Pow.....	200	155
J. Vance.....	200	155
C. Choate.....	200	157
M. E. Goodale.....	200	155
F. D. Palmer.....	200	141
Col. A. J. Oliver.....	200	142
J. P. Mantle.....	200	110
S. Sutton.....	180	136
C. Marlatt.....	180	125
J. Hunter.....	200	144
A. Bates.....	200	175
M. E. Fletcher.....	200	158
D. Konkle.....	200	177
E. Harris.....	200	170
H. Lennox.....	200	180
E. Sturt.....	200	186
A. Barnes.....	200	159
W. Thomson.....	200	162
M. Carr.....	200	155
*G. M. Dunk.....	200	166
D. McNeil.....	200	164
C. Summerheys.....	200	172
Col. Page.....	200	169
A. McRobb.....	200	162
F. E. Heely.....	200	142
S. S. Cameron.....	200	140
W. S. Edwards.....	200	156
C. N. Candee.....	200	163
T. D. McGunn.....	100	75
J. R. Serson.....	180	144
G. Anstee.....	200	146
W. Hughes.....	200	155
Dr. G. G. Jordan.....	200	165
H. W. Cooley.....	200	167
F. W. Watson.....	200	167
P. Morgan.....	200	119
A. A. Laird.....	200	174
E. R. Rolph.....	200	150
S. M. Knox.....	200	115
W. J. Marshall.....	200	178
H. Newlands.....	100	154
L. Newlands.....	200	155
W. E. Burke.....	200	172
B. Clark.....	200	167
B. J. Marsh.....	200	152

P. Friend.....	100	48
J. W. Groves.....	200	152
Geo. Stroud.....	200	153
J. J. Cline.....	200	142
W. Moyer.....	200	160
E. J. Fisher.....	200	144
W. W. Livingston.....	200	135
A. C. Mott.....	200	135
*N. Long.....	200	178
H. E. Summerman.....	200	124
J. T. Butler.....	200	100
C. M. Rogers.....	200	142
C. Thomson.....	161	161
R. P. Metcalfe.....	100	83
C. H. Lloyd.....	100	64
R. G. Dawson.....	100	72
M. Stingerland.....	100	55
G. Bufton.....	100	65
W. Niven.....	100	64
A. H. Schneet.....	100	67
J. M. Gibson.....	100	69
D. S. Terbyberry.....	100	55
E. J. Maton.....	100	64
A. Palmer.....	80	63
B. Smythe.....	100	85

*Designates professionals.

TORONTO GUN CLUB

A Hulme was again winner of the Toronto Gun Club spoon event held on April 18, and also of the sweepstake. Arrangements are almost complete for the Eastern Canada trapshooting tournament, which will be held on these grounds under the auspices of this club on June 11, 12 and 13.—The following were Saturday's scores:—A Hulme, shot at 100, broke 88; G. L. Vivian, 125-104; G. Nutson, 100-71; C. C. Richardson, 50-39; Wm. Hughes, 75-60; J. Leedham, 85-66; E. Y. Hutchison, 70-54; G. Mason, 75-52; J. Jeffers, 25-18; R. Wood, 45-22; F. Cockburn, 40-31; J. Fowler, 45-26; J. Murphy, 90-79; N. A. McDougall, 50-25; E. Roach, 50-36; H. Smith, 25-14.

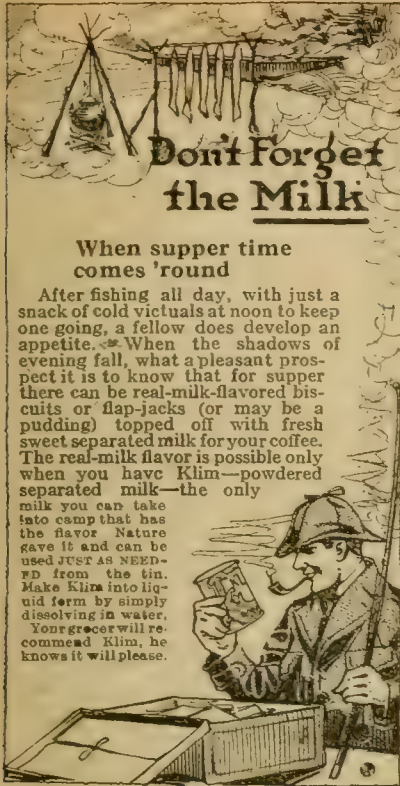
The regular weekly shoot of the Toronto Gun Club was held on April 26. J. Leedham was the winner of the spoon event, while J. Colborne captured the sweepstakes.

A great deal of interest was taken in the team shoot, in which two ties had to be shot off before a winner was declared. H. Cooley took home the bacon. The following were the scores for Saturday—

	Shot at	Broke.
J. Colborne.....	100	85
G. Nutson.....	100	57
Col. Curran.....	85	41
F. Cockburn.....	25	16
H. Cooley.....	115	89
G. Anstee.....	100	61
T. Marsh.....	100	58
W. Curran.....	100	69
G. Spiller.....	45	26
J. Turner, jun.....	50	33
G. Peterman.....	75	50
E. Y. Hutchison.....	70	43
J. Ham.....	30	18
J. Jeffers.....	25	11
J. Leedham.....	105	75
F. W. Matthews.....	25	16
A. Hulme.....	105	88
Dr. G. G. Jordan.....	75	50
T. Roach.....	70	37

The Toronto Gun Club held its regular weekly shoot on Saturday afternoon May 3rd. N. Gooderham was the winner of the spoon in the double event, and H. Cooley was the winner in the spoon event (singles) with a possible. The following were the scores:—

	Shot at	Broke.
Dr. Serson.....	75	66
G. Dunk.....	65	59
J. Colborne.....	150	133
G. Nutson.....	100	66
E. Robertson.....	50	24
R. Baird.....	25	20
H. Cooley.....	40	40
Col. Curran.....	55	41
E. Y. Hutchison.....	55	36
G. Mason.....	50	43
G. L. Vivian.....	65	56
G. Anstee.....	50	44
A. Hulme.....	40	39
W. Hughes.....	65	48
N. Gooderham.....	55	52
G. Bears.....	40	32
J. Jeffers.....	25	18
E. Roach.....	40	31
R. Rolph.....	40	30
J. Townson.....	25	21
Smith.....	25	18



**Don't Forget
the Milk**

**When supper time
comes 'round**

After fishing all day, with just a snack of cold victuals at noon to keep one going, a fellow does develop an appetite. When the shadows of evening fall, what a pleasant prospect it is to know that for supper there can be real-milk-flavored biscuits or flap-jacks (or may be a pudding) topped off with fresh sweet separated milk for your coffee. The real-milk flavor is possible only when you have Klim—powdered separated milk—the only milk you can take into camp that has the flavor Nature gave it and can be used just as needed from the tin. Make Klim into liquid form by simply dissolving in water. Your grocer will recommend Klim, he knows it will please.

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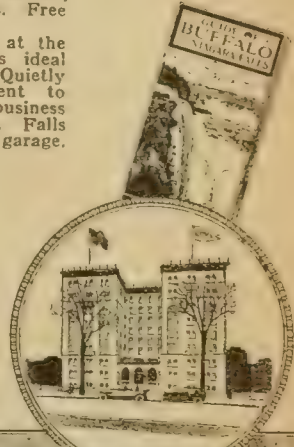
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G. L. Vivian.....	18	58
H. Cooley.....	24	21
G. Anstee.....	8	16
A. Hulme.....	24	26
R. Rolph.....	48	57
N. Gooderham.....	48	63
W. Hughes.....	36	28
G. Dunk.....	24	21

BALMY BEACH GUN CLUB.

At the regular weekly shoot held on April 18 of the Balmy Beach Gun Club F. E. Healy was high in the spoon event. The special handicap shoot for the A. E. Millington Trophy was won by T. Wibby. The scores:

	Shot at.	Broke.
A. A. Laird.....	35	30
W. Armstrong.....	70	61
P. Morgan.....	170	91
W. S. Lansing.....	75	59
T. F. Johnson.....	35	28
E. Walker.....	100	80
E. J. Marsh.....	50	38
C. Newton.....	175	157
H. M. Burke.....	160	135
S. S. Cameron.....	85	67
F. E. Healy.....	115	99
G. M. Dunk.....	100	85
J. G. Shaw.....	35	27
J. Jennings.....	150	136
W. S. Edwards.....	90	69
S. M. Knox.....	90	63
G. Petrie.....	25	4
W. Rowley.....	25	18

DRESDEN GUN CLUB.

At the tournament of the Dresden Gun Club held April 12th the usual friends of Wes Hart put in an appearance for the annual competition, which was keen from start to finish, even though the weather conditions were not of the best. Fred Dolsen, of Chatham, trimmed the bunch of gunners to a peak by breaking 133 out of 150, which was excellent shooting under the prevailing conditions. D. McNeil of Florence, was second, with 132; R. Day of London, third, with 130; W. Hollingshead, 129.

Among the professionals Wes Hart came trailing home with 128, Geo. Dunk, of Toronto, 117, and G. H. Ford, of Indianapolis, Ind., third, with 112.

PETERBORO GUN CLUB.

The Peterboro Gun Club held their opening shoot on April 19. It was a decided success both from the point of numbers attending and the shoot. The weather was windy, and under the circumstances the scores were very good. Below are the scores:

	Shot at	Broke.
Chris Wood.....	60	48
B. Gillespie.....	60	41
J. S. Coon.....	50	39
J. Loucks.....	50	36
M. Hutchison.....	40	33
C. G. Graham.....	50	37
H. Routley.....	50	32
A. G. Roberts.....	50	41
C. Gutterson.....	50	31
C. Rahmel.....	50	32
P. Gettas.....	50	33
C. Mills.....	50	35
J. Lundy.....	40	27
E. Graham.....	40	23
J. Duflus.....	30	20
Mr. Jeffries.....	40	15
J. Baightman.....	25	10
Mr. Young.....	25	12

Dr. McClelland.....	30	11
G. Roberts, Jr.....	25	10
G. Yeates.....	20	8
Mr. Jeffries, Jr.....	20	5
P. Saratoris.....	20	5

CREEKSIDE GUN CLUB.

The Creekside Gun Club held their last regular shoot for the season on April 18 with the following results: J. Colborne, first high gun; H. Peterman, second; R. Baird, first handicap; E. Robertson, second; Ed. Brown, third. H. Cooley won the special shoot at the doubles, first in the duck shoot and the spoon for the day. The scores: H. Peterman, shot at 70, broke 52; R. Baird, 70-51; Eli Elliott, 95-60; R. Watt, 95-60; Ed. Brown, 35-24; J. Colbourne, 120-95; W. Joslin, 75-58; E. Robertson, 60-45; A. Spiller, 40-32; Ned Elliott, 60-41; W. Le Cornu, 45-31; G. Anstee, 70-59; S. C. Cotterill, 25-18; H. Cooley, 105-89; J. H. Klein, 30-22; Ted Brown, 25-17.

TRAPSHOOTING REVIEW IS READY.

The annual review of the American Trapshooting Association with the averages of the shooters who participated in registered tournaments in 1918, is now ready. Trapshooters and other sportsmen who have not secured a copy of the review can secure same by writing the American Trapshooting Association, 460 Fourth Avenue, New York. One of the features of the book is the honor roll of amateur trapshooters since 1908. The honor roll comprises the leading 50 men each year. The records of trapshooting, a brief history of the sport, in fact everything worth knowing about the pastime is chronicled in this booklet.

TRAP SHOOTING IS THE BEST OF RECREATIONS.**CHARLES H. NEWCOMB.**

Amateur Trapshooting Champion of Pennsylvania.

Trapshooting is rightly called "The sport of kings and princes," because we find "The Prince of Good Fellows" a follower of same. The degree of cleancut competitive sportsmanship exhibited in this sport stands in a class by itself. We have all heard the old saying, "Show me a lover of a gun and dog, and I will show you a good fellow," and it applies equally to trapshooting.

Chases the Worries.

As a recreation, it is one of the best, as naturally the tired or worried business man cannot get out with a crowd of such friends as he finds in this game without being benefited. Furthermore, he cannot be successful at the traps without putting his mind on the game, as concentration of mind is one of the fundamental principles of trapshooting. In doing this he is giving his brains a treat from business worries of the past and strengthening and clearing it for future problems.

Helpful Exercises.

It is also a beneficial physical exercise. In fact it is only another demonstration of a popular form of exercise that was much exploited a few years since, viz.: The act of making one's muscles right and then relaxing, repeating same a number of times. This is exactly what the trapshooter does as he calls, "pull." His muscles are tense, and at the recoil of the gun relax, which performances he repeats 100 to 200 times per day as the program may call for. When the shoot is over he knows by his tired muscles that he has had all the exercise he needs for one day.

It is also a sport where quick judgment is necessary, as well as quick action. In fact, all of its environments are beneficial as it occupies the mind, eye and muscles, and trains them to act in unison.

MANITIBA ANGLERS ORGANIZE FOR 1919.

The Manitoba Anglers association re-organized for the 1919 season at an enthusiastic meeting held in Winnipeg recently. They propose to start an angling boom in the prairie province this year and already plans have been made to have a sweepstake contest for one Saturday afternoon in each month

in the Red and Assiniboine rivers. The Winnipeg Tribune in reporting the 1919 prospects states:—

"The anglers are looking forward to a most successful year and everyone interested in 'a worm at one end and a fool at the other' is invited to 'come along.' 'Yes, madam this invitation includes you.'"

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

JULY 1919

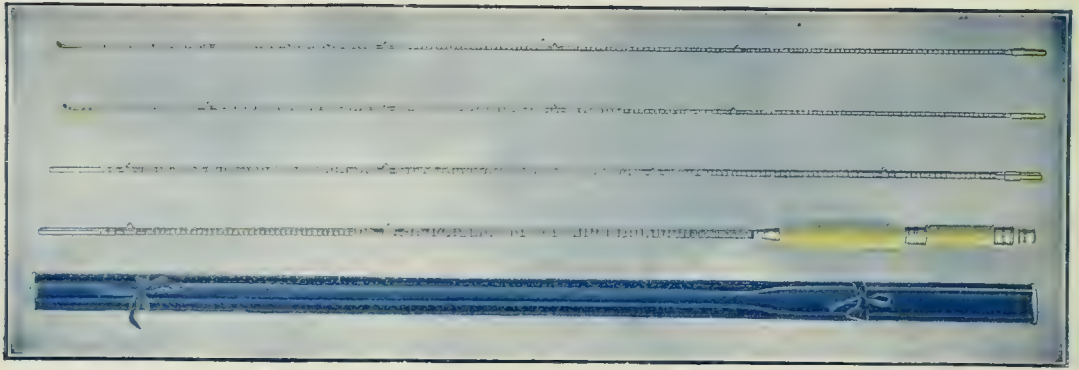
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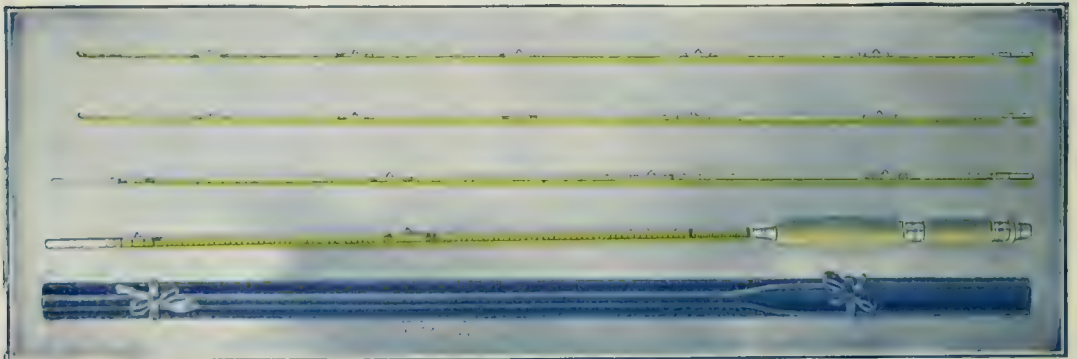
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Rod and Gun in Canada

Woodstock, Ontario, July, 1919

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Fish, Fishing and Fishermen

GEORGE R. BELTON

I was at a friend's house the other day and his son of twelve came breaking boisterously into the conversation with a request, nay a demand, for four dollars and a half to buy a fishing rod. And he got it too.

"Now when I was that boy's age," said my friend, puffing sententiously, "I—"

His wife sat back resignedly with the air of the woman who is married to a self-made man who is proud of the job. She expected to hear how he had warmed his feet on the places where the cows lay overnight and so on; but instead—

"I used to go down to the creek and cut a willow for a rod and spend a cent at Bannings for a fishhook, getting a string thrown in free from the counter. And then—whoopee; off to the dam or the bay, or even sneak a boat and brave the perils of a trip to the lake. Those were the days."

Yes, those were the days. A shirt, a pair of pants, and one suspender constituted a fishing garb, same as for any other summer purpose; just slip out of bed, run your legs through the pants, not too hurriedly lest a toe catch in a hole, throw over the one suspender, grab a hat and you were dressed for any occasion; your "other clothes" being a strait jacket for Sunday and funerals only. Often when a cent was not obtainable a bent pin would do for a fish hook. Now the lad wants "an outfit"—

and gets it. The modern boy is perhaps rightly called a "kid"; his father seems to be the goat anyhow.

There was more zip to fishing those days, too. Fresh meat did not come as plentifully then to the ordinary house as it does even in these days when "the war" makes beefsteak dearer in Winnipeg than in Glasgow or even Berlin, and a little fresh fish was often as welcome to father and mother as to the lad who caught them. The sweet rock bass and the perch, the sunfish, and even the mud-pout were a nice dish after days and days of salt pork—or perhaps corn beef. I remember once when I deserved a good licking; not so hard to think up such a condition, perhaps, but this was a special occasion. (And, by the way, dad, don't wonder if your boy does the things you used to do or things like them; just give him what you got; it fetched you through all right). Well, I thought I might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb so I got a fishhook and a string, cut a rod at the riverbank, slew a frog for bait and fished till near suppertime. And I had a good string of fair-sized ones to tote home with a withe through their gills.

When I hove into the parental view my mother looked up in some surprise.

"Why, Georgie," she said "where on earth did you get the nice fish for supper," and she flew for the utensils for cleaning and fixing them.

"Your father will be pleased to see these" she said, as we sat down, "He just said at dinner that he was tired of salt meat."

Apparently in the crowd of an average down-east family of that day I had not been missed at dinner. This may be hooted by this generation in which I am commiserated as the father of two boys and two girls but in the woods in the old days that would have been commiserated in a different manner. One could easily overlook the absence of one child in a robust family of twelve or fourteen all possessing the fishing and field-roaming propensities of those care-free days. I have met all of the family into which I was born but one roof never covered us all; the older ones had married and "gone west" before I appeared.

And so mother and I sat down to clean and scale the finny ones with the two cats and one kitten purring near by, waiting for the heads. And the dog watching also. Ah, rest after toil is sweet; and safety after danger; and prospects of fried fish after a day's fast.

Those of us who have gone west have been disappointed in the fishing. I don't mean the total amount of fish caught in western lakes and rivers; that is enormous, and of fine quality. No fish excel the whitefish of Lake Winnipeg in number and in eating quality. And I hope few excel them in price either; for while tons of them rotted at the lakes last winter "for want of a market" and the fishermen got only two or three cents a pound there, the people of Winnipeg paid sixteen cents for them, uncleaned. The food board firmly declared that "whitefish at Winnipeg must not be sold higher than sixteen cents"—and whitefish, that had been till that week selling at fourteen cents, meekly rose to the occasion—and stayed there. So there was "no market," for any surplus; to ship down the surplus would destroy it; Q.E.D. That reasoning is superb.

But there is a lack of variety in the fish in the west. There are gold-eyes in the Red and Assiniboine, "jackfish" everywhere where there

is running water, whitefish in all large clear lakes, and mud-pout fairly well distributed; but these are about all you can catch. "Rivers teeming with fish" looks well on publicity literature but it does not pan out to the expectations of the man who has really fished where there were fish to get. I have seen Chinamen get fish at Saskatoon, but I have not the patience of a Chinaman, thank God. I have pulled out beautiful "jackfish"—everything is a jackfish in the west, in the lakes of the Riding Mountains and have fried them on a stone by a bonfire. But I never really fished in the west, like fishing should be done.

There is more sport when you do not know what you are going to pull up but are sure you will get something. To feel the hook safely taken and wonder if it is a bass or a perch or a mudfish or even an eel! Some pretend to know by the feel of the rod. An old fellow used to fish off the bank below the Parliament buildings in Ottawa. I never saw him catch anything, but one lazy day I went down and he got a "bite" just as I arrived. The line pulled and swayed steadily and the old man "gave him line" on approved style—meanwhile proving to me that it was a black bass he had hooked; he could tell unerringly he said, and proved this by an astonishing lore of fish wisdom. Then he pulled up the fish—and behold, an old boot.

Nevertheless, I have had some good times fishing in the west. I have caught a fine lot of firm, sweet pickerel in the lakes of Northern Manitoba and the other prairie provinces, and have fished through the ice with the Indians when no catch meant no dinner. And I have greatly enjoyed the fish fresh pulled out of the water; they lose taste very fast in a few hours—which is why so many people "do not like fish;" they never really tasted fish as the man does who catches them. Salt water fish, by the way, do not lose their flavor so quickly as the freshwater ones. And I have enjoyed fishing further west. Once I went out from Republic, in Washington

to spear salmon at a "riffle" in a mountain stream.

"One thing", I said, decidedly, to my wife and her sister who were with me; "I won't wet *my* feet for any fish that ever grew. It's all right in the movies to see a man up to his waist after them—but not any in mine, thank you. Me for the dry bank; safety first."

Then we turned a corner around a steep rock and the rifle burst into view—behold, the big fellows were splashing up the stream in a swarm. With a whoop, like a Comanche I grabbed the spear and ran full tilt into the stream stabbing and striking here and there at the fish as they dodged up the shallow rapids. Meanwhile friend wife and sister rolled on the grass in laughter at the man who would not wet his feet for any fish that ever swam. But I got some dandies. It takes some little skill to spear them even when the water seems running red with big fellows but I got the spear into one that weighed sixteen pounds; he felt like a good strong dog struggling at the end of the spear but we landed him; then some more too—in fact they say it was a very successful day.

Oh, well, there is always some discomfort in fishing, same as in real red-blooded hunting. It may be wet feet or something worse. But that is part of the attraction; no one enjoys a sport that is too easy. Even the very danger of some sorts of sport is an attraction. I remember seeing some fellows, and one girl, come in to Cedar Key down where they have built a railroad out through the sea to Key West below Florida. They had a tarpon or a tuna, I forget which, with them that had pretty nearly wrecked the boat and they had been attacked by a killer whale while they were getting the tarpon in; but I never saw more fully satisfied sports. They were going after the killer whale the next day. Few were ever seen there but they are fierce fighters—the wolves of the sea. I have never faced anything like that while fishing, but I would like to.

And the mystery of fishing, too.

That is an attraction. What lies beneath the impenetrable depths beyond our sight? We do not know; we can only guess and wonder! We know what lies in the boat above and at the fire that night; it is the fisherman himself. Fishermen's tales have always been the joke of truth; perhaps that saying "Tell it to the marines" comes from the connection. The propensity seems to be a part of the fisherman's character; men who are models of truth in other ways are far from it when telling of their fishing exploits. Perhaps the very mystery of fishing helps to add to this characteristic. For mystery there is. Ever since we shrank, as boys, from the deep hole in the Black Bay where Jack Askins saw a horrible thing put up a head like a nigger on the shoulders of a horse, and then go down showing a long body like a snake, we have felt the mystery of the deep water. Is not the sea-serpent merely Jack Askins' vision enlarged? And what is there in the octopus or devilfish that we did not see in the crab-fish "as big as a plate" that bit Sam Scobie when he played hookey from Sunday-school and went swimming?

But, after all "'tis a pleasing fear," as Byron hath said. The relaxation is the thing you really get in fishing. It supplies a reason to sit still and let your thoughts ramble. And they do ramble. Witness this article. Some-times I wonder about it a little, too. If a fish could cry out in its death agony as it flops convulsively on the bank, would we be so fond of fishing? You see in spite of movie picture arguments we really are more affected by hearing than sight or we could hardly enjoy fishing or look on idly while the fish gasps out its life. Imagine a dog passing into death with these struggles accompanied by his howl!

No! Don't bother imagining it. Just go on fishing the same as I am doing. Enjoy the little discomfort, the mystery and the sport, and take your needed rest and the loitering which only fishing gives excuse for. I sort of wish I hadn't written the above paragraph—but perhaps some who never thought about it will

either put the fish out of pain or keep them living till needed for the table.

Any how, let us see if we cannot have a real boys' time of it this summer for at least a week's fishing.

Ontario's Trio of Nature Gardens

Muskoka, Lake of Bays, Algonquin Park

FRANK YEIGH

CANADA is a land of nature gardens; of far-flung and untrammelled playgrounds; of regions of the wild, where the world is unspoiled by the creations of men, and where these same men may revel to their heart's content and grow both young and strong again through its elixir of life.

This is true of each of the nine-linked chain of provinces, spanning the continent-wide distance between oceans, and pre-eminently so of Ontario, the province that holds within its extensive boundaries such delectable realms of rustic attractiveness as the Muskoka Lakes, the Lake of Bays and the Algonquin Provincial Park.

Here there is room for all who come, and multitudes more; here forest and glen; wooded and carpeted isle and clear-hearted waterways give welcome to all who have the password as lovers of the wild and worshippers at the altars of nature; to all who love the caress of the wind, the fragrance of the flowers and the odor of mother earth; a sky rather than a ceiling; stars more than candles, and who make friends with the little furry folks of the undergrowth, or the winged creatures of the upper air and the tree branches.

To him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms, who speaks a various language. So it was with Byrant; and to Longfellow,

"Nature with folded hands seemed there

Kneeling at her evening prayer."

It is a striking transition, made in a few hours' railway run over the Grand Trunk Railway, from a city

like Buffalo or Toronto, to Muskoka Wharf, the gateway to the Muskoka garden, specially if it be a summer day when the sun is trying to melt pavements and wither flowers and folks. To pass from heated city streets to the deck of a tidy little steamer, looking spick and span in her dress of white, and from the deck to drink in heaven-sent draughts of cooled air, is to enter an eldorado where "Every prospect pleases" and nothing is vile—not even man, as another poet slanderously asserted.

A water journey of half a hundred miles makes the rest of the day a rarer one than even in leafy June. Thus the Three Graces—as the trio of lakes are called; Muskoka, Rosseau and Joseph,—constitute a wonderland of sylvan beauty, a paradise of lake and stream, of forest and island, making a maze of channels that in turn create a picture gallery of ever increasing charm.

There is just enough evidence of human occupation to relieve one of loneliness, though it is but a step from any landing to an Adamless and Eveless Eden where the Lucky Traveller finds himself "in the heart of things," and "the woods are round him heaped and dim." The summer resident has long since discovered this northern retreat, and has built the ubiquitous summer cottage, fancy little houses lining the winding shores, most of them with their feet in the water, and their open windows and doors and spacious verandahs advertising Muskoka hospitality, which is a most choice brand. And, moreover, where there are summer cottages there are also summer hotels, big and little, with all sizes in be-



"The visitor to the Highlands of Ontario steps from the Pullman to the natty little steamers which take him to all parts of the lakeland kingdom."

tween not to mention the tented homes of other dwellers of a day who live the true Bohemian life and get

"back to nature" long enough to re-establish sanity and a right perspective of life.

So thousands annually find balm and healing; physical reconstruction, mental therapy and spiritual uplift in this Land of Little Lakes, as Kipling happily termed it; so many find heaps of fun, whether hunting or fishing; sailing or motor-boating, visiting or dancing, or just taking it easy until, in the exuberance of it all, they gladly avow the colloquialism; This is the Life!

And it is. Just try it and see, as I've done times more than a score. The proof of the pudding is still the same. The garland of lakes and their guardian legions of islets little and larger, always have a welcome, just as the air is for the most part ozone-filled, with a resultant appetite in keeping.

The same word is true of the Lake of Bays district. It is Muskoka-plus. Another two-hour run, in a north-bound train, introduces the pleasure-seeker to Huntsville, and Huntsville re-introduces the visitor to a chain of waterways that almost create an invidious comparison with even Muskoka, though each realm has its own individuality and distinction. Fairy Lake—Peninsula Lake—Lake of Bays; do not the very place-names allure? What a dazzling shimmer their dark waters carry? What battalions of white-tipped waves race over the course when the wind whistles almost to a gale between lands and islands. "The shortest railway line in the world," makes a portage, between lakes, to another comfortable craft that covers the last lap of the journey right to the front door as it were of the famous Wawa Hotel, whose circling wings give a happy impression from a distance of extending open arms of greeting to the wayfarer.

It is moreover, a suggested greeting that makes good. What pleasant memories one carries away of "comfy" beds, of good meals, with good music and good-cheer; what exciting games of golf on the excellent nine-hole course, and, by every word of truth, what fishermen's tales one hears, only matched by the hunter's yarns or the pioneer's experiences of the old settler who made his way northward long

before the Grand Trunk whistled its way through the land or the genus Tourist helped to make dividends for shareholders.

Here, too, as in Muskoka, the Lake of Bays and all its sister tarns are embellished with islands of every conceivable outline. Dense woodlands clothe most of them to the water's edge, giving the effect of a hill-all-green resting on the dark brown waters, and when the white walls and red roof of a "cute" little cottage peek out from a sylvan cove, the picture is a perfect one because of its perfect settings.

Here, and hereabouts, the canoeist may revel in the song his paddle sings, as indeed in all this vast net work of waterways that checker-board northern Ontario. Once ensconced in the fragile little craft, a few turns of the paddle brings to the happy man in the stern the joy of the explorer, the thrill of seeing a wee bit of the world for the first time, of wondering what the next turn of the stream will reveal.

It also brings, and brings suddenly, a sense of remoteness that is in itself a pleasurable sensation. The world of men seems far away, though only a league or two. One has a little corner of the universe to himself, save for the wild life that is discovered when the canoe moves along as silently as the fish below its keel. Beaver dams abound, even though the husky little workmen, who disregard all laws of shorter hours, are as hard to see as the proverbial weasel is hard to catch. Plump water-side muskrats advertise their presence by a swift header into the stream, then little black nose just showing for a brief moment at rarer intervals. I've sometimes surprised a family of deer enjoying a quiet meal in a sheltered inlet, while the disturber marvelled at the quickness with which they could disappear in the thick underbrush hard-by. A leaping fish adds its sign of life as it stirs the mirroring surface into a thousand ripples. Myriads of insects share the upper air with the bird life, including a dignified crane, while flocks of ducks are frightened into a marathon race as



"There are many excellent golf courses overlooking the beautiful lakes in the Highlands of Ontario."

they easily outdistanced the paddlers. Farther along, a solitary old toad was overtaken in his swim to Toad Town.

Then comes the night, and of all

the hours of the twenty-four, none are so choice and rare as the twilight and camp-fire ones, when the traveller finds himself in just such a

necessitous condition as the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, and the fish of the hidden depths, bivouacking for the night in his tent. Never does a pailful of strong tea, a rasher of bacon, and a loaf of bread taste sweeter or go to the right spot more unerringly. Why is it that the odor of a bit of fat pork as it sings its frying tune in the old black-coated pan, feeds the sense of smell as deliciously as the meat satisfies the sense of hunger?

Why is it that the crackle of the log in the campfire makes such merry music when the day is putting on her nightcap and the darkness is filtering down between the trees and in the river valley? Why do the hour and the fire soften and humanize men, awakening happy memories of other campfires on other banks and in far-off other days?

When a wolf cry suddenly broke the silence, one started at the sound—not from any sense of ominous fear, but for the jar and discordancy of the haunting note, and when an answer was given by one of the guides, old Grey Wolf threw back a louder and nearer reply.

Then silence again. Lying on one's bed of boughs, how strangely quiet is the heart of the night—only a far-away, strange and eerie sound as if of stifled pain as two neighboring trees, stirred by a vagrant wind, rubbed branch against branch in helpless proximity.

It is the silence that keeps the camper awake most of the first night, as it becomes almost uncanny and oppressive. Silent, too, are the stars, hanging lower to earth than ever before, the Dipper almost touching the river. And the stars are so silent. The forested valley of the northland is "plumb full of hush to the brim," and all the world sleeps.

Northward and ever northward are other alluring worlds of woods and leagues of lakes. Such is the two million acre Algonquin Provincial Park, the Park-of-a-Thousand-Lakes, with reminders on every hand of Kat-

rine and Lomond, of Windermere and Derwentwater, of Killarney and Bantry Bay. It was a wise Government that set apart in perpetuity such a vast Crown domain not only as a forest, game and fish sanctuary but as a playground for all who wish. The conservation of a score of important water sources, through the conservation of the forests, is of no less importance.

What happy days Algonquin's noble park has afforded the lucky visitor to its haunts among the highest hills of the Highlands of Ontario; what happy memories are provided by the summer or autumn days spent within its wide-distanced boundaries.

Cache Lake is the main and one of the most accessible gateways to the Park, where the Highland Inn stands ready to dispense a brand of hotel hospitality that grades high, as the writer can truthfully testify. Here one can outfit for an exploratory trip through the Park, with a guide if desired, and if he be the guide who looked after this particular tenderfoot, he was philosopher, friend and companion in addition—one who had caught the spirit of the open and whose mind reflected the impress of the God-made country he had made his own. Under such expert guidance the dweller of a week or a month in a lakeland such as Algonquin Park is a lucky dog who need not exchange places with monarch or millionaire, whether he live like a King in the Highland Inn, or in Nominigan Camp, on Smoke Lake.

So Ontario is rich in her nature gardens, the glories of which have only been hinted at in this brief article. Not only has the half not been told, but a hundredth part of the half. The ordinary span of a generation is not long enough to discover all their secrets, but a day is a day, and a day or days, spent in any one of this trio of gardens, or better still, in all three, will mean their marking on the calendar of time as the reddest of red-letter days.





GEORGE GILBERT

(Continued from June Number)

CHAPTER VI.

MY father was a Lac à Jim trapper, French Canadian, descendant of a long line of voyageurs and trail men. While on a trip to Montreal with his catch of furs twenty-five years ago he met, wooed and married my mother, who then was a waitress in a restaurant where my father ate during that stay in the city. My mother was a McLeod, Agnes McLeod of Nova Scotia ancestry; my father Jean Carlac. My mother was tall, fair, with rosy cheeks; my father sturdy, dark, a merry man. I am named for my mother.

"Often I have heard my father tell how well my mother did her part after they were married, although before that she had lived in towns and cities. Yet we Canada folk have so much of the bush always before us or around us and hear so much of its life that it isn't a far step for a eastern Canadian town girl to go to the out-door life as you might think.

"After they were married my father gave up his long trapping trips.

He had a fine clearing at his place on Brulé Pond, and what with guiding, the plentiful fish, what could be raised on the good land, the game always to be had in season and the cows, pigs, chickens, my mother and father prospered. He was always in demand as a guide. In the winter he trapped nearby.

"So matters went, the two living happily, yet with one great wish—that a child might be born to them. But when I was born I brought sorrow, for within a year afterward, my mother, weakened by the illness caused by lack of treatment, died.

"My earliest recollection is that as a little girl, my father was my nurse, playmate, friend. Like all the Canadian guides, he was a good cook and knew how to keep our cabin home in order. I grew up with him, well nourished, perhaps not well disciplined, but much loved and well dressed, for he took good care to have ordered for me good clothing. Of his choicest furs he had made for me, as soon as I was old enough to get good from their use, beautiful fur gloves, hats, jackets, giving the work

out to the wives of habitants he knew. He gave up guiding and long trapping trips. I am sure he tried not to leave me alone much, but he had to go away sometimes, for supplies to town or for other reasons. The first few years he had "Huron John" La Cerf and his squaw, who were old friends of his, take up their lodge near our house and so when he wanted to go away, the old Indian woman could be with me. Afterwards he could take me to town and back and leave me in the cabin, when he was out about our clearing in weather when I could not be with him. Gradually I became able to go with him everywhere, even on his trapping trips nearby, and then to take part in the work of cooking and taking care of the home.

"My father never married again. Often I have seen him, on moonlight nights in summer, go to that part of the clearing where he had had put up a little white stone for my mother and there sit by her grave and smoke. Yet at such times if I crept up to him I did not find him sad. He would say to me:

" 'Agnes, your mother is just over beyond, with Le Bon Dieu and so when we go there, she will be able to speak for us.'

"I am sure that his rough and ready religion gave me much comfort. But once out there he said to me: 'If a man ever wronged you or struck you, I would kill him.' Then I shivered.

"One night, when I was about fifteen years old, he invited me to go out to my mother's grave, something he never before had done. Seeing that something serious was coming, I went, with wonder tugging at my heartstrings. It was summer.

" 'Agnes,' he said to me, 'so far I have tried to be both mother and father to you, but there is one thing I can not do. I promised your mother when she knew she was going away from us that in good time you, my daughter, should have learning from books. I can not give it to you and no one out here on the edges can do it as well as she would have

wished. So you must go to the nuns—'

"Ah, well, Mr. Aylesworth, I shall not bore you with the details of how I strove to convince him that I did not want to leave him, or of how he, with patient force and persistent renunciation, made me see that it was best for me. In the end I consented and a few weeks afterwards, riding on top of a load of furs from former seasons that he had saved out for the purpose, he took me in to Montreal, where the proceeds of the sale of the furs gave him enough money to make a nice deposit for me in a savings bank and to give me plenty of nice clothes and pay for my tuition with the White Nuns for the coming term. Then he left me, with the final admonition to improve my opportunities.

" 'As for me, petite,' he said. 'I must now go on the long trails again, that you may not lack fur money to make of you a lady fine, my golden demoiselle.'

"And now followed busy years for me. Summers I went back to our home beside Brulé Pond, to hear the loons call, the grouse drum, the woodcock whistle as they got up before one in the margins of the water breaks. And to catch trout and broil them for father who worked the little clearing farm during the open months. Then, fall near at hand, he would take me down, with his furs, see that I was well outfitted for the winter, deposit most of his money to my credit, hear the report of the Mother Superior on my progress, which, I am glad to say, was not bad, and then return to trap—to follow the long trails, *au large*.

"I had followed this course as best I could, hoping both to please my father and to do as my mother had planned for me to do, but with the idea that when my schooling was over I would be able to go back to my father's place and that he would then settle again beside Brulé Pond and we two go on, in the old sweet way.

"But, Mr. Aylesworth, who can read the designs of Providence? At the end of my fifth year, when I was

just past twenty, and had finished my studies, with some credit, and was looking forward to the coming of my father to take me home for good, the Mother Superior took me aside and told me that it was my father's further wish that I enter upon some employment in Montreal that summer, remain there and see if that would not please me better than life in the backwoods. He was not coming in to see me then, much as he wished to. If, after a summer of work in the city, I still desired to share his lonely life, he would not object further.

"It seemed a hard cross, but I saw that he was trying to do, with true delicacy of feeling, what he thought was best. I yielded again and as the nuns had found a place for me in a fashionable millinery establishment, as an apprentice, at a wage that met my expenses and as I had still a balance in the bank and could get more, at need, from my father, as the nuns assured me, I soon was at work, living with a distant cousin of my mother's, a spinster, who kept a modest *pension* in a quiet corner of the Old Town. Her name is Elizabeth McLeod.

"As the time drew near when my father could come to see me, I found myself more and more inclined to return with him. I made good progress in my apprenticeship, and often thought I should like to complete my course, but the call of the open places was too strong for me to resist it.

"Then came the blow. To keep up my French, I had taken *La Patrie*; also because in it one can find news of the habitants and their little doings. Opening my copy of it one day after work, I found staring me in the face an account of a fight between two men near Brule pond over the ownership of a magnificent skin of a black fox, marked with a pure white cross on its forehead. Each claimed to have taken the fox in his trap. One, Pierre Lafitte, had been struck down by the other, Jean Carlac and left for dead. Carlac, taking the skin had fled to the wilderness. Officers were after him. Lafitte had been

taken to a St. Johns hospital, with small chances of recovery.

"For days I went about like one dumb with pain. That my father should be so in peril was a cross hard to bear. But I hoped Lafitte would recover and pursuit would slacken, and it would pass off as a trappers' quarrel. If death does not result often the law is mild in such cases. I knew this Lafitte well—a skulking, sneaking fellow, called 'Jean Reynard' or 'Johnny Fox,' as you would say or—"

"Johnny Sneakum," he suggested dryly.

She nodded approval, a light of mischief dancing in her eyes.

"I know all such," he said shortly, between big puffs.

"My aunt told me to wait a few days and see what turned up. My first impulse was to go back to Brulé Pond, but I restrained myself when my aunt said that if I did and my father heard of it he surely would come back to me and that thus I would be for him merely bait in the trap and that the officers would watch the cabin and take him easily when he came to see me.

"It was well that I heeded her advice, for one evening, when I returned from work, tired out with meeting the inquiring glances of shop companions who had heard of my father's trouble or had read of it and had tried to get me to talk, discouraged and yearning for someone to talk to who would understand me, my aunt told me that I was wanted in her parlor and there I found Huron John, the Indian friend of my babyhood. He was alone, dressed soberly, as our Canadian Indians do for trips to a big city. One glance at him was enough to tell me that he wanted to see me alone. Despite my aunt's hints to the contrary, I asked John to my room, where he gravely drew from under his coat one of the most beautiful fox skins I ever have seen—black, prime. Its forehead was starred in white!

"It was the one my father and Lafitte had quarreled over, he told me. He had sheltered my father

three days at the head of Brulé Pond when he was supposed to be speeding for the wilds of upper Canada. He had left with John the black fox skin, which was to be sent to me, with money, and as news had come to John that Lafitte was then at the point of death, my father had left for the wilderness, telling Indian John that he never would put himself near me, as I was 'a lady now, a golden demoiselle.' And he was just a rough trapper, with a crime charged against him. That day John had heard Lafitte was much better.

"After Indian John had gone, with my thanks and promise that, if needed he could call me back to Brulé Pond to meet my father at any time, I considered my situation. I feared first that Indian John had been watched and the officials notified of his coming. Up Brulé way he was well-known as my father's friend. By leaving for Montreal when he should have been going to lay his traps for the winter, he would be suspected of carrying me word from my father. So it was just in time that I concealed the skin of the black fox, for soon an agent of the police came, but had no satisfaction from me. He told me the police had planned to take Huron John as he came from my boarding place, but had been outwitted by the Indian who had escaped. That made me more at ease, as Indian John would be able to take back to Brulé Pond the news that Lafitte had passed the danger point and would recover. That news would be worth much to my father, I was sure.

CHAPTER VII.

"Imagine now, Mr. Aylesworth, my position," she went on. I held a fortune in the pelt of the black fox. But it was my father's and if he were taken, the money from it might hire a lawyer to defend, perhaps free, him. Or if he got away and needed help in illness or if injured the money from the skin could be sent him by friends over the long trails. In his condition money might be needed more than anything else. Yet I dared not sell the skin, as to

offer it in the Montreal market then would attract attention. Black fox skins are not as plentiful as blueberries in August. And on mine the white cross on the head would identify it, you understand?"

Aylesworth nodded. A pleasant warmth from the sheet iron stove had pervaded the cabin. Snoozer was snoring comfortably. Outside the wind came and went fitfully.

"About this time Frank DuPointe came into my life. He came to Aunt Elizabeth's *pension*; at first no different to me than were the other young men who came and went. But he paid especial attention to me, winning first interest, then friendship. He said he was a man of some means, had hunted, fished, trapped. His conversation often turned on the long trails. I could see he was a good amateur woodsman. He made light of my father's offense.

"This taste of his for the outer spaces appealed to me wonderfully, after long months in town, where I had no one to talk to who could understand me, as he seemed to, with his apparent ready sympathy for my wilding whimsies.

"Well, Mr. Aylesworth, soon DuPointe was escorting me to work and took me out evenings. He was of good appearance, dark, not over-stout in build, agile, strong, well educated, with a fascinating fund of small-talk, such as a girl likes to hear who has not had a large experience with men. To me he seemed the Prince Charming fated to come into my life and I made it not hard for him to make love to me. At the end of the month I permitted him to announce our engagement. My aunt, glad, no doubt, to have a troublesome girl well married off her hands and not knowing about the pelt of the black fox, did not demur. I hadn't told DuPointe about the skin.

"My plan was that after I was married to DuPointe, I should tell him all about myself and my father—our peculiarly tender relations—and so appeal to all the good in a man's nature and then that he, loving me and with good knowledge of the world,



"A pleasant warmth from the sheet iron stove pervaded the cabin."

its ways and the fur market, would sell the skin for me and show me how to keep the money from it invested safely, so I could have it ready, should my father call on me for aid.

"But I planned, like many another woman, without knowing what sort of man I had married. For after we came from the church to my Aunt Elizabeth's house, from which place we were to go on our wedding trip among the Thousand Islands and up the lake and so to Niagara Falls and perhaps beyond, as I thought, I found a stranger waiting for my husband. He drew DuPointe aside and I saw them whisper. My husband was denying something most vehemently. Thinking perhaps there was some question of money due and wishing to relieve my husband of embarrassment, I went quietly into the hall and said, as if I were talking to my aunt:—"Yes, aunt, I'm coming." Then I stepped into her room, where she was not, as she was below, packing our luncheon for the trip's first day. But the two men must have thought that I was gone, for they came out into the hall and their voices became louder and louder.

Piecing this and that remark together, I learned that Frank DuPointe had been put up to wooing me by the other man, a maker of shady deals in stolen furs. He had in some way found that I was the daughter of Jean Carlac and heard from a police friend about Huron John's visit to me and figured that I had the precious skin, therefore.

"I heard my husband say:—"She's not told me where it is yet. But when she's been mine a week she must tell or I'll beat it out of her with a club."

"My heart seemed frozen for a moment. My brain reeled. Then I was Jean Carlac's daughter—a child of the long trails—once more, brain clear, nerves steady. My things were all packed. In a grip I had placed all the immediate necessities a woman needs to travel with. I had my own store of money. My decision was soon made. A revulsion of feeling against my husband swept over me. A yearning for the wild, open spaces, the clean-hearted people of the long trails, came to me. Without a word, I stepped into my room, drew the pelt of the black fox

from its place of concealment, put it into the grip and went out down a side hall, so thence to the front of the house, and into the taxi we had waiting. No one saw me go, I said to the driver:—

“To the Canadian Pacific, at once. You are then to come back after my husband, who wishes me to go first, that there may be room for an extra trunk.”

“I paid him in advance and he, nothing doubting, obeyed me.

“But my trip to that station was but a ruse, as I had made up my mind to cross the border and go down into New York. That I did and spent the following winter in Albany working, under the name of Agnes McLeod, as a milliner. My taste and skill served me well and I did well. But with the spring came the old yearning for the open spaces and early this year I determined to quit the city. This plan was hastened because I had a letter from my aunt, to whom I had foolishly written too soon, giving her my reasons for leaving as I did. In reply she wrote to me that DuPointe, who meanwhile had remained with her, playing the part of the injured husband, had seen my letter, recognized the postmark, and my handwriting, had seized the missive and read it. She had turned him unceremoniously out of the house and he had gone away, swearing to follow me. Later she had seen him and he was raging drunk.

“Did he?” asked Aylesworth, “follow you to Albany?”

“Yes, but I did not know it then. But the letter from my aunt alarmed me and spurred me on to do two things.

“First, I placed the black fox skin in a fur storage house and sewed the receipt for it into the lining of a piece of my clothing.

“Second, I left the millinery shop and answered an advertisement calling for a young woman to go to the Adirondacks for the summer as companion to an invalid. I secured the place and went, with a wealthy Troy woman, Mrs. Stethrohwe, to her camp, over on Fulton Chain.

“But before I left I had another

letter from my aunt, telling me that Huron John La Cerf, in for his spring trading trip, had been to see her and that John had heard from a trapper in the far north that my father was alive and well and that she had sent my father word by John as to my affairs. As I read that part of her letter, I seemed to hear my father say again, as he had to me beside my mother's grave:— ‘If ever a man wronged you or struck you, I would kill him.’ I could not help but shiver again at the memory of his earnestness as he had said that. I hoped he never would meet Frank DuPointe to know him as the man who had threatened to club me into giving up the precious pelt of the black fox.

“I wrote back to my aunt, telling her where I was bound—and why.

“With Mrs. Stethrohwe at Fulton Chain I had a pleasant situation. I read to her, attended to her correspondence. As the summer drew on I became almost contented, although I worried about my father often.

“But one evening when I had been released from my duties and was waiting on the boat pier watching the canoes and motor launches glide back and forth and listening to the laughter and badinage of the young people, some one stepped up behind me and without ‘by your leave’ sat down beside me. It was my husband! He had traced me from Albany!

“He was humble, cunning. He owned to taking my letter from my aunt and that he knew why I had fled. He blamed the dishonest fur dealer for tempting him into a course that threatened to wrong me and pleaded for my forgiveness. Foolishly, for he seemed to be sober, penitent, I went to my room and got for him half my store of money. He begged me to tell him where the pelt of the black fox was. Fortunately I refused. He thanked me for my money and went away. No love for him remained in my heart. All that I asked of him was to let me alone.

“But he came, again and again. Each time his demands on me increased. Once he came drunk and

boasted he had sent word to my father by a friend in Montreal who knew the long trails, that he had married me and meant to have the black fox skin from me by force and had already taught me, with a club, to obey him. There was a scene that upset Mrs. Stethrohwe. I felt that under the circumstances, I was more of a burden to her than a help and so I resigned and hearing of a place to be had as waitress in a summer camp farther into the woods, I went there. I wrote my aunt of my new plans.

"I felt elated after a time to find that my husband did not follow right on after me. I did not try to make a secret of my new destination or in any way to close up the trail against him. I even had a half wild idea then at times that if he should follow me into the deeper wilds, sober up and show signs of good behavior, I might take him and try to influence him to adopt a cleaner course of life. After all he was my husband and we French Canadian girls wed for life—for better or for worse, Mr. Aylesworth."

She paused. John nodded, saying: "I know you Canuck lassies stick to a man like cockle burrs."

He laughed and she with him. Then she went on:—

"But DuPointe did not come—then. It was after the summer folks had gone and the deer hunters came to the camp where I was that my real plan took shape. After our big Saguenay wilds, your tame little Adirondacks seemed small to me. I was not afraid to face a winter up here, as my father and mothers for generations back had faced our big, stark winters, out in the open. A letter to my aunt told her of my new plans. I sent it early, inviting my father to join me. An answer came, saying Indian John had been in and taken my word out for me again.

"As camping parties came and went, I managed it so that I had the giving out of supplies and took in the money for them and receipted for them. So when I began to get my winter supplies ready out of the camp's big store, I had no trouble in concealing

everything I wanted under the floor of my room, putting them in crocks and cans, so the porkies could not get at them. I picked up here and there from the people of the camp spare articles of clothing and from a foolish woman who had come up to hunt, dressed in a stylish fur hunting costume, I got this pretty fox jacket and cap, in return for services I did for her. So, when the camp broke up, I was prepared and in the confusion of getting the big party away at the station, about ten miles out by a woods road from the camp, I was not missed when I dodged into the brush by the trackside and so had no trouble in getting back to the camp again before dark. That night I slept there alone, almost happy at the thought that my troubles were all behind me.

"In the morning I packed my duffle among which was this little rifle that had been left behind by some one, with cartridges, on a traverse I made of birch poles and was ready to start back toward what I had been told was Netagomish. Just as I was ready to leave, some one came staggering up the trail.

"It was my husband, drunk, abusive. He had gotten off the train at the stopping place for that camp, having been told I was there. He had hoped to find many people there and a new opportunity for blackmail. Instead he found me, my mind made up ready to defend myself, careless of results, now that we were alone. I soon made it plain to him that he could not intimidate me there, with no one near to hear his accusations against my poor father. I left him sitting on the porch of one of the camp houses, took the tug rope of the traverse, made off through the quiet woods. I was careless whether or not I made a trail. He stormed off, saying: 'I'll get you by way of Stratho.'

"I had heard there were guides' cabins over on this side of the range and one of them I planned to use. It took me three days to come over and once here I found this cabin. It had several steel traps in it, left by some one. I began to set snares

and with my little gun and ax and this stove I felt that I could be comfortable until spring. I had food enough, with what I could kill with the gun. I knew my aunt had gotten word to my father of my plans and that he would come, in time.

"But again I was self-deceived. The day I met you—yesterday—I had no thoughts but that I was safe from pursuit. Yet my husband, after I had left him, had gone back to the railroad and up it to Stratho. He had an idea of how the land lay up here. He had hung around Stratho, making shrewd inquiries, and using the name of Paul Perrault. Then it was that he, after finding that I had not come through that way, had found out about the guide's cabins here and concluded that I had headed this way. He suspected that I was preparing a place for my father to come to. That much and the fact that he was known at Stratho as 'Paul Perrault' he blurted out when he first found me, after you had left me yesterday. He reached this cabin after I had left to go down the creek, after my traps. He had seen us meet. He suspected me of receiving attentions from you and accused me—you know the rest. Except that—"

Here she paused, hesitant.

"Go on," urged Aylesworth, deeply sympathetic.

"Before he came down along the creek after me he stayed here at this cabin long enough to put all my food into a few boxes out back of the cabin and burn it. My cartridges he took. Also my little store of money, which he found while searching for the black fox's skin, which he thought I had here. His object probably was to overcome me, and then, by showing me we were out of food, compel me to go back with him, live with him as his wife and that then when he had me cowed, he would force the knowledge of the precious pelt from me. At any rate, owing to his actions, here we are without food—"

"You seemed to have enough for supper—"

"That was all I had left of what I rescued from the fire."

"How did you suspect he was up

there on the hill in that lean-to, where you found me?"

"I have good eyes. After you left, I saw him, afar, staggering along the ridge and once or twice lean against trees up there. After I was home last night it came to me that he must be wounded and I knew that if he was, being a good woodsman, he would make him a lean-to, if he found he could not get out of the woods before night and would dress his wound. "I wanted to be sure he was gone."

Aylesworth thought a moment, then said:—

"As for food, there's plenty down to my cabin. And we can get game enough there, till I can get out. And from there you could snow shoe down to the Stratho road and get help if I couldn't make it."

"That is for tomorrow's consideration," she said. "For the present, the big problem for you is—rest."

"And for you?"

"The same. Let me fix you a snug blanket roll on the floor and I'll sleep on the bunk. Snoozer can watch."

"No one will get near without an alarm from him. Cock the little meat gun and put it under your balsam pillow."

"One thing puzzles me," she said, "and that is when he accused me of receiving attentions from you, he used your name. How did he get it?"

"Oh, everyone in Stratho knew I was on the Nescopern for the winter. As he must have seen me go south after we parted yesterday, he probably concluded I was the trapper he had heard of in here."

CHAPTER VIII.

Quartering the Nescopern Highland northwesterly from Muskrat Glade toward Stratho, Frank Du-Pointe limped bitterly forward. Forced to lose time by going around windfalls and great heaps of rock piled up here and there like Titans' playthings, he nevertheless kept his general direction with the aid of his compass. He had left the lean-to that Aylesworth had found early that morning. The soreness from

the bullet wound in his leg was intense, but he managed to push himself along. A blind, unreasoning rage against his wife filled his mind and heart. Afar he had seen her in converse with a stranger—a handsome trapper. The same man had come to help her when he had attacked her. Although he did not love his wife, a feeling that he had been wronged had taken possession of him. The drink had faded out of him, but not the desire to finger the pelt of the black fox with the white cross on its forehead and afterward the gold pieces that the pelt would bring.

At noon he made a hasty lunch and then found a good stick with a fork in it, that served him as a crutch. With this he made far better progress. So it was that he came, bit by bit, from the Nescopern levels to the floor of the valley of Rainbow River at dusk and struck the riverside woods road at the point five miles south of Stratho, where a woods road and a branch of the State's macadam forked. There was little snow in the valley of the Rainbow by now.

Far up the macadam an auto horn blared as the headlights brought into view of the people in it the sign post pointing to the woods road. DuPointe saw the motor pause and a man was dropped from it. He heard the clank of iron. The automobile went on, leaving the lone man at the roadside. Another and another and still another automobile passed, one of them very large, like a goods van.

DuPointe approached the man who stood thus at the roadside in the dusk. He saw a man in the high waterproof shoes, the heavy knit overstockings, the belted-in wool trail coat, the downpulled, long-tasseled cap of the trapper. In his belt was the ax and hunting knife. In the crook of one arm was his rifle. Over his back was slung a few dozen small traps and one very large one—for bear.

DuPointe had seen so many trappers in to trade at Montreal that he knew this one for what he was—a man of the long trails, one who could travel *au large* by canoe on

open lakes or make the small trails serve him, at need. As he approached slowly, he studied the man keenly. He noted the man's breadth of shoulder, his quick easy movements when he wheeled at the sound of another approaching him.

"Bon jour, monsieur," the stranger greeted in booming accents. His face was pleasant, open, his eye had in it a merry glint that came out from under the cloud of concern on his brows. Yet no sooner had the greeting passed his lips than the grave look returned.

"Bon jour, monsieur," DuPointe returned.

"Are you by chance of Canada?" This in French of the habitant.

"Of Montreal."

"Is Stratho near?"

"It should be five miles. I am going in, after an accident with a gun in the woods. I have left my friends at their camp. In order not to spoil their sport I told them I would limp in on my crutch and go home. I foolishly shot myself with a small rifle while cleaning it."

"Accept my condolences, monsieur. Would the touch of my shoulder to stay you on the way in help you?"

"Then you are bound for Stratho?"

"As much as for anywhere in these small wilds, monsieur. I am here to pick out a place to trap for the winter. I came down with the big automobile party from beyond Montreal. As they had moose heads and caribou and skins and were afraid they would spoil enroute, they had me travel in the big machine and I worked over them enroute. The pay was fabulous for a poor trapper and so I brought my traps thinking I would stay in these parts for this winter, instead of going on the long trails."

"No; I can manage to get along alone well enough," answering the other's former inquiry.

While the stranger rolled a load for his black brier pipe out between his palms; DuPointe studied him in the growing dusk as well as he could.

"Did you, by any chance, in this country where you have been in

camp, monsieur," asked the big trapper "hear of a man and his wife named DuPointe, new arrivals in this country?"

Not a shade of uneasiness, not a start of surprise, did DuPointe show. He felt sure he had the clue to the other's identity now.

"I heard of two such," he said, "from our guides. Let me see," bowing his head, as if in thought.

The other regarded him keenly.

"Oh, yes," with an accent of decision. "It was like this. I came up Rainbow trail. Over back from here is what the people here call the Nescopern Highland," waving his hand toward the barrier at their right. "Beyond that is another valley and in that, near its head some cabins the guides of this country have put up. It was in one of them that our men saw this couple. Are you looking for them?"

"Yes, monsieur. Were they well when you heard of them?"

"I paid little attention to what was said, as it did not interest me, except that the guides did say that the husband was of an ugly disposition and often misused the wife—"

The rifle under the stranger's arm trembled; the traps over his back shook as he made a motion threatening and odd. But his voice was level as he asked:—

"And this husband, what is he like?"

"A strong man, above the medium height, thick, not slim, as I am. His hair is dark, his cheeks fresh in color. With them they have a red-brown dog. The man's gaze is direct and open. The guides were surprised when they saw him beating his wife—"

"Beating her?"

The black pipe was going now, full speed. The stranger half turned away.

"Then you are not going to Stratho, monsieur?" DuPointe asked.

"No monsieur. I have changed my mind. This country seems a good country for the *trapping of the bear*. I have salt, coffee, matches in my clothes. I shall turn aside here to see how the country lays before I make up my mind where to settle

in this region. The trapper of the long trails needs little. I am obliged for your information, monsieur. It is pleasant when in a strange land to meet a compatriot. As for these DuPointes if they have their affairs of family, it is better that I keep away from them. They are friends of old friends, no more. Why should I intrude upon them? No; I shall trap the bear. The Madame DuPointe I have seen; her husband I have not. But I have heard of him—too much, too much."

"Yes, he seems a beast. Well, monsieur, such are certain men. They woo a girl softly, but as a wife they treat her harshly. But forgive me for this gossip. If you are in Stratho during my stay, ask at the Eagle Hotel for Paul Perrault. Or if I need but small attention from the doctor, I may go back to my friends on the lower Rainbow."

The younger man turned, limped off up the Stratho road slowly, with more of an appearance of labor than his condition warranted. A few steps only he made before a rattle of traps being shouldered told him that the other was ready to depart.

"One thing more," he called through the darkness. "The husband of the Madame DuPointe at first tried to use the name of Aylesworth, but the guides would not listen to that, as there is a John Aylesworth hereabouts, a good fellow enough. Finally he owned that his name is DuPointe. His cabin is over in the next valley, and it sits under three pines."

"Again I thank you," came the booming reply. "Your information is very precise."

This time DuPointe crutched it steadily away. As he went he heard the traps rattle again; heard the ring of hobnails on the road-metal. Then the footsteps of the stranger ceased. He had gone off down the soft woods road.

DuPointe crouched at the macadam roadside and listened long and intently.

"He goes to trap the bear, eh?" DuPointe sneered to himself. "The

bear? Lucky for me he did not know me and that I could turn him so neatly against *her* new-found friend out there—"shaking his fist toward the Nescopern.

"Well," he said, preparing to go on; "let him do as he pleases. It will be strange if out of it something does not come to give me some advantage. Lucky I knew his name, as by giving him Aylesworth's name as a clue, I have clinched the seeming proof against him. When they meet, Carlac will act first, investigate afterward—too late."

Getting up, he went toward Stratho. He found the Eagle's bar room thronged with its usual crowd. Snow was falling again thickly.

Mine Host Johnson of the Eagle greeted him heartily and listened with interest to his story of having gone into the woods a few days with friends, there to meet a slight accident. Such events are not unusual, so his request for the services of a doctor created no comment. His wound dressed, supper eaten, DuPointe excused himself and went to bed, to revolve in his mind his plans for securing two objects that he held foremost in his mind—the black fox's pelt and satisfaction for the treatment his wife had given him.

CHAPTER IX.

As for the man to whom DuPointe had talked on the Stratho road, he, after going down the woods road in the dark for a time and then withdrawing to the roadside for shelter, found that the storm promised to be of great force. So with the skill of the trapper of the long trails, he made him a lean-to of pine boughs and spent the night in the open.

At dawn on Wednesday the big Canadian trapper came out of his frail but efficient shelter to view a world overspread with a blanket of snow at least two feet deep. Yet off the levels and especially on the slopes where he was, it was not so deep. The air was not cold—just right for snow and more and more snow.

Shaking himself inside his clothing as a bear shakes his body inside his

loose skin, the trapper, after snatching at a few mouthfuls of cold food that he had with him, threw his rifle into the crook of his right arm, his traps over his back and began the ascent. Half a mile farther on he hid all the small traps, but he kept the huge bear trap.

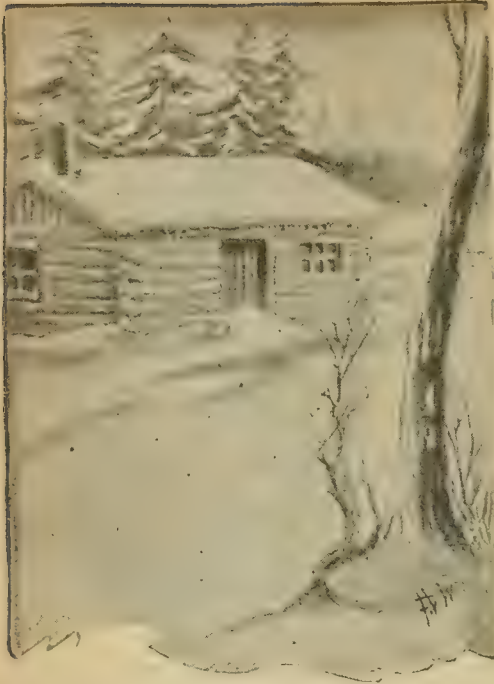
"This one for the human bear that beats my Agnes—uses her like an Indian uses his squaw," he growled, throwing the big trap over his shoulder. Soon he was far above the Rainbow's valley and with the storm at his back, came to the summit of the highland and went over it and then he began to stride across the more level land up there, around rocks and windfalls, holding the wind at his back to keep his direction straight. Before noon he was travelling in a soft, clinging snow up to his knees, but it did not seem to bother him. The snow was not heavy and often there were places between the rocks and windfalls and in under hemlock clumps that there was little or no snow.

It was snowing harder still when the lonely man felt the ground falling away before him and found that every step was taking him to a lower level than the one before. He was across the highland then and going down into the valley.

With the true woodsman's instinct he knew that such cabins as guides would put up there would be along any watercourse at the valley's bottom. So he held on until he was in the most depressed portion of the dip between the hills and when he struck the water, followed it down. The little stream was still trying to talk, although here and there its tiny reaches were frozen over.

It was growing dark when the trapper, his rifle at "ready" came around a bend in the tiny stream and so on to the cabin. The three big pines, protectingly over it, marked it as the one he sought.

Like a lynx, Jean Carlac sank into the hollow between some logs and watched. The snow came, drifting over him. The wind moaned through the watching pines. The dusk came, but no light to make



cheerful the tiny window at the cabin's end. No smoke ascended from the smoke pipe at the other end.

Finally the grim watcher got up, left the bear trap under the logs, threw his rifle forward, drew up the hammer and, with finger on trigger, went carefully ahead.

At the door he paused, irresolute. Suddenly he knocked. He had no answer. Again his knuckles gave summons. No answer. He wrenched the door open and, gun poised, went in.

Inside the gloom baffled him for the moment, but his forest-trained eyes soon came at the heart of the puzzle. The cabin was deserted. The stove was stone cold. He found a candle stump in a bottle-end and with that to light him, soon found that there was no food there. The bunk was without a blanket. Cooking utensils were in evidence, all empty.

"They were out of food," he muttered, "and had to leave. And the snow will hide their tracks. I must wait until tomorrow when in the light, I may get down to the old snow and so pick up their trail here and

there. There is no other way." He sighed, and set about preparing the last of his scanty store of food.

His meal eaten, he first warmed the cabin by making the sheet iron stove red hot. Then, stretching himself all dressed on the hard bunk, he was soon deep in an uneasy, restless slumber that held him thrall until the dawn came to awaken him and to show him by its shifting lights and shadows that he was snow bound until such time as the snow settled after a long thaw or crusted after a sleet storm. Yet he did not worry about himself. After the great hazards of the long trails, the risks of the tame New York wilderness seemed too small, for the descendant of many generations of voyageurs, to consider.

CHAPTER X.

"Wal, Mr. Peerow," Proprietor Abner Johnson ventured as DuPointe came out of the Eagle's dining room after breakfast the next morning, "I guess you're in for a spell of it here?" Take some time to break out the roads and trails."

Johnson's pronounced Adirondack Yankee twang as he mouthed "Mr. Perrault," the name DuPointe had signed before to the Eagle's register, conveyed to the few men about the place the information that this was the stranger who had been injured while hunting, and had had to come in to have his wound dressed. This in itself was enough to make Perrault the center of attraction in the small mountain town that was being shut in closer and closer as the snow piled itself up soundlessly outside. Already the flakes had fallen to a depth of twenty inches on the level and with the earlier snows, the total fall was over three feet, as in Stratho the warmer weather of the day before had not been so pronounced as it had farther down on the Nescopern.

"There are worse places than the Eagle to be snowed up in, I'll be bound," DuPointe said, drawing up a chair to the cheerful round woodstove in the open space in front of the bar.

"Putty fair here; putty fair. As

to grub, we ain't much on style, but good on quality and quantity," Johnson rejoined.

"Any more of that real good whiskey that we had last night?"

"Some could be found, I reckon," with a chuckle, which went around the group of sitters and chewers. "No excise men liable to be gumshoe-in' and snowshoein' about to-day to see if the dry law is enforced."

This terrific joke was received with a loud burst of merriment.

"Well, then, let us all see about it," invited DuPointe.

This sweeping invitation put the visitor at once well in the good graces of the crowd. Especially as he insisted that after the first drink another and another, be taken, at his expense. When in Stratho before DuPointe had been liberal.

All the time the drinking was going on, DuPointe kept searching the faces of the others. In none of them did he find the combination of greed, cunning and resolution that he sought. Two, Alonson Barker, a small, mean faced man of fifty, a hostler about the hotel, and Brite Wagner, a big, loutish farmer who had come in to Stratho with a load of potatoes and been snowed in, to his own intense delight at the enforced stay away from his home on the flats below, where he was so often alone for weeks at a time, being a bachelor;

(The concluding chapters of "The Bear of Silver Dale" will appear in August issue.)



"Like a lynx, Jean Carlac sank into a hollow between some logs and watched."

interested him most. But neither one had the chief quality of recklessness that DuPointe thought he needed. But he so managed it that by the middle of the morning he had made friends with the two and drawn them up to his room, where, over a private bottle, he clenched their good opinion of him by noon.

The Albino Bass of the Ottawa

S. H. HOWARD

THE current of the Ottawa, disorganized after its release from hard-driven gallop down the Rapides Des Chenes, eddies and back-washes for half a mile below, staggering dizzily awhile, as it were, and taking a few minutes to establish itself on its new level.

For some thirty miles above the rapids it has travelled along steadily and slowly, practically at water level all the way. At the foot of the broad but shallow Lac des Chenes,

however, it is whipped over a limestone slope, down which it rushes white with lather, pell mell into the deep channel of the river below.

In these eddies and backwaters, with the pervasive roar of the tumult of white horses in our ears, we had fished with live minnows for bass and pickerel and perhaps a pike. I say "perhaps" because it was all that way—we were fishing for what we might "perhaps" get. But the two-pound bass and a small pickerel

formed the sum total of our catch so far that afternoon. With ideal water for the propagating of the best of Canadian game fish, there are nowadays more fishermen than fish in that broad, deep, moving water. The sawdust and the waste of the great lumber industry of the Ottawa has greatly affected the natural conditions which of old made that great river an ideal fish habitat. The lumber mills are burning their sawdust now and with time and care these old fishing grounds may be restored. When that time comes the people of Canada's capital will have ideal bass water right at their door.

The sun was blazing red behind the pines on Point Des Chenes on the Quebec side when we sent the canoe down with the current towards the cottage on the Ontario shore where supper somewhat impatiently awaited us. As we neared the gap in the boom which lets small craft through while still guarding against the escape of the floating logs, which all summer long go drifting down the Ottawa, the afternoon breeze had died away for the interval between daylight and dark, when the river flies come out to play. Over the face of the river had come a velvet softness flushed with variegated color. The great black boom timbers spilled the limpid flow of their sides with a smooth glissade which eddied softly at the end of each chained log. Tints of lilac, orange, purple and opal glowed iridescently on the transparency of the soft, moving water. Above, in the pale evening blue, swallows swooped and circled, feeding on the myriad tiny winged things which had come forth from the shelter of the land to live the climax of their day.

Thousands of the little white moths and river flies, failing to distinguish between air and water in the illusion of reflections and transparencies, struck the surface, and with wings wet and heavy, could only flutter helplessly on that uncertain line which divided the sky above from the sky below.

We swung the nose of the canoe to point for the water gateway in the boom. At that moment a slight

rumple lifted the floor of the glinting water a few feet ahead of us and sent a series of opalescent rings spreading through the gold and the purple.

"Fish!" exclaimed Samson, in the bow. He spoke in a reverent undertone which one uses when a big one is sighted. "Only an inch from the top."

The canoe drifted slowly over the spot where the rumple had flattened and faded, we gazing earnestly, with motionless paddles, the while.

"There he is," exclaimed Samson suddenly, and still his tone of reverence. He pointed to starboard with his paddle. "And by gosh! There's another."

"And there's another on the other side," I added, "and here's one just astern."

"We stopped the way of the canoe and looked about us, wild-eyed. Fish, big fish, and right on the surface were not such common sights on the surface of the old Ottawa nowadays as to leave a fisherman quite calm. In front of us a little bay in the boom formed by the grip of a boom anchor holding against the pull of the current, changed the color of the water to a velvet brown. In this angle little waves were starting up here and there and water rings were circling.

"They're feeding on the flies," whispered Samson. "It's a whole school of bass! Look!"

He pointed tensely to a black fin twenty feet from the boat, and while we looked a big fish also broke the surface. They were all around us, a school, a veritable school, feeding on top!

"By gosh!" ejaculated Samson fervently. "There are some fish left in the Ottawa yet. Eh, what?"

He laid down his paddle and picked up his rod. It was baited with a dead minnow.

Gently he cast into the centre of the nearest water ring, while I pointed the canoe and held her steady.

The minnow fell with a tiny splash true to the centre of the target, Samson slowly trolled it an inch below the surface. Breathless, I

knelt at the stern, waiting for that fierce, wicked strike which a black bass makes when he is feeding near the surface.

But nothing happened. Samson flicked out his line and cast again, with like lack of result. Then this fish—or another—rose again just off the port bow. We could see the dorsal fin and half the tail clear of the water.

"I'll bet he weighs every ounce of three pounds," whispered Samson in awe.

He cast his minnow three feet in front of the fish's nose. The big find continued in plain view but there was no movement until Samson trolled the minnow almost into its face. Then it turned aside and dived.

"That's no bass," declared Samson in a tone of conviction mixed with disgust.

"What in blazes is it, then?" I demanded.

"Darned if I know. But if he was a bass, I know darned well he wouldn't have turned up his nose at a minnow."

"Let me have that rod," I demanding laying down the paddle.

Samson reeled in and passed me the butt. I removed the dead minnow from the hook. A grasshopper had jumped into the canoe while we were up at the Island, and had ridden with us half the afternoon. He had but that moment hopped trustfully into my lap. I caught him with a swift treacherous slap and in another moment, hooked under the wings, he was dangling from the end of a springy steel rod.

I cast as for a trout. The grasshopper fell gently into the centre of a circling ripple abreast of the canoe. He kicked a little, then the weight of the wet line drew him under. I raised the tip of the rod and drew him gently towards the boat. I was reeling in for another cast when there came a slight jerk—the unmistakable strike of a fish. I struck back hard as for a bass and the bare hook came trailing in towards me, on a limp loose line.

"Curses!" said I. "We have no more grasshoppers."

"Yes, we have," returned Samson. "I just picked one out of the river. That's what these fish are here for. Pass me that rod."

He cast. A moment later his line was diving down at a sharp angle.

For a half a minute we were sure he was a bass. The bowed rod swung from side to side. Then it straightened, and the fish jumped six inches out of the water, and dived again, while we both uttered profane ejaculations of astonishment. The fish was gleaming white.

"That's the funniest black bass I ever saw," declared Samson.

"Maybe he's an albino," I suggested.

Whatever he was he fought well for two or three minutes more and then Samson reeled in and swung him towards me in the stern. I grasped the line at the water's edge and lifted the fish over the side.

"By Godfrey," exclaimed Samson, "it's a white fish."

And so he was.

All around us a school of white fish were rising and we had no more grasshoppers. It was the one chance of the year, the short period of a few days when the whitefish schools of the Ottawa come to the surface to feed on the white moths and the grasshoppers which fall into the river and go drifting down the current.

We caught little moths which fell into the water close beside us, but their bodies proved too soft. The snap of the cast or the pull of the water stripped the hook.

Twilight deepened, and the fish departed. Reluctantly we paddled home.

"That's the way with whitefish in the river, here," said the old Ottawa raftsmen, busy skinning catfish at the canoe landing. "They travel in schools. There's about one week in the summer when they'll come to the top of nice calm evenings just after sunset. Then you can catch them with grasshoppers. I've seen sports catching them with these here bass flies. They'll take a worm, too, sometimes. But to-morrow night you might go out there and never

see one. Some summers they never strike in on this side at all. There used to be a lot of whitefish caught off that point and I guess there's quite a few in the river yet. But the people along the shore here used to net them after dark, and they got thinned out. There's quite a few of them up above in Lac des Chenes.

Their mouths are soft and underhung. You want to use a medium-sized hook and be easy with them."

And so it proved. Some dozen or more were caught during the next few evenings and then they disappeared. Channel cat and mud pout continued as the great staples of the Ottawa.

A Hunter's Experiences in Alberta

Editor, Rod and Gun:

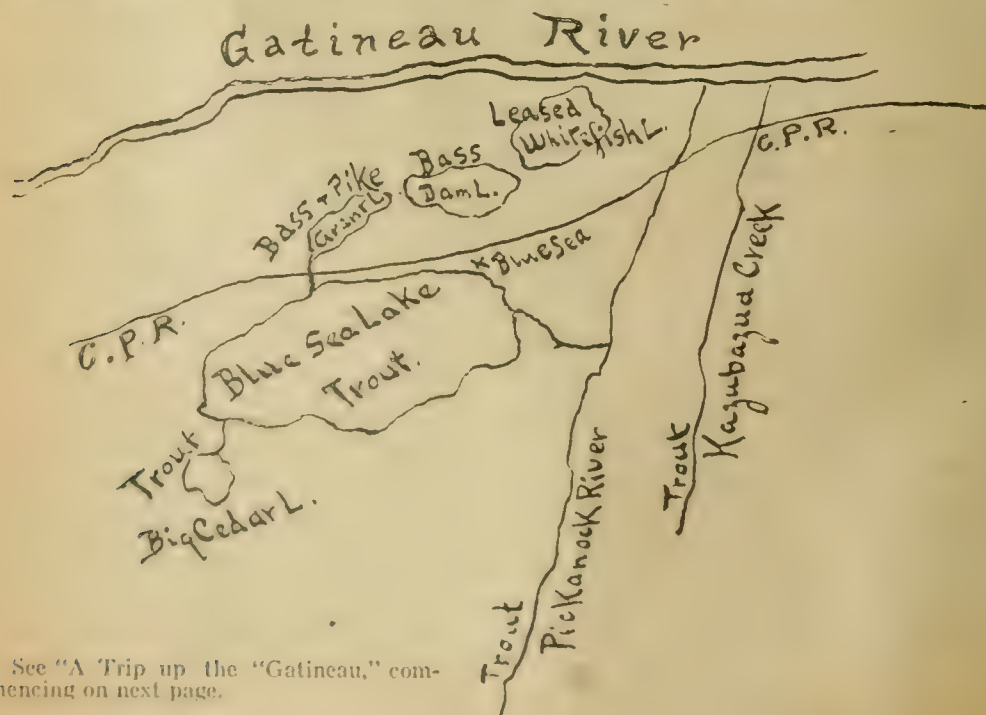
The date on the wrapper of my copy reminds me that another year's subscription is due. I have certainly enjoyed the reading very much. I have had some good shooting and fishing since February 1918, having fished in the Bow and Elbow rivers west of Calgary. Trout were very scarce but grayling were in abundance. I found plenty of Wilson snipe and woodcock in and about Springbank, and some chicken and plenty of duck in the Peace River country which we found was being settled up very fast. The big game is getting farther away in some

localities. We found plenty of bear at a place called Grizzly Bear where we stopped for a week. The young man with whom we stayed always carried his .22 Winchester to the field with him. One day a yearling bear came into the field and the dog saw him and chased him to a small tree. The young man killed the bear with the .22 long. I was not looking for trouble with grizzlies as I only carried a .35 automatic Winchester which I find a good general purpose gun. We found plenty of grouse and duck and had a good trip.

London, Ont.

L. W. Crawford

Map of Blue Sea Lake Region



See "A Trip up the "Gatineau," commencing on next page.

A Trip up the Gatineau

GEO. B. LOVEDAY

WE read stories in the sporting magazines of fishing and hunting trips in Alaska, the Rockies, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Maine, the Adirondacks, even Florida and many other places but that section of Quebec Province immediately north of Ottawa, Ontario, rarely figures in those periodicals exploiting the great out-doors and depicting the glories of the woods and streams, especially those published on the American side of the border.

There is a beautiful country just north of the Canadian Capital where probably in the logic of the Irishman one third of the land is water, lakes all sizes and shapes lie scattered about throughout this territory, beautiful lakes—the great majority of them free to the hunter, fisherman and canoeist—comparatively few being leased to private parties or individuals. There are lakes and streams as wild and wonderful as one could wish for, if he is willing to penetrate a little distance beyond the line of steel.

The Gatineau River—a stream almost as long as the Hudson—dark and sullen in some places and dashing itself into a white foam over mighty rocks in others, at last after its three hundred mile course empties its amber-hued waters into the mightier Ottawa just across from that thriving city of one hundred thousand population which is the seat of the Dominion Government.

Hundreds of square miles of terri-



tory containing a veritable net-work of lakes are drained by this picturesque water course. The real starting point and place of equipment for a trip into the Gatineau district is Ottawa and it was here we arrived after an all night ride from New York the last week in July. Here we engaged our canoe,

bought supplies and whiled away a few hours, not detained so much by the attractions of the place, though its attractiveness cannot be denied as by the fact that we both were of one mind as to the advisability of getting well fed up before leaving for the woods where we willingly admitted our own training in the culinary art would not quite measure up to that of the chef at the Chateau Laurier.

A good train service is maintained on the C.P.R. (Gatineau Division) for ninety miles into the Gatineau region. We left the Union Station in the early afternoon and immediately crossing the Ottawa River just above the Chaudiere Falls, were then in the Province of Quebec and started on the last lap of our rail journey, a stretch of seventy-five miles through rugged farm land, past French villages, skirting the Gatineau River much of the time and finally after a fascinating ride of four hours reached Blue Sea, a station at the southern end of Blue Sea Lake.

Here we alighted and having failed to connect with our canoe before leaving Union Station, were obliged to put up for the night with one

Antoine Benard and his tribe. Antoine, whose place of abode is only a couple of hundred feet from the railroad, is certainly doing his bit for his country. Up to the time of our visit he had been responsible for an increase of no less than eighteen in the population of Canada—no slacker is Antoine. Like so many of his kind he is a good-natured, obliging sort of chap and hesitated at nothing that would aid in making our short stay not only comfortable but enjoyable as well. The canoe arriving by morning train, we soon had it at the lake side and having selected from our steamer trunk, which we left at the house, such things as we thought necessary for our comfort in camp, we commenced to pack. This took considerable time as we had besides a heavy canvas tent, two suit cases containing apparel, two folding cots, two wooden boxes filled with supplies, blankets, etc. Care in packing was necessary as they with ourselves constituted quite a heavy load for our sixteen foot Fredericton. Nor were we sorry later that we had taken the precaution to see that everything was properly stowed away as no sooner had we pushed out into the lake and rounded the first point of land on our right, with Antoine and several of his offspring watching us from shore and waving their adieux, than we struck rough water. Myron was in the bow, I in the stern and those whitecaps certainly did look a bit formidable to us—they might well have caused more experienced canoeists no little concern.

Blue Sea Lake is eight miles long with several islands of good size in the upper end, but in the lower stretches there is plenty of sweep for the wind blowing out from the Laurentian Hills on the north-east and the water is certainly more than ankle-deep. Good trout fishing is to be had in Blue Sea but one must be properly equipped for deep-trolling. We made no attempt to try our luck as besides weather conditions being unfavorable we were anxious to get into one of the smaller lakes before making camp.

By what we ourselves considered skilful manoeuvring, keeping fairly

close to shore most of the time and exerting the utmost care in cutting the waves at the proper angle, we arrived after a hard paddle of four miles at the mouth of a small creek entering Blue Sea on the right. This is the outlet of Grant Lake. Into and through this we made our way until the water became so shallow we were obliged to get out and ease our boat over in a couple of places. This meant wet feet but a little inconvenience of that sort is taken as a matter of course in a camper's life.

Just at this point the railroad crosses the outlet. There is a little widening in the brook and some water lilies were in bloom. In our exuberant state of mind we had the temerity to pluck two or three. No sooner done that we were struck by a broadside from the hill on our right, where stood a summer cottage. One of the female of the species, in tones not dulcet, but sharp and rasping and in English so plain that it was positively ugly—harshly berated us for trespassing. This took the wind out of our sails for a moment but we soon recovered a bit and after some rapid mental calculating concluded that although the enemy may control the territory in that vicinity she had no monopoly on the air—so inhaling a deep breath of the bracing ozone without at all feeling under obligations to her we were ourselves again and pushed on. I am sure she hailed from the city as we found the natives without exception to be a real decent sort of people. Should these words come within the line of her vision and she must be gifted with a keen sense of sight, I trust she will feel sufficiently rebuked for permitting herself to have such a "nawsty disposition."

Getting our canoe into deeper water we made our way over the glassy surface of Grant Lake to a large flat rock jutting out from the western shore. It had not been our intention to stop here but as this had been our camping site on a previous trip after the small-mouth, we decided to land, take a look at the familiar spot and there cook our first meal.

As soon as the canoe was made

secure and we got the kinks out of our knees, Myron got out his rod, adjusted reel and line and with an artificial minnow as a lure made the first cast straight out from the big rock—no strike—again “whirr” went the line as the minnow pulled out fifty feet and landed with a “plop” on the water. Steadily reeling in with not the remotest sign of a strike, Myron exclaimed “Well! I’ll be darned—I’ll bet there isn’t a fish left in the lake.” But not too easily dismayed he went at it again and made a third and longer cast a little to the left, nearer a bed of weeds, when somehow a three pound small-mouth bass did actually get caught on his Dowagiac. Before the “poor fish” had time to realize that all was not right he was being headed shoreward. Breaking water four or five times and dashing north, south, east and west in frantic efforts to dislodge the hook, he soon began to show signs of waning strength. He seemed like easy money then, but on nearing the top of the water and catching sight of two would-be sports from “Noo Yawk” he made another plunge for the deep drawing out thirty feet of line before Myron could check him. This was his final effort and he came up to the water’s edge without further protest, the first prize of the trip and a handsome one. A few minutes later he was resting in pieces in the frying pan over a hot fire and the odoriferous fragrance that fish sent out made us truly glad we were alive. As he smelt, so he tasted, our appetites already perceptibly sharpened by our five mile paddle.

What a difference there is between the fish caught in the Canadian Lakes and those on sale in Fulton market, New York. These lakes are mostly springfed and cold, consequently the flesh of the fish is firm and decidedly palatable, while those one purchases in the city, well! the less said the better.

It has been a long time wonder to me why the natives throughout the Provinces do so little fishing and hunting for their own consumption. I have lodged in farm houses in this region where within five or ten min-

utes’ walk partridge, ducks, bass and trout are to be had at the expense of a little trouble but these people preferred to live day in and day out on fat salt pork. It is not due to laziness by any means but apparently to a custom started years ago and from which, lacking initiative they seem unable to break away. I hope sometime to see the Canadian Government show sufficient interest in the welfare of these people to send out instructors to implant in the minds of the natives how to get more out of life, pointing out to them the wonderful advantages they have right at their doors. A little intensive training would improve their condition one hundred percent. Here is another mystery. Who can solve it? Why does the average farmer, with an abundance of health-giving air surrounding his habitation just clamoring to get inside see fit to keep his windows closed tight, at least in a portion of the house and thereby have an unwholesome, musty atmosphere pervade the rooms? Such is human nature until it has learned by bitter experience to put on wisdom.

We found that others had made use of our camp site since our former visit. This surprised us not a little bit as good camping places are hard to find on many of these lakes. In most places the shore is of rock and the woods extend down almost to the water’s edge with the underbrush and dead wood amongst the trees so thick that it is an arduous task to make any kind of a clearing. We decided to stay for the night at this camp and go on to Dam Lake the next day. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in fishing, keeping the canoe about one hundred feet off shore and casting in toward the more shallow water, with a little still fishing thrown in as a diversion until the sun sinking behind the tall spruces on the western bank reminded us that we had better get back to camp and make snug for the night. Supper over, pans washed and log fire started, we drew our canoe up on shore, brought up the canoe cushions and having pitched our tent after a fashion and arranged our cots, etc.

earlier in the afternoon, we planted ourselves, tired and happy, as near the blazing logs as possible. With chilled backs and parboiled fronts we talked over the events of our first day out, made plans for the days to follow and swapped some of our best stories—not only about fishing but on general topics. Myron knows something about the theatrical profession and some of the jokes he sprung he claimed were real "Broadway stuff," but if Broadway ever laughed at those jokes then I have been giving that unnatural thoroughfare, where the "chickens" arise at dusk and retire at dawn, a whole lot of undeserved credit. Some of those jokes, I know were related by Noah to his sons of the ark while catching blue fish off the Jersey Coast. A feeling of drowsiness beginning to come over us and the fire burning low we decided it was time to turn in. There is one thing about which both Myron and I reached the same conclusions, several seasons ago—that is the comfort to be derived from sleeping on a canvas cot is well worth the extra weight and trouble of getting it into camp. No more balsam bough beds on the ground for us. They sound well in story books—(in nine cases out of ten, spruce camouflages as balsam) and judging by the way these made-on-the-spot cosy couches and featured in the average camping experience write-up, one would think they had a real live Ostermoor beaten seven ways.

Lights out and we were soon asleep but awake again just at day break. Our tent faced the east. On the opposite shore there was a thickly wooded ridge so we reckoned it would be a couple of hours before the sun's warm rays would descend upon us. Even so, once up we were up to stay. We washed and dressed, or to be more accurate, dressed and washed in a hurry and shivered around while getting a fire going and breakfast started, when Myron stopped abruptly in the act of placing a slice of bacon in the pan. "George" he said, "look at the deer up at the head of the pond." I looked and sure enough at the extreme end of the lake

I could see four of them including two young ones. Just then the mist rising from the lake's surface obscured our view but in a few moments we could see them again, very distinctly. Pa and Ma quietly feeding while the kiddies were chasing each other up and down the shore through the long beaver grass which filled the gap between the reeds in the shallow water and the forest a hundred yards back. It was a pretty sight. We did not attempt to molest them, this being close season and there they stayed for fully a half hour very deliberately eating their morning meal and apparently enjoying themselves, in their security. A few minutes later on pushing out in the canoe and rounding a bend to the right of the camp on glancing up on shore, I beheld a beautiful picture. A full grown buck with head erect, stood motionless, gazing intently at me. He seemed not in the least alarmed but remained for several moments, no doubt wondering what kind of an object was gently floating over the lake's surface. Then suddenly saying to himself "safety first" he wheeled around and disappeared amongst the trees.

I brought in a nice pike of nearly three pounds, caught on the troll and of this we made our breakfast. The solid white meat fried in chunks with slices of bacon as trimmings was indeed delicious and we ate heartily, anticipating a rather strenuous few hours' work before the next meal. Breakfast over and a good smoke to settle things we were ready to break camp. Packing everything in as convenient form as possible for carrying, we again loaded the canoe and put off for the head of the lake on our way to the trail leading over to Dam Lake.

In making a passage through the dense patch of reeds which extended from shore to shore at this end of Grant Lake while yet a hundred yards or more from land we came upon a duck's nest, built on the water's surface and securely fastened to the reed stalks. In it were two eggs, carefully covered over with dry grass a means of protection against mar-



auders. We left it as we found it and paddled on in search of an opening leading to the trail. We were anxious to disembark with feet dry and it was only after several futile attempts to get the canoe up to within jumping distance of dry ground that we finally discovered a log extending out from shore. Apparently placed there for just such a purpose we managed to get our boat alongside and scrambled out without shipping any water in our boots. The log also indicated the exact spot where the trail began, so hastily unloading we carried our duffle up to the edge of the woods and soon were started on our way over the portage, carrying the canoe first. Not being laboring men in the accepted sense of the word we were obliged to make three trips over the half mile trail in order to get our entire equipment on the shores of Dam Lake. Arriving at the further end on our first trip across we went down to the shore to take a good look at this beautiful sheet of water. A sputtering and fluttering just to

our left caused us to turn around just in time to see an old duck with several young ones, half grown, doing their level best to get out of the danger zone. They half swam, half flew over the top of the water and rounding a bend a little farther on were lost to view.

A mink, one of the largest I have ever seen, made his way along the narrow strip of sand at the water's edge and disappeared amongst the logs. There truly was wild life in this region soon to be disturbed by our intrusion.

Dam Lake is one of the most beautiful in that section. Its waters are extremely clear, exceeding Lake George in that respect and in my opinion all other respects, for so soon as a lake becomes infested with summer cottages and hotels it loses all charm for me. With surface calm and sun shining we could see bottom at a depth of thirty feet. We pitched our tent close by the trail where it ends in a small clearing and about fifty feet from the water. Just in

front was a log skid used the previous winter by the lumbermen for the purpose of rolling the timber on to the sleighs to be drawn across the ice. A number of abandoned logs of good dimensions lay scattered about and these served us admirably as fire wood.

Dam Lake is two miles long and nearly a mile wide toward the southern end. Its shores were almost entirely of rock and thickly wooded with the exception of a small clearing of only a few acres on the eastern side. Squarely in the middle of this stood an unpretentious log hut, quite deserted at the time. We were practically monarchs of all we surveyed as with the exception of an occasional fishing party passing through or a Sunday visit from the French-Canadians living in that region, we were alone. Ours was the only boat on the lake so we had a real monopoly. Our camp in order, we set out after the small mouth black bass and were soon convinced that they were there in plenty. With indifferent luck we fished several places along the shore before reaching a small bay on the western side which later proved to be our favorite spot. First we anchored about midway between the two points forming the bay but eventually moved in close to the rocky shore where the water was twelve or fifteen feet deep. Fastening the canoe to the overhanging branches we could look down into the crystal depths and watch for a good sized specimen of the bass family to show interest in the bait. It was amusing and a rather unique experience to be able to choose our fish before catching them. Should a little chap of a pound and a half or two pounds with mouth wide open and eyes ablaze make ready to gobble the frenzied chub, he would stop, bewildered, at seeing the wriggling minnow abruptly and unceremoniously jerked away from him to be kept in reserve for his betters.

But when grand-dad weighing close on to five pounds happened along we would use our most persuasive powers to encourage him. He, wise old of guy, made wise by experience would

go for deeper water. Not all, however, of those with experience back of them would escape the lure as we caught plenty of four and five pounders, more than enough for our table. Those we could not make use of were returned to the water, still very much alive. Threading them on a string hung over the side of the canoe as soon as caught, we found that very few were too badly hurt to survive.

A gone-ish feeling somewhere in our anatomy would indicate more accurately than government standard time just when lunch hour had arrived. So back to the camp we would go build a fire, get out pots and pans and in a very few minutes, just as we were beginning to think that never before in all our young lives had we experienced such a vacuous feeling, would sit down to such a meal as one hungers for when in the city—black bass fried in corn meal, boiled potatoes, biscuit and coffee followed the canned soup, then for dessert, fresh picked luscious wild red raspberries with evaporated cream. The above is just a sample as each day found some variation in the bill of fare. We had brought some eggs from Blue Sea and these we were able to keep in good condition for several days by placing in a cool spot and covering over with a thick layer of green leaves. After three or four days, however, they began to bear a strong resemblance (get that word—"strong") to the kind you buy at the corner grocery when the shop-keeper unblushingly volunteers the advice—"You'd better hurry home with these."

The days were hot and the nights cool, almost frosty. We needed all the bed covering we could muster to keep comfortable. After lying awake and shivering for a couple of nights we awoke to the fact that the open space between the cot and the ground was responsible for our discomfort. This we remedied by a filling of closely packed spruce boughs and thereafter slept soundly until morning. A comfortable night's sleep, a dip in the cold water first thing in the morning followed by a good vigorous rub-down made new

creatures of us. "Each day we stay, takes a year off my age," I ventured to remark. "At that rate" said Myron "if we remain much longer it will be several years before you were born." (more Broadway stuff) With the exception of one rainy day we had delightful weather throughout our stay at Dam Lake. The mornings we usually spent on the lake having more sport than a little with the bass. In the afternoon we would rest in the shade of the trees surrounding the tent, or go exploring along one of the many logging roads in the vicinity. On these hikes we kept pretty rigidly to the trails as the bush is so dense there is grave danger of one losing his bearings and wandering for miles in the wrong direction. A couple of hours just before sun down were usually put in at our favorite bass grounds in the bay across the lake—making it a point to always get back to camp and supper started before darkness closed in. Dishes washed and camp straightened for the night, we, Myron with his "seven cent straight" and I with my pipefull of English Curve Cut would settle ourselves near the log fire for an hour of perfect ease and contentment.

The crescent moon just setting over the dark spruce tops on the opposite shore, the big dipper sparkingly brilliant directly over head, the whip-poor-wills keeping up their incessant call, a splash in the water made by some small animal, a little way along the water's edge, an occasional call of the loon, all these made us feel delightfully isolated. Even a slight tinge of homesickness crept over us both I fear. I know I felt it, when suddenly Myron would break the silence, "Say George did you ever hear that joke about"—he commenced but fortunately for me just then a long drawn out cry coming from the further end of the lake sent a thrill through us both and I was spared. Starting with a sudden crescendo it died down gradually in a most dismal wail. "An owl," said Myron. "A wild cat," said I. Whatever it was, it sounded most weird. Twice more we heard

it before turning in for the night and it but added to our feeling of loneliness. To bed and soon asleep, then waking again at break of day we were as chipper as ever. So the days went by, enjoyable health-giving days until the morning set for our return. Getting up earlier than usual we had an hour's fishing before sun-up, bringing in a fine four pound bass and a pike of heavier weight. We cooked part of each for breakfast. If fish is good brain food as claimed, then our intellects should be of a dazzling brilliance upon our return, we figured. Recrossing the portage and Grant Lake as far as the big flat rock we stopped for lunch. The wind which had been blowing moderately all morning now rose to a stiff north-easter. The white caps warned us not to venture further. Toward six in the evening, however, there was some abatement so seeing that all was snug in the canoe we started across Grant Lake to the outlet. It was a hard paddle and we were glad to reach safety in the narrow creek. Our friend with the rasping voice was nowhere to be seen, we hoped the gale had left her speechless for a while at least. On we went through the outlet, turning to the left on entering Blue Sea. The water was still very rough, more so than we had expected as the wind was undoubtedly going down with the sun. "Let us hug the shore," I suggested. "That being the only thing there is to hug," agreed Myron. The wind was at our backs fortunately and we went at a great pace past the rugged shore. "Rock ahead," shouted the man in the bow. With a strong stroke of the paddle the canoe was brought around forty-five degrees just in time to escape a huge submerged boulder. We could see it as we passed, just two or three inches below the top of the water. We shiver to think what the result might have been had we struck full force. There was deep water on either side and with a heavy sea running we would have had a most uncomfortable time of it.

Paddling with the waves, but now more cautiously, we made good time,

deciding it wiser to cut across the big bay indenting Blue Sea's eastern shore than to take chances of running on a rock. Once across we felt comparatively safe. A miniature Cape Hatteras at this point necessitated our heading out straight into the lake, then sharply turning the bow make for the shore line once more. Without further incident we drew up at Antoine's landing and mighty glad we were to step out on solid ground. It was almost dark and decidedly chilly. The moon now nearly full was just showing itself above the

horizon, a whip-poor-will, whipped poor will in one of the small trees near the path, Antoine's dog barked a welcome and our trip was over. Tomorrow would see us back in civilization, wearing starched collars and straw hats. But we felt like settling down for a winter's work, so our objective had been attained.

Somehow I sometimes think that getting out in the wilds is more of a novelty to me that it is to Myron, but that can be quite easily explained. You see—Myron lives in New Jersey

The Humber

King of Atlantic Salmon Streams

N. MILTON BROWNE

WHEN I think of vacation time I think of the Humber in August,—a placid, broad, deep-bosomed stream, which, after flowing through a primeval forest for nearly a hundred miles, empties into the Bay of Islands, on the west coast of Newfoundland.

An ideal water course on which the angler may spend a month cruising about and never twice cast his fly on the same water. There is no question of catching hard-fighting Atlantic salmon in this river, it is rather a problem what to do with all the fish that will come to your gaff.

The Humber is divided into two sections, the upper and lower streams on both of which there is fishing, such as, I believe, can be had nowhere else on this continent.

The start for the grounds is made at North Sydney, where the tourist goes aboard the Reid Newfoundland Company's well-equipped steamer, and, after a short run of a few hours—which is usually spent in sleeping—the passenger lands at Port-Aux-Basques, after a ninety mile voyage across the Cabot Strait.

The fare from North Sydney to Curling, Bay of Islands, where the angler stops if he intends to fish the lower Humber, is twenty-seven dollars

and ninety cents return, and for the service rendered this amount is trifling. On arrival at the Port breakfast is had on board the train, and about 9 o'clock the trip to the interior commences.

During the earlier stages of the journey the voyageurs pass through the famous Coudroy Valley; the express skirting along the base of the Cape Ray mountain range, the slopes of which are visited annually by etomologists from different parts of the globe who, armed with nets, scour the hillsides for specimens of butterflies and bugs, a realm of sport in which these people seem to find much amusement.

The first salmon stream passed on the way is the Little Coudroy, then Big Coudroy, Crabbe's, Robinson's, Fischell's, St. George's, and Harry's Brook, in the order named. These are all early rivers, salmon starting to run along about the second week in June. I have fished all these waters and can guarantee all of them as fine places for the angler to visit.

After a run of about six hours the train stops at Curling, a little out of the way village nestling close down by the sea, and washed by the waters of Bay of Islands.

The panoramic beauty of this



magnificent stretch of water is indescribable in a mere word picture.

The bay is surrounded by a great semi-circle of hills, the tallest of which, Mount Blow-Me-Down, is twenty-one hundred and twenty-five feet high. These miniature mountains rise sheer from the sea and are wooded from base to summit with a wilderness of spruce and other native trees. In sheltered places on either side of the harbor, little villages occupied by fishermen find precarious footing on the fringe of the water, their white-roofed cottages furnishing a charming setting to the emerald green of the hills and sapphire blue of the sea. The sunset effects at Bay of Islands are beautiful beyond anything I have witnessed in any other section of this northern clime.

Arriving at Curling we engaged guides, camps and necessary paraphernalia for a month's stay on the river.

On the Lower Humber a guide with motor boat, canoe and camps costs about five dollars a day. Should you desire to go further up-stream, the figure advances according to the expense of operating the gasoline boat.

Previous to the big adventure we enjoyed some splendid sea-trout fishing at Hughe's Brook, across the bay from Curling, and at the foot of Blow-Me-Down—at the latter place in a tiny lagoon, which has been carved out behind the beach by the action of the stream which finds its way down the mountainside. This is an ideal spot for women anglers. During a short stay here we caught hundreds of sea-trout, many of which weighed over six pounds.

After a week of splendid sport we came back to Curling where we found everything ready for the big kill on the Humber.

We started at daylight and a run of three miles and a half brought us to the head of tide-water. There are a number of fine pools on the way; but, of course, these cannot be fished with any hope of success unless the stream is very low, as salmon will not rise to the fly in salt water. How-

ever, in season, the many shoals fairly teem with fish.

Some of the best places to try your luck are Duncan Rock and Shell Bird Island shoals.

Four miles from the mouth of the river, Steady Brook, one of the best fishing and camping spots on the Lower Humber, is reached. Here we pitched our tents and made ready for a couple of weeks solid enjoyment.

The water runs deep and strong on the Lower Humber, with the result that all the fishing is done from shoals, one of the best of which is Hard Scrabble.

As an illustration of the kind of sport that may be had at this point, I take the liberty of republishing the following from "Western Star," Bay Of Islands; "Miss Lois Reid, daughter of Sir William Reid, beat her father on Saturday at salmon fishing on the Humber having secured a fish which tipped the scales at 3 pounds. Her brother, Leonard, caught a 30-pounder, and Sir William himself was successful in landing a 29-pounder. Later Sir William landed a 32-pounder, G. W. Stewart, of Truro, gaffed a 36-pounder, and Dr. Fisher killed a 337-pounder."

Salmon weighing above forty pounds have been landed at this point, but I could find no reliable records of these kills. Undoubtedly the biggest fish are taken from the Humber.

In a week's stay at the lower camp we caught so many salmon I should hesitate to name the total number. During the last couple of days we used to play the fish until they were exhausted and then give them their liberty.

This spot offers ideal sport to the trout fisherman. Steady Brook, which empties into the Humber, is navigable for about a mile by motor boat, from where, after leaving the launch, we walked to the falls, at the foot of which there is a fine deep pool from which may be taken any number of fish. The fall is between eighty and one hundred feet high, an about forty feet wide at the top. All summer, practically, except in the driest seasons, there is a great rush of water flowing over the falls, with the



Nº5 Now for the net



Nº6 The days Catch.

resultant effect of wonderful scenic views.

After eight days on the Lower Humber we broke camp and heaving our dunnage aboard the motor boat began our cruise to the Upper Humber.

The stream varies from about a hundred feet to half a mile in width, and both banks are lined with a thick growth of spruce, fir, birch, witch-hazel, poplar, ash, juniper and cherry trees. Beyond Steady Brook about eight miles we entered Little Rapids, which, though quick water, is navigable for motor boat. The stream is very wide at this point and abounds in shoals, in all of which there is good fishing.

Big Rapids, about a mile farther up, has a fall of about four feet over which even in the driest seasons a motor launch can be portaged over at either side. As in all other parts of the lower Humber a heavy tide runs at this point, sometimes making nine miles an hour.

Thirteen miles from Bay of Islands we entered Deer Lake, a beautiful sheet of water some nineteen miles long and from one and a half to two miles wide. At almost any place one chooses to drop a fly while traversing the lake, a trout or salmon might be hooked.

From the head of Deer Lake to the forks on the Upper Humber is five miles, all steady water, and, therefore, easily negotiated.

The forks are formed by Junction Brook, flowing from Grand Lake, and Willows Steady waters. A mile farther up is Seal Pond rapids, and here ends motor boat travel.

In the pool at the foot of the falls the painter of the little launch was snubbed to a birch tree, and our dunnage thrown aboard the two canoes, which had been in tow since we left the village.

Grand Falls was reached after a day and a half's paddle through a country

unrivalled for scenic beauty. The only portage on the way is at Little John's Falls, over which a canoe can easily be carried.

We arrived at our journey's end about six o'clock, and long before the first faint glimmerings of twilight began to close down on the land our guides had the camps up, we ate a hearty supper, filled our pipes, put the rods together and laid out our paraphernalia ready for a try for salmon on the river at daylight.

It would be impossible, in the short space at my disposal to give even the briefest synopsis of all that happened during our two weeks' stay in the heart of a wilderness seldom visited by man.

Our party killed numberless salmon, many of which weighed over thirty-five pounds, and never a day passed that we could not land as many fish as we wanted to. They were there in the pool below the falls in myriads, and it was only a matter of casting the fly to get results.

Our trip out was even more enjoyable, if that were possible, than that going in, as we had the tide with us and had little to do but steer the canoes.

A most enjoyable feature of the trip was the unfailing courtesy and prompt attention bestowed upon us by the obliging officials of the Reid Newfoundland railway and steamship company's lines. They were indefatigable in attending to our creature comforts and materially assisted in furnishing us with addresses of guides, hotels, etc.

One little bit of advice in closing: Don't go to Newfoundland without a plentiful supply of fly dope. Every known species of mosquito is to be found on the Humber, and your trip will be utterly spoiled if you fail to take a preventative against the assaults of these little pests, the bane of fishermen.



Three Times and Out



F. V. WILLIAMS

A meadow mouse scurried along the little path and dived mysteriously out of sight into a tuft of tall grass. Panic? Say, it was illustrated in every jump that meadow mouse made, and he was in sight of the big white leghorn rooster for at least five jumps. With the air of one who is sure of himself, the big white fowl strutted forward to investigate. The ladies of his harem scattered about in the surrounding tall grass were no doubt watching him with admiration and it was up to him to prove himself as important as possible; be it known, the whole flock of chickens from the nearby farmhouse had strayed over into this part of the field and were having a high old time chasing "hoppers," which gave variety to their regular bill of fare.

As was mentioned before, the big white leghorn rooster strutted forward to investigate the hiding place of that meadow mouse, and in doing

this he followed the same direct line of travel taken by the mouse. He had gone perhaps one half the distance when the tall grass parted noiselessly a little to the left and back of the big white bird. The human eye could not have followed the movement of the long bodied creature that landed with the agility of a cat on that rooster's back. "Cock of the walk" he may have been, but he never had an opportunity of defending himself. There was the crunch of sharp fangs through his neck and he settled down in his tracks with a convulsive kick or two and was quiet. His neck cleanly broken, and, for perhaps five minutes the killer busied himself about the body. What he ate of that fowl would scarcely have been noticed, but of the warm blood he drank his fill, and slipped away through the grass before even his barnyard mate had discovered the tragedy.

That night the discussion up at

the house divided itself over the white rooster's death, part of the family were sure rats were to blame—of which there were quite a few about the barn—the other part of the household was sure it must have been weasels, as a family of weasels were known to have a den in a huge pile of brush near by.

At any rate a war of extermination was declared on both rats and weasels and for a start, that very night sundry traps and baits were placed about the barn.

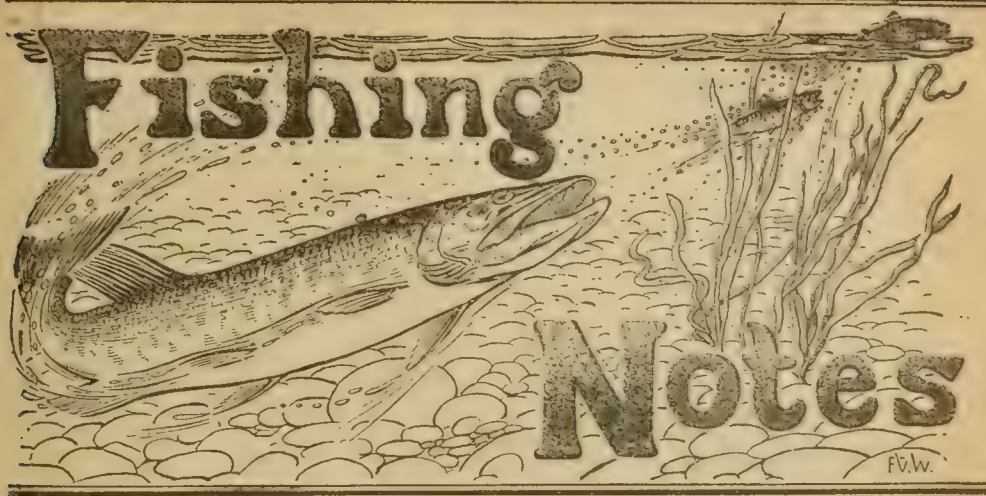
The next day the whole family and "Collie" the dog, surrounded that brush pile. Everybody had a stick or hay-fork, whichever weapon happened to be most convenient. The match was applied to windward and in a very few minutes the whole end of the brush-pile was in flames. Now the hunters expected that once the fire was started, the weasels would rush out, but such was not the case. The fire had burned some time and the watchers were a bit off their guard, when of a sudden a brown slim body shot out from one side of the smoking heap of brush and made for the tall grass. There was a rush headed by "Collie" for the weasel. Ever try to catch a weasel on rough ground, with bunches of grass here and there, lots of cover for aforesaid weasel? Everybody got in everybody else's way and "Collie" all excitement, snapped here and there, only to get a mouthful of grass when he got anything, and while the chase was at its height someone yelled, "There goes the other one!"—and sure enough, the other weasel was bolting in the opposite direction. This divided the pursuit with the result that both weasels got safely away.

"Guess about all we will get from this excitement is their hiding-place cleared out," remarked someone, and several of the party had started to go about their regular duties, when a squealing and screaming began from the interior of the burning brush-pile. There were young weasels in there and the flames had reached them. Their cries reached other ears than those of the people standing about. "Collie" noticed it first, and before the old weasel got half way back to

her burning home, he was upon her. Yes, sir, she was coming back, the cries of the young ones left behind were too much and she was returning to that smoking, burning brush pile. But this time "Collie" had judged the distance right and with a snap he seized that weasel and threw it into the air, catching it as it came down, and blotting out its life with a crunch of its long jaws, and almost at the same time there was a cry of "Oh! look, look!" and the second weasel was discovered racing swiftly for the endangered young ones; a lucky thrust with a hay-fork and he too was accounted for. The flames having eaten through the brush pile, there was no further sounds from there. The flames had done their work, you and I and the other fellow all know that a weasel is a blood-thirsty little pirate—still, in the face of all the danger surrounding those two small pirates, their attempt to come to the rescue of their young—what would you call it—instinct, parental affection, bravery or what not? Whatever or however you may account for it, this much I think we'll all agree on,—that it sure was *admirable*, to say the least.

And then two days after—in the corner of the oatbin in the barn there was a rat-hole and opposite it a steel trap had been set for rats. The gentleman who had set the trap was on his daily routine of work and this morning he glanced in to see if the rats had been careless enough in the night to step on the pan of that trap—and well, he sure *was* surprised, for instead of a rat was the largest, fattest weasel he had ever seen. The jaws of the trap had closed high up on the shoulders, shutting of his wind and holding him fast. As his captor picked up the trap to examine him he noted with astonishment that both front and hind feet on the weasel's left side were missing, the healed stumps of legs bearing mute evidence of at least two other experiences with traps.

"'Three times and out' tough luck, old timer!" commented his captor as he carried him toward the house to exhibit his prize to the family, the slayer of the white rooster.



Just Reminising

—ARTHUR J. ALGATE

I.

IT all goes to prove that you never can tell what an old bass is likely to do. Maybe some of those unexplainable but none-the-less memorable lucky days are attributable to family jars in the fish household, or Mrs. Bass may want to house-clean and Daddy Bass being ordered out of the house decides to see what he can see. The day may be bright and cloudless, just a regular lounging around day in the bass community, but seeing he is driven from his cosy corner in the shady depths of some secluded cavern, Mr. Bass must needs do something,—so he takes a stroll on the off chance of "picking up" some tid-bit inshore where such dainties are most likely to be found.

Reminds me of a day in early August, hot, breathless, water like a millpond. Our visitor insisted on fishing. Muskoka meant only one thing, fish and fishing, without regard to time or circumstances, so fish we did in spite of conditions. Result—lunchtime and nothing to show but a lively coat of sun-burn. Luncheon over, pal decided he'd had enough, but just to keep busy I pushed the canoe out to a submerged rock, an old favorite of mine, cautiously dropped anchor over side, and drifted over into casting position being careful to avoid any shadow falling toward the fishing hole. There was neither rhyme nor reason in doing so,—conditions were most

inauspicious—just felt in the humor to fish around a bit—so I picked me a lively crawfish, baited up, and made a long cast out over the edge of the rock. No response, but then no one in the neighborhood was expecting any, sure not me anyway! Floated idly, smoked awhile, then lopped another cast into the same spot,—*swish, bang, z-i-n-n-g*. I was the most surprised man on the lake and out there in the blazing sun not a ripple except the splash, plop, splash, and ever-widening rings where Mr. Bass catapulted skyward to return again with a back flap into his native element. I had a battle royal. A battle which flashes again betimes on memories movie screen. His handsome hide looks down at me now a token and reminder, that you never can tell, when, where, or how "the day" is going to arrive;—that hoped-for time, when you will connect up to some old he critter of a fish that sends you cityward, vacation days o'er, with that satisfaction in a holiday well spent and a trophy to prove your prowess, known and appreciated by none so well as the followers of *Rod and Gun*.

II

"Why that Lake was fished out years ago,—there's no fishing there!" Ever hear the wise people talk like that? I like to hear it for

it's almost a guarantee that a few old granddaddies are drifting around in the deep holes, just waiting for the man on the end of a line who knows "how" and his patience to prove it.

Reminds me of a day, sunshiny—lots of fleecy clouds and a wind out of the southwest, which chopped up the water and made it fairly boil over on our shore. I wanted fish—we all wanted fish—company was expected and fish was the *menu*. A survey of the wind, waves and water, made that *menu* seem distant and hazy. But one never can tell, so I gathered my tackle and pushed the



Arthur J. Algate

canoe out of the sheltering cove into a roily, ripping sea. Dipping and rocking with every wave, I coasted down to the faithful old fishing rock, dropped a heavy anchor, and sat tight to see what would happen. Held alright, fact is she's still there and many feet of my good hemp mooring rope, wedged tight on bottom.

Presently the company came and were duly directed down shore where supper was being anxiously sought, against all codes, precepts and examples. What was the use of getting wet and taking chances of getting wetter, when the weather was dead against fish biting to-day? Thus and other sundry admonitions from my weather-wise visitors as they perched on shore and proceeded to direct operations.

Did I stick it—well rather—for presently came a strike, not a record fish, but before he came to net, the audience got their money's worth and excitement aplenty. Playing a three pound bass in orthodox fashion, bringing him to net—from a canoe, bucking like a bronco on the end of a tether is exciting; yes, *somewhat*!

The game was on—another theory was fast being shattered—and the excited folks ashore saw nine nice bass come overside into the canoe in less than forty minutes—fish for supper after all—and everyone happy. You never can tell, brother fisherman—so if you get a hunch they may bite, take a chance anyway, for after all its not all fish in fishing, now is it?

III

"Say, dad, can you tell a bass fish's age by his teeth?" What do you think of that kind of curiosity, brother fisherman? Perhaps you've had a similar experience and are quite prepared to admit that a man must needs keep fully posted if he is going to educate the rising disciples of "Sir Isaac" in the way they should go. Arthur Junior, aged nine, had just played and brought to net a nice two pound bass, and naturally wanted to know how old he was, and for the time being I was stumped.

No son, you can't tell a "bass fishes" age by his teeth, nor by the same token can you tell the kind of fight he put up by looking at his picture.

I have seen bass which, on the scales, were a sad disappointment; but fight, my oh my, how they could jump, cavort across the surface shaking their head, or turn a back flip and slap the line with their tail in an effort to dislodge the hook!

My records do not give the ages of the victims, for they neglected to bring their birth certificates along, being called away in a hurry, but the following table does give emphasis to the point that all bass are not alike but one can tell with a reasonable degree of accuracy the weight of a fish by his girth and the kind of a fight he puts up, by his length. Girth is needed for weight, but for pure fight—ounce for ounce—give me the "red-eye" who has had to hustle for all living and has attained length rather than girth.

During the seasons of 1915-16-17-18, records show 82 black bass taken by me on rod and line. Of these 25 measured over 11 inches and under 15 inches, and 57 measured 15 inches or over. Measurement for

length taken to centre of tail, girth around middle of dorsal fin.

15 inch Class.

Length.	Girth
15"	10 $\frac{1}{4}$ "
15 $\frac{1}{8}$ "	11"
15 $\frac{1}{4}$ "	10 $\frac{3}{16}$ "
15 $\frac{3}{8}$ "	10 $\frac{3}{4}$ "
15 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	10 $\frac{3}{4}$ "
15 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	10 $\frac{7}{8}$ "

16 inch Class.

16"	10 $\frac{3}{4}$ "
16"	11 $\frac{1}{8}$ "
16"	11 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
16 $\frac{1}{4}$ "	12"
16 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	11 $\frac{5}{8}$ "
16 $\frac{3}{4}$ "	12"

17 inch Class.

17"	11 $\frac{3}{4}$ "
17"	12"
17"	13"
17 $\frac{1}{4}$ "	13 $\frac{1}{4}$ "
17 $\frac{1}{4}$ "	13 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
17 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	12 $\frac{1}{2}$ "

18 inch Class.

18"	12 $\frac{1}{4}$ "
18 $\frac{1}{4}$ "	12 $\frac{7}{8}$ "
18 $\frac{3}{8}$ "	13 $\frac{3}{4}$ "
18 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	13 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
18 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	14 $\frac{1}{4}$ "
18 $\frac{7}{8}$ "	13"

19 inch Class.

19"	14 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
19 $\frac{1}{4}$ "	13 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
19 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	13"

Authorities tell us that a bass is hatched in from ten to fourteen days after spawning—at the end of the first season, provided there is plenty of food, he will measure about four inches, at two years he may reach a pound weight and thereafter will take on flesh at the rate of about one pound a year. (A black bass is at its prime and commences breeding when three years old.) Thus the fish that got away, the one we hope to get this season, that five pounder, will be about right age to commence school.

Reminds me of a city friend who wanted to catch bass badly; wanted some to take home at the week-end and becoming discouraged at his success (or lack of it perhaps I should say) in home waters, took train to spend a day some miles along the line. There were some chores to do around camp that

day, but as evening approached I felt that impulse to fish and propelled my little Lake-field cedar into a likely spot for the evening feeding. An hour passed all too quickly, but there were shiny dark forms lying on the bottom of my canoe to prove those were sixty golden minutes to one fisherman's heart and I was idling the closing moments of a "perfect day," watching a glorious sunset, when a hail reached me across the water "What luck?" "W-h-a-t l-u-c-k" came again as I cupped my hands and called "Come and see" Our friend had returned from his expedition with some perch and pickerel. Imagine his astonishment and chagrin as he pulled his skiff alongside the canoe and beheld seven bass totalling just a few ounces under 20 pounds. The record follows,—

1 Fish 4 Lbs. 7 Oz.—Length 19 inches.

1	"	3	"	6	"	"	17 $\frac{1}{4}$ "
1	"	3	"	4	"	"	17"
1	"	2	"	12	"	"	16 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
1	"	2	"	8	"	"	16 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
1	"	2	"	0	"	"	15 $\frac{3}{8}$ "
1	"	1	"	4	"	"	13"

I had baited just seven hooks, made just seven casts, and "scored" every time. Each time as I set the hook and prepared for action, I called to the folks in the house to come down to see the fun, so close was it to home.

Needless to say it was fun, both in playing those seven nice fish and in seeing the look of utter disbelief in the eyes of our city friend. Oh yes, he had bass to take to the city, but he didn't catch them. He had the fish but I had the fun. With whom would you trade brother fisherman?

IV

Table for approximate weights of Black Bass. Measurement for length taken to centre of tail.

Length.	Weight.
12" or over	1 Lb.
13" " "	1 $\frac{1}{4}$ to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ Lbs.
14" " "	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ " 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ "
15" " "	2 " 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
16" " "	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ " 3 "
17" " "	3 " 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
18" " "	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ " 4 "
19" " "	4 " 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
20" " "	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ " 5 "
21" to 23"	5 " 6 "

N.B. My fishing in the past five years has not yielded any record fish. I still have hopes.

The Pleasures of Angling

JOHN MOSSOP

WITH the beautiful days of spring come the thoughts of fly Fishing. Did you ever notice how most authorities on the subject from Izaak Walton to Henry Van Dyke recognize a nice distinction between fishing and merely catching fish? Your true fisherman will surely need recourse to the consolations of philosophy, if he comes to the end of the day with an empty creel, but, nevertheless, he is not readily persuaded that it was mere fish that he wanted. He was seeking a much more subtle enjoyment than could ever be apprehended by simply possessing so much fish. This idea is treated with a master touch in the second chapter of "The Calling of Dan Matthews."

"Hello," said the doctor, with gruff kindness, 'any luck?'"

"The boy's quick smile showed a set of teeth, the most perfect the physician had ever seen, as he answered: "I have caught no fish Sir." By these words the philosopher knew him instantly for a true fisherman.

"Have you been farther up the river Sir, it's much better than this?" and the older fisherman asked, 'A better place to catch fish!' 'No sir, a better place to fish.'"

This distinction has been well expressed in a bit of delicious verse taken from a book of Essays in "Profitable Idleness."

*This is not a proud desire of mine,
I ask for nothing superfine,
No heavy weight, no salmon great,
To break the record, or my line.*

*Only a trout or two to dart,
From foaming pools and try my art,
No more I'm wishing old fashioned fishing
And just a day on Nature's heart.*

All is fish of course which comes to the net, but the day's fishing is somehow incomplete if it has not yielded, at least, a brace of trout. A test of skill against a brisk trout is one of the superfine delights of the angler. Perhaps this is because, as a modern novelist has pleasingly said: "The stream trout represents the strength of the rapids, as the mountain trout represents the strength of the mountains." In all the wild life of the mountains there is no creature so strong in proportion to its size, and weight as the trout, especially the trout that lives in the mountain streams. Its home is in the icy torrents that

are fed by the snows of the highest peaks and canons, it lives literally in the innermost heart and life of the hills. It seeks its food at the foot of the falls where the water boils in fierce fury, where the currents swirl and leap among the boulders. as the angler who has fished the Bonnington Rapids and Slocan Whirlpool will agree with me.

Where the stream rushes with all its might down the rocky channels with its muscles fine as tempered steel, it forces its way against the stream conquering even the fifty foot downward pour of a cataract. Its strength is a silent strength, and yet in the roar of the stream the trout is very wary of unnatural sounds, objects or shadows. To the uninitiated it must seem to be a queer mood that induces a man to go groping along the water courses clambering over inconvenient rocks and wading through long stretches of running water, patiently casting his flies in dull and uninspiring repetition, but as Henry Van Dyke truly says: "This seems like a regular and somewhat mechanical proceeding, but in the performance it is rendered intensely interesting by the knowledge that at any moment it is liable to be interrupted, and when the interruption comes, what an exquisite and unparalleled luxury it is to feel the solid weight of the fish against the spring of the rod, and the curious thrill which runs up the line and down the arm changing somehow or other into a pleasurable sensation of excitement as it reaches the brain."

Oh yes, all this is good, very good, quite a simple pleasure perhaps, and somewhat primitive, if you please, but at least it does not leave a bad taste in the mouth. It has been said, that no man can be a really bad man, if he loves fishing, and many of the good and great have been devotees of the art. It is said that when Sir Edward Grey was in Parliament his word carried more weight than did the word of any other man, others spoke as from the bar, he spoke as from the bench; others argued, he delivered judgment. When Sir Edward spoke his word was regarded as the final word in the particular issue, and remembering this it is significant to notice that the only book he has written is on the art of fly fishing.

Dr. Paley was ardently attached to the amusement, so much so that when the Bishop of Durham inquired of him when one of his

most important works would be finished, he said: "My Lord, I shall work at it steadily when the fly fishing season is over."

There are some who like to think of fishermen as a fraternity; a secret brotherhood; and indeed the methods of anglers do lend themselves to some such construction, they have their signs whereby the members of the craft are able to recognize a brother, they have their unwritten law, which none would presume to violate, they have their code of maxims and ethics, and ritual. An ancient "Tretyse of fishing with the angle" exhorted all true anglers to take good heed that "in going about your disportes we open no man's gates, but that ye shut them again." The novitiate must look well to his habitual temper of mind for no less an authority that old Izaak himself affirms that anglers are of a mild, sweet and peaceable spirit. Henry Van Dyke speaks to and for a modern age, but he also bases the fundamentals of the order upon qualities of the spirit.

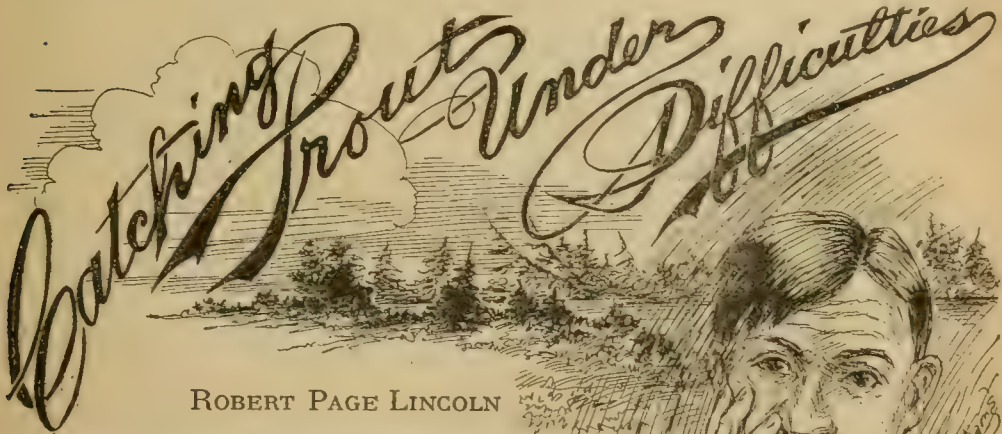
An angler, like an Arab, regards hospitality as a religious duty, there seems to be something in the craft which inclines the heart to

kindness and good fellowship. Few anglers have I seen, who were not pleasant to meet and ready to do a good turn, to a fellow fisherman, with the gift of a killing fly, or the loan of a rod, not their own particular and well proved favorite, of course, for that is a treasure which no decent man would borrow, but with the exception that the best in their store is at the service of an accredited brother.

Following the analogy, we may say that it is an order which has its varying degrees wherein the novitiate is taught many wise and helpful lessons, learning many things that are not taught in colleges, learning to take the weather as it comes, wet or dry, and fortune as it falls, good or bad, learning that a meal which is a scanty fare for one becomes a banquet for two, provided the other is the right person; learning that there is some skill in everything, even in digging bait, and that which is called luck consists chiefly in having your tackle in good order.

These few lines are written in anticipation of spending some days fishing.

Trust in Providence, be quiet and go angling.



ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

THE pictured side of angling is often the wholly imaginative side; or nearly so. The actual thing about angling is that it is generally pursued under conditions that are nothing if not detrimental to what is ordinarily considered as pleasure; though these conditions are never mentioned in print, for the angler never wants his brother angler to know that he has encountered difficulties; that he has had ill luck; that everything was not as it should be. If we are to go to the pictured side of angling we view the reproduction of a painting of an outdoor artist, for instance, appearing on the cover of a monthly magazine. Inevitably the artist portrays a

broad pool with a waterfall tumbling into it and the conditions generally are such, in a picture of this sort, that casting the fly is a thing easily to be contrived. But never will you see a painting of a man lost in a wilder-

ness of bushes endeavoring vainly to slip in and get a shot at the stream that snakes along under the tangles. Were such an painting to find reproduction the angling brotherhood would not be pleased; for the simple reason that it would be distasteful to the remembrance of many who have done most of their fishing along such streams, but have always dreamed of a big wide stream where the poetry of fly casting could be carried out in the fullness of its charm.

Of wide and easily fishable streams, there are many all over the broad reaches of this continent. Yet at least half of the streams of Canada, and the United States, are of the brushed in sort where one must be the possessor of an acute sense of cautiousness and skill to have even a scintilla of success. Yet one searches vainly throughout the various annals of sport for temperate articles on fishing just such streams.

Ever-present rules of angling abide in the consciousness. They are not hard and fast rules; if they are to be considered rules at all. Nevertheless it is consistently held that the artificial fly alone should be used in trout fishing. The truth of the matter is that there are streams where the fly cannot be used; it being a "physical" impossibility. Hence there is only one thing to turn to and that is the live bait. Recalling the ingenious words of one well-known writer that: "The sportsmanlike angler always uses the artificial fly, except when he is alone," or words to that effect.

The joke of the whole thing about the brushed in stream is this: It is as apt as not to possess some of the finest trout to be had. But one can just picture these sleek fellows in hiding, laughing, figuratively, "up their sleeves:" "Get me if you can." Usually one can't, and there you are.

If one were ever needing of the science of angling, it certainly is when trying to circumvent a stream of this sort. It is a test of skill to the limit. The man who can fish the brushed in stream successfully, even with live bait, ranks well in the lead among the anglers. Now I say this, knowing full well what I am talking about. You approach a stream of this sort. Sometimes you are not able to see it for the tangles. What to do? It is a matter of thrusting the rod in here and there and trusting to the gods that luck be thine. If you catch a fish there is not much chance of playing the fish to net after the time-honored rules, but you must lift that fish out as best you may through that

ceiling of shrubbery. Nevertheless there are open places, here and there, and to find these places, is like as not, the open door to success. The lure to the hook cannot always be cast. One slips in here and there, drops the lure to the bottom, feeds out line, letting the lure take its way down the stream. If you are using the angleworm, it is hooked, not through and through as one does who is given to still fishing, but rather inserts the hook right under the skin. A little movement now and then, (the slightest wiggle to the worm), will prove unfailing in its attraction. It is just this system of worming for trout that John Harrington Keene extolled, though it was his favorite method to keep the worm off of the bottom of the stream as he had a particular aversion for the bottom fisher.

A single hook in bait fishing, attached to the leader's end is one way; two hooks are often used, and I may say one is more sure of a catch. One hook is slipped onto the leader and fastened one inch above the hook that is connected at the tip. Thus the back hook is inserted under the skin of the worm at one point, and the front hook right in the thick collar of flesh around the worm's neck. When a trout takes this, if he is hungry, he will be well hooked; and a trout needs to be well hooked that is to be taken in the brushed in stream.

There can be no doubt about it, the heavier rod must find a place in bait fishing and especially in fishing along the streams of which I have spoken. Some prefer a rod of eight ounces; although the regulation six ounce trout rod will do. In my line of preference for this work I list rods and their material, as follows: (1) The steel rod. (2) The wooden rod. (3) The bamboo rod.

One rarely likes to go up against difficult fishing with a thirty dollar, hand-made, bamboo rod, when a six dollar steel rod will do as well. Again there is little if any casting to do; save slip casts and under-handed casts and these are easily contrived with the steel rod, suitable for the purpose.

You may speak forever about the single-action reel for other sorts of trout fishing, but the automatic reel has the foremost place whenever there is difficult fishing to be done. It facilitates recovery of line in a manner that is impossible, try as one will, with the single-action reel. Therefore the successful bush trout fisher avails himself of any one of three makes of automatic reels that I know of, and has no trouble in making connections

It is desirable in bush fishing for one to have a leader free of knots, or at least of such small knots that the leader may readily be reeled in up close to the hook, for very obvious reasons. A knotless leader such as the Telerana Nova comes in very handy. It is not necessary that the leader be over three feet in length, tho' I vastly prefer the six foot one. To sink the leader, if it is desired, one may wind on strip lead, which, after all is much better than the split shot and once put on it stays, whereas the split shot are always coming off. One may shave off his own strip lead from a piece of pipe.

Some prefer to use very small hooks for this sort of fishing; others use the Number 10 consistently, and I cannot help but recommend it for the purpose.

Of course there are many sorts of streams to be considered in the brushed in stream class. There are those of the rivulet class, tho' having deep holes, and "runs," along their course. This class of stream may be all the way from three to six feet wide. Strange as it may seem such streams often have remarkably deep holes along their course. Find those deep holes and you like as not run into a nest of fine big fellows just waiting for a chance to nab your lure. Other brushed in streams beside the above mentioned, range all the way from six to twenty feet in width. Again, a stream may be quite wide, but the tendency of the willows, laurel, alders, etc., to lean over that stream from both sides makes it quite difficult to get at. Some of these wider streams may be waded, but wading a stream, especially if it has a muddy bottom will never do, for most of the time it is fishing down-stream all of the time and the stirring of the mud sends a discolored volume down, thus warning a fish of your approach. Some would have us believe that the fish think this coming of the roiled water down the stream make the fish believe that there is a rain on, and that, consequently, live stuff will be floating down; but such an assertion is laughable. Fish are not such fools, and know as well as we do when it rains. However, where the stream is rock set, the wading down stream is permissible.

It is given to the trout fisherman, under all conditions, good or bad, to study the stream that is being fished. Ascertain where the deep holes are, and how to get at them.

Make note of snags that will be encountered. If there are net works of roots along the bank, or thrusting out into the centre of the stream, the trout will instantly dart into the midst of these for safety, when hooked. There must always be room, too, so that when a fish is to be hooked there is no tangle of brush to get in the way. The hooking of the fish itself, in the brushed in stream, is something of a knack as you will, or have found out. Your line with the bait to it may be ten or fifteen or more feet downstream testing out the possibilities in the pool when a trout takes it. The very minute the trout lips hem that bait, (told by the "feel" along the line, and thence down the rod), you should set the hook. This is contrived by a gentle twist of the wrist, and no slam bang performance will do at all. Instantly upon hooking the fish the line must be recovered, and here is where the automatic reel proves its worthiness over them all. The line is taken in, with the left hand, while the right hand finger touches the lever that eats up the gathering. Again there is no such a thing as a slack line when using the automatic reel, because the touch on the lever instantly eats it up. For this reason I would never recommend the single-action reel when trouting under difficulties, no matter what those difficulties be. Even in the midst of a rushing river the automatic reel has points to its credit that no single-action reel can afford.

Much of one's success at fishing the small stream depends upon one's cautiousness of approach. To work up on a brooklet of this sort on all fours is really the best way. Trout are easily frightened by any sounds made along the bank of a stream; and certainly this is very true of the small stream, for the reason that one is brought in closer proximity with the fish. The trout of the small streams are very keen and alert. To get them one must acquire an alertness in proportion to the alertness of the trout. If he does this he will have luck and much of it.

There is an unapprehended amount of good fishing to be had along the smaller streams of the country. Perhaps there are hundreds of these streams that unobtrusively contain trout, without anybody's knowledge of the fact. In a country where streams are spring-fed along their course, or where there are spring pools in the streams, one finds brook trout fishing of the very best.



E. D. SISMEY

THERE are two kinds of salmon in the Pacific Coast waters that will take the hook, and are therefore available to sportsmen. These are the Spring, (Tyee); and the Cohoe.

The Spring Salmon sometime attain a great size. At Campbell River, Vancouver Island I think the record is fifty-six pounds, caught on rod and line. The Cohoe rarely weigh more than twelve pounds, but though small they are game and therefore furnish excellent sport.

Most of us are aware that the Pacific Coast salmon may only be caught on hooks during certain seasons and at the mouths of rivers. The salmon after coming from the open sea, pause a few days in their migration, at the mouths of rivers up which they run. It is during this pause they may be caught. The exact limits of the seasons vary in different rivers, and I will not pretend to give the limits. I will say, however, that August and September are the best months.

Two of the best known rivers in Vancouver Island are the Campbell and Cowitchan Rivers; both of these are easy of access, and have good hotel accommodation, boats and boatmen, also neither of these rivers are near the canneries.

The Campbell River is probably the best salmon river on the Pacific, though I must say that fishing there is no poor man's hobby.

The item that makes fishing on the Campbell expensive is the absolute necessity of an experienced boatman. I remember, (in 1912),

the services of a boatman cost five dollars per day, including boat, for about five hours fishing; two and one half hours twice a day during slack water. The necessity of a boatman may be realized when it is known that the tides sweep between Vancouver and Valdez Islands at ten to twelve miles per hour. Without a boatman one is looking for trouble, but with one, safety and good fishing are sure to be enjoyed.

On the Campbell River fish of forty pounds are caught and landed on light tackle every season while catching fish of twenty-five to thirty pounds is almost a daily occurrence.

Campbell River is at the end of the Island Highway, an excellent automobile road to Victoria; there is also a good steamboat service to all Coast points.

Not only is the salmon fishing not to be surpassed anywhere on the Pacific, but there is in the immediate neighborhood, trout fishing that I maintain can not be equalled anywhere in the world, beautiful lakes amid a primeval forest and over-shadowed by Alpine mountains capped with perpetual snow; these lakes teem with fish.

Cowitchan River, about two hours' run in the train from Victoria, empties into Cowitchan Bay, a lovely seaside resort, where fishing may be enjoyed along with the pleasures of a family summer holiday. Bathing, boating and fishing within this lovely land-locked bay are pleasures which can be taken at all hours with perfect safety.

The hotel accommodation is good and



out by their size. For this picture the rod has a fly-fishing tip. The trolling tip had been stepped on and kinked. All the same all the fish were landed with the rod as shown. Both pictures, (those with the five and twelve fish) are a one day's catch.

I must, in truth, say that such catches are hardly representative. We stayed at the Bay for four months and these two pictures are the best catches of the season. Taken as a whole our average daily catch was about one fish per day.

It may be asked: is this not being a game hog. I reply, no. It must be remembered that all these fish are destined to die in a few weeks. We disposed of our fish by giving them to the Indians, who smoke them, and use them as a staple article of diet. The Indians having found that the white men will fish for the love of it and are willing, yes, anxious to give their catch away, fish, themselves, very little and only when their potlatch, (gift) supply, falls short of needs. Thus do we cater to the laziness of the Siwash.

Lastly, I can promise a good summer of health-giving pleasures and sport to any who wish to spend August or September on either of the described or on the hundreds of other beautiful B. C. Rivers.

cottages may be rented. Again, no boatman is needed and one has merely to follow the crowd to catch fish. At Cowitchan Bay fishing may be carried on all day, though, as usual, dawn and dusk are the best. However the sweet-tasting silvery sea trout seem to have but little preference for time of day.

At Cowitchan, Tyee and Spring salmon are not often caught heavier than twenty-five pounds and the Cohoes average about ten pounds.

There are two schools of fishermen; the one use about one hundred yards of young rope and a Number 7 Stuart spoon or wobbler; the other using the same bait, but substitute a trolling rod and about three hundred yards of light line.

My illustrations show fairly well the tackle used, namely a Bristol steel trolling rod, three hundred yards of Cuttyhunk linen line and a Number 7 Stuart bait.

The picture showing my father with five fish shows the bait, reel and rod, with trolling tip. The centre fish is a Spring. Picture two shows my step-mother with a twenty-one pound Spring Salmon. The title picture, with twelve fish, of which three are Springs and the balance, Cohoes. The Springs may be picked



Salting, Smoking, Drying Fish

An Important Paper on Preparing Fish by Salting, Drying and Smoking That Should Be Carefully Followed Up By Every Angler.

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

IN one regard, especially, the near-to-civilization angler has a distinct advantage over the angler who goes far from home on his fishing trip, and is not satisfied unless he has wild woods and wild waters on all sides of him. The near-to-civilization angler is able, most of the time, to take care of the bulk of his catch, whereas the far from home angler is forced to catch but a few fishes, or consume great quantities of fish or throw two thirds of the catch away. It is sad to relate that the latter is mostly the case. Unable to resist the temptation the fisherman, far from home, catches as long as the fish will strike, and has use for but a few of that catch, and throws the rest away; or he cuts away only a portion of the fish, (the best part of it), and then passes on to the next one. As often as not the worst offender in this respect is the man who is absolutely averse to eating fish; he dislikes the taste of it; it does not go with him. But although he cares little or nothing about eating fish, you can always be sure that he loves to catch them. After he has caught the fish his interest dies down. It matters not to him what is done with the fish: "I had my fun catching it," is the usual plaint. I do not know where to place this breed of human beings, but they certainly come under the head of the destructive killers and have no place in the clan of Waltonians. A man who will fish just for the "joy" of killing, and then throw away fish, or disregard it, that man should not be allowed the privilege of fishing the waters of the country. I have noted fishermen some one hundred miles from civilization exhibiting in photos as high as fifteen large pike and muscallonge, the outline stating: "The Result of A Few Hours Fishing." What manner of use was made of this enormous catch I cannot see, but we must believe that most of it is thrown away to the winged creatures and furred marauders.

The near-to-civilization fisherman can possibly have no reason for wasting fish that he catches. He should arrange it so that every bit of what he catches is made use of. This does not necessarily apply just to these times of conservation, but for all times. Were an application of conservation applied

throughout our whole lives we would reach a stage of civilization hitherto unconceived. Fish, too, are so easily prepared and saved by salting, drying or smoking that every angler should be acquainted with the various processes. The fact that fish are improved ten fold by smoking them, for instance, should be a welcome fact. The catch you have made in the summer and the fall months can be preserved for the winter months, making a food supply that is appetizing to say the very least. It is a fact that there are many men who have little craving for a fish, (taken fresh from the water and prepared for the table), but who never have been known to refuse smoked fish. A fish smoked has always been considered in the same word with rare wines. It is a luxury; but unlike other things can easily be prepared by any person with a little labor, care and consideration. Comparatively few people ever partake of smoked fish, for the very simple and adequate reason that the smoking of fish has been considered something connected with the science of the fourth dimension.

And, too, it is amazing, when you stop to think of it, very few anglers ever dry, salt or smoke fish for future use. In European countries I know this is the common practice. In the Scandinavian countries fish are dried and smoked in plentiful quantities, enough to last through the whole winter. In fact the partaking of lutefisk, (Swedish for stockfish), is a national custom. These fish are caught by the millions and dried, and shipped all over the world. When the Swedish people come to America they bring the national custom of partaking of lutefisk with them, hence the heavy demand for this fish from the other shores. For years untold, the catching and drying of this unique fish for the American trade has been exceedingly great. No Christmas season in America, in a Swedish home, is complete without its stockfish, prepared as only a Swedish house-wife can prepare it. Ever tried it brother? Make the acquaintance of your Swedish neighbor; mention lutefisk, and the bars on friendship are down. It is the pass-word. If you do

not like lutfisk make complaints to this department.

In the Scandinavian countries, as I have stated, most all sorts of fish are dried; not to forget the *yedda*, (Swedish for pike), for it will be remembered that the pike is one of the most widely distributed fishes of the world. Yes, it is the same big fellow we often call the pickerel, pike or Great Northern Pike. And you can split and dry pike as well as the ambitious Scandinavians.

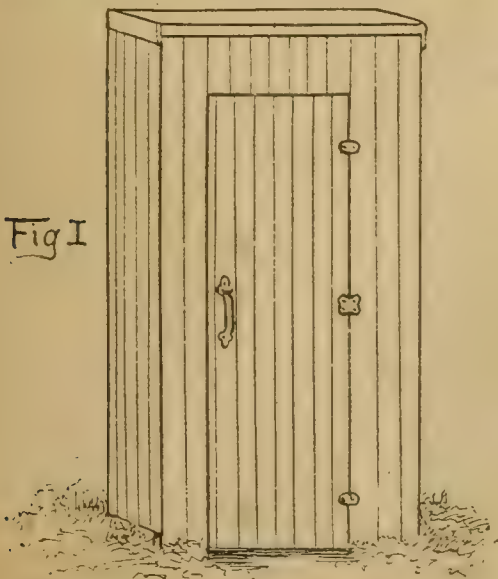
I do not recall ever having read more than one or two brief articles on salting, drying and smoking fish in the outdoor press, in all the years I have been conversant with that press—and mine is a powerfully active record in that regard. I feel as though I am attempting a new subject. You can take practically any fish, rough fish or otherwise, and smoke it, and its value as food is increased a great deal. In the late autumn you can, with permission, no doubt, net suckers, when they are firm of flesh and you will be surprised, after smoking them, how tasty they can be. Pickerel, pike, lake trout, any or all of them, they make a select table fare when fixed up by smoking.

There can be no doubt about it, the fish taken in the autumn of the year make for the best specimens when they are smoked or dried. It is in the autumn that the fish put on flesh, their muscles are firm, hence they are of far better eating than those caught, say, in the hot days of summer. It is the fish caught in the early part of the season and in the autumn that makes for the

best specimens which to smoke or dry for future use.

You can make your smoke-house very simply out of logs four inches through, set up and down, close together. In Figure I we show the smoke-house made out of these logs. This house can be seven feet in height and four feet square. The top is covered the same way. When making this smoke house, if you leave cracks here and there throughout the whole there will be no necessity of boring holes in the top to let out a portion of that smoke. The smoke, in the demanded measure, will escape through the cracks, while the bulk of it remains within, circulating freely, and densely. It is necessary in the log smoke house to have some sort of a door that will open and shut tight, which can very easily be done, without the least trouble. In Figure II we show a house that is made out of boards put up and down. If it is desired you can, of course, leave cracks between these boards for the escape of the demanded portion of the smoke, but if you should desire to put the boards close together then it will be necessary to bore or cut out some few holes at the top with a key-hole saw to let the smoke escape. Four or five of these holes about one and one half inches in diameter will be sufficient. In the case of the board smoke-house it is not really necessary to have a door as on the log smoke house. A twelve inch board, removable at any time will be quite sufficient.

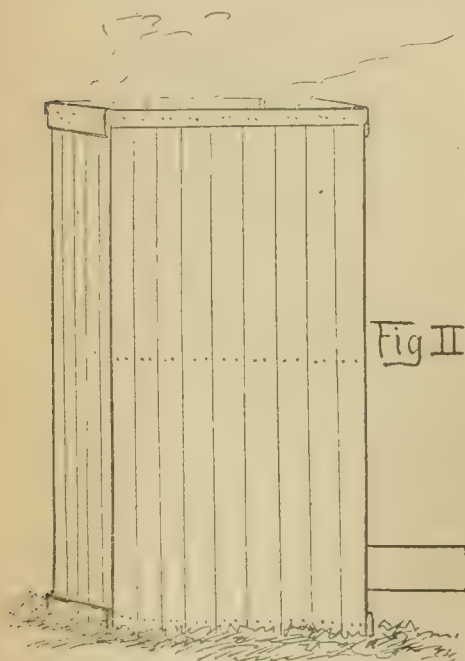
Fish are smoked in one of two ways. The first manner is to have the fire at the bottom of the house, inside: but this method is to be condemned for the very simple reason that it entails a great deal of trouble, of taking care of the fire, of opening and closing the door, and is generally a disagreeable procedure. A few attempts at working it in that manner will suffice to have you change your mind and to look around for some more simple manner, that is thorough, and efficient. We have shown in Figure II a method of smoking that is, to say the very least, efficient and dependable, and is not in the very least disagreeable as you will prove to yourself when you try it out. A heater is used, the pipe of it entering at the side of the bottom of the house as shown. The house generally stands a little high, and the stove sits low, for very obvious reasons. And, too, it is necessary to have the pipe at the bottom so that the smoke will circulate freely from the very bottom, upward. In event that you are out somewhere and have to use more or less primitive methods



in constructing your smoke-house (as the one out of logs) then of course the smudge-fire can be made at the bottom of the smoke-house; in which case, of course, the door is necessary. But if you can obtain the stove as a smoke producer, all well and good, it is the very best, if used, as I have stated, and shown in the illustrations.

In Figure III we show the inside of the smoke-house.

It is very simply constructed. There are



cleats along the sides, as shown; these cleats are from ten to fifteen inches apart, up and down. Staunch strips of boards are cut to fit from right to left across the smoke-house, each end to rest on one of the cleats. You can have as many of these strips as you desire, for as many fish as you are to smoke. The fish are hung from these strips by connecting them to a wire, the wire to be hooked to the strip and thence around the tail, speared through the flesh. Figure III will show how the fish hang, with the heavier portion down, the tails up. In this manner you can hang up as many fish as you like, large or small, it does not particularly matter, as the dense smoke will penetrate to all of them.

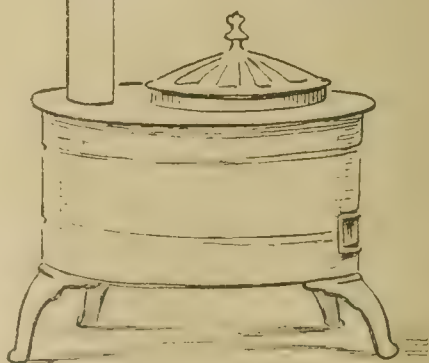
Next comes the matter of making smoke, and what material to generate smoke from that will give the fish a taste that is appealing, for, it will be remembered, not all material will do this; some material will leave a bitter

taste and some a strong taste that will not leave the mouth. Anyone who has tried smoking fish with various materials knows this to be true. There are three materials that I know to be good, and one can follow these directions without fear of going amiss. These materials are:

- (1) Corn-cobs.
- (2) Birch bark, birch twigs, portions of birch saplings.
- (3) Cedar bark, and parts of cedar wood, saplings.

After a great deal of experimentation it has been found that the best smoke obtainable for smoking fish is from corn-cobs. Happily corn-cobs, (barren of the kernels), are comparatively easy to obtain and they give to the smoked fish a sweet, incomparable taste. Cedar bark for a smoke producer comes next, and birch, and birch bark third, because birch gives the fish a tang that some do not exactly relish.

You make your fire in the stove, after you have hung up the fish, and then you put on the bark, or the cobs, so as to form a smudge. The fire is not allowed to burn to the top to a glow, before it is covered again with cobs, to produce a rich smoke. The fish as they are hung up in the smoke-house are allowed to remain there through the day, but at night they are taken out and hung up in the fresh night air until the morning when they are again hung up by their hooks on the cleat strips in



the smokehouse and again smoked till evening. How long should the fish be kept in the smoke-house, is a question that may be asked at this point. And this, too, is important to know. Just how long the fish are to hang up in the smoke-house before finally

taken out for storing away depends upon your taste, of course. Some think a fish over-smoked if it remains in the smoke-house more than three days. Others prefer smoking the fish four or even five days. To suit your taste smoke some specimens three days and some four and five days, and then compare their virtues by tasting each. You can thus afford yourself of a happy medium by selection. Remember that every night you take the fish out and hang them in the open

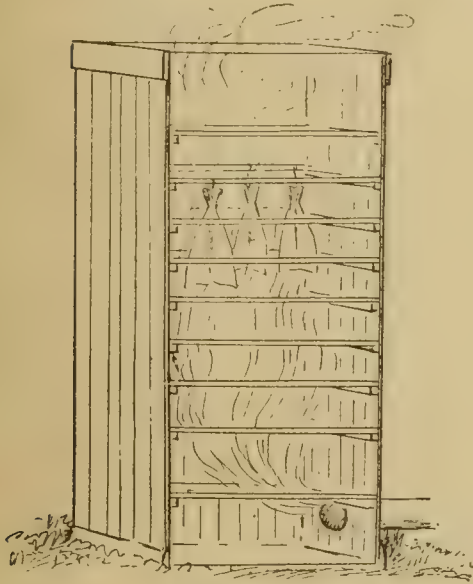


Fig III

air. In the morning you return them to the house, to be further smoked. Before storing the fish for the winter they should be dried in an airy, dustless place and they should finally be kept in a dry, cool place, the reason of this being to prevent molding.

Before hanging the fish up to smoke in the house it is necessary that they be treated to a salt solution. Fish contain a certain amount of water, the same as flesh of all sorts. The more water there is in the flesh the longer it will take to get it smoked or dried as the case may be. Before smoking the fish, they may be dry salted, layer on layer, in a tub and be allowed to stand for from one to three days, or they may be placed in a pickle. I vastly prefer the latter now and so I will give here that method the preference. The pickle in which the fish are laid is composed of one pound of barrel salt to one gallon of water; the water is to cover the fish that you place in the tub. Before I go any further I may add a few words on how to clean the fish preparatory to putting

them in the pickle before smoking them. Without cutting the flesh any more than you are forced to, clean out the insides, the heads are removed, but is it not necessary to scale the fish, in fact most of the scales are left right on. When you have them clean, the fish are dipped into boiling hot water and then swiftly removed. Now lay the fish down in the pickle with the skin-side down, one on top of the other. Allow them to lay in this pickle for a matter of twenty-four hours, then take them out and wash them thoroughly clean for about a half hour in cold, clear water. When this is done, lay them on something to further drain off. When they are drained it is best to go over them with a dry cloth so there will not be any moisture adhering to them when you hang them up. Remember that it is an essential point that the fish be perfectly dry when you hang them up.

One woman speaks of canning such fish as the mackerel. I have never tried this. She says:

"Oily fish, like mackerel, are best soused, or pickled, and canned. When canned with a spiced sauce no salting is required unless preferred. The fish is cut into small pieces and cooked in the sauce gently for a few minutes, then neatly packed in jars and processed for two hours. The tops of the cans are then tightened and the process continued for one hour longer. The cans, after cooling, should be wrapped in dark cloth or brown paper bags and kept in a dark and cool place."

After fish have been smoked it should be remembered that they should be thoroughly dried, especially as to surface.

While in smoking fish it is not best to cut open any more than is necessary, when salting down fish, or drying them, a little more cutting is necessary. Says W. C. Kendall on salting fish when on your trip:

"When transportation is not a serious consideration, earthenware crocks make excellent containers, but for all-around convenience, everything considered, wooden containers, if not made of resinous wood, are preferable.

"Nothing excels a common firkin, which may be had in various sizes. It affords the advantage of a handle by which it may be carried or fastened to the carriers. Some boxes are sufficiently tight, or can be made so, to serve as temporary containers or an empty lard kit, tub or other similar receptacle may be used. There should be a tight fitting top or cover with any form of container. The

salt and other supplies may be packed in the container.

"The usual procedure is to split the fish down the belly to the vent, remove the viscera and cut off the head and tail; make a cut on each side of the backbone inside of the body cavity; cut the bone in two as far back as can be reached and remove the cut-off portion; then make a deep cut along one side of the remainder of its length and lay the fish open. The fish should be washed in salted water and the blood removed from the backbone or that portion of it which remains. If the fish is too large to go into the container, cut it into proper lengths.

"While the general treatment of all fishes is the same the various characteristics of fishes may indicate in certain cases some divergence from the general rule. It may be desirable to skin some large scaled, thick, firm meated fishes and cut them into strips of convenient dimensions.

"It would also save space to remove the dorsal and anal fins of fishes which have stout spiny rays, even if they are not skinned or scaled, the head severed and the backbone removed each side and close to the fin, having pierced the skin and the meat to some distance in order to remove the bones that extend into the fish from the spines and rays. Then grasp the posterior end of the fin and strip it out toward the head.

"Large, stocky fishes, like the carp, buffalo, drum, etc., may be skinned or scaled, the head severed and the backbone removed. Then cut lengthwise into halves and crosswise into sections to fit the container. The heads of small fishes and the scales of fine scaled fishes need not be removed, although if the heads are left on they should be split and the gills removed. Small fishes, such as the brook trout, cisco and small sizes of similarly shaped fishes, may be split along the back on one side of and close to the backbone. The backbone need not be removed.

"Small, slender fish, like the smelt and some lake herring, which need not be split, should be cleaned by drawing the viscera out of the body cavity as the head is severed or along the gills if the head is allowed to remain.

"The degree of nicety observed in dressing the fish, such as removal of fins, bones, scales, etc., depends wholly upon the judgment and inclination of the operator. For instance it is possible to trim the meat from close to the bones of some fishes so that scarcely a bone is left. This is recommended for such fish as pickerel and suckers. With a little prac-

tice it can be done with facility by splitting the fish along the back to the backbone, thence trimming bellyward close to the outer surface of the ribs; Sever the head and remove the viscera.

"Having prepared the fish in some such way as indicated, place a layer of salt on the bottom of the container, and on this spread a layer of fish, one deep, skin side down, tail or narrow end toward the centre of the container, previously having rubbed onto the meat side some salt, then cover these with a layer of salt and add another layer of fish, repeating the process until the container is full or the supply of fish is exhausted.

"The salt with moisture from the fish will make a strong brine in which the fish may be kept until required for use, if protected from heat. The temperature should not exceed 70 degrees F. A lower degree is safer. A piece of board shaped to fit the container should be placed on top of the fish and weighted with a clean rock."

The directions here given by Mr. Kendall, especially as to boning the fish preparatory to salting them down, also fits in well when preparing the same fish for drying. It should be understood that the salt brine used on the fish serves to sap the water from the flesh. If fish are dried without any salt upon them it will take a long time in comparison with the other method, in fact I have never heard of fish being dried without the salt treatment. When the fish are removed from the brine they are dried after being drained off. Then they are laid out on an incline of boards, etc., facing the hot sun. The smaller fishes such as the sun-fish and the bass dry very nicely. When the flesh is dried through and through, (so that it is perfectly stiff), it is taken away from the incline and stored away in a cool and dry place. When the dried fish is to be used it is simply soaked in water, under which process the flesh swells out and it may thus be prepared for the table same as any other way. Fish captured in the autumn become excellent when smoked or dried. Of course the smoking process leads in points of attractiveness and desirability; drying comes next and plain salting comes third. Fish that are plain salted down will last a long time if they are kept in a cool or cold place; though they will not last if allowed in the sun. Flies drop their eggs on unsalted fish even though a netting be stretched over them, from a height of twenty to thirty inches. dropping their eggs through the squares in the net.

But best of all is the smoking of fish. It

is a method that every angler should be conversant with. There is never a surplus catch but that it cannot be taken to the smoke-house and prepared for winter use in a manner

that is very simple. Any woman, or lad, can take care of the smoke-house, and large quantities can be smoked at a time, enough for the family and a few for ones' friends.

The Permanent Camp

In This Article We Tell How to Best Arrange The Permanent Wall Tent Camp, With Improvements That Are Distinctly Helpful and Efficient.

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

THERE are two ways of camping, recognized among outdoor people. One way is to camp out with a shelter tent, a light tent that may be carried in the form of a roll on the back over the pack-sack. The other form of camping is with a wall tent, and when set down the tent is called a permanent camp, for the reason that it is fixed at one spot for a matter of two weeks, three weeks or three months, or as long as the trip out, lasts. Of course a wall tent may be taken down and shifted from place to place, but ordinarily the wall tent is suitable to remain on one spot, permanent for the duration of the trip. The use of the light, (or shelter), tent, is radically opposed to this, as you can easily pick it up and move from place to place, squatting wherever night overtakes you. Hikers make use of the shelter tent, as do also the canoeists; and for the purpose it is of course hard to equal a light tent of the sort. But where two or three fellows wish to camp on one lake or stream the

whole length of time they are out, it is the wall tent that is the distinct means toward an end.

It is saying the least to remark that the average person makes a poor job of putting up the permanent wall tent camp. Usually it is not through carelessness, as that the person knows but one system and follows that without any attempts at ingenuity. To such this article should be a simple lesson easy to understand and follow.

If you will glance at Figure I you will note a wall tent set up in the average fashion, thousands of which you see in this shape every summer that you are out. The tent, as shown in the drawing, has its ridge pole, two up-rights with spike ends that fit through a hole in either end of the ridge pole. The tent has its fly, which is the protecting canvas and it lies right "smack-fit" close to the top of the ridge of the tent on top of the other canvas. Both the tent and the fly are guyed out with ropes along the sides and one rope



generally holds the tent tight in front, thus making a nice thing to trip and fall over some night when you go out to see if the stars are where they should be. Note the general appearance of helplessness about this tent, which, by the way, has been made from an actual tent. The sides of it sag, the corners are weak, and the canvas lies rotting along the ground. The reason of this sag along the edges is easy to understand. The guy ropes, pegged to the ground at the angle they are in, cannot lift the canvas up—it is quite impossible. To make an efficient job out of it, the angle of the guy ropes must be different.

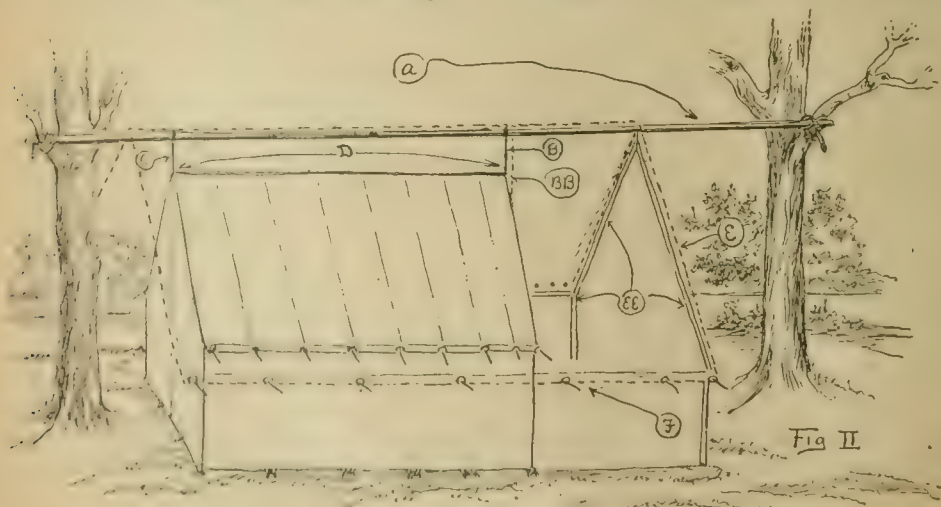
In studying out a method to get around all of these things I decided, (1), to seek to get the tent stretched around the sides, and (2), to seek to eliminate the two uprights, the front upright at least being absolutely in the way; at the same time I wanted to eliminate the front guy-rope, and (3) I wanted above all things to get that fly canvas off from the other canvas. I had found that one canvas lying on top of the other caused the fly canvas to wear the tent canvas down thin so that finally it was useless along the ridge, and too, water stayed along the ridge, causing both canvases to rot. In the fourth place I wanted to get rid of the clumsy and inefficient wooden pegs which are nothing short of a nuisance; and I also wanted to get something more durable and lasting than the canvas loops through which these pegs were inserted. All this was a large bill but I soon got around it.

In Figure II we show a wall tent set up in a fashion making for an ideal camp.

The arrow (a) points to the main ridge-pole, and this ridge pole may be as long as

you wish the camp to be, which includes the additional canvas of the fly out in front and over all. The arrow (e) points to that fly as it canopies the front. Before I go any further I wish to state that this canvas out in front will have a distinct purpose. By making a framework around it as shown in the illustration, (ee), the front and the two sides down from the out-thrust canvas roof may be walled in with mosquito netting. A door frame can be made in front, also to be covered with netting. This front is more than a place where you can sit on the summer evenings and during the day, if you so like here you can do your cooking, and eat your meals if you so desire, and have the inner tent merely to sleep in. How long should this front canvas be? That depends entirely upon your desires, and how large your camp is to be. The smaller your camp the smaller may be your space in front. If your tent is 14 feet long, you may choose to have a fly thrust out in front of about eight feet. Of course, you understand that two flies are sewed together to make one long one. You are not liable to find a long enough ridge pole to go on through if you have a very long tent. Therefore an upright must be fitted in at the point, (bb), the two ridge poles meeting at that point, (the dotted line), above. However, if you do not wish to have a fly thrust out in front, (for a summer kitchen affair), you will find that one ridge pole will accommodate all. However, following the plan I have given you can make your camp any size and have perfect good luck with it.

The letter (d) within the two arrows shows the ridge pole that goes *inside of the tent*; and



the letters (c) and (b) are wires that connect from that ridge pole onto the main ridge pole. The space allowed between the tent ridge pole and the main (or upper) ridge-pole is six inches. Thus the canvas fly above entirely saves the tent underneath from the elements, and is truly a line of resistance, as well as protection. It will be noted that the fly thrusts out for about two feet *in back*. This I believe to be a great help, and an added protection, I believe that this should be kept intact when you arrange for your fly material.

You can pick up the material for these steel prongs in most any scrap pile; or the blacksmith will make them for you for little or nothing. Of course where transportation is a simple matter the inclusion of these steel prongs will not be noticed as to weight. A few of these steel prongs taken along on a shelter tent trip is just the clear thing. Sew steel rings around the edge of the shelter tent, too, and in a few moments with a hatchet they are tapped down and the tent is up.

Where you can have a board floor to the tent and the mosquito-netted-kitchenette, be sure to add this as it is most desirable. The floor need be lifted off of the ground no more than six inches. A board floor is very easily made.

In event that no board floor is used then have the floor canvas. It is vastly to be preferred that this is made of extra heavy ounce for obvious reasons.

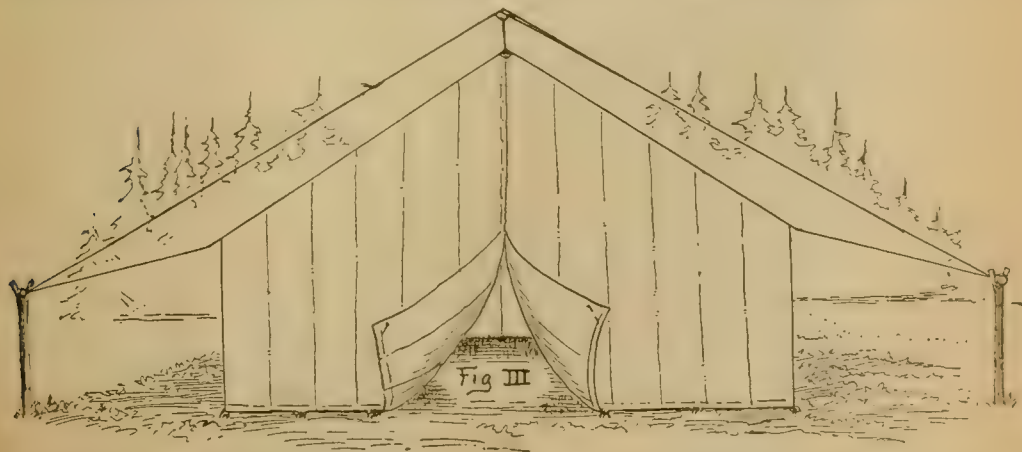
In Figure III. we show the front view of the tent, illustrating how the uprights have been eliminated, and the six inch space between the tip of the tent and the top of the main ridge pole.

The usefulness of this idea of lifting the fly off from the tent proper I cannot begin to

enlarge upon. If you have tried out the old way to your entire "satisfaction", as I have, you will understand that the new way is the only way worth trying. If the rain beats down, say, the tent roof underneath is rarely wet, save in the ends, and this is especially true if the fly has been treated to some water-proofing solution, of which there are many methods. I will give one that has been tried out. You may know others, as I do.

You put a pan on the stove and melt a pound of paraffine as much as possible. Have a pail handy containing one gallon of gasoline. Pour the thin paraffine into this and mix it up. The paraffine solution need not be applied until the fly is stretched. The mixture may be poured into a sprinkler and thence sprayed out over the tent fly. To reach the top, tie the sprinkler to a stick and then see to that all points are covered. The gasoline of course is nothing but a carrier and soon evaporates, but the paraffine will sink into the canvas pores, closing them up and so making them quite impervious to the down-pour of rain. When applying the mixture the canvas should, of course, be perfectly dry. A hot day is the best to put it on, which, of course prevents the paraffine from hardening.

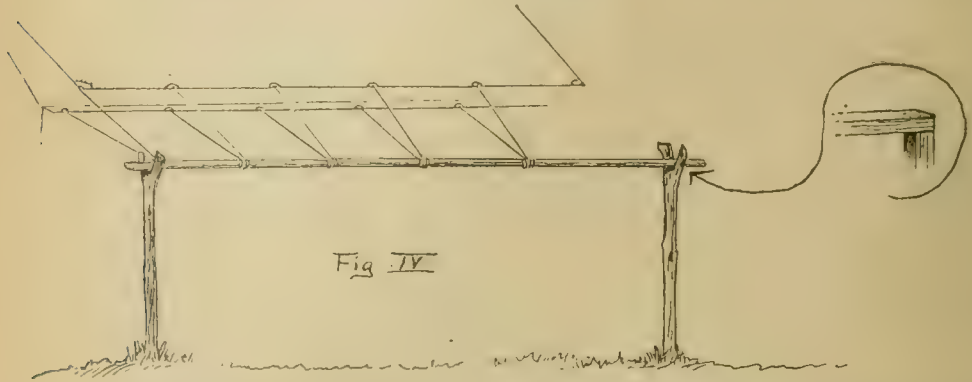
The good thing about a fly (thus made impervious to the rain) is that the tent underneath may be used for years and still be as good as ever. The rain rarely gets at it. It is safe from sun and rain. The open space between allows the wind to circulate through. On another point also the idea of lifting the fly off of the tent proper is a good one. If the fly lies right on the tent ridge the sun beats down on it and in the daytime it is quite impossible even to enter the tent for the heat. With the fly lifted up the sun



loses itself force against the fly, the result being a more moderate temperature.

Since the fly protects the tent in this fashion it is possible to get the tent itself in a light weight of ounce, and even muslin sewed into the form of a tent will so; will save you money; and will also be very cool, since a tent for summer use is not in demand as a heat-conveyor. Knowing that a muslin tent under a waterproofed fly (as I have

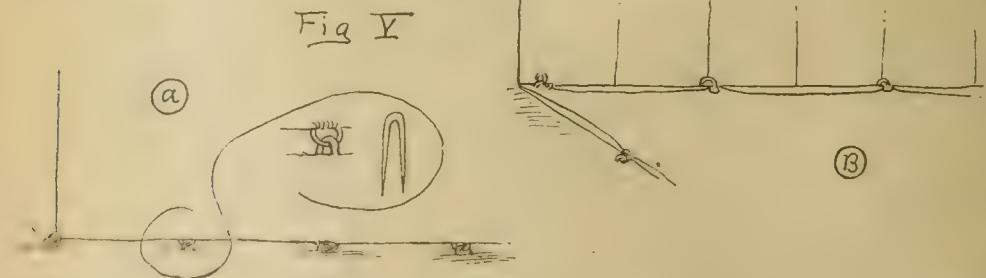
The guy-ropes from the tent to the side pole, should, when stretched, keep the bottom of the tent canvas well off of the ground; it should never lie on the ground. Therefore see that the cross pole, at the side, is high enough to allow of this being done. If the cross-pole is too low there will yet be a sag to the canvas. I have shown the two uprights holding up this side cross pole to be crotched affairs. If you have access to two by fours,



stated) is a most desirable thing I suggest that it be tried out.

I have shown the main ridge pole in Figure II to rest, at each end, in the crotch of a tree. In place of this it is possible to sink two poles of the right length to take the place of trees. Many are not so sure about setting the tent near to trees. If, therefore, you desire to have a free mind on that count, have poles instead of resting the ends on trees. However, small trees, six or seven inches in dia-

or some such sawed lumber you can make these uprights and cross-pole of that material. In any event do not attempt to drive them down with an axe, but dig holes and sink them down, then pack stones around them in the holes. These uprights should stand perfectly solid in the ground. It does not take very long to do this, and it is best to do it right. Remember therefore to cut your uprights long enough to give a length to properly sink them. The use of these cross poles at the



meter, are rarely hit by the lightning, as we know. It is the huge trees with air spaces in them, or hollows containing dead air that draw the lightning. Avoid placing the tent near any such huge or deformed tree, or attaching the ridge pole to any such a tree for very obvious reasons.

In Figure IV, we show how to take the sag out of the sides of the tent by raising the guy-ropes to a side pole at the sides of the tent.

sides on which to tie the guy-ropes does away with the clumsy method of pegging these numerous ropes to the ground.

I have previously told of the clumsy method of using pegs to peg down the tent around the edges and elsewhere. The average tent has canvas loops through which to thrust the peg, and so pin it to the earth. These canvas loops are childish and about as useless a thing as was ever invented. Remove these

loops and at that same place sew in, with waxed cord, steel rings one inch, or even less, in diameter; and sew them in good as they bear a quite a bit of strain. Now take three eighths inch steel rods and bend them as shown in the inset in Figure V, sharpening the ends a little so that they may be driven into the ground freely. Six or seven inches should be allowed for the length of these prongs. Figure V shows how these prongs are slipped through the rings and driven into the ground. If you are to have a floor canvas to the floor of the tent at this point you are

called upon to look into a neat system that is wholly efficient and trouble-saving. Note (b) of Figure V. The floor canvas is the exact size as the inside of the tent. Here and there sew in rings as you have done along the edge of the canvas, already told of, at the same point where the rings are situated outside, along the edges. When you prong down the outer rings, also slip the floor canvas rings on the steel prongs and thus when you drive down the outer rings you also seal the floor canvas down tight.



GUNS & AMMUNITION

Bullet Lubrication

R. E. HERRICK

"Sumpn' burnin' there"

"Look at 'em smoke"

"Whatcha got there, tracer bullets?"

These and other equally pointed remarks, and some considerably more pointed than polite were directed at the writer one Sunday last spring when he started shooting at 300 yards and when his bullets were leaving a curling trail of smoke along the line of trajectory, but we are getting ahead of our story.

We have experimented with bullet grease for years. Yes, started in on it in the good old black powder days, when a little beeswax and tallow or japan wax were all that was needed to lubricate the old "smoke wagons" but it is quite sufficient to say that quite a different prescription is required on the modern jacketed bullets that are at their destination and have the horses unhitched and turned out to pasture before the old soft lead slugs get the brakes off to start.

I've never liked the idea of forcing metal jacketed bullets through a choice barrel

without some sort of lubricant, for it doesn't take much thought to convince anyone that there is friction there, lots of it, and where friction resides there also resides erosion, and friction and erosion spell a short life for a barrel.

So we went to experimenting with greases and oils. Tried everything we ever heard of anyone using, and as many on our own hook. Of course we read the reports concerning certain old army rifle barrels that were brought back to a wonderful (?) state of accuracy by merely using lubricated bullets. That settled it. We would find a suitable grease if we never saw the back of our neck.

Mobilubricant was one of the first greases we ever used that seemed to carry the recommendations of advanced riflemen, but let me state here and now that in our estimation Mobilubricant is not and never has been anything better than a makeshift and leaves much to be desired. In the course of our experiments and inquiries we were

informed by a man who was in a position to know, that Mobilubricant was composed of tallow heated to just below the melting point and when the right temperature was reached a small stream of oil was fed into the tallow and all mixed thoroughly in great agitating vats. So then we have a resultant compound which has never been nor is it designed for use in intense heat, it being used in the transmission set on automobiles where there is little or no heat but where a thick heavy grease is necessary. Try melting Mobilubricant and after it cools it doesn't resume its former smooth state, but is a stringy, sticky mass of no use whatever.

We tried mixing air float graphite with it, but after a few shots with this one never knew when the bore was clean, for the rags kept coming black for a week. I don't doubt but that the graphite did noble service, but appearances are too strong against it for continued use.

Next we tried all sorts of mixtures of beeswax, Mobilubricant, cylinder oil, cornauba wax, and what not, all in the attempt to secure a grease into which the bullets might be dipped and which would harden with a non-sticky surface. We finally settled on a mixture of cornauba wax, beeswax and high grade auto cylinder oil, using approximately equal parts of cornauba and beeswax and enough of the oil to bring it to the desired degree of hardness when cold. In using this grease it was heated to a smoking point and the bullets dipped in it up to the mouth of the shell. As the cold bullets will take on too much of the grease unless they too are heated, we have a pan of boiling water at hand into which the bullets are dipped before their bath in the grease. We did our cartridges after they have been inserted in the clips, thus one dipping coats five bullets.

This grease worked nicely, and was the one used on the occasion mentioned at the beginning of this article, the excessive smoke being caused by a little too much grease. This is unnecessary. A light film of grease being all that is required to do the job of lubricating. We were well pleased with this grease and had several primer boxes filled with it at the 1918 National Matches, only to have to fall back on Mobilubricant on account of the order forbidding the taking of ammunition into quarters. We had planned on doping up our bullets before going to the firing line, but had to give that scheme up. We did shoot some of our own home loads one afternoon at 600 yards which had been

dipped, with the result that the members of the Indiana team, who were next to us, had some sport. "watching our smoke."

This grease presented only one fault. It appeared to us that a perfect grease should leave the bore slightly oily, or at least the muzzle of the rifle should be moist from the oil after firing. This final point was supplied by our friend, Lieut. E. A. McGoldrick of Spokane, who suggested using "F. F. Franklin" auto oil as a softening agent. There is not any set formula as to quantities, but by using about equal parts of cornauba wax and beeswax and just enough oil to soften the resultant product according to the season of the year it will be found after firing there will be a ring of oil around the bore of the rifle at the muzzle, which indicates that all the oil at least, has not burned, and not having burned it seems also reasonable to believe it has served its good purpose of lubricating the bore with some left over for good measure.

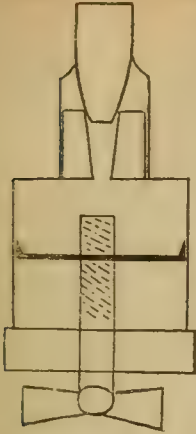
A word as to said F. F. Franklin auto oil. This oil is a Pennsylvania product and is practically the only oil that comes from the ground ready for use, i. e., that doesn't require refining before it is of any value to the consumer, and it is supposed to withstand a higher fire test than any other oil on the market. It is not used as a straight lubricating oil, however, being used as a blending stock to bring certain oils up to a required standard as to fire and flash tests. All auto cylinder oil manufacturers do not use this F. F. F. oil for blending purposes, but all do use similar products which they call "bright-stock," and are used in exactly the same way.

A batch of this grease properly blended, will stick to a bullet almost like paint, and will harden down with a smooth, glossy surface. Drop a clip in the sand; pick it up and blow the sand off and it's as good as new. I've carried cartridges so prepared in my belt until the grease had fairly worn off around the points of the bullets, yet the rest of the grease still stuck like a burr to a dog's ear.

Incidentally that is just one test as to when you have the grease of the correct consistency. Too hard it will flake off a bullet. Too soft and it won't have a hard, glossy surface. Sometime I'm going to experiment on a soft grease to use as one does Mobilubricant, but made from bees wax and "bright-stock."

Speaking of soft grease reminds me that I have a home-made bullet greaser that just about fills the bill. First I got a 1 oz. brass grease cup with non-rising screw stem and

ground off the octagon portion so it was flush with the barrel of the cup. Ground off the screw threads and soldered on a portion of a Krag cartridge case. And here comes the best part of it: In the open end of the Krag shell is inserted a Springfield bullet jacket, point down, and expanded so as to permit a loaded shell being inserted just up to the crimp. Bored a hole through the jacket point to permit the grease to pass on up, and made a slip cover from an old pistol shell and it



is done. The bullet jacket inside the greaser prevents too much grease getting on the bullet, and does spread it on in a smooth, thin coating. This greaser is clean to operate and as fast as any of this type. The accompanying sketch will show how it would look if cut in two through the centre.

There is no doubt about the value of a suitable lubricant on metal jacketed bullets, so we will not discuss this phase of the question except to give a warning against allowing grease to get in the chamber of the rifle. This does it no good and may do considerable harm and only requires a little care to prevent. This screed is merely to give other riflemen the advantage of whatever knowledge I have gained in attempting to develop a better lubricant.

Sights

P. A. L.

IN looking over the Lyman catalog of peep sights the reader wonders at the fact that these famous sights that have been on the market for so many years, with two or three exceptions, have but one adjustment, and that for elevation only.

Any rifleman that sights in a rifle knows that there is just as much need for side movement as for elevation.

When one attempts to drive a front sight over just a little, or shin up the side of a peep and try each shift by a few shots, he soon condemns the process as costly in ammunition, time and temper. He wonders why the makers only make half a sight while with a side screw in the side of the base of that sight he could have placed the zero anywhere he wanted it after firing the first group.

Different makers and even different lots of the same make of high power ammunition will shoot to a different zero. In using a sight with two movements, knowing your sight and pitch of screws, you simply shoot a group at a known range and by shifting your sight the required number of points you can place your zero anywhere you wish on the target.

At present I have a Remington .25 calibre that has a Lyman rear sight and a V. M. front sight. The front sight is a very tight fit. At present that rifle zeroes $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches to the right at 100 yards. I would give a good bit to have it shooting centre, yet I hate to at-

tempt to shift that sight, knowing that I might get out of the frying pan into the fire.

It may mean 100 rounds of ammunition before I get it correct and proved. The above remarks will also apply to the Marble sights. For best results these peep sights should be mounted to set about 1" in front of the eye when the head is in a normal shooting position. A sight mounted on the receiver is too far away from the eye for best results.

In bolt action rifles the sight should be mounted on the end of the firing pin and then it snaps forward and away from the eye when the rifle is fired.

As to front sights I prefer the V.M. sight for it gives the least eye strain of any sight I have ever used and is very accurate. The Marble people make the V.M. sight with a gold face but they would improve it greatly by making it a dead black face instead. The gold glitters whereas the dead black gives a well defined ring that shows clearly against all objects. Just smoke a V.M. sight with a match and see the difference. I have tried all colors and find the dead black far the best.

Many shooters think a very small bead sight is the most accurate. Such is not always the case as a very small sight strains the eye. A large sight of correct shape gives much less eye strain, therefore is more accurate.

The V.M. sight in conjunction with a peep sight gives no eye strain at all. It is simply a clear look through. Shooters with failing eye sight can get the best of results by the use of a V.M. sight when the ordinary sight would be a complete failure.

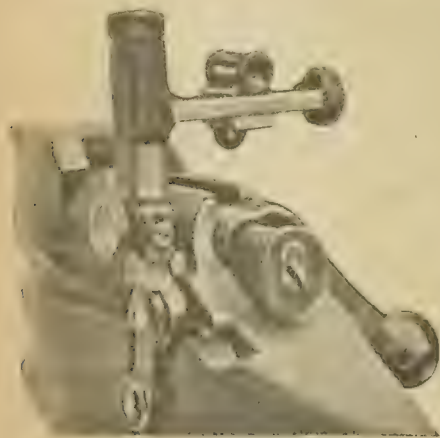
Will the Lyman people make their sights 100 per cent efficient or will they go on in the same old rut? True, they have two fine sights in the models 103 and 20½ but what about all their other models?

The Gibbs Optical Sights for Sniping Rifles

THE firm of George Gibbs, Ltd., of Bristol and 35 Saville Row, London, is responsible for a set of optical sights adapted for use with military rifles, unusually complete and refined in their mechanical construction and design. The backsight, as here illustrated, reproduces in general outline the aperture sights which were used before the war at Bisley and elsewhere in service rifle competitions. Fixture is effected by removing the long-range aperture sight stem and fitting in its place the more elaborated stem and overhanging cross-bar illustrated above. Two adjustments, wide in their range, are provided. The elevation adjustment depends upon the interworking of the upright square stem and the sliding sleeve which fits over the last named and carries the cross bar. The scale is graduated in minutes on one side and in hundred yard intervals of range on the other, both markings being clearly visible to the shooter when in the firing position. An adjustable index permits the zero of the rifle's shooting to be made coincident with the zero of the two scales. The cross-bar carries an ordinary aperture below and a lens aperture above, both forming part of a sliding carriage controlled by a screw. The index mark is scribed upon a separately

adjustable member, the shooting zero of the rifle being thus capable of adjustment laterally as well as vertically in respect to the other scale. The two apertures are distanced apart the amount by which the lens front sight is fixed above the ordinary rifle foresight. At the option of the shooter ordinary aperture sighting may be practised as an alternative to the use of lenses. The front lens fitting masks the ordinary foresight, but as it can be removed or replaced in a few seconds the change from one system to the other is very rapid. The presence of the lens and aperture backsight fitting in no way interferes with the use of the ordinary open backsight.

The foresight consists of a rigid frame carrying a screwed ring, into which the lens-piece is turned, a set-screw ensuring its retention in the position with the aiming lines upright. These consist of a vertical stem and horizontal line, as in telescopic sights used for military purposes. The particular form of base shown in the illustration suits the short service rifle. Two wide-spread hooks embrace the nose-cap fitting. The hooks engage with a special screw which performs the holding functions of the ordinary screw, but carries in addition extensions at either end adapted to engage the hooks in the sight



base. When the hooks have been passed over the pin extensions the final fixing of the member is effected by tightening the thumb-screw, so that its point presses firmly against the barrel. The pressure so exerted throws the fitting against the foresight block. In order that the position of contact shall not depend on chance an adjustable bearing screw is provided. This is set at the first fitting of the sight to ensure uprightness, and its adjustment is permanent so far as the particular rifle is concerned. The magnification of the lenses is $2\frac{1}{4}$ diameters, and the field of view is pleasingly large in consequence of the ample dimensions of the front lens. An effective light or rain screen is

available for the occasions when it is required. It consists of a thin sheet of flat spring steel which is pressed into a semi-circular groove formed in the top half of the front lens frame.

The fact that a set of sights, seemingly so simple in the essence of their design, can usefully carry so many important embellishments is a tribute to the importance of scientific rifle shooting and its intimate association with military problems. Whatever other results the war may have it should at least have harmonized all differences between the respective points of view of the soldier and the expert target shot.—(Reprinted from "Arms & Explosives.")

Queries and Answers

The Smith and Wesson Revolvers.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

By what company is the America revolver made and is there any firm in Canada handling them?

Do the Smith & Wesson people make a single shot pistol? What is their address and can a catalog be obtained from them?

Where could I buy second hand revolvers and address of party having same for sale?

At what distance will the .38 Smith & Wesson Special, 6 inch barrel, make good targets?

Inar Johnson,

Naughton Glen, Alberta.

Reply—The America revolvers that you refer to are evidently the Young America models made by Harrington and Richardson, Iver Johnson and Forehand and Wadsworth concerns. These were the cheapest revolvers made by these concerns. I would not advise anyone to purchase a weapon of these grades.

The Smith and Wesson certainly do make a single shot pistol, no better weapon has been made in this country. Address Smith and Wesson, Springfield, Mass. U. S. A.

You could buy second hand revolvers most likely if you knew of anyone that had one for sale. Advertise in *Rod and Gun*. That should put you in touch with a party that had one for sale. Buying second hand firearms is rather a risky business unless you have the opportunity to view your weapon before you pay for it.

The .38 Smith and Wesson special revolver will shoot with any revolver at 50 yards. At 100 yards it will do very good work and some

men have reported very good work at the range of 300 yards.

Editor.

Wants a Rifle for Deer Shooting.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I have gathered together several of your magazines called *Rod and Gun* and it is the greatest book I ever read.

I am thinking of buying a rifle in a short time and do not wish to pay more than about \$30.00 for it. I want a gun for deer and that would kill a moose at 300 yards. I would like a carbine with a 20 inch barrel.

Do you think that a .44-40 or a .38-40 would be of any use? I am now using a .32-40 with a 28 inch barrel but it is old and sometimes it jams. The frame is pretty loose and it is worn at the muzzle. Would these make it shoot inaccurately?

I have a Stevens favorite .22 and the barrel is badly rusted and I cannot get it out. What shall I do with it?

Frank Bicknell,

Ontario.

Reply—For deer shooting the .32 Special Winchester, .303 Savage or a .30 Rimless Remington would all give you very good service. They would all kill moose very nicely if you hit them just exactly right but a moose at 300 yards is a pretty tough proposition and I would prefer one of the 1895 model Winchesters for this work. This rifle would cost you more than \$30.00.

Your present rifle that is loose is absolutely certain to be inaccurate so long as it remains

loose and if the muzzle is worn that is pretty certain to give the same trouble.

I would suggest a 24 inch barrel on the new rifle as being better balanced for a high power rifle.

If your .22 Stevens is rusted and scored in the chamber you can do nothing but get a new barrel and in that case you might as well get a new rifle.

Editor.

The Ithaca Gun.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

What is your opinion of the Ithaca Gun Company's taper choke boring system? Some people claim that it is bogus.

A. Ham.

Toronto, Ont.

Reply—I do not know of any better shooting shotguns than the Ithaca Guns. I had one with which I killed 24 straight gray squirrels and there was nothing bogus about the shooting qualities of that gun. I never saw an Ithaca gun that appeared to be a poor shooter, and I may add that I have seen many of them in use and have used several of them myself.

Just what system they actually use I cannot say as I never used a micrometer gauge on the bore of one but you can depend upon it that they will shoot all right. This is equally true of the other standard makes.

Editor.

Various Inquiries.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

Is the .38-55 High Power powerful enough for shooting moose, bear, deer, etc., using soft point bullets?

Are five shots at 20 feet that will all be covered by a Canadian five cent piece considered good shooting for a .22?

N. M. Taggart,

Colgate, Sask.

The .38-55 High Power would be a good rifle for your purpose but lacks the flat trajectory for long range shots that is an advantage in using the .30 and .32 calibre high velocity rifles. Up to 150 to 200 yards it will do very nice work. Over that range you will have trouble from over and under shooting.

The shooting mentioned as having been done with a .22 would be good offhand shooting but would need to be about three times as accurate for fine target shooting.

Editor.

Information on Winchester Products.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

Do the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., still make their model 1886 in the .50-110-300 W.H.V. calibre?

What does the letter H stamped on the back of Winchester rim fire cartridges mean?

Is there a 12 gauge lever action shotgun on the market today? If so, by whom is it made?

Do the Marlin Repeating Arms Co., still manufacture rifles?

Have you any information as to the calibre, ballistics etc., of the German "anti tank" gun?

How should the .32 Special Winchester be reloaded to give the same ballistics as the .32-20 Winchester H.V. cartridge?

R. L.

Montreal, P.Q.

Reply—I believe that the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., has totally stopped making the .50-111-300 calibre rifles. They might be able to tell you where you could get one however. Address them at New Haven, Connecticut, U. S. A.

The letter "H" on the backs of the rim fire cartridges is the Winchester "trade mark" that they use on the rim for ammunition they make.

There is no 12 gauge lever action repeating shotgun made at present in America. The Winchester Repeating Arms Co., formerly made such a weapon and still supply a 10 gauge in that style.

The Marlin Arms Co., was entirely taken over for making machine guns during the war and I have not heard that they have yet begun to make sporting arms. Whether they will do so you could discover by addressing them.

I have not seen very much about the Ballistics of the German Anti Tank gun but I did see a bullet that was used in one of them and it certainly was a business-like looking bullet. It was a square base, boat tailed shape and appeared to be jacketed by some BRASS composition, but most likely was some copper alloy that I was not familiar with, but which did look more yellow than copper color. I did not have a micrometer at hand to measure the bullet and did not weigh it but it certainly looked like the daddy of all high power rifle bullets.

To make a .32-20 out of a .32 Special, use a light bullet and a small load of Du Pont number 80 powder or Hercules Sharpshooter



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or Unique. See Ideal Handbook for the many possible loads.

Editor.

Wants a New Automatic Rifle.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I sometimes get hold of your magazine and noticed some time back a gun of the self loading class and would like to know if there is anything new out in the line of automatic rifles as I am beginning to think about getting a new gun? The one I am using is a .35 calibre Browning automatic. If you could give me any information I would be very pleased.

James Greenaway,

Chase River, B.C.

Reply—I do not know of anything later than the Remington autos and the .351 and .401 Winchesters. Possibly you are thinking of an automatic rifle that Mr. Fred Adolf had in mind but which was never manufactured.

Both the Remington and Winchester companies make .22 automatics as well as the larger calibres.

Editor.

Various Inquiries.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I have a Remington model 12 repeater, .22 calibre and the barrel of same is pitted. I had the barrel leaded out at the factory but it is still slightly pitted.

In an article in your magazine I noticed that it said the pits filled up with lead and destroyed the accuracy of the gun.

If this rifle is kept properly cleaned and a Marble's brass pull through used to prevent the lead forming will the accuracy still be affected?

What would be a good set of sights for this rifle to be used for hunting and ordinary target shooting?

Is there any difference in accuracy and power between a Remington model 12, .22 with a .22 inch round barrel and the same rifle with a 21 inch octagon barrel. Is this rifle capable of making half inch groups at 25 yards?

How should a rifle be tested for accuracy? Do you know where I could secure a Savage model 1914 twenty-two and the probable price? Is this rifle more accurate than the Remington model 12, .12?

W. A. Donahue.

Sarnia, Ont.

Reply—Your .22 rifle would likely group into a 2 to 3-inch bullseye at 50 yards judging

by your description of its present condition. It will never be as accurate as when new and will always be hard to keep from rusting due to the presence of the depressed pits which cannot be removed because they are BELOW the surface of the steel. I would advise a new barrel or a new rifle. Lyman number 2A and 5B or Marble rear peep and gold bead front, practically similar combinations so far as results are concerned.

The Remingtons with 22 and 24 inch barrels would be equally accurate but the 24 inch barrel handles the best, balances the best and can be held steadier as it is heavier. Practically speaking it would be more accurate in ordinary shooting although the barrel itself would not likely be any more accurate. These rifles will occasionally make $\frac{1}{2}$ " groups at 25 yards.

A rifle is tested for accuracy by machine rest, by prone shooting with sling, or by either a sitting or prone rest. Resting across a table that has a box on the front end, a small platform etc., would show you how the gun was grouping.

The Savage and Remington .22 repeaters should be equally accurate and are just about equally desirable. Try Hallam's or Lion Sporting Goods Co. that advertise in *Rod and Gun*. They may have one still on hand.

Editor.

He Wants a .22 Repeater for Small Game.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I am in need of some advice that I think you can supply me through your queries and answers column.

I would like to buy a .22 repeater or auto-loader and do not know what make to buy. Could you enlighten me on the subject?

Which make and cartridge is the best for small game shooting, has the most killing power and what powder should it be loaded with?

Which are the best sights for hunting and what would be the price of the rifle you prefer?

L. Wilkins.

Toronto.

Reply—I would advise a model 1914 Savage, a model 12C target grade Remington or a model 1897 Marlin in .22 long rifle calibre. In a more powerful cartridge I would advise a model 1892, .25-20 calibre Winchester. I would advise a .22 long rifle repeater in preference to the .22 automatic as the cartridge used is much cheaper, is more accurate and

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in hollow point form is if anything a better hunting cartridge.

Select the Lesmok or Semi-Smokeless long rifle cartridges and use them exclusively. The .25-20 Winchester is a mighty fine little game rifle but costs more to shoot than the .22's.

Both the Winchester and Remington .22 autos are good little guns but I prefer the ordinary repeaters with their longer barrels, cheaper price and cheaper ammunition.

Good sights are Lyman or Marble peep tang sight and a medium size gold bead front sight.

Which of the rifles to purchase depends upon personal tastes as all of the above are of about equal quality and worth.

Editor.

Sights for a .303 Savage.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I have a .303 Savage rifle of 1899 model and would like a little advice on sighting it. The sight that is on it has a windgauge and I think is the one on it in the picture (in the catalog) and the notch in the sight is so fine that I cannot see through it on a cloudy day in the brush. Also there is a trap for the brush to catch in and turn it up and knock it out of line.

This rifle shoots about 6 inches high at 100 yards at present, using Remington U.M.C. ammunition, and about 12 inches low using Dominion Cartridge Co's. ammunition. Do you have any trouble or complaints about Dominion ammunition?

If you can inform me about the best kind of sights I would be very grateful.

Ottawa.

W. H. C.

Reply—What you need is a Lyman peep sight on the tang. I have the same trouble in using open sights. Write to the Lyman Gunsight Corp. Middlefield, Conn. U.S.A., who will tell you how to get a tang peep for this rifle. Better order a gold or ivory bead front as well while you are at it.

Your rifle is evidently sighted for about 260 or more yards with Remington U.M.C. cartridges. With Dominion cartridges you would need to change the sighting. This seems to be a very extreme case of difference of barrel time and flip due to different lots of ammunition unless you have in some way been shooting Dominion cartridges that had gone bad from some unknown cause. I have not had any complaints lately about Dominion cartridges giving trouble of this kind.

Editor.

Notes on the .303 Ross.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

Some time ago I purchased a .303 model 10 Ross rifle weighing around 8 pounds and the barrel looks as if it had been cut down to 26 inches. What do you think about accuracy as per cutting down of barrel and the qualities of the rifle as a whole?

Where can I get reloading tools for same and what bullets to use of light weight with a small powder charge to use shooting partidges and rabbits and also practise target shooting. I want to make it an all around gun and have cheap shooting.

L. P. Prouty,

Montreal.

There may be various reasons for your Ross rifle appearing to be sawed off. I believe that some Ross rifles are cut off square without reaming out the muzzle, at the factory. Also if it has been cut off since leaving the factory it will not hurt the accuracy if the job has been done correctly. If not have a gunsmith cut off a fraction of an inch to square it up and remove any burrs. Then the rifle should shoot as accurately as ever.

The Ideal Manufacturing Co., New Haven, Conn. U.S.A. manufacture the only reloading tools made in America for reduced loads. They make a .311 bullet similar to the 125 and 154 grain .308241S. bullets for the Springfield rifle. This bullet is for the .303 Savage but you could use it in the .303 Ross for real short range like 50 yards or so. Use 6, 8 or 10 grains of Hercules Unique or DuPont number 80 powders behind this bullet cast 1 to 10 and resized to .311. For partidge it would be apt to mangle somewhat if you tried to load heavy as it is pretty close to the .32-20 cartridge for power. Depends upon the powder charge in these reduced loads.

Editor.

Wants a Crow Rifle.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I have read Rod and Gun in Canada a great deal. I would like to ask you a few questions about crow shooting.

Is a .32 calibre rim fire strong enough to use on crows? Where can I get a reliable crow call? Is it necessary to use decoys with a call? We have many of these pests around here and I want to thin them out.

Beverly Scott,

Westmount, P.Q.

Reply—I would suggest the .25-20 and

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.25-35 as being much better crow rifles than the .32 rim fire. The latter lacks both range and accuracy. It has plenty of power. What you want are flat trajectory over 150 yards and the finest possible accuracy. The .22 High Power and .250-3000 Savage are superior for long shots but cost much more to use.

W. J. Taylor, Ltd., Woodstock, Ont. can supply a Perdew crow call for about \$1.00 that is as good as can be secured. I have used the Perdew call for possibly 15 years and know what it will do.

If you can secure a stuffed owl stick it up on a pole or dead tree and hide close by with a full choke 12 bore shotgun loaded with duck loads, and you will get the crows. Use the long drawn out 'CAW' 'CAW' etc., to start them in your direction and the sharp piercing 'HAWK' 'HAWK' cry of the crow when they get near. They will swoop and then you get in your shooting. For rifle shooting over a decoy let them settle and then pick them off. But, don't let them tear your decoy to pieces. I have shot dozens of them with a call without any decoy. I prefer the shotgun for calling and the rifle for shooting them on the snow in the winter, feeding, loafing in woods etc.

I remember that my brother once called a hunter over half a mile to kill a "crow" that was calling and when he found that he had been "sold" he enjoyed the joke just as much as we did.

Editor.

Various Questions.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

Does one injure a rifle like the .303 Savage by firing the .32 revolver cartridge in it using the Marble auxiliary chamber. I wish to do considerable shooting and which do you think will suit me better, a .22 rim fire or something larger like a .32 center fire and for me to reload the latter?

What is your opinion of the Marble Game Getter and do you like the Marble flexible rear sight with the number 2 disc and the Lyman number 4 front for a hunting rifle?

Why is it that all of these front sights are made so high? I have a King triple bead and a Lyman hunting front and with either of them I have to elevate the rear sight so as to hit center at even 50 yards and they are both for the .303 Savage. Which do you consider the better for failing eyes, the white or the red bead?

J. A. H.

Reply—You should have no trouble with

the revolver cartridges in the Marble's Auxiliary chamber if you only use a few and the rifle is well cleaned each time but—they will not begin to compare in accuracy with reduced loads in the .303 shell.

You do not say what you will use the rifle for but would judge that the .22 long rifle repeaters like the Remington 12C target, the model 1914 Savage or 1897 Marlin, would suit you very much better than what you have mentioned—providing of course that you are not going to shoot big game with them.

I do not know why so many front sights are so high. May be that you have a very low shooting rifle. May also be that your rear sight is too LOW. I would consider an ivory or "gold" bead as being the better.

Editor.

Information on the .25-35.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

Could you kindly tell me the effective range of the .25-35 Winchester repeating rifle model 1894; its striking force at 200 yards, and also its velocity? What is the largest game that it can kill regularly?

Vivian Bartram.

Toronto.

Reply—Ballistics are as follows: Muzzle Velocity 1978 f.s. at 200 yards it is 1420 f.s. Muzzle Energy 1017 ft. lbs. At 200 yards, 516 ft. lbs.

I would consider that its effective hunting range was 200 yards and its effective target range was 300. It will do good work at longer ranges under favorable circumstances but will not compare with more powerful cartridges at the longer ranges.

At 200 yards the cartridge is one of the most accurate in existence.

I would consider that the gun lacked power for anything larger than deer. Penetration is about 12 inches of pine with a soft point bullet. Penetration in pine tells practically nothing in regard to game shooting.

Editor.

A Reply to a Criticism.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I am somewhat surprised to read the criticism of the brief article on machine guns, by one Capt. F. G. Wheeler, in the March number. I have before me very complete data on the various machine guns and inventors thereof. Even if I did write that the Gatling was used by England in the Egyptian campaign in 1882, this does not by any means assert that the Gatling had not

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been used by them before in their Eastern campaigns. But, it is a fact, that the first important land operations in which machine guns were used by the British forces, were those of the Zulu war of 1879.

A small number of Gatlings were used by the Army. These were of the same model as had been used by the Navy for a short time before. Gatlings were used in the relief expedition of Ekowe and in the fight at Ulundi in Zululand. But, the report also states, that the guns did not prove entirely satisfactory.

As to the Vickers and Maxim machine guns:—I have good complete drawings and descriptions of these guns of the latest models. I find that the name of Vickers is generally applied to the light model and the name Maxim to the heavy model gun.

As far as I can see from the drawings, the principle in both guns remains the same, though some parts of the mechanism have been altered and strengthened for the use of the modern high velocity ammunition.

It is a fact that since 1893 the Maxim gun has undergone some changes in construction. The weight has been reduced and better material used.

Other countries that have changed their Maxim guns are, Italy, Switzerland and Germany. But, they have all stuck to the Maxim principle. As to the bore, lands and grooves; they must be made to conform to the use of the new high power ammunition with its steel and cupro jacketed bullets.

As to the nationality of Hiram Maxim. Hiram Stevens Maxim was born in Sangersville, Maine, on Feb. 5th., 1840. His ancestors came to the English Colonies in America about 1650 and settled in Plymouth Co., Mass. They fought in the Revolutionary war on the side of the colonists against England. Later on they settled in Maine, at Wayne, Kennebec County. Still later on, his father moved to the town of Sangersville, Maine, a frontier settlement in the big woods. After leaving home Mr. Maxim found suitable employment in a machine shop in Fitchburg, Mass., and he later worked in other Eastern manufacturing establishments.

Mr. Maxim took up his residence in England about 1880, to avoid what he claimed to be unfair treatment accorded to him and his inventions by the Government of the United States.

I believe that this will explain Hiram Maxim's nationality.

St. Paul, Minn. U.S.A.

P.T. Streit.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I wish to purchase a .303 British. Kindly let me know the length, weight, price and number of shells it carries, also where I can purchase one.

H. D. Williams,

British Columbia.

Reply—The Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Connecticut, U. S. A. will be glad to advise you the closest market for the purchase of a .303 British Winchester. It is the only rifle made commercially at present for this cartridge.

The rifle has a 28 inch round barrel and the carbine has a 22 inch round barrel. The magazine holds 5 cartridges in this calibre. It is a box magazine, lever action sporting rifle. It is very reliable in action.

The Ross Rifle Co., used to make a .303 British straight pull bolt action rifle that was well thought of by those who like a bolt action rifle but I believe is not being manufactured at present.

Editor.

Concerning the .38-72 Winchester.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

What is your opinion of the .38-72 model 1895 Winchester as a deer rifle and how does it compare with the rifles of the .30-30 class for deer hunting at ranges up to say 200 yards, and is it a better rifle than the .38-55 smokeless? Do the Marlin and Savage people make a rifle to handle the .38-72 cartridge?

J. Doherty,

Belleville, Ont.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry the .38-72 Winchester should actually be a better killer on deer at say 100 yards than the .38-55 low power or High Velocity (so-called) or the .30-30, as the bullet would strike about the same blow but would penetrate more evenly on rear end shots than the others, due to the longer heavier bullet, but on longer shots it would be outclassed on trajectory and also on accuracy by the other two. The rifle is heavier and meaner to carry on the hunting trail due to the box magazine being exactly where one wants to carry the rifle. The model 1895 Winchester is the only repeating rifle made for this cartridge and that is now no longer made for it.

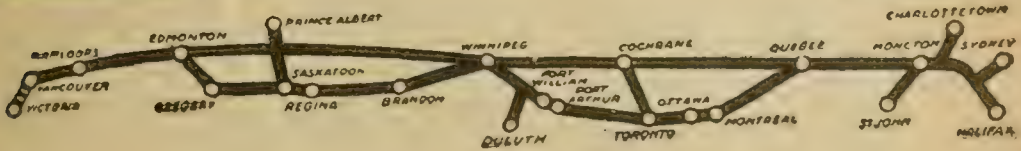
For deer shooting, cartridges like the .303 Savage, .32 Special Winchester and Marlin, .30 or .32 Remington rimless and the .33 model 1886 Winchester are much preferable to present day hunters as their trajectories are flatter, the rifles that use them are nicer

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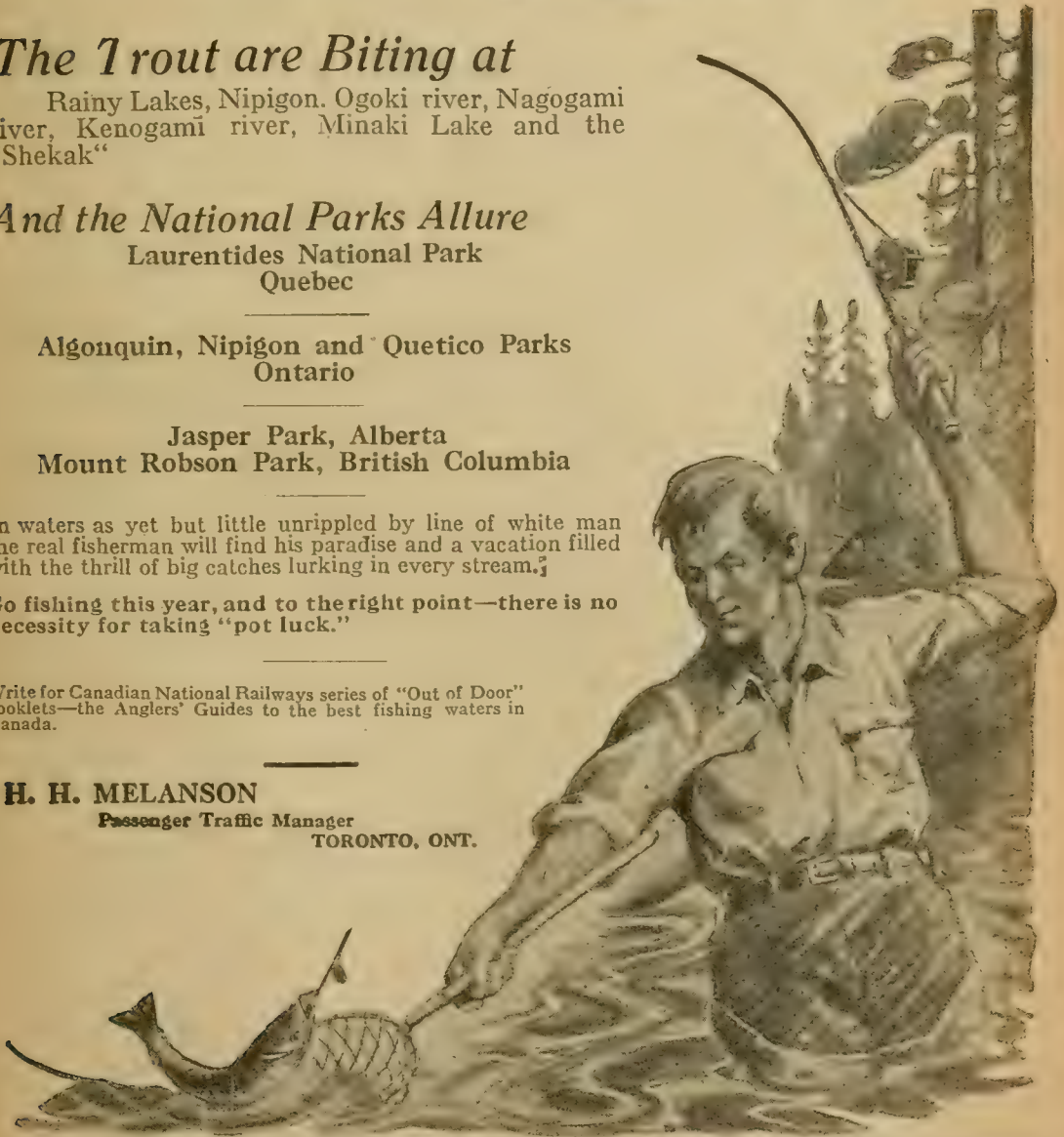
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to carry and use, the cartridges weight less etc., but for actually putting down running deer that are in brushy country, and most of them are, I am sure that the .38-72 and .40-72 type of rifles would be more certain on rear end shots at short range. Many use the .35 and .405 Winchesters for just exactly the same reason. If you want a large bore, and a model 1895, try one of the latter for making a sure thing out of a gamble like deer shooting.

Editor.

Wants a Deer Gun for a Settled Country.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

What kind of a gun would you think proper for deer in a settled country?

What kind of buckshot would you think best for a 12 gauge shot gun used for deer? What is the killing range of buckshot in a full choke 12 gauge gun?

William Kruger,

Rockingham.

Reply—I would consider rifles like the .32 Special Winchester or Marlin, a .303 Savage, or a .30 or .32 Remington auto as being the most generally satisfactory for your purpose.

Try putting a wad in the muzzle of your gun and trying different sized buck shot until you find a size that fits evenly in layers at the smallest portion of the muzzle. I would consider 40 yards as far as you would be likely to kill deer except by accident when using buckshot. Depends altogether where you hit the deer, what kind of ground you are on, whether you use dogs to follow it or not after it is hit, and whether you have snow to track it by.

In Pennsylvania we are not allowed to kill deer with buckshot as it is not sportsmanlike and dangerous. In New Jersey, which is the next state and has deer hunting in exactly the same kind of country they are not allowed to use *rifles* for the same reasons. Some people use salt or silver bullets as being more certain to get results and as less dangerous to everyone concerned. Also less trouble. I was with two men on a grouse hunt once and we walked within 15 feet of a buck in the open season before he got up and stood and looked at us and we had SHOT in our guns. He got away before we could change to solid ball. Never saw a prettier buck either.

The use of buckshot in deer shooting is certain to result in the loss of many crippled deer. Personally I think it is nearly as sportsmanlike as shooting squirrels with a shotgun.

Editor.

Why are the .38 Special and the .44 Special Popular?

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

Why is it that all of the expert revolver shots use a .38 cal. or larger for target practice and in shooting for records? I ask you this question because I have never received a satisfactory answer from anybody and I have often wondered why the .32 calibre is not used in preference to the .38 or the .45 calibres. I mean, of course, for fine target work.

From ten to thirty yards, or I might say up to 50 yards I believe that it should hold its own. Of course I realize that the ordinary .32 calibre revolver is too light to do good work with, but there are three models that I know from personal experience have all the weight necessary. Namely, the .32 calibre Smith and Wesson heavy frame target revolver model 1911, the Colt Police Positive and the .32 long Colt Bisley model single action.

Since you are undoubtedly familiar with all three why is it that one of the three is not used for target work instead of the heavier calibres? I have a .32 calibre-Bisley model with 6 inch barrel and it will shoot straighter than I can hold and I am a fairly good shot.

Which of the three models would you choose? I have always thought that the .32 Smith and Wesson model 1911, with 6 inch barrel a prettier gun than my Bisley model but I am used to the Bisley model and for several reasons feel towards it the way you regard the Colt .45.

Hoping for an answer as to whether the .32 is as accurate as the .38, I am,

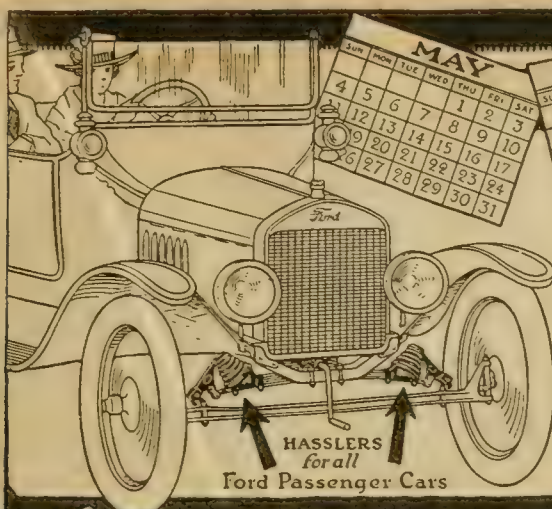
Dr. H. V. Hight,

Sherbrooke, Que.

Reply—The reason that practically all of the target cracks use the .38 Smith and Wesson or .44 Special cartridges is because they are generally regarded as the two most accurate revolver cartridges. I believe that no other revolver or pistol cartridge has equalled their accuracy except our old standby, the .22 long rifle, and that when shot in a pistol.

Many men use the larger calibres solely because they cut a larger hole in the target. At 20 yards this is quite an item on line shots. Capt. T. K. Lee uses a .44 Special for this reason principally, so he has told me, and he has made several worlds records and several scores that were higher than existing worlds records but were not allowed due to some technicalities.

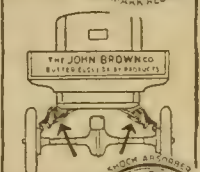
Another reason is that a very large number of special target bullets have been designed



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and made for these two calibres. These bullets cut full size holes in the target. This is not so true of the .32 calibre cartridges and having cherries made to order for newly designed bullets is an expensive business as you will find if you ever attempt to get any new designs made up.

My own choice would be the .38 S. and W. Special ctg.

Editor.

A Few Scores Discussed.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

My hobby is the rifle. I do love a good rifle. The first occasion I ever had to use one was when I was about 17 years of age and I shall never forget it.

The rifle was a borrowed .44-40 and a good one. The target was a cow that I was commissioned to dispose of and which was securely tied to a tree at the edge of our swamp. The range was about 20 yards. Three shots were fired and then, owing to prevailing circumstances the range was speedily reduced to about 5 feet and one shot completed the job.

Upon examination I found one hit and two misses, the result of the three shots at 20 yards. I have no means of verifying the above so you will have to take my word (We will friend, without a doubt, Ed.) that it really happened.

For the following, some years later, I'll refer you to the records of the Ontario Rifle Association. On August 20th, 1913, at the Long Branch Ranges, Toronto, in the MacDonald Match, in which the target at 500 yards, remains exposed for one and one quarter minutes, the writer scored 5-5-5-5-5-4 for seven shots, hand loading.

These two incidents go to show what practice will do. I am a farmer and I really never did much practicing, not having the time and no long range to practice on.

I firmly believe that good shots are made and not born. I learned to shoot straight and quick, by following the instruction of an old hunter and trapper and were I capable of writing it properly, it would, I am sure, be of much benefit to many sportsman who are not satisfied with their present marksmanship.

M. Sherin,

Omamee, Ont.

Reply—I thoroughly agree with you that a shooters' ability depends almost altogether upon his own efforts, providing of course that he has no physical afflictions that make it impossible. I have proven it so in my own

experience so thoroughly that I am firmly of the belief that a poor shot never deserved anything but condemnation for his own laziness. I believe that shooting ability, if eyesight and nerve control are not hopelessly lacking, to be merely a result of practice and brains applied in the right direction in the right way.

Editor.

Wants a Rifle for the Rockies.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition, Dept.

Will you please tell me what you think of the .250-3000 Savage rifle to carry in the foot hills of the rockies in Alberta for an all around rifle? I have a .303 Ross model 10 and do not like it as it tears coyotes and wild cats too much. I want a rifle that will do for anything from a moose to a coyote.

B. R. W.

Sask.

Reply—The .250-3000 Savage would be a very good all around rifle but it would certainly tear coyotes and wild cats just as much or more than the .303 British unless you use the spitzer bullet load in the .303.

I would consider the .250-3000 much too light in the bullet for grizzly bear but any .25 calibre rifle would be too light for me for grizzlies. I would think that the .25-35 Savage or Winchester or the .25 Rimless Remington would suit you very well, but it would also be too light for grizzlies. Your best bet would be to reload your .303 using Lightning or DuPont number 21 powder, for a mid range load in the .303, and then that gun would do for all of your shooting.

Editor.

Some Questions to be Answered.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I have been a reader of your magazine for many years and during that time I have accumulated a bunch of questions to be answered.

I have a .25-20 Winchester repeating rifle model 1892. Can you suggest a good sensible set of sights for same? Where can I obtain them?

Do you consider this rifle powerful enough to kill deer?

Would it pay to reload my own shells for this rifle? I have had no experience along this line so please give me the list of tools and supplies that I will need and the price and where I can obtain them.

I am thinking of buying a repeating shotgun this summer, to be used in hunting ducks,

Don't Use a Landing Net



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is quicker, surer, more convenient. Fish can't wiggle out or slip through. Holds any kind, any size—from 1 to 20 pounds. Only humane gaff on the market. No steel trap features—doesn't rip, tear or make ugly

holes. Eighteen inches long. Made of steel and heavily nicked to resist rust. If not at your dealers, order direct.



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Marble's Water-proof Match Box



Made of nicked brass. Size of a 10 gauge shell. Holds good supply of matches. Guaranteed water-proof. Every fisherman, hunter and camper needs one.

Price 55c.

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Brass box with agate bearings. Guaranteed accurate. Pocket compass \$1.10. Safety Coat Compass attaches to coat or shirt—always in sight and can't get lost.

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Is Transparent
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Send 75c for a "Blue
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Two sizes—One for Bass,
one for Trout. Better
get both.

Add 10 per cent for
War Tax.

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the War, when men shot
game instead of enemies, Am-
erican sportsmen swore by the
B.S.A. rifle.

The unique B.S.A. "Lever
cocked" air rifle and the
B.S.A. .22 calibre target and
sporting rifles, famed for their
intense accuracy, were par-
ticularly favored by American
rifle connoisseurs.

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munition maker used B.S.A. .22
rifles exclusively in testing daily
output.

The War enhanced the already
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for reliability, accuracy and power
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The B.S.A. of today is the result
of all the years endeavor that have
gone before, and first fruits of gruel-
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our announcement next month.

Write for further information and
rifle booklets sent free upon request.

**THE BIRMINGHAM SMALL
ARMS COMPANY, LIMITED**
Dept. 12, Birmingham, England



partridges, prairie chickens, squirrel and rabbit. What gauge and make would you advise?(I am 15 years old.)

I am also thinking of getting a .22 repeater for small game. What make would you advise me to get?

Jack Kelly,

Ponoka, Alberta.

Reply—Lyman number 1A and 5B. Marble peep tang and gold bead front. Lyman Gunsight Corp. Middlefield, Conn., U.S.A. The address of the manufacturers of the Marble line of sportsmen's specialties is Gladstone, Michigan.

The .25-20 will kill deer if you can hit them right. I would prefer a much more powerful rifle.

It would certainly pay you to reload your own cartridges if you do much shooting. Ideal melting pot, dipper and stove lid. Ideal number 3 tool with double adjustable chamber for bullet number 25720. Bullet mould 25720, 77 or 86 grains. Bullet resizing chamber. Ideal powder measure number 5, with .25 calibre drop tube. stick bullet lubricant, 5 pounds lead, ½ pound block tin, can powder adapted to that rifle, 500 primers, 100 empty cartridges. A good hot coal fire, or gas fire, a willing mind and the ability to stick to it until you succeed. Get the Ideal handbook and read it five times before you begin. Then go to it, and—keep water out of the melted lead.

Try Weber Arms Co., Denver, Colo., and Wm. R. Burkhard, 143 E. 4th, St. St. Paul, Minnesota, for reloading tools. Ideal people seem to be not making them just now.

Get a Winchester or Remington 12 gauge modified choke repeater or 16 gauge Winchester full choke.

Remington model 12 or Savage model 1914, chambered for long rifle cartridge. Use nothing else in that rifle. Get peep sights on it.

Editor.

Wants a Reduced Load.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I bought a .25 calibre pump action model 14, Remington repeater and I find it is nearly as strong as my .303 Savage. Could I get a less powerful bullet and where?

What is the velocity and energy at 100 yards?

What is a good all around make of shot-gun for ducks? Give make and gauge.

J. A. Bertram,

Peterboro, Ont.

Reply—You can reload with the 101 grain spitzer bullet and a light load of DuPont number 80 or Hercules Sharpshooter powder. Can also use a lighter load of Lightning or even 21. You cannot buy a less powerful factory loaded shell for this rifle.

The velocity of the present load at 100 yards is 1812 f.s. and the Energy 854 ft pounds, when using the 117 grain bullet.

A good all around duck gun would be a full choke, 12 gauge Winchester or Remington repeater or any one of the double hammerless guns made with full choke 30 inch barrels and to weigh 8 pounds.

Editor.

Getting a Krag Carbine.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I am in need of some advice as I need a rifle for big game.

I can purchase two .30-40 Krag carbines and in looking up the ballistics on different rifles I think the smashing power of this gun is about right but I know nothing of the action or the recoil. Is it a bolt action?

H. E. Tammerman,

Welland.

Reply—The Krag carbine will make you an excellent rifle. It has a bolt action, and is the fastest bolt action I have used. The rifle, or rather carbine, balances very well for offhand work. Its worst objection is a rather poor pull, in many cases. The recoil of the carbine is about the same as the Springfield rifle so far as the feeling of it is concerned. Foot pounds of recoil is misleading, and cannot always be relied upon. Whether a gun has a mean recoil or not depends mostly upon the fit of the stick and how you hold it.

Editor.

APPRECIATED IN ENGLAND

Writing to a contributor in Saskatchewan, an English admirer of *Rod and Gun* states:

"Thanks for *Rod and Gun* received a few days ago. I found the entire magazine of absorbing interest. In fact some of the articles seemed too good to be true, to one who has never been outside the confines of this small island."



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Your appetite will "point" at this box of Heinz pure foods the way a dog points at a bird.

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Away up in the Highlands of Ontario is the Algonquin Park. Two million acres of virgin territory containing within its borders over fifteen hundred lakes. This is the canoeist's paradise for it is possible to paddle for fifty miles and from one lake to the other without any land portage.



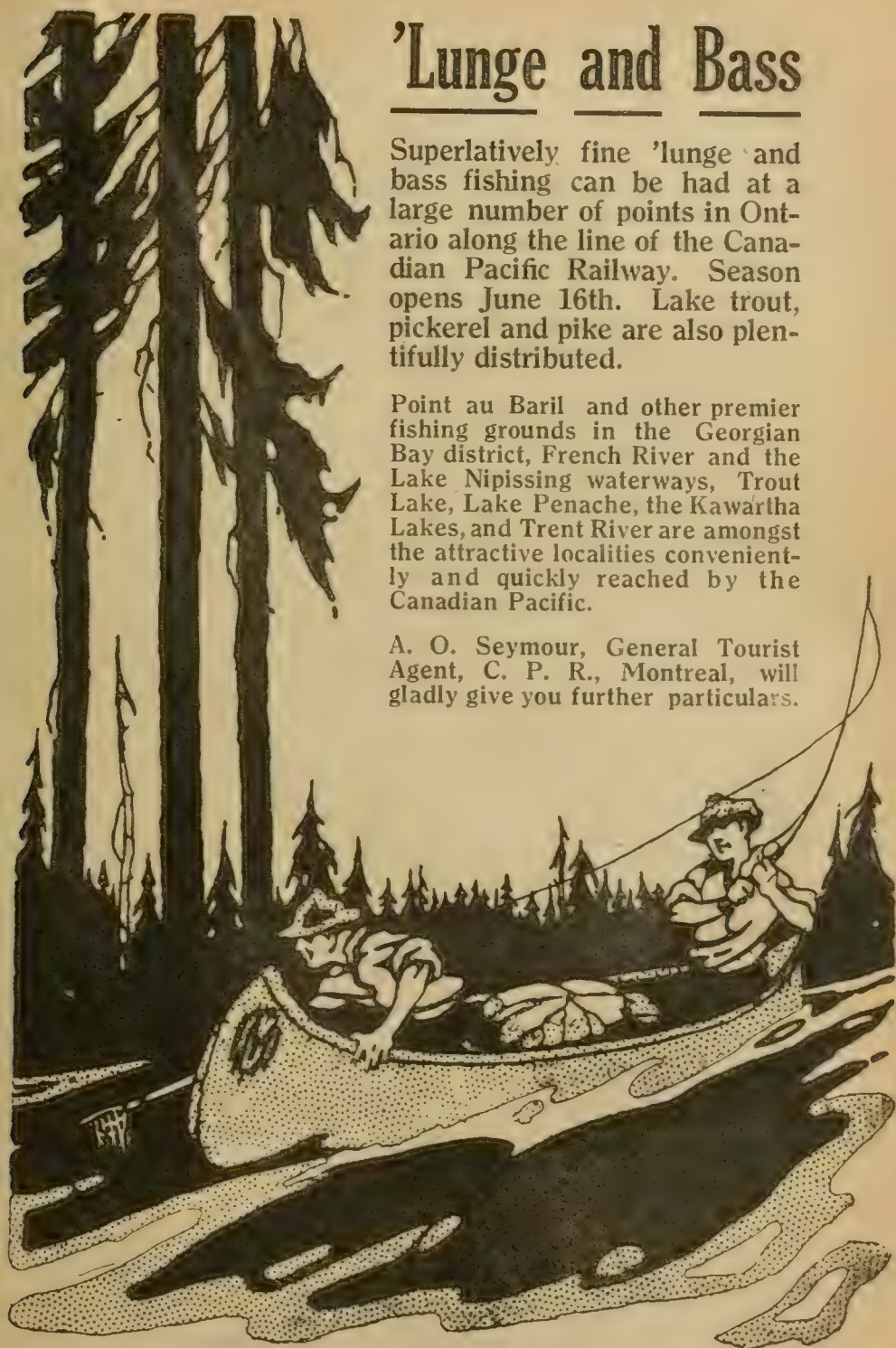
Canada is starred with many beautiful lakes, all offering ideal holiday grounds for busy city folks. Here is a view of Cache Lake, Algonquin Park, on which is situated the Highland Inn.

'Lunge and Bass

Superlatively fine 'lunge and bass fishing can be had at a large number of points in Ontario along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Season opens June 16th. Lake trout, pickerel and pike are also plentifully distributed.

Point au Baril and other premier fishing grounds in the Georgian Bay district, French River and the Lake Nipissing waterways, Trout Lake, Lake Penache, the Kawartha Lakes, and Trent River are amongst the attractive localities conveniently and quickly reached by the Canadian Pacific.

A. O. Seymour, General Tourist Agent, C. P. R., Montreal, will gladly give you further particulars.



1918 Deer Hunt of the Granite Hill, N.B., "Boys"

R. T. MORRISON

ALL the spare moments I had in the week previous to Nov. 17th, were taken up by such things, as looking over my rifle to see that it was in good condition, packing ammunition, hunting axe, compass and other necessary things to the big game hunter of New Brunswick, and last but not least the reading of several copies of *Rod and Gun* to put a keen edge on for the annual hunting trip of the Happy Hooligans, consisting of we four brothers, Chester, Almon, Harry and Russell Morrison of Granite Hill N.B. and our jolly uncle and cook Edward Moise of Lakeville, Carelton Co., N.B. Bright and early on the morning of the 17th found the four brothers with a team packed with our camping outfit and necessary amount of provisions ready to make a start for our hunting grounds on the Cokiok and without delay we proceeded to Allendale Station, a distance of fifteen miles where we were to be met by Uncle Ed. who was coming on the nine o'clock train, but as we were delayed an hour or more on the way on an eleventh hour business call we were about twenty minutes too late to be there when the train came in. As we rounded a turn about a half mile from the station we sighted something that looked like a man and some boys playing football, but as we drew nearer we found it to be uncle, who was trying to carry three large boxes, a telescope valise (that was packed so full that the top and bottom parts did not meet by about six inches) a rifle, and a few other things too numerous to mention; apparently he was not calculating to carry this very far alone when he made up his outfit. After a hearty handshake all around we turned our team and took another road, went about a mile and stopped for about an hour and fed the team, also made some tea and had dinner, after which we went a couple of miles farther and made arrangements with a farmer to take care of our horses as we were to leave the settlement at this point and proceed in the woods for another three miles and as we had no hovels for horses they would have to be left at the settlement.

We were fortunate in securing a Mr. Adams who went the whole way to our camping grounds with us and brought out the horses. On our way in we saw plenty of

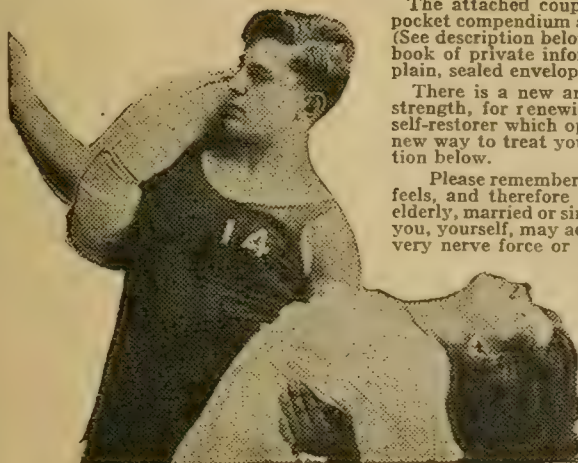
signs of both moose and deer also two bear tracks which helped to encourage us. At about 2.30 o'clock we arrived at our destination and as we were to use a tent for our camp we set to work at once pitching one which was 10 x 14, a very nice size indeed. While the rest of the boys were at work getting the necessary poles for erecting, Chester and I started making a berth across the end, raising it up off the ground about 18 inches as there was about 4 inches of snow and a great deal of dampness in the ground.

By four o'clock we had everything in readiness including supper and as it would be quite a while before dark, it was decided that we would all go out to the burnt land which was not far off and see how things looked. After getting there we stationed ourselves at different positions along a swamp armed as follows: Chester with a .256 Newton, Almon a .250 Savage, Harry and Ed. each with a .30-30 Winchester and myself a .22 high power Savage. I had not been sitting long before I heard something making a noise on the crust a short distance away on the other side of a little knoll from where I was, and after working my way around as quietly as possible I soon saw a large doe feeding along the edge of a swamp in some small willow bushes. Putting the rifle quickly to my shoulder I fired fully expecting to have steak for breakfast. Oh what a treat and so soon too, but not so, she made for the swamp on the jump followed by another bullet. She was out of sight for a moment but soon appeared with a partner just as large going at about a two minute clip. I fired twice more at them through bushes without stopping them. I was soon joined by Harry who was not far off and had come to see if I had run out of ammunition or anything. I soon told him what had happened and we both went over to where I had fired at them and found traces of blood showing that I had not made a miss altogether. They went a short distance and parted. We each took a track which we followed for sometime but as the bleeding had stopped and dark was coming on we made for camp where I had to take such things as, "It is too bad somebody hadn't been there to shoot those does etc." But bed time soon came and we all turned in after putting some wood in our little airtight stove

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New Method Without Drugs



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There is a new and marvellous method for restoring lost manly strength, for renewing vigor, which every man should know of, a self-restorer which operates without the use of drugs or medicines, a new way to treat yourself for your ills and weaknesses. See description below.

Please remember that a man is not one day older than he actually feels, and therefore no matter what your age, if you are young or elderly, married or single, large or small, if I can show you, reader, how you, yourself, may actually add to your system, nerves and blood the very nerve force or vigor which may have been drained away, and

which is necessary to make you strong, vigorous and capable again, then I have shown you the real secret of perpetual strength, and how you can again be filled with vigor, and again be just as powerful in your influence and just as thoroughly manly in your capacity as the biggest, fullest-blooded, most successful fellow of your acquaintance.

The new self-treatment for the restoration of manly strength, to which I refer above, is a little light-weight VITALIZING Appliance of my invention, which is now meeting with a tremendous demand, and being used by men everywhere all over the world. This little VITALIZER, weighing only several ounces, is comfortably buckled on the body and worn all

night. It is so small and so compact that even a room-mate would not suspect that you were wearing it. If, however, this VITALIZER is small in size, it is not small in power, for it generates a great tangible FORCE, which can be measured on scientific instruments a POWER which I call VIGOR or NERVE ENERGY, and it sends this marvellous FORCE into your blood, organs and nerves while you sleep. All you have to do is to lead a decent, manly man's life, free from excesses and dissipation, then use the VITALIZER, nothing more. If this is followed out and the VITALIZER does for you what these others say it does for them, then all the pain or weakness will disappear from the small of your back—possibly from the first night's use—and you will be restored to a strong, vigorous, manly, capable man, without a single ache, pain or weakness. Please remember, I am not asking you to buy one of these VITALIZERS, but merely request you to first send for the free book described below, a section of which is devoted to an explanation of this VITALIZER, and gives you its whole wonderful story, so that you may know what intelligent young and elderly men everywhere are saying about it.

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My 86-page illustrated booklet (pocket size) was compiled by me to answer fully and correctly those questions which are asked privately by any man needing new strength and who seeks personal advice pertaining to the ailments and weaknesses he wishes to overcome. The book, fully illustrated, with photo reproduction, contains much that a single or married man should know. It also fully describes my VITALIZER and tells how you may secure one to use in your own case, should you decide you want to use one. Remember, the book is sent absolutely free in plain sealed envelope. Why not write for a copy to-day? Satisfaction guaranteed in every case.



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and getting some wood ready for morning. It was not long before all were asleep enjoying the nice bed we had made of fir boughs blankets etc.

About an hour before daylight everybody was astir helping with the breakfast—as we wanted to get an early start in the morning. I might say before going farther that our hunting grounds consisted mostly of burnt land with every little way a hard wood hill that had missed the fire, with here and there a small swamp. About gray daylight we all started out in the burnt land, Ed. and I together on the right and the rest going off to the left. We did not go far before we came to the conclusion that we had better separate as the country was open and we were making too much noise. We had not done so more than fifteen minutes than off to my left I heard four shots winding up with a good big whoop. What that whooping meant I did not know, as I thought sure it was Chester and I knew he would not whoop unless he had shot a bear, as that was his greatest ambition. However I thought I wouldn't be of any help as there must be plenty over in that direction and I made my way on between two burnt knolls. Just as the sun was making its appearance I caught sight of a big cow moose coming up out of a swamp looking back as though something had startled her. She soon was out of sight leaving me looking in hopes a bull would follow suit but in that I was disappointed and again made my way on for a short distance and stopped and looked around for awhile. I saw something resembling a stump and was only convinced that it wasn't when I saw a tail wiggling.

I fired twice at him, a distance of about 200 yards before he bid me good-bye and went the other way. I went over as quickly as possible to where he had stood but could not see him for a moment or so, when I heard something walking down in a little run of alders and on looking closely I made out my deer walking out the other side. I fired twice more before he fell and when I got to him he was in a bunch of bushes laying down but otherwise looking very life-like. As I did not want to spoil his head for mounting I fired once more in his shoulder without any effect. Bang! Bang! Bang! three more in the same place and he is still looking at me. Right then and there I cursed that gun from the word go, as by this time I had found out it did not have the power for this kind of game. However after another shot in the butt of the ear he was mine after a long fought battle.

I made for camp, mad at myself for coming in the woods with a gun like that. On the way I heard a deer call and on looking around I saw a yearling doe, which I will not say anymore about, but leave her wherever she may be in the woods, or in a frying pan.

When I got to camp I had some dinner and waited for the rest to arrive. I had not long to wait before Almon came and said that he had seen the biggest buck that ever stood on four legs and was coming right along his way when I started the bombardment and turned him. I expect it is a good thing for me that I did not know his thoughts at this time. We were still talking over this when along comes Ed. and Chester and anyone would not have to ask "Did you get anything?" if they had seen Uncle for there was a very broad smile on what he calls his face. We were not kept very long in suspense however before we had his story. As a kind of introduction to this man I might say that he is an extra good shot at a target but on previous occasions when he sighted game he developed a very bad case of buck fever. Therefore we always jollied him about his shooting qualities etc., which he always took in good part and would most always have a come-back. He said, "Shortly after I left you Russell, I was stopped eyeing things pretty close, when out stepped what I just took to be a moose about 75 yards away but I soon saw that it was an enormous buck deer. I began firing at him and between shots found myself saying, 'mind your sights Edward my boy, mind your sights for you must get that deer,' and on the fourth shot down he went."

That was the whooping I had heard and he had a perfect right to do so for he had shot a deer dressing over 200 lbs. with a set of antlers that would make one sit up and take notice. After we all congratulated him he said "Well boys as this is the first time I have ever got anything since hunting with you fellows I suppose its up to me to treat." So in the tent he went leaving the rest of us kind of clearing our throats etc., but instead of carrying anything resembling a bottle he holds out a package of fancy seeded raisins. Imagine the laugh we had over that. However he said "I'm not the only pebble on the beach for here is a man," turning to Chester, "who can speak for himself all right." So we listened to him tell a story of killing a 160 lb. buck and seeing two or three others.

"Well boys you're all here are you?" This from Harry who came strolling in and of course all the stories had to be told again



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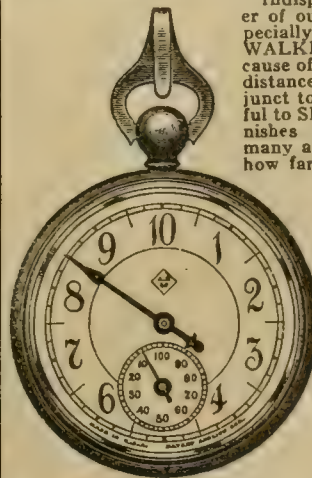
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one at a time and all together not even thinking to ask him if he had shot anything but when he shoved his hat back another notch and spit twice we knew for sure we could take time to listen all right. "Well sir" he said "I sure had some sport this morning—didn't go over half a mile when I saw a big buck running to beat the deuce. I fired at him though and down he went, a dandy big fellow with a bullet through his heart so I did the necessary surgical work and went on a little farther and saw another one running up the side of a hill through some bushes. I fired twice at him but didn't make a hit so I made up my mind I would wander back to camp, and got about a quarter of a mile when I came onto three cow moose quietly feeding away on some willow bushes. I stood looking at them for quite awhile when out strolls a bull to be made acquainted with a bullet from "kill deer" (his rifle) and the best of it is he fell in exactly the same spot as the one I shot last year so there will be no extra swamping to do. This completed the day's sport and if I were to give in detail the

next two days' hunt I would be taking up too much space in this valuable magazine so will just say that the next day sees Almon with a deer to his credit and myself with a nice 200 lb. buck with 8 points, and the third day as follows Ed. with a good big moose, another deer; Chester, a buck dressing over 175 lbs.; Almon a big doe; Harry also secured another buck which he dragged about a mile over a very rough country which was no easy task as it weighed 160 lbs. The fifth day we all turned to except Harry who went for the horses and swamped our game out so that we could get at it with our wooden sled that we had made. That night Harry took out one load of game to the settlement and stayed all night out there but appeared early in the morning for the last load and after packing everything all on we bid the dear old spot good bye hoping that we all might be spared to return another year.

In due time we arrived safely home and on taking stock we found we had two moose and ten deer, eight of which were bucks.



This is a panoramic view of the wonderful Tonquin Valley in Jasper National Park, Alberta. The man who took this picture has unequalled knowledge of the scenery of the Canadian Rockies and he states that the Tonquin Valley is the scenic marvel of all that wonderful territory. Although not seen in the picture this valley includes among its peaks Mount Edith Cavell, the great mountain named after England's martyr nurse.

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Please remember Mr. Canadian Sportsman that Clark's can give you the finest selection of Canned Foods for Camp use and that they are



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PERFECTLY COOKED AND READY TO SERVE

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THE "DE LUXE" ROD, made of Steel-hard "PALAKONA" is Hardy's latest design in single-handed rods for wet or dry fly fishing.

IT is the product of the largest, and best equipped factory, supervised by the champion Professional Fly Casters and Anglers in Europe, "Hardy's." Don't forget that as wages in Great Britain are 75% less than in America we can give greater value in high class hand work. All our rods are hand made by experts whose lives have been spent at this work, for which 50 GOLD MEDALS have been awarded. Length 9-ft., weight 5¼ ozs.; 9-ft. 6-ins., weight 5¾ ozs.; 10-ft., weight 6 ozs. All fitted with Hardy's patent screw grip reel fittings.



DRY FLIES—As made by us for the late F. M. Halford Esq., for whom we also made rods, etc.

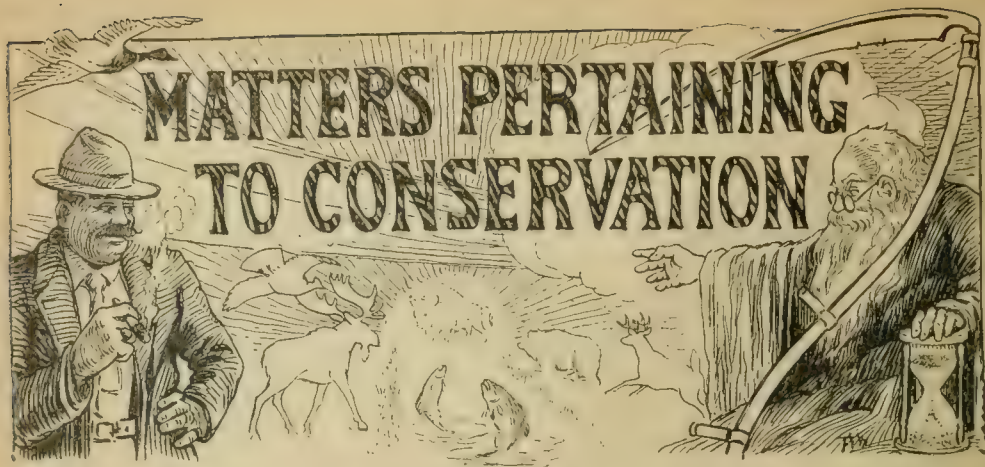
GUT CASTS—The Anglo-American tapered mist color No. 1 medium, No. 2 fine, as made for Mr. Halford.

Stout to 4X Ditto, Ditto to 3X, Stout Lake to fine, Ditto to medium, Ex-stout to MEDIUM, Ex-stout to stout, 6 ft.

We will be pleased to quote prices on receipt of inquiry.

Hardy Bros., Manufactory Alnwick, England

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says, "We must
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owe the supremacy
we have achieved as
Rod makers."



Attracting Wild Fowl

Address Delivered by Mr. Jack Miner at the Commission of Conservation Meeting held on February 18th, at Ottawa

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, I assure you it is a privilege for me to meet with so many bird lovers. We love out-of-door creatures, or we would not be here this morning.

Now, you will have to pardon my lack of education. I am one of those who was born bare-footed and educated out-of-doors. However, I was father's favourite. Perhaps it is not just the proper thing for fathers to show partiality, but mine did. He always called me in the morning to build the fires; possibly in that way I got out a little earlier than the rest to hear the birds singing.

Outside of unavoidable sadness, my life has been one continuous round of enjoyment; the failures and disappointments and the dark storm clouds have been wiped out of existence by success, by out-of-door life—a light which has brightened my path right up to the present and given a faint glimpse of the beyond. I have heard people say that they read that there was never a tribe of heathen discovered on earth who did not worship some kind of god. No intelligent man can live out-of-doors without being compelled to believe that there is an over-ruling power.

God created the fowls of the air, and so on, before he created man, according to Genesis, 1st chapter and 21st verse. Then in the 26th verse we find these words: "And God said, 'Let us make man in our own image, and after our likeness, and let him have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth,

and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth'." Does that mean that we are to have dominion over these big flocks of wild geese, so far away that you have to look twice to see them? You know how high they sometimes are; you can just hear them. That is what it says, gentlemen. Then we read further in Deuteronomy, chapter 22, 6th and 7th verses: "If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way in any tree, or on the ground, whether they be young ones, or eggs, and the dam sitting upon the young, or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young; but thou shalt in any wise let the dam go, and take the young to thee; that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days." But, if a duck lit in one of the rivers here, all of us educated people would rush down—there would be ten guns out there to shoot it. Reading in the book of Job, we find these words:

"No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you. But I have understanding as well as you; I am not inferior to you: Yea, who knoweth not such things as these?"

"But ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall teach thee."

When the first barn swallows came to our tile shed, on our little farm at Kingsville, Ont., they nested 300 feet away—as far away as they could get from where we were working. We protected the swallows from their deadly

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Jack Miner: An Old Honker in the Back Ground

enemy, the sparrow that man brought to Canada—the English Sparrow—not the one that God put here, don't forget that. They destroyed the first brood, but we protected the swallows, and consequently the sparrows didn't destroy any more. Remember, the shed had stood there for ten years, equally as inviting. The second year there were two nests; the fifth year there are twenty nests in the tile shed, and, instead of being as far from us as they can possibly get, fifteen out of the twenty nests are within twenty feet from where we are working. They have come to us for protection, you have to believe that. They destroy large numbers of house flies. The ladies say—of course, the ladies never tell what is not true—that there is not more than one house fly now where there were five previous to the coming of these barn swallows, purple martins and so on. Scientists tell us that the typhoid fly will carry that deathly disease, and if we preserve the swallow which destroys these flies, surely it will be well with us and we will prolong our days. We protected one nest; now one hundred swallows are raised in that shed every year.

Now, what good is the robin? Everybody knows the robin. A boy came along the road with a .22 rifle, saw a robin sitting on the

fence, and killed it. I went over and picked the robin up. Two cutworms were squirming on the ground; the robin had had them in his beak. I held the bird up, and two more fell out of his mouth. Remember, one cut worm will cut down five tomato plants in a night. This fellow does his work and then hides under the soil; Mr. Robin comes hopping along, picks in there and pulls him out—and turns him into a robin. If anyone tells you that a robin will destroy one hundred cutworms in a day, take it from me that it is true. The morning after this boy promised me that he wouldn't shoot another robin, at the fir tree by our house were two little robins dead under the nest and two in the nest just alive. We took them into the house—it is wonderful what an effect a little bird can have on our

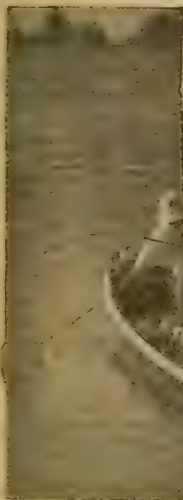
family. One bird will stop a whole plantation; I have known a wild duck to stop the whole brickyard. However, we took these two robins in, warmed them up, and made some custard for them—one egg, half a cup of milk, no sugar. They couldn't open their mouths, they were so nearly gone. We took one of them, pried his beak open and dropped in some custard, and the first thing we knew he came to, and in a minute or so began to squeak for more custard. The other little fellow was supposed to be dead, but he, too, soon began to look around, and these two robins became the sweetest birds we ever had on the premises.

You know how a door will slam once in a while in the house. Well, there was a good slam one morning, when someone had left the screen door open and Jasper's pet robin—Jasper is our son—had come in and was resting in what we call the cold storage—a room in the front of the house which is sometimes called the parlor. Here was the robin on Jasper's mother's picture, and the broom was going smartly after him. Jasper came with a tin, the robin flew into the tin and the boy carried friend robin out to safety. That is how we get enjoyment out of these things.

Do birds come back to their homes?

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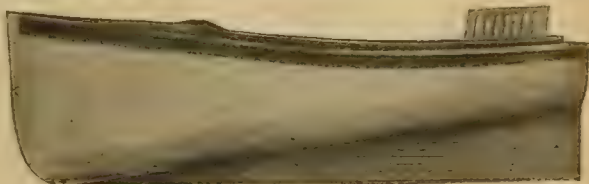
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How many times I have been asked that question. "Oh yes, they do come back." "Well, how do you know, Jack?" Then you would have to talk about the weather—to switch the subject. But I will tell you the rest of the story.

I hatched four wild young mallards—well, I didn't hatch them; I stole the eggs. A domestic fowl eventually hatched out four little wild ducks, and there they were, under the old hen, wilder than park hares. However, the old hen's voice soon brought them out, and several little girls began to come out from under their stepmother and look around, and eventually they would take some of the custard right in my presence. These ducks soon were so tame that the tap of a tin would bring them to you. They got to be quite a size, and we named them, respectfully, Polly, Delilah, Susan and Helen, and presented each one with an aluminum tag, on which was printed the words, Box 48, Kingsville, Ont. When autumn came the four ducks migrated—that is, on or about December 10th, 1912. Dr. Rutherford of Chatham, shot one, Helen at Mitchell's bay, Lake St. Clair. How they got to the east of us I don't know, for they started south. I guess they had taken such a liking to me, that they started for Ohio, where I was born. On March 14 1913, Polly came home. On March 18, Delilah came home, and on March 30, Susan, although wounded in the wing and foot, returned home. Is that not an answer to the question, do birds return to the place from whence they migrate? Well, I wanted to go down, hitch up the self-starter, and go to town, so that someone would ask me, "do birds return home?"

They migrated that autumn, and on March 14, 1914, Polly came home. On March 21, Delilah came home for the second time. The two girls raised families the next year,—and, by the way, they brought a Yankee sweetheart with them; and it is interesting, when they are arriving, to see the ducks come down and try to coax their new mates down too.

Well, they migrated again for the third time. In the spring of 1915 Delilah got home first; she arrived on March 13, and Polly came home on March 16. Polly had got her beak a little too far ahead and a shot had grazed right across it and cut the side off, leaving it hanging. She would just stand around with her mouth open. I got some porridge and mixed custard with it and the second day I had Polly in my right hand. In a week or so I took these ducks to a photo-

grapher, stood them on a table, brushed them down and talked to them quietly and got a photo of them.

We often make remarks about silly old geese and silly old ducks; sometimes I wonder what the ducks and geese are saying about us. These ducks have shied around to keep clear of people hiding in ambush for them; then they come home and in a few days are eating out of our hands. Isn't that worth thinking about? Talk about loving these birds; you simply can't help it, if you are human. Polly said: "I am going to stay with you, Jack, from now on," and she stayed in the hen house with my birds in the winters of 1915 and 1916. However, in the spring of 1916 she got shot, but Delilah migrated and got back on March 5, for the fifth time; migrated again, and got back in 1917 on March 25, and last spring she came back for the sixth time on March 19. Do birds return to their homes? I know that it was the same tag she had on, because my wife and I took it off her leg after it had been on five years, and we presented her with a new tag. I am now making my tag system a little more interesting, by putting on the blank side a verse of scripture. Everybody who brings down a goose with my tag on it gets a verse of Scripture, whether he needs it or not. Mack Stewart, of Tennessee writes: "Send me the history of this bird or any other Canadian bird." Corporal John R. Smith writes: "White, age 23, still unclaimed can you help me out?" So I took the two letters and handed them over to the ladies in our Sunday School, and the same day one of them came back. There are ten of us in one class, and we went and stamped this on our tag, "Let us consider one another"—Hebrews, 10, 24.

Now, where do these ducks go?

"Ask the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air and they shall tell thee."

I have caught and tagged 287 wild ducks. My home is on the north shore of Lake Erie, due north of Pelee Island, twenty-six miles southeast of Detroit, at Kingsville, Ontario.—well I am a little way out of the town. Kingsville is the place where more fowls go than anywhere else in North America, I believe, the fowls of the air, it is their choice. I have twelve tags from Ohio, due south of me; nine from Kentucky, nine from Tennessee, leading right on to the gulf of Mexico, and seven from Alabama. I have one from Saskatchewan, one from Alberta and several from Manitoba.



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I have only four or five tags from west of the Mississippi. I have them as far east as Long Island, New York, as far west as Alberta, far south as Louisiana and as far north as Sault Ste. Marie. I haven't a tag for a wild duck north of Sault Ste. Marie, although I know that they go beyond there.

I have nine tags off the wild geese from Chesapeake bay, seven from North Carolina, one from Maryland and one from New Jersey, but none between my home and that southeast coast of Chesapeake bay. Do these wild geese come clear over to that Kingsville pond without a stop?

No, they stay with me about two months. They come about the first of March—in fact, the earliest we have had them is February 20 and the latest, March 16—and stay until the last week in April or the first of May. We have 25 tags returned from James Bay and Hudson Bay, and only one from the west side of James Bay, which is Albany, and 24 have come from right along the east coast. Those 25 tags, ladies and gentlemen, are in my possession and I am sorry that I didn't bring them along. The Indians shoot them and take the tags to the Hudson's Bay Company agent, I suppose through curiosity, mostly, and the agents eventually return the tags. I have 25 out of the 102 that I put on; 25 have been returned from there and only 9 from the south.

How did we find out about these wild geese? I have gone five miles from home before the stars closed their eyes in the morning. Wild geese are quite scarce; I went four mornings in succession and never saw one. There I lay under a blanket, just as the stars were closing their eyes, with three or four wild goose decoys out. Suddenly, at daylight, I see friend wild goose coming, bringing his family with him. I can just see the tip of the wings begin to move—a faint hum, coming closer. Everything is pretty quiet—but my heart sinks; here are two men coming out there in the next field. It's all off; those fellows will secure the geese. But no, that old leader goes right over them—now he has passed them. There I am under the blanket—possibly it is a sheet if there is a little snow on the ground—the three corners are tied down and I am underneath it, just hidden there, with a gun ready. And the leader swings around, and as he swings around, he calls and starts to drop his big black feet to come down. But for some unaccountable reason he changes his note and climbs into the air—everybody

look out for himself; and the minute he changed his note they all darted in as many different directions as there were geese—it was the danger signal. What did he see? He didn't shy from the other fellows, but, he said, that fellow over there knocked out two of my family last year. Two and two make four—if the wild goose knows his enemy why wouldn't he know his friend?

I have only ten acres, people; how can I protect the geese? There are eight boys around the neighborhood, from five families. I said to them: "If you won't shoot at the wild geese around here, I will see that you get a chance to shoot at one in the pond." That was in 1901. In 1905, 1906, and 1907 no wild geese came. In 1908, one morning eleven wild geese came, and they hadn't been there ten minutes before the boys came along with their guns. I said: "Boys, leave it entirely with me; don't shoot at them for a week or two." "But," they said, "you said we could shoot them?" I said: "Boys, if you don't get the opportunity to shoot a wild goose, I will give you ten dollars a piece, if you will let me manage it." They said: "We don't want your money"—of course they knew that I didn't have it. However, in about three weeks, we hoisted a signal, "Go on, boys." We were behind a bank I had thrown up there. Uncle Jack was to shoot the two ganders. The boys lined up on one side and cocked their guns, and as they raised them, I made it my business to scare the geese so that the boys wouldn't shoot them. Bang went their guns. The two ganders got away, but five geese lay dead in the water, one for each family. I asked the boys not to shoot the others. To my surprise and delight, the other six did not stay away two hours; they came back, and stayed until the time came for them to migrate. If you get one bird to come, there is your opportunity.

Next spring it was asked if the geese would come back. On March 18 I heard a strange honking and I looked up and saw that they were coming—32 of them. They came down within 100 feet of us, I walked out and they never flew away. I had the privilege of seeing them introduce their families. The boys shot 10, and that left 22 to go away. Next spring it was asked what time the geese would come back. They started to come on March 4 and in less than two weeks there were over 400 there. The boys shot 16 and let the rest go. Look how our flock of geese has multiplied; now we have a flock of over 350. They started coming

on February 20, and when the first was whirling down I counted 175 shots at him between my home and Lake Erie. When the first was lighting in the pond, you couldn't see the end of the string of families that were coming.

I don't know whether you have experienced it, but I have: there is nothing more embarrassing than to have more guests than you can feed. There I was, on Good Friday of 1913, with a five-acre field full of geese. We couldn't begin to feed them. Some of the geese must have told their friends what was not true, and induced them to come to a place where there was not enough to eat. We brought the feed close to the house and let the tamer ones come there to eat. I was speaking at the Rotary Club in London the other day, and one gentleman asked me how I moved the birds. This was my explanation to him: If you want to move your birds, keep moving the food accordingly, and pretty soon you can put the spoon in your mouth and the birds will alight on it.

I will tell you about one family, one of a dozen interesting cases last autumn. On October 10, six geese came. (By the way, we never had over 150 in the autumn. Which way do they come in the autumn?) I went out and called to these six geese, and the old gander answered. He knew me. I got twelve ears of corn, and threw one of them at him. Just as I did so the four baby geese jumped in the air, but he called them and they dropped down. Then I threw more ears of corn, and each time the same thing would happen; he would sound that low note, and every time he did so the geese would come down. By the time I had thrown the eighth ear he had convinced them that all was well, and they didn't fly up any more. It was interesting to watch him trying to educate them to take the kernels of corn off the ear, but it was strange to them. He would get a kernel off and drop it down, but it was fully fifteen minutes before he got those goslings to take the corn; when they did start they cleaned off every kernel of the twelve ears. That told me these young goslings had never seen an ear of corn before, and that they had come all the way from Hudson Bay without a mouthful and dropped down there. The old gander had led them all the way down.

My wife and I coaxed this old gander and his five goslings into the coop and she held the door while I went in and clamped a tag on his leg. After I tagged him I took him

to the door and threw him out—this same old gander that had been telling his girls and boys to eat the corn and to stay there and not be afraid. When I threw the gander out, did he fly to the lake? To know the Canada goose is to love him forever, and if there is any person in Ottawa who can tell me how that most intelligent, self-sacrificing bird came to be honoured by being called the Canada goose, I wish he would write me. You cannot show me any of his actions that one need be ashamed of, not one.

To resume my story. This old gander went out, and when he was about two rods away he turned around and looked back. You could hear him calling for the rest of his family in that little catch pen. Mrs. Miner at this time would rather have been on the inside looking out than on the outside looking in, because, as I was catching number two the gander came right back to the door and tried to break in and get at me. We are talking about the same bird that I tried to get a shot at three fields away; here he is now fighting to get at me to protect his young—trying to get his young out. He didn't leave that door until every one of his family had been liberated; he stood right there and fought for them. We caught him the second time, put a cuff on each leg and named him "Sir John Moore." We put on the tag this verse of scripture:

"No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly."

They migrated as usual, and on March 17 following, the boys said, "Look, Dad," and there was old Sir John Moore looking for more corn, with the two cuffs on his legs. Five of his family had returned; he had taken care of them down in the southern states all winter, and brought them back. The last week in April they disappeared, and my heart sank when I opened a letter from Fort George, James Bay, and found four of the tags. The letter read: "The Indians say that seven geese came into their decoys, and they killed four of them; each one had a tag on it." You know just how I would feel, although that is part of the game. To the fellow who wants to shoot let me say this: I am not opposed to a man shooting a bird or two, but will you not join with us in limiting your gun? Remember, that bird that falls out of the air from your deadly aim gives you and me a little pleasure, but deprives thousands of people of pleasure and recreation in seeing it alive. Let us consider that; let us think it over.

Delilah raised during the six seasons—five families, two of eight and two of nine, and this year she came home with twelve. What does game protection mean? Protect the one duck, and you can quickly figure out what the total increase in six years will be. Delilah returned for the sixth time and she raised these five families. I haven't seen her since August.

The Canada goose is the most faithful and self-sacrificing bird on earth. I kept one for four years, and I know. I kept old Jack Johnson for two years and a half, but I got rid of him. I wouldn't keep a wild goose or a

gander around the premises after he had lost his sweetheart; they just keep on honking in that sad way. But the poorest-principled piece of live flesh in feathers is the drake; he is nothing but a Brigham Young, that's all. Puts me in mind of the mother who has to be father and mother both, like some poor washwoman who goes out and does \$5 worth of work and willingly accepts 50 cents for it; then takes it home to feed her family, while the lazy, good-for-nothing husband is putting in his time in the far end of nowhere, swapping garbage stories and passing remarks about the clean people that pass the dirty window. That is the principle of the drake.

Annual Meeting of Shooting Club

Tamarac Island Fishing and Shooting Club's Annual meeting was held at Hanover, Ont., on May 16th. There was a good attendance of members. The chief business was the election of officers, and the consideration of improvements to the property. Mr. G. McLaren was re-elected president, Mr. H. H. Stevens, Port Elgin, secretary-treasurer, while the directorate is composed of the two

officers and Messrs. Charles Koehner, Hanover; F. Moreloch, Hanover; E. R. Sayles, Port Elgin. The club's property is situated up in the Bruce peninsula, thirty miles above Wiarton, Ontario. The club own their Island. Last week the directorate met at the Island and planned for further conveniences for the members while at the Island, and enjoyed the excellent fishing.



U. E. Germain, Montreal, 1918 winner of the Rush Tango \$50.00 gold prize contest on muscallunge. Weight 42½ lbs., 52½ ins. long. Caught casting with a No. 5, yellow, red head, Regular Rush Tango Minnow.

The Rush Tango 1919 contest is now on and anyone securing a "big fellow" on the Rush Tango should secure a good photo and enter the contest.

Alpine Club of Canada

Victory Camp Will Be Held July 22nd to August 5th

The Rules and Regulations for the annual meeting of the members of the club have been issued in a ten page folder by the Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. S. H. Mitchell. This year's meet will be known as the "**VICTORY CAMP**" and arrangements will be concluded at it for the Grand Welcome Home Camp to be held in 1920, in honour of returned soldier members.

The Main Camp will be placed near the Summit of Yoho Pass, close by Yoho Lake, on the site where the first camp of the Club was held in 1906.

It is thought that after the four long years of war, general reconstruction will be in order, and that no more appropriate place can be chosen for a fresh beginning than at the site where the very first camp of the Club was held.

The Camp will be named "The Victory Camp" and, while many returned Soldier members will doubtless be present, such returned members will not be officially welcomed, the official welcome being reserved for the 1920 Camp at Mt. Assiniboine, when it is hoped to have all returned members present as guests of the Club.

The Camp will open on Tuesday, July 22nd, and close on Tuesday, August 5th.

Field Station on the C. P. R. will be the point of arrival by train. It is expected that special summer rates will be in force on the railways.

The Annual Meeting of the Club will be held during the Camp, for the presentation of reports and the transaction of business. It is also proposed to bring up for discussion the erection of a suitable memorial at the Club House as a record of the members of the Club who have been on active service during the war, and to formulate plans to establish a fund for the same.

The Yoho Valley well fills the expectations raised by its name. Yoho is an Indian exclamation meaning, Grand! Glorious! Wonderful! The valley comprises a maximum of mountain scenery in a minimum of area: Towering rock peaks, snow-clad massifs, leaping waterfalls, jewel-like lakes and silver streams winding through deep green forests. It is symbolized Fairyland, and every phase of it fills the beholder with wonder.

Maps of the Yoho Park, showing the area within which the Camp will operate, can be had at the Alpine Club House at Banff, or by addressing the Secretary of the Club.

S. H. MITCHELL, Secretary-Treasurer,
The Club House, Banff, Alberta

Photographic Competitions

A Photographic Competition will be held in connection with the Camp this year. This will be open to all amateur photographers who are members of The Alpine Club of Canada, whether attending Camp or not.

All photographs must be the unaided work of the competitor up to the moment of and including exposure. Development, printing, etc., may be done by a professional finisher if desired, unless otherwise stated.

Competitors may submit any number of prints and in any size desired, but each print must have the name and address of the competitor and the class in which it is to be entered clearly written on the back. Prints must be in the hands of the Secretary-Treasurer, S. H. Mitchell, The Alpine Club House, Banff, not later than July 22nd.

A trophy, to be known as the A.C.C. Photographic Cup, will be offered for competition in Class A. This will be held for one

year by the winner, but will become the property of any competitor winning it for three years in succession. Suitable prizes will be offered in the other classes.

All prints entered shall become the property of the Club.

Class A. For the best photograph to illustrate the title "**A Canadian Mountain.**" All pictures submitted in this class must be enlarged to a uniform size, approximately seven by eleven inches, but not mounted.

Class B. For the best landscape in the Canadian Rockies or Selkirks.

Class C. For the best set of six prints illustrating any one of the "War Camps" of the A.C.C.

Note.—The word "Amateur" shall be defined as follows: "Any person who does not earn his livelihood in whole or in part by the practice of photography shall be considered an amateur, even though from time to time

accepting remuneration for photographic work. Persons engaged in occupations to which photography is merely an accessory or means of making records shall not be regarded as other than amateurs."

All questions at issue shall be decided by the judges, whose decisions shall be final.

The judges will be selected at the Annual Camp. They shall be three in number.



Packing Horses in Mount Robson Park, Mount Robson, B.C.



Another view of the famous Tonquin Valley, Jasper National Park, Alberta. The camera fails to do justice to the wonders of Nature along this famous valley.



Electric Starting and Lighting

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—a positive starter as reliable as the motor itself:

—a powerful lighting system, uniform under all engine speeds.

On the open models—Touring Cars and Runabouts—it is **OPTIONAL EQUIPMENT**.

On closed cars—Sedans and Coupes—it is **STANDARD EQUIPMENT**.

On all models the Ford Standard Magneto also provides ignition independent of the batteries.

See the Ford car with this new equipment.

Ford Runabout \$660; Touring \$690

On open models the Electric Starting and Lighting Equipment is \$100 extra.

Coupe \$975; Sedan \$1175 (closed model prices include Electric Starting and Lighting Equipment).

These prices are F. O. B. Ford, Ont. and do not include the War Tax.

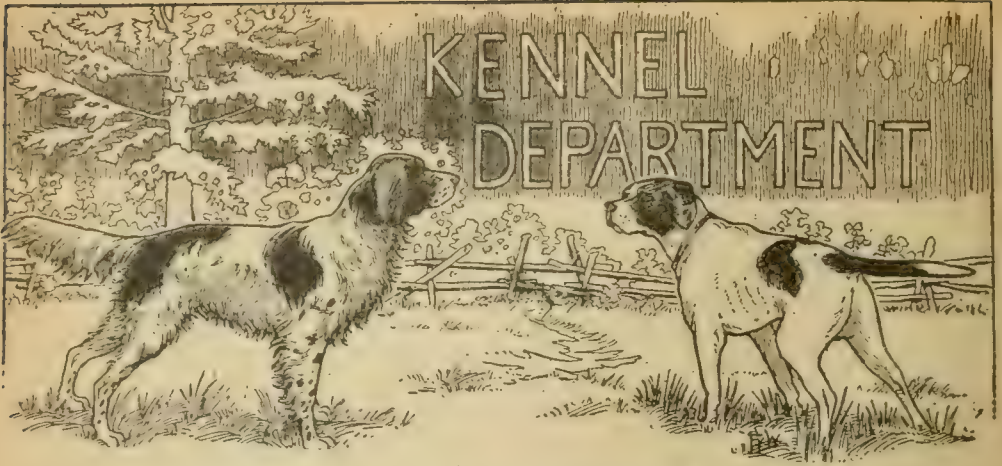
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The Toronto Kennel Club Show

THE 16th annual show of the Toronto Kennel Club was held in the Horse Repository, Simcoe and Nelson Sts., Toronto, on April 18th and 19th and from the standpoint of fanciers and exhibitors was a success, in that there was a fairly good entry in the various breeds. Financially and as an attraction to the fashionable sporting class of Toronto it was not a success. Once again we must point out to the Toronto Kennel Club that until they can get the proper venue and put on a show which will appeal to the wealth and fashion of Toronto, will they lack a good gate. The Toronto Kennel Club will always have the breeders and exhibitors with them; make a try now for the other class of people and increase your gate and this will also mean more business for the breeder of good dogs.

The largest entries of this show were in such popular breeds as Terriers (Airedales, Fox, and Bull) English Bull dogs, Bostons and the various toy breeds. There were not many sporting or gun dogs shown but while low in numbers they were, some of them, high in quality.

Only four Beagles were shown, A. F. Godson showing two dogs and a bitch. His winning dog "Phillips' Vixen" (by Phillips Traveller and Suburban Girl) is a very good one indeed. H. I. Davis had one entry in Speedworthy Fleet (by Haig's Pleader and Lady Peerless) taking winners bitches.

Only two foxhounds were shown and they were that good pair—Vanguard and Nimrod Mars, both bred by Rodger D. Williams and owned by J. E. Keays of London. Mr. Keays is a persistent exhibitor and well he may be with such a good pair.

Montrose Shamus O'Brien (J. C. Hanna, Montreal, owner) was the best of the three Irish setters shown.

The only pair of Field Spaniels, Lord Bertie and Wardeworth Mollie were again shown.

The Pointer Ch. Perdreau was a lone one at this show; too bad to fetch this dog all the way from Montreal and then have no competition. Well the Montreal boys are sports anyhow.

Cocker Spaniels did better with an entry of sixteen, which filled the various classes moderately well. Mrs. Enright of Montreal sent up two and got winners in parti color dogs with "Centre Star." This dog took 2nd at the big New York show.

Chas. Bowerbank's well known Senator B., of Toronto, was winner colored dogs. This dog also did some winning at New York. The chief interest however in cockers, was Mrs. Moore of Vancouver, who was there in person with that good pair with which she won so well also at the big N. Y. show, Moore's Master Key and Moore's Moonshine. Master Key here accounted for winners, black dogs and Moonshine winners in bitches, black. In the sporting dog class she took 2nd to the Irish setter Montrose Thomas O'Brien. What is to the credit of above three exhibitors is that these dogs are of their own breeding and we are pleased to note that Canada is maintaining her lead in Cockers. Our friend Joe Hill, a veteran Cocker breeder was an exhibitor at this show, taking three seconds and reserve winners in black bitches with Belle Ewart.

In the other popular breeds above men-



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has reinforced joints and patent locking real seat. The illustration shows four combinations in a fly rod—reverse the handle and you have four combinations in a bait rod. Buy this one rod and you have a bait or fly rod of different lengths from 4 feet 4 inches to 9½ feet long as desired. Price complete. **\$3.50**

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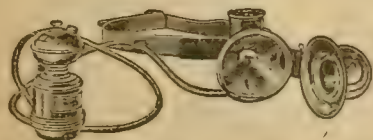
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tioned the winning dogs and bitches are respectively:—

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Boston Terriers—Hello Pardner (Buffalo) and Jackson's Dream Girl.

English Bull Dogs—King Moston and Cleverlock Molly.

Collies—Tipperary King and Quarrybrea Colleen.

Col. Bishop's V. C., Chow dog, Blue Goblin, was the most interesting exhibit at the show. This is a Chinese breed or dog of the Husky or wolf type. They are very similar to our Hudson Bay Husky except in that they are of

solid color, either red, black or blue (grey blue) and all have black tongues.

Another interesting exhibit was the black Belgian sheep dog Duceaux from Montreal. This breed of dog was used as a war dog.

Some of the notable visitors at the show were—Col. Bishop, V.C., Oakville; Jas. Bain, K.C.; J. G. Kent, Toronto; Mrs. H. Moore, Vancouver; Mr. and Mrs. Collins, Welland; Mr. Tuson of the Chinook Kennels, Lethbridge, Alta.; Thos. Millar of Winnipeg; Dr. Villeneuve, V. S.; Mr. Aitken and Bob, Ross of Montreal; Albert Mitchell (celebrated dog handler), Chicago; Chas. Webber, Miss Shortt, London; Lt.-Col. Pellatt and party.

"Dude" Baldwin of Ottawa was up and informed us that his good Fox hound "Promptu," good both in the hunt and on the show bench, had passed away. However this enthusiastic foxhound breeder has secured another good stud dog and also has some young stock coming along for next Fall's shows.

The Otter Hound

This dog is very similar in build to the Bloodhound but has shaggy coat similar in texture to the Airedales, only longer. They are very keen scented and have been used for hundreds of years in England for clearing the salmon streams of otters.

Some sixty years ago the small North of England rough black and tan terrier was crossed with the otter hound to improve its size and hunting ability in the streams; from this cross resulted eventually the Airedale terrier so named from the valley of the river Aire in Lancashire and Yorkshire where the breed was evolved.

Freeman Lloyd, the eminent canine authority, thus describes an otter hunt in his native country, Wales.

"The last day I went hunting was with Mr. Protheroe's hounds (they hunt Pembrokeshire and Carmarthenshire) and they met at the Salutation Hotel, Haverfordwest, where they had been kenneled overnight. They were actually tried first in the river not more than a couple of hundred yards away from this hostelry, and within five minutes the hounds were hunting a hot drag within the old Norman town and practically under the shadow of its inspiring castle. Away they went as hard as they could run—through the great, wild beds of yellow blossoming iris—on to the river bank, the hills

now re-echoing and re-sounding with those deep-tongued voices of otter hounds. What might those melodious tones be like? They can best be described as almost so full in body of note as the true bloodhound or of a still deeper volume than that of an old-fashioned American foxhound.

"The hunt is on and I will try and describe it: On and on they go. Then comes the welcome cry of 'Tally Ho!' The otter has been viewed and he is, of course, put down and the hunt now commences in earnest. It is very likely that he will make for his holt under the stump of an over-growing tree on the river. There is a hole above water, and may be two, or three, or more below. Hark; how the hounds bay him as they mark him in his supposed holdfasts. But the otter has reckoned not with the brace of terriers that are ready to do him battle within the supposed seclusion of his holt which may run from fifteen to twenty yards in its full length. So hounds are kept back while the terriers are put to the varmint. Here we ought to see the spunk and work of the real workaday Sealy Ham terrier. If the terriers are good enough, or by the aid of jumping or stamping on the bank above, the otter gets away and then begins a rattling hunt up and down stream, the *durgi* (Welsh) or water dog, keeping to the deep pools for choice. He

Mizpah Jock N°44

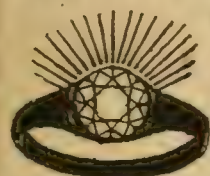


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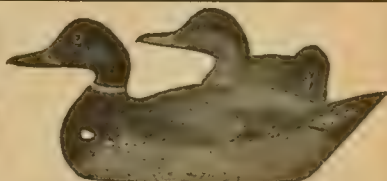
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tries anotherholt and is bolted again and yet again. The water is now the color of mud because of the hunting, and hounds are speaking to his scent on the river ever and anon. Deeper and louder the voices become. The excitement born of hunting is now at its height. The otter leaps out among hounds and terriers like one with a charmed life. The savage scream-like cry of a hound proclaims that the otter has pinned him with those teeth that can with ease manage a thirty-pound salmon, in its own elements. Yet, perhaps, the little beast is only sixteen pounds, perhaps he's twenty-eight pounds. And on and on—up stream, down stream, and back into the pool they drive their otter again. Very likely, this has gone on for one or two hours.

"The *durgi* is getting winded. He will now try the land, so he seeks the shelter of some brush wood, briars, and the what-not of the river side; he thinks, perhaps, to make his way across to another brook—to a new and stronger holt he wots of. But alas, 'tis too late. As a leading, shaggy hound attempts

to seize him by the flank he turns to give a snap and a bite—a bite where the teeth meet. The hound is discomfited—but for only a single moment; for the body of the pack is upon him, and fighting and cutting; and succumbing only to numbers the otter yields up his ghost. Bid the loud horns proclaim the spoiler's fate—he dies; he dies. His, indeed, has been a brave ending. And Mr. Protheroe, a most estimable master it must be written, will tell you that even the long fangs of all his pack can scarcely perforate or lacerate that pelt. For the otter is the gamest and toughest of all animals that is hunted by hounds either on land or in water.

"The dog otter hound should stand about twenty-six inches at shoulder, the bitch about twenty-four inches. A nice weight for the dog hound is sixty-five pounds, and for a bitch fifty-five pounds."

There are very few otter hounds in America. It is doubtful if they could be used successfully on otter here owing to the intricate lake and stream system and also to the protection of game laws.

Campbell Dog Team Wins Again

In the 1919 dog race that finished at The Pas, Manitoba, Bates Campbell, "mushing" behind his dog team, crossen the finish line first in the annual 100 mile Hudson Bay Dog Derby at twenty minutes after one p.m. Campbell, made the course without stopping in fifteen hours and thirty-five minutes. McKay a favorite, was second. Five out of seven entries went the hundred miles without rest and finished. The test was one of endurance as well as speed, as the

trail was banked high, with new snow in spots, and badly cut up in other places. Campbell's huskies, coming from behind on the home stretch, nosed out the strong McKay team by the length of two dogs. Hayes, third to finish, was less than twenty feet behind McKay. Campbell drove the same dog team that his brother, Albert Campbell, piloted to victory in the Winnipeg-St. Paul race last year. A big crowd saw the sensational finish.

The Airedale as a Hunter

Although the sporting possibilities of terriers have usually been limited in popular opinion to rat killing, within recent years many sportsmen in all parts of the country have come to realize that the Airedale, by virtue of his unusual physical qualifications of size, strength and coat, his remarkably keen nose and wonderful intelligence, possesses a sphere of all around usefulness to the sportsman that is not approached by any other breed of dogs. The disposition of a young Airedale terrier, like a healthy growing boy, is all energy, dash and go. He doesn't want

to keep still and it is impossible for him to do so; he has got to be doing something. With it all, he is full of life and pluck. When taken out for a ramble he goes trotting about here and there looking for something to worry, now working his way laboriously through a brush-pile or under a hedge, now peering expectantly into some burrow which he enlarges with a few vigorous strokes of his sturdy paws. It is this healthy independence of character and aggressiveness of spirit, properly developed and controlled, that makes



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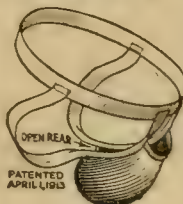
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Airedales take as readily to hunting rabbits as they do to killing rats, and will work brush piles and hedges most industriously. They will jump rabbits that may be shot in front of them or whose trail may be taken up by beagles and hounds. Although Airedales have good noses, they are not as keen as a hound and cannot distinguish between fresh and old tracks and are apt to spend a good

deal of time pottering on old trails or working on a back trail. They can be broken of this fault, or rather, they can be kept from getting into the habit, by taking them out early in the season and getting them to work on young rabbits that are in the meadows and orchards or along the thickets, before the latter have acquired much cunning or taken to holing. At this time rabbits are easily caught and the puppy, as soon as he has run one down, will start hustling about to jump another.

"Two Birds With the One Stone"

To kill a deer at 130 paces with one bullet, is considered fair shooting but when one shot fired from a .303 drops two animals, at that

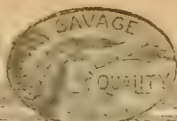


distance, even the professional Nimrods sit up and take notice. Mr. F. J. Campbell of the Canada Paper Company, Windsor Mills, Quebec, sent in an account of the unique

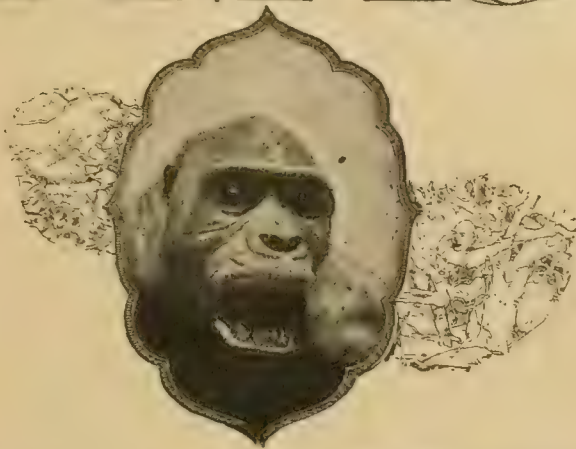
killing of a buck and a doe with the bullet reproduced. "Mr. N. Rouillard, the foreman of St. George Camp, was going through the bush in December, when he sighted the head of a buck, which was standing still at a distance of 130 paces, as ascertained later. He fired a .303 Savage and the buck dropped. Imagine his surprise when he found two deer instead of one. The bullet had passed through the head of the buck just over the eyes and then hit the doe, which had been standing unseen, breaking her back. The two were lying about ten feet apart, the buck dead but the doe was still struggling."



The country contiguous to Mount Robson and Jasper Parks in the Canadian Rockies is well stocked with big game, being the mecca of hunters from all parts of the continent. Three caribou are seen in this picture, having been snapped after they had followed the camera outfit for nearly a mile.



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Charles Cottar's Faith in the .250-3000 Savage

YOU know what the gorilla is—the huge, silent uncanny man-monkey who glides through the dark, tangled African jungle as swiftly and easily as a shadow. You know that gun barrels have been bent by his black, hairy wire-sinewed fingers—have been crushed by his ghastly protruding fangs. You know his supernatural vitality, his fiendish intelli-

gence and his horrible vindictiveness when attacked. Even the lion fears him. He's the most unnerving problem a hunter can face.

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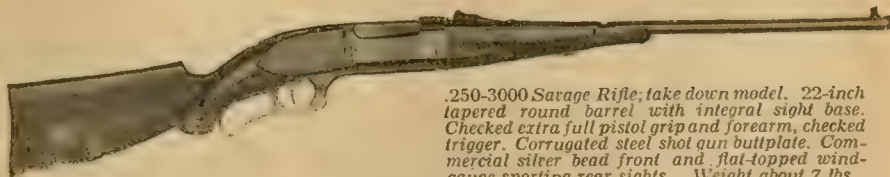
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Letter from an American Reader

Editor, Rod and Gun:

It is surely a treat to read many of the really fine articles and stories that appear in *Rod and Gun* in Canada, they bring so vividly to the reader the personalities of their authors who surely are ardent lovers of God's great big beautiful world and the clean free out-of-doors, and one can get from them a very fair view of Canada with its wild enchanting woods and streams and mountains. Some sad things appear occasionally, references to the boys who went "over there," to help make a better world—a cleaner place to live in. To the fathers and mothers we would like to say a word of comfort but we can hardly do more than let them know that they have our heartfelt sympathy. After all life is very short and uncertain at best and the better part of life consists of deeds, not words.

At the beginning of the war when the Canadians got their first whiffs of the Huns' damnable gas I can easily imagine what they thought, they, who being sportsmen, had the inherent instinct to play fair. I can imagine their disgust, and how this was soon replaced by righteous wrath and how they got back at them has been told and will be re-told for all time.

I have noticed that in a recent issue another has misunderstood or at any rate gives the impression that he does, what Mr. A. A. Haines said about shooting a revolver from rest—and with both hands. I must confess, with regret, that I made a similar mistake once, but "never again."

Not for all the revolvers on earth would I say anything to hurt Mr. Haines' feelings. He has done more to enlighten some of us on practical shooting and the proper use of guns than any other writer I know of. He takes pains to experiment and tells what he knows to be—not what some one else says—and very seldom tells us who know nothing

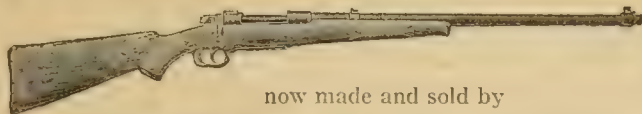
about it the very nice refinements of scientific—gunning, shall we call it? I believe him to be a very good rifle and revolver shot, one who can easily and consistently make a tin can rattle at reasonable distances without any recourse to rest—or two hands with a revolver.

Many questions are asked through *Rod and Gun* and it is very pleasant to read how nicely and clearly the questions are answered. Any questions asked, or any experiences given, are very interesting, provided, of course, the questions are honestly asked and the experiences truthfully told. Bits of instruction often come from unexpected sources and useful knowledge is always to be prized no matter whether exquisitely or more or less crudely served. When a person is really thirsty a drink of cold nice water tastes as well from a tin dipper as from a gold goblet.

Advice is often solicited as to what guns are best. I wish I could give the proper advice but do not pretend to be an authority. I have, however, found Colt's .22 Automatic to be a very accurate pistol and the ammunition is cheap. The Winchester .22 octagon barrel suits me perfectly—.22 short only. Colt's Army Special .38 using full 33 special cartridges is entirely dependable—a 45 S. A. or New Service is O.K. if you want more punch, and every make of modern high power rifle is good—make your own choice. Yours truly got a Krag carbine from Uncle Sam for \$3.06 which is all the high power gun I wish for.

I love the outdoors—delight to go into the wild places and see the wild things—do not shoot them, except the vicious kind, and not always then—circumstances govern. A peculiar elation takes possession of me if I am caught in a wild driving storm in the mountains, remote from human habitation, and I am not alone in this. Who is it that said:

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IDEAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY

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NEW HAVEN, CONN.



Automobile Troubles and How to Remedy Them

By CHARLES P. ROOT

CONTENTS—Back firing, Blow-back of gas into carburetor, Popping noises, Buzz in coil (other than contact breaker buzz), clatter and grind in gear box, Compression, faulty, Compression, none, Explosions, Irregular or uncertain running, Metallic or puffing noises, Misfires, Resistance slight when operating starting handle, Start, failure to, Steering erratic, Stoppage of engine, Water escapes, Air lock, Batteries, Bearings, Bent axle, Brakes, Carburation, Change Speed gear, Clutch, Coil, Connecting rod or crank shaft broken, Contact breaker (High tension magneto), Contact maker, Knock in bearings generally or in Transmission system. Leaks: Loss of power, Gear, Governor, Hunting, Ignition, Lubrication, Misfires, Muffler troubles, Noise, Overheating, Pipes burst out or fractured, Piston troubles, Popping in carburetor, Pressure leaking (in case of pressure feed) Pre-ignition, Short circuits, Spark plug, Steam bound or air lock, Steering, Supply pipe choked, Timing, Tires, Valves, Valve springs, Water circulation, Wheels.

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WOODSTOCK, ONT.

*"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture in the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea with music in its roar."*

All best wishes in the world for all true lovers of the out-of-doors in the world—and that of course includes all the readers of *Rod and Gun*.
—“Oregon.”

perfect solution of the need for good coffee when on the trail.

It's a welcome day when the out-door enthusiast can always be sure of having good coffee ready on the instant.

An interesting advertisement describing Barrington Hall Coffee will be found in a future issue.

THIS COFFEE HAS REAL FLAVOR.

Readers of *Rod and Gun in Canada* will be very much interested to learn that real coffee has at last been perfected in soluble form.

It is nothing more nor less than the famous Baker-ized Barrington Hall, which has been known favorably throughout Canada for years, prepared at the factory and reduced to a soluble powder which dissolves instantly upon addition of hot or cold water.

For the outdoor enthusiast, whether he be on a hunting, fishing or motoring trip, Soluble Barrington Hall seems to offer a

ISSUE NEAT CATALOGUE.

The Evinrude people have issued a neatly illustrated catalog, which shows the many features of their detachable motors. One of the many uses to which this serviceable motor can be put is that of furnishing motive power for canoes. Canoe Evinruding is a sport that is gaining greatly in popularity and is bound to be the sport for all lovers of excitement on the water. This speedy motor, with a score of varied qualities is made by the Evinrude Motor Company of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Their Canadian agents are A. R. Williams Machinery Company, Toronto.

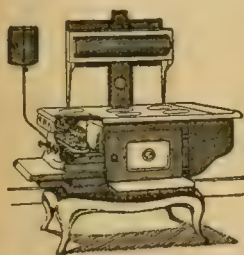


Maligne Lake, Jasper Park, Alberta. This picture depicts the lower end of what is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful lakes in all the Rockies.

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No Ashes No Dirt No Muss

Just turn a valve, light a match, and presto, you have a hot, concentrated flame. In five minutes you have intense heat right where you want it. Burns ordinary coal oil, consuming only one gallon in nine hours steady burning. So simple in operation a child can use it with absolute safety.



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Hundreds of masterpieces recording every phase of operations overseas during the war.

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Uncommonly picturesque, inspiring and colorful.

Mammoth live stock show—Tractors—Acres of manufactures—Government exhibits and demonstrations—Four days of speed trials—Mile-a-minute motorboats—Poultry, dog and cat shows—International photographic salon.

AND SCORES OF OTHER EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTIONS.

Irish Rifle Association

A Reply to Bisley Marksman's Criticism

The unwarranted criticism of the Irish Rifle Association appearing in the June issue of the "*Rod and Gun*" is an outburst which scarcely deserves notice. Absurd as the article is, with its contortion of facts, and contradictory statements, we do not propose to allow the sophistical utterances of a "Has Been" Bisley Marksman to influence such readers who are not acquainted with the true history and activities of the Irish Rifle Association. The tirade palpably emanates from a small clique of riflemen, headed by an ex-Bisley marksman, who evidently has a personal grievance to air against our Association, and we wish to express our surprise that you should permit the use of your bright little magazine as a medium for publication of such trash, which is representative of the opinion of a disgruntled minority only.

And why does not B. M. sign his name? Does he lack the courage of his convictions, or does he wish to preserve his ignoble incognito for the approaching O. R. A. meet, where he will meet and come in contact with many of the Irish Association against whom he raves? But, unfortunately for Mr. Afraid-to-sign-his-name, we are well acquainted with his identity.

His sneer at Mr. Smith as an "amateur" is amusing, and we are prepared to back our amusement substantially that this "amateur" could beat Mr. B. M. at any range or ranges available at Long Branch. Mr. Smith joined the Association two years ago, a green marksman, and his remarkable improvement and present ability as a shot are too well-known to mention here. But the point is this, that Mr. Smith and many others were trained entirely by the Irish Rifle Association, yet B. M. wants to know what we have done to promote rifle shooting. A few lines further on, he admits that we carried on practice throughout the war, and we suppose still wants to know what we have done.

This practice during the war produced such marksmen as Mr. Smith and many others who are not to be sneered at because they have not had the opportunity of shooting at the D.R.A., O.R.A., and Bisley. In fact, the Irish Rifle Association can put a team of tyros in the field that would make any team of ex-Bisley marksmen, picked and captained by our criticizer, sit up and take notice. And, by the way, what has Mr. "Has Been"

Bisley Marksman done himself by way of promoting rifle shooting during the past five years? Possibly "knocking" the Irish Rifle Association is his idea of doing this. And why does he not do his "knocking" in the open?

That many of our members are identified with the militia, and may line up with their respective regiments at the O.R.A. meet, is quite true, but why should not the I.R.A. take credit for their good scores when shooting for and with the I.R.A., and using the privileges which accompany membership? And the very fact that these militiamen were practically dependent on the I. R. A. for regular practice is another argument as to what we have done to promote rifle shooting. And we venture the statement that many of the best individual scores made at the O. R. A. meet, for whatever unit they are made, will be directly traceable to practice afforded to them by this Association. As to the actual team that this Association will be able to put in the field after withdrawal of members for their regiments, its strength may surprise our criticizing friend.

As for the so-called "Board of Trade" team which defeated the Irish team in 1915 B. M. omitted to mention the fact that the Irish team used Mark VI. "round-nose" ammunition whilst the "Board of Trade" team used Mark VII "pointed." The idea was that the latter team, being a junior team, should be allowed this handicap which could conservatively be estimated as worth three points per man. And when this "junior" team appeared, it was found that they were the pick of two battalions of one of the militia regiments! This "ordinary" team "with scarcely any practice," (having practised all their adult lives in some cases) certainly accomplished a wonderful achievement in defeating the Irish team.

The insertion of Sharpe's targets was a private enterprise, and we would advise B. M. to take that matter up with Mr. Sharpe himself, but if, as he says, he does not for a moment believe that such targets were made, why does he end up with the contradictory statement that he has personally seen just as good a performance many times before?

The innuendo that some applications for membership are refused without good reason, is without foundation, and he may consider



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by using our Automatic or Illinois River Folding Decoys. They are the finest decoys ever invented and we guarantee them against defect. Write for prices, circulars, etc.
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It Hooks 'em Every Time!

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Catches more than any other spoon or wooden minnow. Great for all Bass, Trout, Musky, Pike, Sal-sizes. Ask your dealer for Knowles Automatic Striker or we will send it postpaid. Fully guaranteed. Catalog free. Finishes: SILVER, SILVER AND COPPER, BRASS.

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Price each.....	35c	35c	55c	75c	90c	\$1.25

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LIGHTING
"Akron" 400 Candle-Power Lantern makes and burns its own gas from common gasoline. Brighter than electricity. Carry it anywhere. Wind proof. Dependable, cheap, safe, guaranteed

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Handy Cook Stove. Use it indoors or outside. Sizzling hot in 2 minutes. Have a warm meal anywhere, anytime. Strong, reliable, inexpensive, guaranteed.

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THE FISHERMAN'S JOY

Sturdy and strong, light, elegantly shaped and finished—a canoe that completes the fisherman's outfit—That is the

CHESTNUT CANOE

The Chestnut 'Pleasure, Sponson and Cruiser Canoes are built of the toughest New Brunswick Cedar and covered with a seamless absolutely waterproof canvas. All the fastenings are of copper—the ends are protected with brass—they are built to withstand the effects of heat or cold, wear and water.

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our emblem applicable to himself only, as far as membership goes; all we insist on is that the applicant be of British birth and good character, and that he will make the interests of the Association his first consideration.

If Mr. Old Timer had taken the trouble to acquaint himself with Bisley conditions and program of 1919 before venting his "grouch," he would not sneer at the 200, 500 and 600 yard ranges. The blatant utterances of Mr. Old Timer will not affect the future of the Irish Rifle Association, and we are glad of this opportunity to rip his idiotic criticism up the back, and expose him for what he is, a writer of anonymous slander, discreditable to the fine class of riflemen whose name

he uses to hide his real identity. And in conclusion, we once more ask—why does Mr. Bisley Marksman protect himself with a nom-de-plume? Safety first can it be? We wonder.

(Signed) D. Spence,
13 O'Hara Ave.

President.
Irish Rifle Association.

Ed. Note—The columns of *Rod and Gun* are open to readers at all times for discussions and criticisms of articles, departments, etc. However, *Rod and Gun* does not assume any responsibility for, or necessarily endorse, views expressed by contributors.



St. Thomas International a Huge Success. Good Scores and Hot Weather Characterize Tournament

"Pull . . . Bang . . . Hit" And Frank S. Wright of Buffalo only did that 437 times out of a possible 440, at sixteen yards at the Grand International Trapshooting Tournament held in Pinafore Park, St. Thomas on June 2, 3 and 4. The Tournament, which had the honor of being the first of importance to be conducted in a city park, was held under favorable shooting conditions although the heat was oppressive. As someone remarked, "It's only 95° in the shade, but then you can't have to stay in the shade."

A Good Attendance.

All of the boys were there from "Wes" Hart, of Dresden, the daddy of them all, to Wilfrid Peters of Turnerville, the boy prodigy shot. Sim Glover of Rochester, and Frank Wright of Buffalo, were representative of the United States shooters that were given a royal welcome when they put in an appearance on the first day of the shoot. The Toronto "reliables" were on the job and prominent among their number were Geo. M. Dunk, and H. W. Cooley. Mrs. W. D. O'Loane of St. Thomas, shot next to her husband in Squad No. 2, and had the honor of being the only lady shooter present and made a very creditable showing throughout the Tournament. The St. Thomas Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire lived up to their enviable reputation for public service and supplied lunch, refreshments and iced drinks to the "gunmen" and spectators.

McCance a Live Wire.

The main honor of making this tournament one of the most successful this year can be given to the live wire secretary of the St. Thomas Gun Club, "Billie" McCance, who was assisted by William O'Loane and other members of their Gun Club.

Thompson Takes Handicap.

Although Frank Wright was high gun on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday morning he was defeated at the 22 yards stake in the handicap by A. A. Thompson of Windsor who took high money by "killing" 95 clay birds at 17 yards.

Modest Frank Wright.

All modest men are not good trapshooters but the majority of trapshooters are modest men. Particularly true is this in the case of Frank Wright of Buffalo, who broke 100 targets on the morning of the last day

of the shoot. When asked how he was getting along he shrugged his shoulders in a helpless manner and said, "I seem to be breaking them all right but I don't know just how."

Good Shots.

Jim Vance of Tillsonburg, Billy Marshall of Galt, Sim Glover of Rochester, Wes. Hart of Dresden, Nelson Long of Hamilton, Kennicott of Evanston, Ill. and H. W. Cooley of Toronto were the top notchers for the three days' shooting. Wilfrid Peters of Turnerville, the phenomenal 17 year old shooter is rapidly coming to the front and under the careful tuition of the veteran Wes Hart should rank with the best before next season. It is encouraging to see new blood of such high calibre coming into the sport alluring. H. D. Bates of Ridgetown was one of the old timers who made his initial bow this season at the great International.

New Class System.

The new classification of shooters according to the 1918 records was adopted for the first time. It proved a decided success with all the shooters. With this new system in vogue a tyro at the game has a chance to compete for the monies, which previously were all taken up by the experienced shots. Many "c" class men received generous prizes yesterday, who in other years went unrecognized. The new system in certainly an encouragement to the beginners and it also adds zest to the game for the crack shots who have fewer to compete with and thus less chances of winning prizes.

THE SCORES

JUNE 2

	Shot at	Broke.
xNelson Long, Hamilton	100	96
A. A. Thompson, Detroit	100	87
xJ. W. Andrews, Windsor	100	90
xW. S. Jones, Poughkeepsie, Pa	100	99
G. M. Gaylor, Bingham Canyon	100	75
xG. S. Lewis, Springfield, Mass.	100	72
W. O'Loane, St. Thomas	100	92
Mrs. W. O'Loane, St. Thomas	100	81
xS. Murphy, St. Thomas	100	92
xP. S. Wiley, Danville, N.Y.	100	80
xG. M. Dunk, Toronto	100	81



1. "Modest" Frank Wright, Buffalo. 2. J. W. Andrews; A. A. Thompson, Windsor. 3. The Grand Old Man—Wes. Hart, Dresden. 4. Secretary McCance, St. Thomas; H. D. Bates, Ridgetown. 5. Peters of Turnerville, the seventeen year old "comer." 6. Gammage; Bates of Ridgetown; Wes. Hart, Dresden; Sim Glover, Rochester; W. J. McCance, St. Thomas. 7. Cold Drinks and Smiles for Everybody. 8. W. S. Jones, Pittsburg. 9. Herb. Cooley, Toronto. 10. Jas. J. Balbernie, Muskegon, Mich.

Herb Cooley, Toronto.....	100	97
Arthur Glover, Port Stanley.....	100	88
W. Hollingshead, Dutton, Ont.....	100	92
S. Lineham, Dutton.....	100	87
Rowland Day, London.....	100	98
J. McCausland, London.....	100	90
T. H. Baker, London.....	100	81
xW. A. Smith, London.....	100	69
J. H. Kerr, London.....	100	91
R. D. Coates, Dutton.....	100	82
Alex. Law, Dutton.....	100	81
William Rupp, St. Thomas.....	100	67
xJohn Ebberts, Buffalo.....	100	88
xJacob Fries, Buffalo.....	100	92
xSim Glover, Rochester, N.Y.....	100	99
W. J. Hart, Dresden, Ont.....	100	98
H. D. Bates, Ridgetown, Ont.....	100	88
C. E. Gamage, Ridgetown, Ont.....	100	92
W. J. McCance, St. Thomas.....	100	84
A. M. Wesner, Flint, Mich.....	100	95
F. Wright, Buffalo.....	100	99
J. Vance, Tillsonburg.....	100	91
Sam Vance, Tillsonburg.....	100	96
J. F. Balbirnie, Muskegon, Mich.....	100	86
Wilfred Peters, Turnerville, Ont.....	100	95
C. R. Marlatt, Straffordville, Ont.....	100	80
J. Walker, Dutton, Ont.....	100	68
J. H. Cox, Detroit.....	100	83
xS. Kennicott, Evansville, Ills.....	100	97

x—Professionals.

JUNE 3

	Shot at	Broke.
xN. Long.....	200	192
bA. A. Thompson.....	200	168
xJ. W. Andrews.....	200	170
xW. S. Jones.....	200	192
cC. M. Gaylor.....	200	165
xG. S. Lewis.....	200	177
cW. O'Loane.....	200	184
cMrs. O'Loane.....	200	163
bS. Murphy.....	200	184
bS. Wiley.....	200	169
xG. M. Dunk.....	200	
cH. H. Coleman.....	200	151
aHerb Cooley.....	200	190
bW. Hollingshead.....	200	181
cS. Lineham.....	200	165
aRowland Day.....	200	183
bJ. McCausland.....	200	181
cT. H. Baker.....	200	151
bJ. H. Kerr.....	200	192
cR. D. Coates.....	200	166
L.H. Brumer.....	200	176
xW. Rupp.....	200	177
bJ. Ebberts.....	200	190
bJ. Fries.....	200	197
xS. Glover.....	200	195
aW. H. Hart.....	200	182
bH. D. Bates.....	200	182
cC. E. Gamage.....	200	188
W. J. McCance.....	200	173
A. M. Wesner.....	200	190
aF. S. Wright.....	200	198
bJ. Vance.....	200	193
aS. Vance.....	200	190
cJ. Balbirnie.....	200	188
bW. Peters.....	200	191
cC. R. Marlatt.....	200	158
E. Gordon.....	200	162
xS. Kennicott.....	200	197
aJ. Cox, Detroit.....	200	163
bR. W. Glover.....	200	195
bJ. Payne.....	200	190
bG. Marmic.....	200	179
cS. Sutton.....	200	176
cW. Bradfield.....	200	161
R. Purday.....	200	169
F. A. Dolson.....	200	181

Shot in Afternoon Event Only.

	Shot at	Broke.
W. J. Marshall, Galt.....	100	98
C. A. Lewis, Galt.....	100	98
W. C. Vail, St. Thomas.....	100	78

Squad No. 11.

G. B. Perry, Dresden.....	100	91
G. B. Passmore, Hensall.....	100	84
R. D. Bell, Hensall.....	100	75
T. Sherritt, Hensall.....	100	82
F. D. Smith, Chatham.....	100	85

x—Professional. a, b and c—classification according to last year's records.

JUNE 4

Morning Events.

	Shot at	Broke
Long.....	100	98
Thompson.....	100	88
Andrews.....	100	91
Jones.....	100	97
Gaylor.....	100	70
Lewis.....	100	85
O'Loane.....	100	91
Mrs. O'Loane.....	100	83
Murphy.....	100	91
Wiley.....	100	81
Dunk.....	100	76
Kennicott.....	100	97
Cooley.....	100	97
Hollingshead.....	100	89
Day.....	100	85
McCausland.....	100	96
Baker.....	100	80
Glover.....	100	87
Kerr.....	100	90
Coates.....	100	76
Gates.....	100	56
Cox.....	100	82
Ebberts.....	100	86
Fries.....	100	93
Glover.....	100	97
Hart.....	100	96
Bates.....	100	86
Gammage.....	100	95
McCance.....	100	83
Wesner.....	100	92
Wright.....	100	100
Vance, J.....	100	90
Vance, S.....	100	94
Balbirnie.....	100	80
Peters.....	100	95
Dolson.....	100	91
Marshall.....	100	98
Lewis.....	100	93
Perry.....	100	89
Payne.....	100	92
Smith.....	100	83
Taylor.....	100	80
Kay.....	100	82
Passmore.....	100	81
Bell.....	100	72
Sherritt.....	100	90
Gordon.....	100	80

Afternoon Events. (Handicap.)

Kennicott.....	100	91
Wright.....	100	91
Long.....	100	90
Glover.....	100	83
Jones.....	100	82
Marshall.....	100	91
Vance, S.....	100	92
Hart.....	100	83
Glover.....	100	80
Cooley.....	100	83
Day.....	100	81
Kerr.....	100	86
Freish.....	100	92
Gammage.....	100	86
Payne.....	100	89
Hollingshead.....	100	87
McCausland.....	100	85
Bates.....	100	92
Wesner.....	100	87
Vance J.....	100	94
Peters.....	100	93
Andrews.....	100	88
Lewis.....	100	90
O'Loane.....	100	84
Murphy.....	100	90
Wiley.....	100	92
Dunk.....	100	86
Ebberts.....	100	86
Balbirnie.....	100	88
Blackburn.....	100	80
Dolson.....	100	78
Lewis.....	100	86
Perry.....	100	80
Smith.....	100	74
Thompson.....	100	95
Gaylor.....	100	89
Kay.....	100	39
McCance.....	100	85
Gordon.....	100	79
Cox.....	100	80
Heard.....	100	84
Sherritt.....	100	88
Mrs O'Loane.....	100	75
Baker.....	100	77



A Journey of Joy and Contentment

COME where the mighty rivers of Canada flow onward to the Sea—take a boat trip on those rivers, let your eye drink in the delights of a scenic panorama that has no equal in America—let your mind become refreshed with a change of scene so complete that all cares will be forgotten in the engrossment of a journey that brings new interest with every mile—new wonderments with every hour. Well named

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this trip begins with the beautiful Niagara River; traversing Lake Ontario and some 250 miles of the mighty St. Lawrence. It takes you through the 1000-Islands Scenery—it gladdens the eye with glimpses of green-clad river banks—it thrills you with the novel experience of shooting mile after mile of Rapids. It gives you stop-over privileges at such point, of interest as Toronto, Montreal and Quebec—also at Murray Bay and Tadousac where splendid Summer Hotels are operated under Canada Steamship Lines management.

The climax of this 1000-mile journey is reached when the boat steams slowly up the magnificent canyon of the River Saguenay—where the traveller's amazement is tinged with awe as he beholds Caves towering higher than the Rock of Gibraltar.

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MONTREAL OFFICE
VICTORIA SQUARE

Coates.....	100	71
Taylor.....	100	90
Bell.....	100	88
Gates.....	100	67
Markatt.....	100	74

In Class C.

The trophy winners Tuesday compiled by the management of the big event are as follows: The trophy winners in the three classes: Class A, F. W. Wright, Buffalo; Class B, S. Murphy, Toronto; Class C, W. J. McCance, St. Thomas.

The trophies consisted of beautiful gray leather cases, filled with six each, sterling silver, Rogers make, tea, coffee, soup and orange spoons.

The trophy winners of the 500 targets for the three days shoot were: Wes. Hart, Dresden; A. A. Thompson, Windsor; F. S. Wright, Buffalo; S. Murphy, Toronto; J. Vance, Tillsonburg; W. J. McCance, St. Thomas; James Payne, Tillsonburg; G. B. Perry, Dresden; W. Hollingshead, Dutton; Billy Marshall, Galt; J. Fries, Buffalo; W. Peters, Dresden; W. O'Loane, St. Thomas; F. A. Dolson, S. Vance, Tillsonburg; H. Bates, Ridgetown; C. A. Gammage, Ridgetown; Bert Glover, London; Rowland Day, London; A. M. Wesner, Flint, Mich.

These trophies consisted of leatherette cases filled with half-dozen each hollow-handled knives and forks, Roger's make.

SUCCESSFUL SHOOT AT PORT STANLEY.

Shooters were present from Staffordville, St. Thomas, London, Tillsonburg and surrounding country. The prizes put up were principally cut glass. The weather was fine for shooting. Following are the scores.

Under Handicap.

1. Shot at 50 targets	Broke.
W. Bradfield.....	41
C. Marlatt.....	43
C. A. Cromwell.....	38
P. Laur.....	28
G. Bradfield.....	42
A. Meddows.....	39
S. Sutton.....	43
L. Johnson.....	41
G. Vallee.....	41
C. Hough.....	38
A. Glover.....	45
H. Taylor.....	33
W. O'Loane.....	41
Mrs. O'Loane.....	39
S. Falkner.....	35
E. Flatch.....	31
M. Smith.....	36
G. Ponsford.....	39
F. Young.....	37
R. Day.....	46
J. Payne.....	45
E. Lunbuner.....	41
C. Hunt.....	40
R. Link.....	38
S. Brown.....	38
M. Jones.....	37
2. Event at 25 Straight.	
S. Sutton.....	20
C. Marlatt.....	22
A. Meddows.....	19
J. Payne.....	24
Bradfield.....	14
Lunbuner.....	17
Vallee.....	17
Bradley.....	18
Laur.....	14
A. Glover.....	23
G. Ponsford.....	20
L. Johnson.....	20
R. Link.....	21
M. Jones.....	19
C. Hunt.....	18
3. Event at 25.	
J. Payne.....	24
C. Marlatt.....	18
A. Meddows.....	22
A. Glover.....	22
S. Sutton.....	19

FRONTIER GUN CLUB SHOOT.

Sarnia.—On Wednesday afternoon, May 14th, the members of the Frontier Gun Club held their opening "shoot" on their splendid grounds, North Christina St., under ideal weather conditions. A large attendance of members was present including some "Old Timers" from Port Huron, amongst the latter were Messrs. C. Roche, H. Cockburn and H. Mains.

Mayor W. Nesbit, Warden I. Huey, Reeve P. Gardiner, Ald. L. McAdams and Ald. H. Sanders were the first quintette on the firing line, and acquitted them-

selves creditably. The Mayor congratulated the Club on its fine grounds and large membership and wished it every success. The next squad to face the traps consisted of our Port Huron visitors and local experts. These guns by their fine shooting, poise and speed clearly showed the element of chance does not exist and skill and experience score every time. The novices showed great enthusiasm and were eager to get all the practise they could. Henceforth the bi-weekly "shoots" will be held on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 3 o'clock.

Sarnia, May 24.—The Frontier Gun Club shoot held on their grounds to-day was a great success.

Miss Zella Smith, a little eleven year old lass, with a 20 gauge gun, without handicap, took second prize in the ladies' event, and had she taken a handicap undoubtedly she would have made off with the first prize. Following are the prizes and the winners.

Class A.—First prize, cut glass berry bowl won by D. Tuck; second prize, cut glass dish, won by H. A. Smith; third prize, a pair of shooting gloves on a tie with R. Doxtator; fourth prize, a pair of gold cuff links, G. T. Eastman.

Class B.—First prize cut glass berry bowl, won by T. G. Gates; second prize, cut glass dish won by H. Smith; third prize, pair of shooting gloves, won by N. George; 4th prize, gold cuff links, won by A. George.

Class C.—First prize, cut glass berry bowl, won by C. Killer; 2nd prize cut glass dish, won by G. Palmer; 3rd prize, pair of shooting gloves won by J. Hutchison on a tie with S. Crosbie; fourth prize, pair of gold cuff links won by H. Sanders.

Ladies' Class.—First prize, special, a cut glass berry bowl, donated by the president, H. Sanders, and won by Miss Maud Smith; second prize, a cut glass bon bon dish, won by Miss Zella Smith; 3rd prize a cut glass dish won by Mrs. H. A. Smith.

The special prize, a box of cigars donated by the vice-president, W. Tuck for high gun, was won by T. G. Gates.

P.S.—J. W. Smith won third prize in class A. on a tie with R. Doxtator.

HAMILTON GUN CLUB.

The continued fine weather brought out a good attendance of shooters at the Hamilton Gun Club on Saturday afternoon and in all three classes some extra good scores were put on.

For the merchandise prize in class A. J. Hunter and Bert Smith tied with 25 straight and in the next time out B. Smith won out with 24, while J. Hunter broke 21. J. Gomph and R. H. Kretchman were right behind with 24 and the old rivals, G. Beattie and W. Barnes were next in 23.

In class B. T. Gardiner won very handily, having also put on a 25 straight for this event. C. Graham and H. Smith were tie for second place with 22 and Dr. Greene and G. Stroud were next with 20 each.

W. H. Pratt showed great improvement in class C and won with a score of 21. N. Long finished second with 18 and A. Glover was right behind with 17.

The scores in the above event counted as the second event of the Dupont series and as a result, W. Barnes, J. Hunter, H. Lennox, N. Long and R. H. Kretchman are tied for the lead with 45 in class A. T. Gardiner is leading B class with 44, while A. Glover holds the edge in class C with 36.

Bert Smith put on the good score of 72 out of 75 and had the high average for the afternoon. T. Gardiner and M. E. Fletcher were next with 46 out of 50.

C. Graham succeeded in taking the challenge medal from M. E. Goodale with a score of 20 against 19. At the next shoot the medal will be put up in open contest, giving all the members an even chance to win.

During the afternoon a few events of doubles were put on, Nelson Long being high with 53 out of 36 pairs. J. Gomph and R. H. Kretchman got 32 and 31 respectively out of 24 pairs.

The scores were:

	Shot at	Broke.
N. Long.....	75	65
W. H. Pratt.....	75	44
J. Hunter.....	75	66
N. Long.....	50	35
B. Marquette.....	50	31
C. Graham.....	100	81
E. Harris.....	75	64
G. Beattie.....	50	44
J. Moyer.....	50	29
J. Morrison.....	25	15
J. Gomph.....	75	66
R. D. Metcalfe.....	50	35
Dr. Wilson.....	50	10
J. Linden.....	25	15
H. Smith.....	50	38

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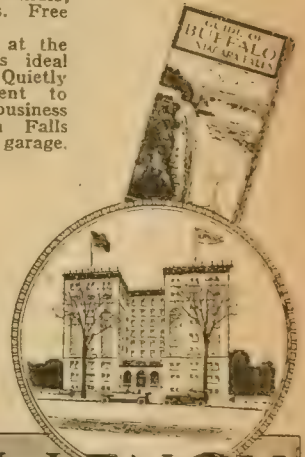
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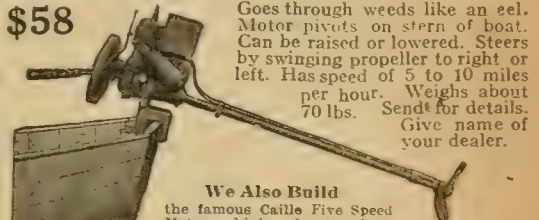
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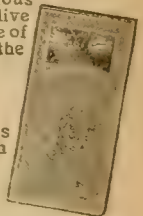
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3rd DAY

A. A. Thompson, 81; M. E. Goodale, 80; G. O'Connor, 69; Dr. Jordan, 84; H. Newlands, 83; C. J. Syer, 86; H. Burke, 93; A. Easdale, 79; Dr. Cramm, 72; J. Colborne, 92; W. G. McIntyre, 92; J. W. Andrews (pro.), 96; D. Konkle, 89; D. Winters, 80; W. Corby, 70; W. Hughes, 87; E. R. Rolph, 82; J. Dennis, 85; P. Malter, 86; R. Corby, 75; Simms, 86; H. E. Timmerman, 81; C. M. Rogers, 80; T. Healy, 90; F. Kerr, 86; H. Cooley, 83; W. Marshall, 77; S. Vance, 87; J. Vance, 84; E. Harris, 81; W. Fletcher, 79; Col. Page, 86; A. D. Bates, 90; F. E. Healy, 86; G. Anstee, 92; J. Payne, 86; G. L. Vivian, 88; J. J. Henry, 82; G. Dunk, 84; C. Summerhayes, 93; Rundlett, 89; J. McCausland, 79; H. Lennox, 87; J. Hunter, 87; W. Doherty, 91; W. E. Burke, 89; W. S. Edwards, 72; A. McRobb, 93; L. Golden, 85; E. J. Pearce, 90; T. Morgan, 77; C. Thomson, 80; E. Sturt, 85; W. Barnes, 88; F. Watson, 74; C. Choate, 93; N. Brownlee, 89.

The eight-man team clubs resulted as follows:—

Toronto Gun Club.

W. Fenton.....	24
J. Summerhayes.....	22
G. L. Vivian.....	21
G. Anstee.....	24
H. W. Cooley.....	24
G. Colborne.....	24
W. Hughes.....	18
D. Jordan.....	23

Brantford Club.

A. M. McRobb.....	24
P. Mathers.....	21
L. Golden.....	24
W. Doherty.....	19
D. McNeil.....	23
Col. Page.....	24
C. Summerhayes.....	21
J. Dennis.....	8

St. Hubert's Club, Ottawa.

G. O'Connor.....	25
H. Graham.....	21
W. Brownlee.....	18
G. Easdale.....	19
Dr. Winters.....	22
Randlett.....	21
W. J. Corby.....	17
J. J. Henry.....	24

Hamilton Club

W. Barnes.....	23
A. D. Bates.....	21
E. Sturt.....	23
J. Hunter.....	22
E. Beattie.....	23
H. Lennox.....	22
W. Thoms.....	25
C. Choate.....	25

The five-man team contest was a 50-bird event, and resulted in Toronto Club winning. Scores were:

—Balmy Beach Club—

T. Healy.....	44
H. W. Burke.....	44
C. N. Candee.....	45
E. R. Rolfe.....	38
W. S. Edwards.....	43

Total.....214

—Toronto Club—

W. Fenton.....	45
J. Summerhayes.....	45
G. L. Vivian.....	48
G. Anstee.....	45
H. Cooley.....	48

Total.....231

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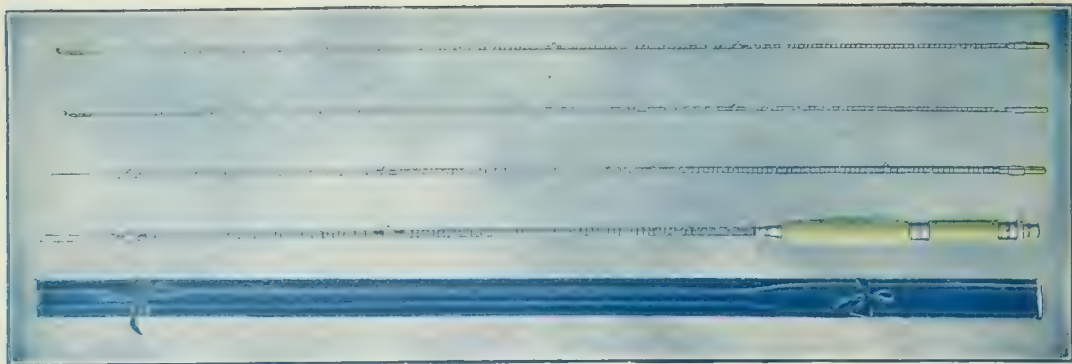
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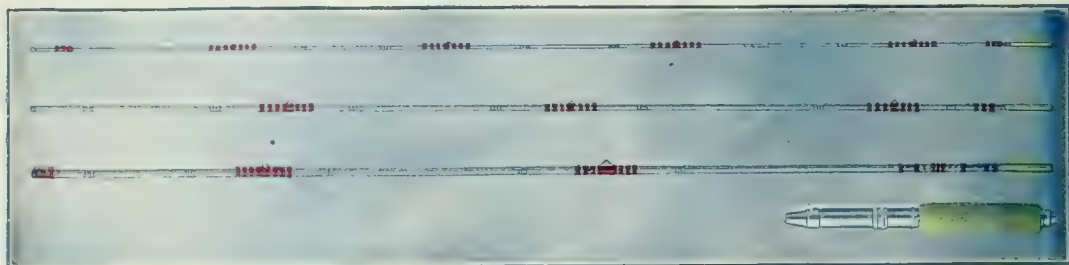
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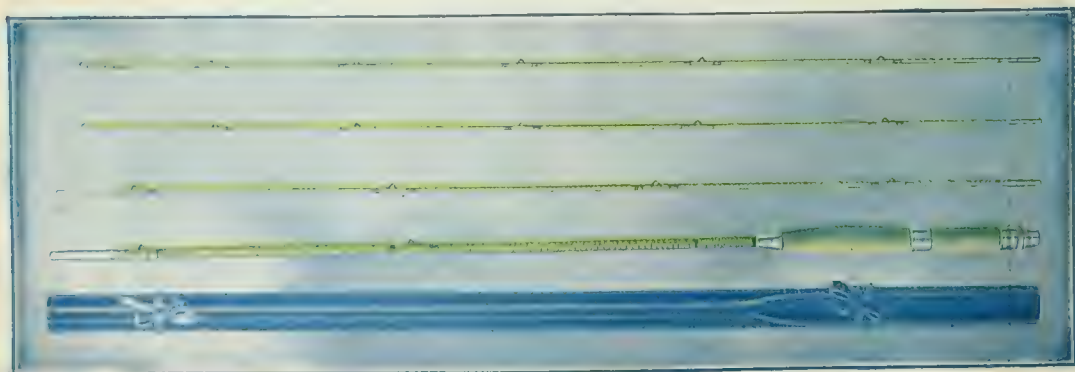
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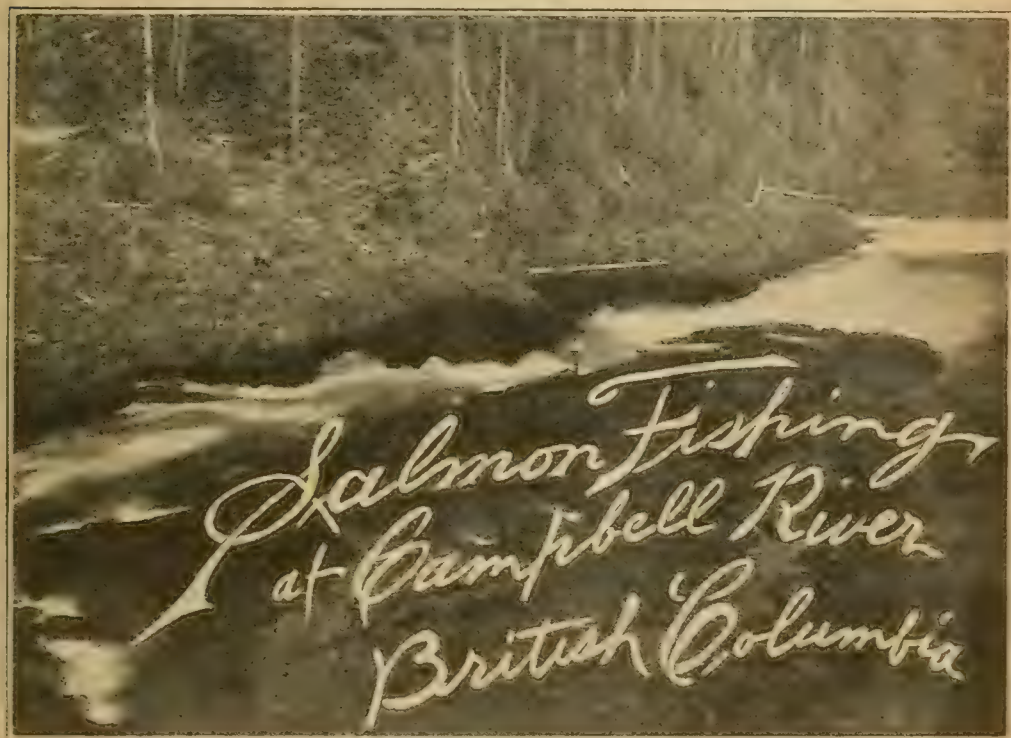
A canoe, a guide and a rod, and the sportsman is on the highway to holiday satisfaction in Algonquin Park.

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

VOL. XXI.

WOODSTOCK, ONT., AUGUST, 1919

No. 3



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WHY does the tide run so swiftly?" Laddie asked as we struggled with our paddles northward along the Gulf of Georgia.

"Did you ever hear the old song 'The Meeting of The Waters,' it might have been written about this place—the tides meet here." A truly wonderful sight. It was lowest low tide and the great masses of water that twice daily sweep about Vancouver Island were piling their foaming edges against one another just south of Seymour Narrows—the most

treacherous passage on the Northern Pacific Coast of Canada. Our long Sooke log canoe bounded and jockeyed over the lean hungry waves like a boy's rocking horse——

"It's getting pretty bad." I called to O'poots, our West Coast Indian guide.

"Hyas Skookum Chuck," (means "Great Big Waves," or "Great Big Water" rather, in the Coast Jargon called Chinook, a mixture of French, Spanish, Indian and English.)

"Laddie" and I just pat-patted

with our paddles to keep her head on while the native in the stern flung his narrow sharp pointed blade from side to side, his dark eyes flashing as brightly as his wet blade. Within ten minutes we were lifting and falling over the regular swell again, behind us the "rip" made by the meeting of the tides looked like some immense rapid in mid-ocean, a long streak of white angry tossing seas.

"Sammon!" said O'poots, as a big silvery thing broke water near us, so out went the lines. Laddie used a handline of stout twisted linen. I used my big lance-wood salmon rod with 200 yards of heavy Irish linen line and a copper and silver S shaped spoon. The hook, with a shank of five inches in length; was baited by the Indian with a small Oulican, or Candle Fish, a fish so fatty that when dried the natives burn them like torches or candles.

We were yet about three miles from shore. Above us roared the struggling waters of Seymour pass, roaring like a bull. Four miles behind us we could see the broken top of The Mittenatch, the most northerly island in the Gulf. To the west lay the green wooded shores and shore hills and mountain ranges of Vancouver Island, and in the centre of the shore scene entered the far famed Campbell River, the best place for salmon and trout on all this Pacific Coast—for the simple reason that here gather an infinitude of schools of small food fishes to breed so, from time immemorial—whatever that means—the fishermen of the world have foregathered here to try for record fish.

It was early in the year and the great Spring, or Tyce, or King Salmon, or Chinook or Quinnot as the natives call them was "running." He is the Columbia salmon on the Columbia, the Sacramento salmon on the Sacramento, in the Russian settlement "tschawyttscha," but generally by the white man he is called "Spring" and by the Indians "Tyce" (big) and big he truly is. We have seen or taken him all along this Pacific coast from California to Alaska, wherever the herring or the

smelt or the Oulican run there the Spring salmon is to be found.

We had been fishing for them in the early spring months in the Straits of Juan de Fuca, one very odd thing we noted, some of the salmon we caught, our largest was 43 pounds, were all red fleshed, this red of the flesh of the salmon is caused by the innumerable, tiny, free swimming shell fish they eat, as well as the fish they consume that in their turn live on the tiny shell fish. Some that we caught were half red and half white and some were striped and patched red and white like a barber's pole. All these great magnificent fish were then coming in from their deep sea feeding grounds—alas! unknown to Man (—and a jolly good thing for the fish too). It disappears for some two or three years from our sight altogether, but it must return at about four years of age to spawn and die. I have never yet seen one of these fish that weighed a full 100 pounds, the upper reaches of the Yukon have a story of one that weighed 140 pounds, great numbers have been taken of 70, 80, and 90 pounds weight. I have seen a thousand dead Spring Salmon that averaged over 30 pounds weight. We know that this valuable food fish goes northward around Point Barrow. It is remarkable how many of these huge salmon will use one small bay, over a quarter of a million pounds of this fish caught trolling by the Indians have been shipped from Ketchikan alone in one season. It certainly was a snap buying white-meated salmon—no matter what the weight, for twenty-five cents and red-meated ones for fifty cents, but these Alaskan Indians did not know better THEN—now they know that we get fifty cents a pound for this fish laid down early in London markets.

"I've got him! I've got him!" yelled "Laddie" at this moment as he sprung up erect in the bow, and started to pull in hand over hand—at this critical moment the Spring learned for the first time that the shining smelt he had captured had in reality captured him and he leaped up in a sparkling fountain of water, a



Campbell River Falls*

great shining mass of silver, about a thirty-five pound fish.

"Don't you touch that line O'poots!" cried the lad as he was tumbled and dragged backwards past me right into the Indian's arms. "I'll land him or lose him myself!" he sputtered out. The lad's fat arms were extended straight at the fish as

if imploring him not to pull quite so hard—the salmon now started to see-saw back and forth across our stern, at times leaping in shot, splashing plunges across the surface—at times he had the Indian and the boy well out over the stern—but never a hand did the Indian put on the straining line—the tide was with

the fish and we were going backwards rapidly. Twice I saw other salmon break near our struggling fish and I knew we were right in the midst of a feeding school. Sometimes "Laddie" had five or ten yards nicely gathered in when off would run the big broad silvery thing and out would go the line. By this time I had managed to get my line completely in, even though once the fish had leaped over it, so I lighted my pipe and watched the boy. He manhandled that fish shockingly at last—

"You won't come in!" he yelled—mad all over, as he had just dipped both arms to the elbows in a passing surge of a whitecap—he braced both feet and pulled hand over hand, the line falling in great coils on O'poot's knees and arms, water and boy splashing and falling everywhere. "NOW! — THE — KILLING-STICK—" spluttered the lad. I saw the brown arm hand up the short gaffhook-ended club, there was a mighty boiling of water at the stern of the canoe, a fat hand armed with a dark club arose in the air and fell with a mighty "thwack" on the fish and glanced off—and but for O'poots swiftly grasping the loose cloth in a certain part of "Laddie's" costume the young gentlemen would have gone in swimming with the fish, but between them they dragged it into the boat. "Laddie" unseated the gaff and three blows on the shapely head and a consequent swift beating of the tail by the fish told that the fight was over and the poor thing out of pain and misery—for did you ever note what wild alarm seizes this beautiful thing when once it finds itself, for the first time, a captive, that tiny heart, far up the throat, beats in frantic fear, every nerve is strained and the agile creature will do then what, it has carefully avoided doing all its life—beat its body against another object—for fish value the slime that encompasses them and are very careful about displacing any of it. There lay thirty odd pounds of most excellent food. It was a female and already the egg sacs were becoming filled. She was on her way to her birthplace, tempted by the mass of

food she forgot her primal object—to spawn—and again filled her stomach with food.

As this was early spring she was not really confirmed in the habit of starving herself but later, once they have reached brackish or fresh water, once some inborn monitor speaks, they each and all stop feeding and for days and weeks and months, while they travel from the Straits or estuaries to the headwaters of some distant river they go 2000 miles up the Yukon—on, on they go, up riffles, over rapids, up falls, leaping as much as twelve feet upwards—did you ever see a salmon take this wonderful climbing rush, they go at it in sections you might say, leaping up a few feet right into the widest, thickest flow of the fall, then by swift zig-zag motions, the very intensity of swimming, a seeming wriggling of the whole body, they pass swiftly over the brow of the fall. You would really think they would stop when they come to dry pebbles—I tell you that "Laddie" and I have both of us put our feet in the way of an upward struggling salmon and have had them, time after time, wriggle over our feet and plunge and splash their way into the next pool above.

But by now we are nearing Campbell River and in the estuary is a very good place to take a fish, and no matter how many salmon one gets you can always give them away, so I pass my rod over to the boy, according to promise, as I must teach him the little I know of the art. The incoming tide was eddying and creaming over the shallows and driving our thirty foot cedar log canoe with it in fine shape when up jumped the lad again—not a word out of him this time, he was watching that delicate tip for a strike. Suddenly I saw his eyes flash and his lips snap tightly together, then he struck like a Briton to make good his hold, his thumb slipped and the reel sang the wildest song I have ever listened to, a regular screech—fifty yards went in an instant—twenty-five more. "Best snub a bit lad," I cautioned, as three-quarters of the entire line was out and a fearsome job it would have been for



Campbell River, B. C.

me to garner it in this boiling rush, but he went at it as if he was turning a hand organ and he laid it on to that reel in regular coiling wet sections—as fish and tide and canoe were all being swept the same way now, suddenly we struck bottom and remained fast—and there was the fish calmly swimming around in another pool, entirely separated from the one we were grounded in, soon we were swept off and fish and tide and canoe tumbled on, the lad reeling in swiftly whenever he got a chance. As it was all riffles and shallows ahead we threw out the anchor and fought the last fight in the last deep pool. Like a hero the lad stuck to it, my heart was in my mouth sometimes at the most wonderful curves and bends he put in to that devoted rod, but he always gave it the butt when necessary and gained every inch he could, finally he had it where we could see it, as this one never jumped once, the swift swirling waters keeping it down. It was a smaller fish than the last by a few pounds, but nearly a thirty

pounder for all that. I smoked several pipes before that ever circling fish was drawn by the boy near enough to be killed by the Indian—one swift blow, one rapid gaffing, one long pull and in flopped the mate of our first fish—a male this one with milt bags just filling, a clean shapely silver Spring.

During the days that we camped about the mouth of this glorious river, and later in the summer on our way south, we walked up to the falls and admired their wild beauty and caught many strings of excellent eating cut-throat trout in the cool clear water. We had a laughable adventure one day, a tiny Indian lad who had been a frequent visitor to our camp was fishing in one of the pools left by the falling waters, this was in early spring and the flood was past and the river was a string of rippling rapids and small pools, in one of the latter was an imprisoned Steelhead, the so-called “trout” out here, really a perfect western form of our own Atlantic Salmon *salmo salar*. The little,

brown faced, bright eyed lad threw into the pool the tiny silver gilt minnow I had given him and swiftly drew it towards him—out from under the bank he was standing on darted a huge pool-imprisoned Steelhead, as black as your hat from river stain, he grabbed that Tacoma bait and took it and line and pole and little Indian boy clear across that pool, the kiddie had not been expecting any such whales as that in a two foot deep pool. I heard the splash and looked up from my notebook, the youngster was mortally offended. He seized the

willow pole he had been using and chased that big black trout all over that shallow pool, prodding and whacking and pounding at it—silent as the fish itself all this time. “Splash”—“Whack” went the pole, “splash,” “splash” went the fish. Around the pool the varying tide of battle carried them until the fish made one false move and entered a shallow, in an instant that kid was upon him, seized him in his arms and beat his poor life out on the smooth rounded pebbles.

Remedies for Mosquito Bites

The most satisfactory remedy known to the writer for mosquito bites has been moist soap. Wet the end of a piece of ordinary toilet soap and rub it gently on the puncture, and the irritation will soon pass away. Household ammonia, or alcohol, or glycerine have been tried by others with good results. Some mark the puncture with a lump of indigo; some with one of the naphthaline moth balls; another, iodine. Others recommend the holding of one hand to a hot lamp chimney to relieve the irritation of mosquito punctures.

A great deal has been written concerning the properties of certain growing plants which are recommended to keep away that arch pest, the mosquito. Among these may be mentioned several species of eucalyptus, the castor-oil plant, the chinaberry tree, and others. Although the evidence in regard to these plants is contradictory, all observations made by scientific men in different parts of the world negative their value; claims that they are valuable are confined to people who have not made thoroughly scientific tests.—T. H. H.

The English Sparrow

The English sparrow among birds, like the rat among mammals, is cunning, destructive, and filthy. This species of the bird family was introduced into America a little more than sixty years ago, now being distributed over nearly the whole of the United States and southern Canada. This rapid dissemination is due to the bird's hardiness, extraordinary fecundity, diversity of food, aggressive disposition, and almost complete immunity from natural enemies. Sparrows are accustomed to feed in close flocks, and when thus assembled in favorable places a large number may be

killed by a charge of No. 10 shot. The best way is to scatter grain over long narrow areas and shoot the sparrows at these baiting places. Where sparrows infest poultry yards, the bait may be placed on a horizontal board, supported at such an elevation that the birds may be shot without danger to the poultry. These feathered mischief-makers are becoming so numerous that we should inaugurate a campaign against them. How about setting aside a “sparrow day” and kill off as many of them that day throughout the country as possible?—T. H. H.



ALFRED O. PHILIPP

TAHAR was happy. As happy and contented as a turtle could possibly be, for the hot sun which brought sweat and misery to unlucky humans clad in unnatural raiment brought only contentment to him as it beat fiercely down upon his hard shell.

Pine Lake lay calm in its summer glory, not a ripple marred the tranquillity of its glassy surface; but it could be bad, even very bad. Although only a mile wide it had a mean length of five times that, and when the wind became angry it spent its bluster on that sweep until the white-capped waves in a perfect fury chased one another from shore to shore. Duck hunters who came to slay in the fall often likened it unto the Great Lakes.

But the cold, wintry wind was a thing remote, and had no place in the mind of Tahar as he dozed on the flat surface of a projecting rock. For he was the monarch of the lake region as well as its oldest inhabitant. Even Kara, the great pike who struck fear

into the hearts of the smaller tenants, held no terror for him. Indeed, he was old when Kara was no larger than a perch, and used to hide in the pickerel grass over near the rushes.

True, he was quite immune from danger by virtue of his great shell, into which he could draw his head and legs at its first approach. Yes, he could hide—but he never did. And no other creature in all the lake could compel him to withdraw into his shell did he will it otherwise.

But outside the lake. Ah, that was different, for there Tahar had seen strange things. Big monsters with four legs like himself, but with hair on their bodies, great horns on their heads, and from whose throats issued terrifying sounds that sent him scurrying into the deep mud where he buried himself from sight, were roaming about. How was Tahar to know that cows were harmless?

Then there were the feathery things that floated through the air as easily as Kara swam in the water. But most marvelous of all were the queer

creatures that walked on two legs. Wonderful things had Tahar seen them do. Once from a point of vantage he had seen one of them slay Orad, the muskrat, with a spurt of fire and a noise like thunder, also—

Tahar suddenly became alert. He was extremely wise as the chelonian standard of wisdom goes, and as he had heard oars gently dip into the water before, he was quick to recognize from afar the faint, but regular splashes. He waited, and soon came another sound, one that he had long learned to associate with those wonderful bipeds—the sound of the human voice. Away down the shore, hidden by a clump of reeds, was a boat containing three men in continual conversation. To Tahar, however, their words merely signified the advance of an enemy.

"Well Bill," one was saying, "how does Pine Lake look to you? Same as ever?"

"Just about," answered the man addressed. "It's twenty years now since I left the old place to make my pile in New York, but it seems only

yesterday. Some changes, of course. That 'dump' on the other side that looks like the back yard of a tin can factory used to be our swimming hole in the old days. And behind that bunch of grass there used to be a flat rock sticking out of the water. I remember how, when I was only a kid—I caught a young turtle on that rock. I took him home and made a pet of him; and he really became quite tame. I kept him nearly all summer and then my mother made me get rid of him. So I carved my initials and the year upon his back. 'W. J. H.—1893,' and put him back into the lake. It was—"

The sounds were coming nearer, and in his own way Tahar evidently considered discretion the better part of valor, for he pushed himself clumsily from the rock and slid into the water. And besides, he suddenly longed for the willows at the end of the lake, as there were ever choice bugs to be found down by them.

But what were these strange, stringy things that completely enmeshed his body and entangled his head and legs. Tahar could easily force his bulky shell through the thickest of the grasses that grew in the lake. But this was no grass. It was altogether a new experience in his life. But Tahar was great and strong and would soon bite and claw his way through this strange thing that temporarily restrained him, for was he not monarch of the Lake?

Just beyond lay the long yellow strip of sandy beach that stretched from his favorite rock to the edge of the willows. But to Tahar it was quite inaccessible for the more he bit and clawed the more entangled he became. The sound of splashing oars drawing nearer, added a new zest to his furious struggles, and he was in a perfect frenzy when a shadow passed over him and he felt himself being drawn to the surface.

Up he went until a human hand reached over the side of the boat and grasped one of his hind legs and commenced pulling him over the gun-wales. Tahar snapped at the hand and was rewarded with a cruel rap on the head with the butt of a fishing



rod for his efforts. Then, with a hard thump, he landed in the bottom of the boat.

The three men eyed their prize with exclamations of delight.

"Ain't he a beaut?" exclaimed one. "Th' ol' boy wuz jes' taking' his daily sun bath, an' I knowed we'd ketch him if we put th' net on this side o' th' rock an' rowed up from th' other side."

"Yes," said another of the trio, "and now Bill will have some good old-fashioned turtle soup that he will long remember when he goes back to the city."

But the man named Bill was silent. Into his eyes came a gleam of recognition. He had seen something that had escaped the observation of his companions.

While the other two were occupied in hauling the net into the boat, he seized the opportunity to scrape the slimy growth from the shell of Tahar. And what he found beneath the slime completely justified his expectations.

The net stowed safely in the prow of the skiff, it was decided to row around the bend into the deep water and cast shoreward over the long weeds for pike or pickerel.

But the man named Bill evinced no interest in the casting as he sat in the stern gazing silently down at Tahar, for a flood of memories surged into his brain and carried him back to his childhood days. The dear little white haired mother and the cottage on the hillside. The old family horse, the rickety carriage, and the drive to church of a Sunday. Then there was the brindle cow that persisted in becoming lost in the swamp at milking time. And the shepherd dog. Then came a picture of a little bare-foot boy with sun-browned cheeks vainly trying to fashion a crude harness for a pet turtle.

It was unbelievable; but there could be no mistake, for here was the evidence before him. He had cut broad and deep, and nature's attempts at obliteration were futile, for on Tahar's leathery back could be traced the outline—"W. J. H.—1893." It's a funny world, he meditated. The



family horse was long dead. The brindle cow and the shepherd dog likewise. But here was the old turtle, and now he was going to eat it in soup.

Now the caprices of Fate are beyond the comprehension of man. For that Kara, the pike, should be instrumental in saving the life of his hated enemy while losing his own was paradoxical, but true. For Kara was lying half in the grass merely waiting for something to happen to break the monotony of a drowsy summer afternoon.

And it happened. A plump young frog came sailing through the air and landed with a splash just outside the fringe of the grass. Kara was upon it in an instant, seizing it broadside between his powerful jaws. Turning, he lunged for the grass, at the same time turning his prey in his mouth in order to swallow it head first. For there is a correct method of doing everything; even of swallowing a frog.

But something occurred that had not been upon Kara's program, and the battle that followed gave eloquent testimony to the stuff that American game fish are composed of. For thirty minutes Kara fought furiously. Time and again he was brought almost to the side of the boat by one of the men while another stood ready with a landing net, but it was only to break away again.

The man named Bill took no part in the proceedings. Another matter demanded his attention; and while the reel hummed and sang Tahar was firmly seized by his short, stumpy

tail, lifted over the side of the boat, and gently lowered into the water; where he lost no time in disappearing.

Kara finally succumbed and was drawn over the side of the boat just as Tahar had been but a brief hour before. His captors were delighted. No such pike had ever been taken from Pine Lake before. And ere the three men arrived at the landing it was fully decided that Kara would be sent to New York to be mounted by an expert taxidermist.

When the fishermen arrived at the

shore the disappearance of Tahar was discovered, and loud were the lamentations of the three men at the discovery of their loss. But somehow or other—maybe it was only imagination—the voice of the man named Bill did not seem to possess the proper tone of regret that the occasion demanded.

Down at the bottom of the lake buried deep in the mud, lay Tahar. He was still the monarch of the lake and its oldest inhabitant.



GEORGE GILBERT

(Concluded)

IT was mid-afternoon. As the hotel's company listened to the noise of the storm, now and again discussing such meager gossip as was brought in by a villager who was able to plough away through the snow to the centre of attraction—a warm bar room, where other males were congregated to talk—when a shout outside attracted their attention:—

"Whoa, there, you long-legged, double barreled alligator," a rumbling voice gave forth.

"Jim Breidin, in for a drunk, by

saltpetre and prunes," announced Johnson, getting up hastily. "Here you, Barker, get out and take care of his mule. When he hits town the bar's kept busy. That mule of his'n'll get through any snow."

There was some licking of chops as the commotion outside increased. It subsided in front, only to break out around near the stables and then became stronger and stronger as the center of it approached the hotel.

"Whew-up-eece," yelled a tall, thin, brown-bearded man, slamming the door open and striding into the

bar room. "Al as wants a drink come up with me."

"Excuse me, stranger," said DuPointe, stepping up and offering his hand to the new comer, "but suppose we have a drink on me."

The bearded man stepped back, gazed at DuPointe searchingly for a moment. DuPointe saw in his glance that *something* he had been searching for in the others. Here was a man reckless, headstrong, probably fairly decent when sober, but cruel and mean when drunk. It was with the bluff heartiness of the spree drinker who is bent upon finding companionship for a carouse that Breiden shook DuPointe's hand and accepted his invitation to drink.

As the knot of men gathered before the bar and the bottle began to circulate, DuPointe managed it so that he was close to Breidin, to whom Abner Johnson already had imparted the facts in "Perrault's" case as he knew of them.

"Hi, Peerow, Peerigh, Peerum," the mountaineer said, whacking DuPointe familiarly on the back. "Don't let a little matter like a rifle bullet in your leg worrit you. I've had 'em singin' around my ears many's the time when I've been toting deer out of season with the game constables after me."

The laugh went around at the expense of the roisterer as he thus made fun of himself. His troubles with the game wardens were well known, but none of those present would have referred to them if he had not first, for such is the etiquette of the poacher.

"How did you get through from lower Rainbow?" asked Johnson. "I should think you never would have made it to-day."

"That darned old mule of mine can go anywhere a bird can fly er a fish swim," he boasted.

"How's the gal?" asked Barker, just in from the stables with the report that the "muel" was eating his oats well.

"You never mind about my gal," Breidin said shortly.

"Last time he was in," whispered Johnson to DuPointe, "he had his

young darter with him and he made her dance on the bar for the crowd and when she cried he whopped her. Her mother's been dead two or three years and she keeps house for him at his place on lower Rainbow."

"I heerd you whusperin' thar about my gal," Breidin bristled up at Johnston. His bony, huge fist came down on the bar, making the glasses and bottles jump. "You quit whusperin' about her. She's not fittin' to come ouat with me no more. When a gal'd ruther stay home than go to toawn with her daddy, somethin's wrong wi' her," says I. "Let's have another drink."

This proposal was well received and others like it, as well.

"See anything of John Aylesworth?" Johnson asked Breidin, after a time.

"No; whar's he, the skunk? He caught me last year a-whopping my gal with a hame stop an' stopped me. But it didn't do her no good; I gave her double dose when he was gone from my place. 'Blast all sich meddlers,' say I."

"I agree that a man has a right to discipline his own children," said DuPointe ingratiatingly.

"Noaw I like to hear a man talk up like that; let's have another drink," said Breidin loudly. The whiskey was beginning to affect him, together with the warmth and the companionship of the other drinkers. He had pushed his round pull-down fur cap off his forehead and taken off his big knit wool mittens. His heavy double-breasted blue coat was thrown back.

"I've got a real good bottle up to my room," DuPointe suggested to Breidin at the first favorable opportunity.

"Noaw you're talking sense," the wild fellow slyly said. "Lead the way to it."

A little later DuPointe had his man upstairs. He had included Barker and Wagner in his invitation and by evening had established himself in their good graces.

By evening, DuPointe, by spending money here and there for whiskey, by his ability to mix with all sorts of men, had made himself a general



"He had his young darter with him and he made har dance

favorite. He managed to keep Breidin near him and when it came time to close up the hotel he, quite sober, so managed it that he took Breidin to bed in his own room, the two

reeling off together to rest. To Breidin's suggestion that he (Breidin) would have to go home in the morning, DuPointe interposed objections, saying that he had plenty of money to



on the bar for the crowd and when she cried he whopped her."

continue their carouse. He trusted to the storm to make it easy for Breidin to comply with his wishes.

It was in the hotel stables next morning that DuPointe found the

right opportunity to present the matter to Breidin in secrecy. They had managed to get away from the others for a time on the pretext that Breidin wanted to show DuPointe his

"muel." The wounded leg was giving him little trouble.

The snow had ceased in the night. Friday had dawned fair.

"A good two-foot-and-a-half," Breidin announced, "and maybe more to come. That means big drifts all down the woods road along Rainbow and blocking all the small trails."

He was uneasy. Several times he had made references of his intention to return home. Then, when the others noticed his remarks, he renewed his drinking and evaded all references to his home-going.

With his keen insight into men, DuPointe sensed that there was some deeply concealed reason for Breidin's uneasiness. He did not join in the jests leveled at his companion and adopted toward him an attitude of confidence that had its effect. With all his drinking, Breidin did not become much intoxicated. Johnson had warned DuPointe that the mountaineer's capacity for whiskey was almost limitless.

"As long as he don't get too much, he's jolly and not apt to get tangled up, but when he gets 'way drunk, he's nigh helpless and ugly as a wolf," the hotelman said.

"Breidin," said DuPointe, as the two stood watching the mule, "how would you like to have a share in \$25,000?"

Breidin spat out the straw he was chewing and turned to face the other in the dim light of the old stable.

"Say that again, man," he invited. His jovial air was gone. His shoulders lost their slouch. His little, shifty, grey eyes were intent in their gaze.

"How would you like to have a share in \$25,000?"

"How would a purty gal like to dance with a handsome beau? How would a boy like to lick out a pan his ma'd had cake batter in? What's the end of it?"

"Suppose I could bring you in with me on a plan to get a black fox skin that will sell for \$25,000?"

Breidin took a step forward and looked down into DuPointe's eyes. The schemer bore his scrutiny steadily.

"What we got to do for it?"

The mountaineer's inquiry came cold, hard, calculating.

DuPointe hesitated before replying:

"Maybe kidnap a woman and make her tell where it is."

Breidin laughed.

"I thought you was a-goin' to say something serious," he sneered. "I'll tell you, Peerow or Peerigh, I've done something darned lately that's going to take a sight of red lick to keep out of my mind. Give your animile a name and I'll hop to it with you."

"Not here; in my room to-night. I'll tell you all about it there. We'll need some help——"

"Why not us two alone and then not have to divide the profits into more'n two parts?"

"We'll need two more. But we needn't take them on the inside. I've settled in my mind upon Barker, the hostler here, and Wagner, that big farmer."

"Two likely fellows, but not sharp——"

"We don't want the other two to be too sharp, Breidin——"

"Ha, ha, ha, good for you," the other replied.

"But come on to my room and there we can talk it over, with some more of that good whiskey to make the talk flow easier."

"Your talk is the most sensible I've heard this long-come-short; come along; the sooner the quicker."

CHAPTER XI.

Early as Aylesworth awakened after a fair night's sleep, following the recital of Agnes DuPointe, she was up and about the cabin when he made his first attempt to use his numbed leg. The injured member still was very weak and painful, but it showed improvement. He managed to hobble to the door and looked at the weather.

"It will come on to snow again, big, to-day," he said, a note of anxiety in his voice.

She came and stood beside him.

"Yes," she agreed, with the assurance of the out-of-door woman. "The weather signs are right for snow again."

She hustled about making a little coffee from the grounds left in the pot from the night before. This, with a bit picked up here and there finished up their food and then they faced the question that they had failed to answer the night before.

"It all comes to this," he said. "We must get to my place. The big snow will be here before you can get to Stratho over the hills, even if I'd let you go."

He stopped, startled to find himself putting a veto upon her actions and looked to see if she had resented it. Apparently she had not noticed the remark.

"The numbness has gone out of my back," he went on. "If you can draw what of your things you need or carry them, I think I can manage to inch along to where the dug-out is. That will take us to within a mile of my cabin and from there to my place it is all easy going."

"If he had left me my food, I could stay here," she said, her elbows on the table, her face in her cupped hands. "As it is, I must take your advice. Perhaps once at your place a way will offer itself so I can get outside——"

"Oh, in a day or two I'll be all right and can snow shoe out and get help to get you out."

Their preparations were soon made. Aylesworth found that the exertion of getting ready bettered his condition. With a stick to lean on he was able at times to give her a tug on the traverse over hard places.

Not long after they left the cabin the snow began to fall, a little at a time at first, as all big snow storms begin. Before they were half way to the head of the marsh the big flakes were swarming thick and fast and covering up their trail. They found the dugout and Aylesworth soon fashioned an extra paddle from a dry pine limb that he got out of a windfall and flattened deftly with his ax. He could paddle well, despite his wounds and with the wind at their backs they made rapid progress down the center of the marsh.

It was snowing very hard when they came to the marsh's foot. From

there on to the cabin of Aylesworth they had a harder task than above, as the heavy snowfall slowed their progress more and more and Aylesworth was becoming somewhat weak. His companion, hesitant and depressed early in the day, worried and downcast, gradually threw off her low spirits as they fronted each difficulty of the trip and as they neared the cabin of the trapper, Aylesworth heard the woman humming little tunes to herself—snatches of voyageur's songs—as she marched. When snoozer came near she stooped and pulled his ears.

"You are cheerful enough to suit any one," the trapper remarked, as the cabin was sighted.

"Why not?" she flashed at him, turning to smile.

Arrived at the cabin, Aylesworth hobbled in, after throwing out the drifted snow from before the door. Mrs. DuPointe soon had the cabin in order, and Snoozer, in his old place by the stove, sniffed in anticipation of some more flapjacks and bacon grease as she went about the task of preparing the evening meal.

Aylesworth in his seat, watched her, with a rather rueful expression on his face, rubbing his three-day stubble on his chin the while.

"If I was more able, I'd do that myself," he said. "and if you'll put the dish here and the flour, I'll manage to stir up the pancakes. My arms are good, if my leg isn't."

She laughingly handed him the dish and the flour and water and he began to work. She began to set out things from the rough cupboard, as he directed.

Suddenly Snoozer started up and went toward the door. First he growled, then scratched at the sill.

"What is it, old boy?" Aylesworth asked.

Again the dog growled.

"Some one is out there," Aylesworth said. Already his companion was at the door.

"Shall I open the door?" she asked.

"Yes, but first hand me my gun."

In view of his own condition he had left it with her on the tramp down.

She handed him the gun and he sat, facing the door.

"Now, open it," he commanded.

She swung the door wide and Snoozer dashed out into the storm. They heard him bark, but not in anger.

"Go out and see what it is," Aylesworth urged. "I'll stand by the door and watch."

He got up and hobbled forward. Already she had gone.

He saw her plunge through the snow, now up to her hips, to where Snoozer was, under the lee of the creek bank. He saw her go over the bank and then waited, ready to flounder to assist her, if called.

Soon the dog came up the bank, pawing his way through the snow. Then Aylesworth saw Agnes' head as she struggled up, then her body, and after her, staggering, numbed with cold, a girl of twelve years.

Half carrying the girl, Agnes came forward.

"Oh, Mr. Aylesworth," the girl said, weakly. "You will take me in, won't you?"

"Why it's Mary Breidin," said Aylesworth, as the two came nearer. "How do you come to be up here in such a storm?"

He limped to the girl's other side and together they got her into the warm cabin. Here she soon revived, after drinking hot coffee. She was a pretty, fair-haired, rosy cheeked little miss, with a touch of rougishness, that showed when she felt safe.

"Now tell us all about it," Agnes encouraged, after she had patted Snoozer and thanked them both.

"Oh, Mr. Aylesworth, it's too terrible! Ever since father had me last in to Stratho and I refused to dance for him in the barroom and you caught him whipping me with the hame strap, he's been more and more ugly to me and drinking worse and worse. This morning he started for Stratho and he tried to make me go with him, but I wouldn't and when he chased me, I ran out of the house and into the woods. I hoped he's let up on me, but he didn't and after he had sat on the front door sill and drank up all the whiskey

he had with him, he started for the barn to harness up the mule and I tried to creep back, but he heard me and caught me and tied me up and threw me into the mule cart. He said he'd take me in to Stratho and that I'd dance on the bar for the men or he'd give me what for.

"All the way up the road it snowed and I was cold. He paid no attention. He was getting drunker'n, drunker all the time.

"Down where Otter Creek comes in I got desperate with cold and fearful, he was so crazy with his songs and I got my hands loose and untied my feet and got out of the back of the cart. He saw me as I went and cursed me and ordered me back. When I asked him to take me home he drove off and left me in the storm by the side of the tote road.

"After he went I sat down by the creek side for a long time and then I thought if I came up here, maybe you'd take me in. I started up, and the snow wasn't so bad then. I came up to the cabin, and found you gone and then I was afraid, 'cause I thought I'd have to stay all night in the open, but I crept out of the wind under the creek bank and I was getting colder and colder there, buried in the snow, when I had a notion I smelled woodsmoke and I thought you might be back, so I hollered and——"

Her golden, curly head nodded. The exposure, followed by the warmth and food, had done their work. The little one, her head pillowed on the bosom of Agnes, slept.

CHAPTER XII.

It was at dawn on Thursday that Jean Carlac broke the thrall of his fitful slumber and came to consciousness in a world in which no sound smote upon his ears. The wind had gone down. He had not undressed. A single shake of his huge body, as a dog shakes his pelt when he gets up after rest, sufficed for him. The view from the window did not satisfy, that from the door less still. For the snow was coming down yet in big flakes that said plainly: "We are but a few of many."

Carlac found no food, despite a keen search of the place. He had just a little left of his own, but was not at the end of his resources. His keen eyes told him the meaning of several marks in the snow in the lee of the cabin, where little snow had drifted since the evening before. Floundering back there, he found in the space under the cabin a pair of Great Northern hares, holed up to escape the storm. Venturing to the edge of their voluntary prison, they had left the tell tale marks. Carlac's pistol soon made them available for his uses.

Breaking his fast on a hastily made stew of hare's flesh, Carlac sat down to smoke, to think. But not for long.

In a corner he found a rough splint broom. Using a board wrenched from the table top as a shovel, he got rid of the snow in front of the cabin for a dozen paces. Then he swept the snow carefully out of the tracks he found underneath the newer snow.

Working so, in an hour he had worked out the general direction in which the ones he sought had left the cabin. Not being familiar with the country, he had no means of knowing where the two were bound. Noting the marks of the stick that Aylesworth had used to steady himself and that the man he sought was lame, and that the woman had drawn the traverse, he pictured in his mind the supposed DuPointe forcing his daughter to drag a heavy traverse through the deep snows for him. This only confirmed his own opinion that DuPointe was misusing Agnes and made him all the more bitter against her husband. What the stranger on the Stratho road had told him, what he had heard from Agnes' aunt through La Cerf, the tracks that told him his daughter was dragging a traverse, as an Indian squaw does for her brave, all went to complete the picture he held in his harassed mind of his "golden demoiselle" reduced to degradation and misery by DuPointe. And with this certain clue of the tracks to guide him and confirm him in his grim

resolve, he set about the business before him sternly and methodically.

He determined to wait until the snow was over. With his knowledge of trappers' habits he thought, not having all the signs before him, that DuPointe and Agnes had moved to some other location. It could not be far in that country of short trails. And if the man was lame, surely that would make for a short trip. Meanwhile, he must wait until the snow stopped falling.

To while away the time he got the big bear trap and using his shovel as a pry, forced the great jaw apart and set the pan and trap in their proper places. Then he stepped off and sprang the trap, joying to see it jump and to hear the huge toothed jaws come together. Again and again he did this.

He was up early the next day, scanning the heavens, the white carpet that lay all about him. The second hare he had cooked the day before and this he disposed, as best he could, in his clothing. The snow was over. Swinging the great bear trap, set, but with the safety catch on so it could not spring while it was being carried, over his shoulder, he took his axe, placed it in his belt and thrust his meat gun into his belt, as well and strode forth.

He had no fears for himself. He scorned the perils of this little wilderness. From the trail he had made out that the two he was after had gone down the vale. Floundering forward, he went that way.

Toilsome was the journey for him, but the toil eased the ache at his heart. The big snow had cut off all the wild folk in their travels. There was not even the merry chatter of a scolding squirrel to make the way more endurable for the man who went forward so with hate tugging him forward—hate that almost made him forget that before him also was the one he loved best.

At the head of the marsh he failed to find where his quarry had put out through the snowy sedges. But he sensed that they never would have come there unless they had had a boat to take them forward. Without

a boat there they would have skirted the marsh on higher ground. With the true woodsman's instinct he figured what the marsh meant on the trail. It meant that they would go through it and then follow the little stream at its foot. So with the marsh to guide him, he had only to edge over onto higher ground at its eastern side and go forward.

Silently as a lynx, he broke through the screen of little hemlocks at the end of the marsh. The lay of the land there told him what he wanted to know. Clearly the break of the big creek pointed to either a cabin there toward which the two had gone, or to a way out of the hollow between the Nescopern and the range on the other hand.

There, on a little knoll where the hemlocks were low-lying, leaving bare spots under them, Carlac made himself a warm camp for the night, banked in with hemlock boughs and carpeted with them. The weather was fairly mild. The trapper of the long trails found it no hardship to sleep out.

The big bear trap he hung carefully up on a hemlock limb for the night.

He was ready to trap the bear!

CHAPTER XIII.

Early Saturday morning DuPointe and Jim Breidin, with Alonson Barker and Brite Wagoner, to the shouts of a number of roisterers at the Eagle, put forth from Stratho in a rough bobsled, drawn by the mule. In the sled were four pairs of snow shoes, procured by Breidin, Barker and Wagoner, with money furnished by DuPointe. The men had rifles or shot guns.

"We're going down to Breidin's to hunt," DuPointe told everyone. The quartette had the appearance of being half way intoxicated.

"Lay ye a pint ye'll tip over before ye git a mile doawn that old wood road," Mine Host Johnson yelled after them. The expedition was looked upon as a great joke by all the hangers-on about the Eagle. The people of Stratho had dug themselves out of the drifts, and the paths

about the little settlement were open and the macadam road was being opened from below to get the mail through, the phone had given out. But the small roads and trails still were piled high.

"We've got our pint here," DuPointe called back, flourishing a bottle.

This was greeted with a laugh.

But once off down the trail and around the bend, the party threw off their appearance of intoxication and the shrewd DuPointe began to tell them what each one was to do to bring the plan to success. It was Breidin who proposed going in by way of Otter Creek.

It was early on Saturday, too, that John Aylesworth stood at the door of his cabin, his snow shoes on, his fur cap pulled down so that the visor shielded his eyes from the snow glare made by the brilliant winter sun. The roof was steaming. The crows were calling. What few clouds there were scudded high, widely separated. Belting in his mackinaw, he slung the pack basket onto his shoulders, gave a cheery goodbye to Agnes DuPointe and Mary Breidin who came to the portal to see him off. Snoozer, who wanted to come, but who could not have made it through the snow, was sent back, disconsolate after he had wallowed a few yards into the smoother underfoot, to the turn.

"Good-bye; I'll be in Stratho by night and home to-morrow. You two will not be lonesome. There's no danger," he called to them. I'll find some way of getting you both out then."

His bad hip pained him some, but the exertion did it good. He carried with him the goodly picture the woman and girl made as they stood, side by side, their arms about each other. They had talked it out and reached the conclusion that with three to care for on a stock of food meant for one it was best for him to get in to Stratho before another storm came, perhaps to shut them in for weeks.

Every yard Aylesworth gained he felt better. Now that he was out

in the open, face to face with his troubles, he felt more and more able to meet and to conquer them.

But his progress was slow, for he had to favor the injured hip. He made his start as if nothing mattered and when around the first bend of the creek, struck a more even pace. This he held steadily, that he might not stumble and so strain the tender ligaments. At the turn where he had called to them he had gone from their sight, where rock and tree hemmed in the trail.

He struck the road at Rainbow Creek without mishap and had turned up it, toward Stratho, when he became aware of the approach of a sled, drawn by a mule whose appearance was familiar. He recognized it soon as that of Jim Breidin and the memory of the little girl, left by the wayside by the drunken man to die in the cold, came upon him, turning his blood to fighting heat.

Breidin was not alone. Three others were with him.

The men in the bobsled had seen Aylesworth almost as soon as he had seen them. When the sled came abreast Aylesworth, ready to first give Breidin a tongue-lashing and then tell him where his daughter was, did not draw aside much. He turned to face the four men, who seemed not to have noticed him, acting under Breidin's urging. But just as the trapper called, Breidin pulled in the mule and faced him, leering.

By Breidin's side Aylesworth saw DuPointe, the husband of Agnes, the man who had attacked her, struck her down. Her wish that he should not attack the man held him dumb as he remembered her appeal.

"Aylesworth, you dirty skunk," Breidin yelled. "I've ben waiting a long time to git you out in the open spaces so I could tot up my reckonin' with you. I'll larn you to interfere when I'm teachin' my offspring manners."

"Do you know where your girl is now, Jim Breidin?" Aylesworth asked. He did not flinch as Breidin began to climb down from the bob's seat.

"No, ner care, either, you hound."

Breidin lunged and Aylesworth turned to face him. His hip gave with him, he sank partly to one side. The other three caught him from behind, Breidin buffeted him in front.

In five minutes Aylesworth, his snow shoes stripped off, was bundled into the body of the sled and they drove on. From their talk, for they had grown bold now and let fall here and there scraps of sentences that Aylesworth pieced together, giving him a true insight into their plans, he made out that they planned to go to the cabin at the head of the marsh. But this gave him no hope, as he knew that his tracks would lead them to the lower cabin, his own. He raged inwardly, but had to remain quiet, a captive, while they urged the poor overburdened mule on until he came to where Otter Creek came into Rainbow. Then Breidin, and DuPointe together, putting on their snowshoes, left him prisoner, with Wagoner and Barker in charge of the sled, which they had made the mule haul a little way up Otter Creek trail, off the Stratho trail.

While Barker and Wagoner drank now and then, Aylesworth, chilled from lying still so long, felt his strength going from him as he racked his brains for a way out of his thrall-dom. After a time he began to roll back and forth in the body of the sled, if for nothing else, than to keep his blood going, as well as his bonds would permit.

This angered the two and they came and stood over him, threatening him with upraised fists if he did not remain quiet.

"Does you no good to ram 'round so in th' bob," Barker said. "Why-n't you be still?"

"Yas, better you vas sthille," Wagoner chimed in, poking at the captive with a hairy paw.

Aylesworth refused them the satisfaction of a reply. Bound, without a weapon, he felt helpless and the need for craft. So he pretended to heed them and did quiet down.

The two men turned and leaned against the bob as they talked drunken nothings, disputing about little backwoods notions, as such

men will when in drink. One of their bickerings led them to a friendly scuffle, in which they jammed each other in turn against the bob. It was during one of these jostlings that Aylesworth felt something solid strike his wrist as he lay there on his back. The two scufflers reeled away from the bob. Raising himself as far as his bonds would let him, Aylesworth saw that it was Barker's dirk knife that had been jostled out of his belt into the bob while Wagoner had held the other pinned against the sled.

While the two continued their wrestling, Aylesworth doubled his body until he could grasp the horn haft of the knife in his teeth. Then, holding the edge of the blade upward so, he made a great effort and brought his wrists up where he could saw at his bonds, holding the knife firm with tightly clenched teeth, although the pain from the effort almost overmastered him.

As often happens in such cases, the fun the two half besotted men were having became more and more earnest. They whirled about in their wild efforts to out-wrestle each other. Finally Wagoner's bulk prevailed and Barker went down. Wagoner was bending over Barker, demanding if he had "had enough," when the loaded butt of Breidin's mulewhip struck him fairly on top of the head. Barker felt Wagoner roll off him and sprang to his feet to face John Aylesworth, knife bared, loaded whip upraised.

"Lonson," Aylesworth ordered. "You've always been a fairly decent fellow up to now, barring drink. Do you want me to finish you, or are you willing to do as I say, in return for my help in getting you out of this mess?"

Terror and hope alternated on the little hostler's face. He knew John Aylesworth to be one whose word was good to friend or foe.

"What d'ye want me t'do?" he stammered from between fear-blue lips.

"Take one of the harness straps and bind Wagoner and help me get him into the bob. Then remain here

until you hear from me. If not that, take your chances."

Stooping over, Aylesworth searched the stricken man. He took a pistol from him and put it in his own belt.

"If you give me your word to stand by me, I'll help you," said Barker, as soon as he saw the pistol in Aylesworth's grip.

"And remember, Lonson, I don't care especially whether you do or not. I've got this end of the game in my hands and I'm going to have the other pretty soon. But if you are here with him when I finish up beyond, it will go better with you."

"Give me this one chance, Mr. Aylesworth. I'm sobering up now and if it hadn't been for the liquor I'd not be in this scrape."

CHAPTER XV.

The vapors from his delusion rising more and more to becloud his reasoning, Jean Carlac aroused himself from his bough bed early that same morning and started down the little brooklet toward Otter Creek. The remainder of the hare he had to break his fast with, gnawing it as he went, holding the great bear trap onto his shoulder with one hand.

So it was that, after swinging wide to get onto rising ground to view the cabin and its surroundings after he came into position whence he could view it, he drew near to the bend in the trail where Aylesworth turned to wave good bye to Agnes and Mary Breidin. If Aylesworth had been observant that morning he would have seen the track of the old trapper coming down from the hillside toward the creek bottom, but the young trapper did not. Carlac saw Aylesworth, from a distance, as the younger man swung down the trail. He recognized him as "DuPointe" as described to him by the man he had met on the road to Stratho. The blind hatred against the man he thought had abused his "golden demoiselle" blazed up in Carlac's brain and heart and as he was too late to intercept Aylesworth, he settled down at the trailside to consider the situation. Why the young man had gone out over the trail he

had no means of knowing. That Aylesworth was bound for Stratho he could not know.

He had one or two moments when he was almost inclined to rush to the cabin and compel Agnes to come away with him. Then hatred counselled another course. He smiled to himself, swung the great bear trap down from his shoulder and put it in the trail at the bend. A tree butt on one hand and a rock that made the creek and trail bend there made it easy to make a good set. The good footing there was narrow. He took off his mittens and tripped the safety snap, fixing the trap so it would spring at the slightest weight on it's pan, having first sifted enough dry, fluffy snow over it to cover it. Under the little hemlocks there he saw the canoe, with "John Aylesworth" painted on it.

"There," he said, mumbling the words with fierce delight. "I am ready to *trap the bear*. He is here. He uses that name.

Underneath the curve of the bank the creek sang under its burden of ice and snow. It was a sheer drop of fifty feet there to the rocks. Open water showed, black and swirling, at the base of the rocks and an old log jam closed the pool's lower end.

"The bear will be caught off his balance when the trap springs," Carlac thought, "and will fall and the trap will drag him under the log jam."

A voice called: "Who are you? Speak or I shall fire."

Carlac straightened up. In his exultation he had shown himself around the bulge of the big rock. He had been seen from the cabin. He knew who it was that was challenging him. It was his Agnes, from the doorway. Love whispered: "Answer her." Hate said: "No."

Carlac dodged out of sight again and turned along the creek bed, keeping the big rock between him and the cabin. He had to go slowly on account of the depth of the snow. He found cover after a time in a clump of little pines and under them the footing was good and he made fast time. From them, too, he could

see that the cabin door was shut and that no one was astir there. He wanted to watch the trap, that none but the "bear" might feel its deadly jaws.

"So," he reasoned, "there can be no man in there or he would be out to investigate a stranger who slinks away as I have done. DuPointe has gone away for something and will be back soon, leaving Agnes alone. First I must *trap the bear*. Then we can see what is to be done."

It was warm under the pines in the sun glare and Carlac on the soft needles, was quiet, watchful. But as time went on and the down-trail was empty, the cabin still closed fast, he became uneasy and moved about under the pines. He came toward the trailside again and was just breaking through the screen of branches at the little pine grove's edge, when he heard:—

"Hands up."

Jean Carlac looked down into the muzzle of a revolver held by a lanky, sour-faced man. With him was the young man who had given him the information about "DuPointe" on the Stratho road.

The Canadian had seen death too close and too often to fear the result of resistance. He lunged forward. The revolver spoke. Jean Carlac doubled up, pitched forward, blood streaming from a great wound in his forehead that stained the snow.

"I never meant to do it," Breidin snarled. "I never meant to kill him——"

"Never mind that now. We've come for that black fox pelt and we're going to have it," said DuPointe shortly.

"He seems to be a stranger. I never saw him. Maybe there'll be no search for him."

"He's a stranger. I saw him get off an automobile near Stratho the day I came in. Some Canuck trapper that's drifted down here for the winter. No one will inquire after such as he is."

"We can bury the body when we get through with this other business."

They rolled him back behind the pine bough screen and after searching

him for money and finding little, went forward.

The two had lagged on purpose, aiming to reach Aylesworth's cabin toward late afternoon, hoping to catch the woman off her guard then while she would be at some chores that would take her outside. Beside the big rock they paused.

Into Jean Carlac's dim consciousness throbbing, grinding pain thrust, like a file going back and forth on a raw nerve. He started half up, fell back, drew himself forward by clutching at pine stubs and roots. Gradually his mind settled down to realities and then he staggered up, alert, but weak. The bullet had grazed his skull, instead of penetrating it, rendering him unconscious. For how long? He did not know.

As he came out of the pine screen to the trail he cast his eyes back and then ahead. A man was plowing along ahead, toward the cabin. *It was "DuPointe,"* and he was going toward the bear trap; toward the big rock that shut out the cabin from view.

But where were the two men who had attacked him? He felt it was his duty to get between them and the cabin. Men like that were not to be trusted.

He saw the trail, with one hasty glance, and knew that the two had gone on, toward the cabin. The snowshoed snow told its own tale, Carlac plunged forward. He felt his strength coming again. Soundlessly he went after the man ahead, who pushed on, as though urged by some strong purpose. *It surely was "DuPointe."*

"Le Bon Dieu, grant that I place my hands on him if the bear trap misses him," was the earnest prayer of the big trapper. "After he is dead, I can win over the other two and so protect Agnes."

But Carlac was too weak to keep pace with the other. The crisis came before he reached him.

From behind the rock appeared the genuine DuPointe and Breidin—barring the other's passage at the turn over the big pool. But before they could clash, the snow at Frank Du

Pointe's feet upheaved and with a ringing, grinding clash the immense jaws closed about his legs. He yelled with terror, pain; reeled, grasping Breidin, throwing him off his balance. Together the two plunged over the bank into the black waters. Alone, Aylesworth turned to face the big man who came swinging at him, lips drawn into a snarl as he closed. The two grappled, sinews straining and together reeled into the open space before the rock, in line of vision from the cabin's door.

Aylesworth, his hip weak, his breath almost gone from the final spurt he had made to be at the cabin before the others, taken by surprise at this onset from an unexpected quarter, felt his strength going, as he was pressed back and back.

"You I shall throw to the rocks," he heard the big man pant. Dimly he heard Snoozer's bark.

One mighty heave John gave, breaking the other's hold. They reeled apart and as they did so Aylesworth's hand fell onto the butt of Wagoner's pistol. He drew it, leveled it, felt the trigger yielding under the pressure as the other stood there, ready to spring anew. Snoozer, eyes ablaze, leaped for the big stranger's throat. Aylesworth hesitated, grew again tense.

"Stop, father: stop, John!"

It was Agnes, at the cabin door, crying to them her heart's appeal. His own name on her lips gladdened John.

Aylesworth's pistol fell to his side. He cast it away.

"You are Jean Carlac? he demanded of the big man.

"Oui, oui!"

"Then shake hands. There is a place for you in the cabin. Let us go there and talk this matter out. Snoozer, behave; don't you know a friend o' mine where you hear him lookin' at you?"

CHAPTER XVI.

It was April on Brule Pond. Peepers were chorusing, early birds nest-building, trout leaping for flies. Before Jean Carlac's cabin a man and a

woman stood, while in the doorway an older man and a girl idled.

"Father Jean," whispered Mary Breidin to Carliac, "I'm so glad you brought me up here for your girl. Do I do well with the housework?"

"Well, indeed," the big trapper commended, stroking her fair hair as she nestled against his side.

"Agnes, my Agnes," the other man was saying to the woman, as together they gazed off toward the shimmering radiance of the afterglow of the pond, "shall it be soon that I shall claim you? The money from the black fox skin has made

your father well off, for a trapper, so we need not worry for him. I have waited a year. Lafitte has confessed he was to blame, so your father is cleared. Again I plead. Haven't I waited long enough?"

"Yes, John Aylesworth," she said letting her head fall onto his shoulder; "It is time now. Let us go to father with the news."

And together, hand in hand, they went toward the big man and the little maid, through the mystic, tranquil, golden silence.

THE END.



L. SHERWOOD

MANY of our Canadian waterways afford trips which it would be difficult to surpass in the pleasures of picturesque and healthful out-door atmosphere afforded. Occasionally such a trip is worthy of record and when it marks the opening of a new route link and becomes of some historical value in the annals of Canadian waterways, its record value is somewhat enhanced.

On May 30th, 1918, the Canadian Government Steamer "LORETTA" left Ottawa and on June 6th arrived at Washago, on Lake Couchiching. Her route via the Rideau Canal to Kingston, the Gap and Bay of Quinte to Trenton and the Trent Canal thence to Lake Couchiching was for

the first time thus covered by steamer. The occasion was the formal opening of the Ontario—Rice Lake Division of the Trent Canal between Trenton on the Bay of Quinte and Hastings near Rice Lake. Although the beautiful waters of the Rideau Canal, the Bay of Quinte and the Kawartha Lakes or central section of the Trent Canal are well known to our tourists and our camping-out enthusiasts, the opportunity of covering this route on a continuous trip by steamer had not been afforded until the completion of the construction of this southern terminus of the Trent Canal.

The daily stages of the trip as made by the Steamer "LORETTA," a ten mile an hour ship, were as follows:—



Lock No. 2, Ontario—Rice Lake Division, Trent Canal. Lifts 20 feet. A typical lock of the new construction.

Ottawa to Narrows Lock, Upper Rideau Lake via Rideau Canal, Thursday p.m., May 30th, to Friday evening, May 31st.

Narrows Lock to Kingston via Rideau Canal, Saturday, June 1st.

Kingston to Trenton, via Bay of Quinte, Sunday, June 2nd.

Trenton to Healey Falls, via Trent Canal, Monday, June 3rd.

Healey Falls to Lakefield, via Trent Canal, Tuesday, June 4th.

Lakefield to Kirkfield, via Trent Canal, Wednesday, June 5th.

Kirkfield to Jackson Point to Washago, Lake Couchiching, via Trent Canal, Thursday, June 6th.

The Steamer "LORETTA" was unable to proceed further than Washago as the Severn River Division of the Trent Canal is under construction and incomplete for navigation; but the Severn River Route was covered by launches in the successive stages

of Severn Bridge to Swift Rapids on the evening of Thursday, June 6th, and Swift Rapids to Big Chute, Big Chute to Port Severn and Port Severn to Fesserton on Friday, June 7th.

The total distance from Ottawa to Washago via the route travelled is approximately 404 miles consisting of Rideau Canal 126 miles, the Gap and Bay of Quinte 75 miles, and the Trent Canal 203 miles. The lockages total 39 on the Rideau Canal from the Canal Basin, Ottawa, to Kingston, and 41 on the Trent Canal from Trenton to Lake Simcoe. Six foot navigation is afforded on the Rideau and Trent Canals except for the newly opened Ontario-Rice Lake Division of the Trent where a depth of 8 feet, 4 inches on the lock sills is given.

Lake Ontario is 243.40 feet above mean sea level, New York datum, and Upper Rideau Lakes, the summit level of the Rideau Canal is 409 feet above mean sea level. Balsam Lake, the summit level of the Trent Canal, is 840 feet above mean sea level.

The Rideau and Trent Canals are similar to the extent that they consist mostly of natural lakes and river courses connected by locks with the water held up for navigation by adjacent dams and the beautiful scenery on both is also similar and typical of the best that Ontario affords.

The Rideau Canal was built in the years 1826 to 1832 by the British Royal Engineers and with the Ottawa River was intended for the transport when necessary of troops and munitions of war from Montreal to the Great Lakes via a more protected route than at that time afforded by the St. Lawrence River along the International Boundary Line.

From Ottawa to Smith Falls the Rideau Canal offers but a small part

of the charm that is afforded between the latter town and Kingston. It is a matter of river navigation as compared with that of lakes and although the former is interesting and in certain sections quite pleasing, it fails to measure up to the lake scenery for sheer beauty. The vistas of water and islands, clad in their vernal spring colors, on such lakes as the Upper and Lower Rideau and more particularly on Newboro, Indian and Sand Lakes remain long in one's memory and it would be difficult to conceive of scenery of more surpassing loveliness.

The interest of the trip through the Bay of Quinte was accentuated by the sight of many aeroplanes in the heavens at the time of our passing the Mohawk Aviation Camp, near Deseronto, about noon. Nine were counted within sight at one time, and these were but a portion of the number flying that day. The Mohawk Indians of a century ago could hardly have foreseen by the wildest flight of their imagination what has been, during the last two or three years, an everyday sight on the flat lands of their Indian reserve.

Monday, June 3rd, marked the formal opening of the Ontario-Rice Lake Division of the Trent Canal

by the Minister of Railways and Canals, the Hon. J. D. Reid, and it was a most appropriate date as it was also the King's Birthday. The ceremonies were not of an elaborate nature. The steamships "Ramona" and "Loretta" left Trenton with all whistles blowing and all flags flying—these details applying to both town and steamships, at all new locks on the division passed that day until Healey Falls was reached that night—17 lockages—crowds of residents, rural and urban, greeted the progress of the ships that proclaimed the long delayed opening of the navigation connection between the waters of the inland Kawartha Lakes and Lake Ontario.

The term "long-delayed" warrants explanation and it is more easily understood when it is pointed out that certain original isolated locks of this canal were built some 85 years ago and that the canal has been in course of interrupted construction ever since.

The route of the southern terminus having been decided in 1906 in favor of the Trent River from Rice Lake to Trenton as against a possible route across country from Rice Lake to Port Hope, location surveys were commenced at once and in successive



Car on marine railway for launches, Big Chute, Severn Division, Trent Canal

years contracts were let for the various sections. The locks and dams are substantial concrete structures and at all the larger lifts are hydro-electric power developments which, with one exception, are controlled by the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario.

It is not within the intent of this article to enter into a full and technical description of the engineering designs and details of the canal works on this division but advantage of the occasion is taken to state that they are of the most modern design and of the most permanent construction and are a great credit to one of the most experienced of Canada's canal engineers, Alex. J. Grant, Superintending Engineer, who has been in charge since their inception in 1906.

Continuing with our particular narrative, the residents of the largest town, Campbellford, to be reached at about 6 p.m., on the opening day's journey, turned out en masse and greeted the Minister's arrival with all the pent-up enthusiasm of years and the power of the local brass band. The Minister made a short speech in reply to an address of welcome at the public wharf. But a short stay was made at Campbellford, the journey was resumed and the ships were finished locking through at Healey Falls by about 10.30 p.m. At this point the Trent Canal Steamer "BESSIE BUTLER" met and was added to the fleet.

The works at Healey Falls were inspected early on the morning of Tuesday, June 4th, and the trip was resumed, Hastings being reached about 11 o'clock. The afternoon's run through Rice Lake and the Otonabee River brought us to Peterboro where a complimentary dinner was tendered to the Minister and the official party by the citizens of that city. In a speech delivered on this occasion, the Minister expressed his faith in the Trent Canal, both on account of its transportation possibilities and also the development of hydro-electric powers connected with it.

This completed the stage of the

trip which constituted the formal opening of the Ontario-Rice Lake Division. The remainder of the trip was of the nature of an inspection of the rest of the canal carried out with the two steamers "BESSIE BUTLER" and "LORETTA." The "RAMONA" returned to Kingston from Peterboro.

From Lakesfield the scenery broadened from what had been mostly river navigation to that of the lakes. Clear, Stoney, Buckhorn, Pigeon, Sturgeon and Balsam Lakes all added their quota of scenic enjoyment and pleasant remembrances. Locking through the hydraulic lift-lock at Kirkfield after dark completed the journey for June 5th.

An early start on the morning of the 6th, and the canal section to Lake Simcoe was soon traversed. From Gamebridge, on the easterly shore of the Lake, the run was south-westerly to Jackson's Point where the Minister and immediate party left the steamers to return to Ottawa via Toronto.

The remainder of the party consisting of the Chief Engineer of the Department of Railways and Canals and Superintending Engineers continued the trip through Lake Simcoe and Couchiching to Washago, where navigation ceases for the time being or until such time as the Severn Division of the Trent Canal to Georgian Bay, now under construction, is completed. The steamers were left at Washago, but the Severn River route was covered by stages of motor boats.

Hydro-Electric power plants at Swift Rapids and Big Chute were of particular interest and the rugged and picturesque scenery along the entire Severn route, but particularly in Sparrow Lake and Gloucester Pool, proved most interesting.

The ultimate main canal terminal port on Georgian Bay will be Honey Harbor. A branch lock, affording 6 foot navigation, has been completed at Port Severn, and motor boat navigation, with the assistance of this lock and a small marine railway at Big Chute, is now open from Georgian Bay to Swift Rapids.

From Port Severn the trip by water was concluded by a motor boat run across the lower end of Georgian Bay to Fesserton on Matchedash Bay. A heavy windstorm provided plenty of thrills for a grand finale but the motor boat proved staunch and equal to the occasion.

On the whole the trip from Ottawa to Georgian Bay was one of great pleasure and delight and marked the inception of greater availability of part of our beautiful inland waters. Undoubtedly in the coming years more and more advantage will be taken of these water routes by the touring and "summering" public, and Ontario will have her reputation still further added to as a beautiful province.

To two classes of the community particularly should the opening of the southerly end of the Trent Canal prove peculiarly acceptable, motor launch enthusiasts and fishermen. For the former, by the opening of

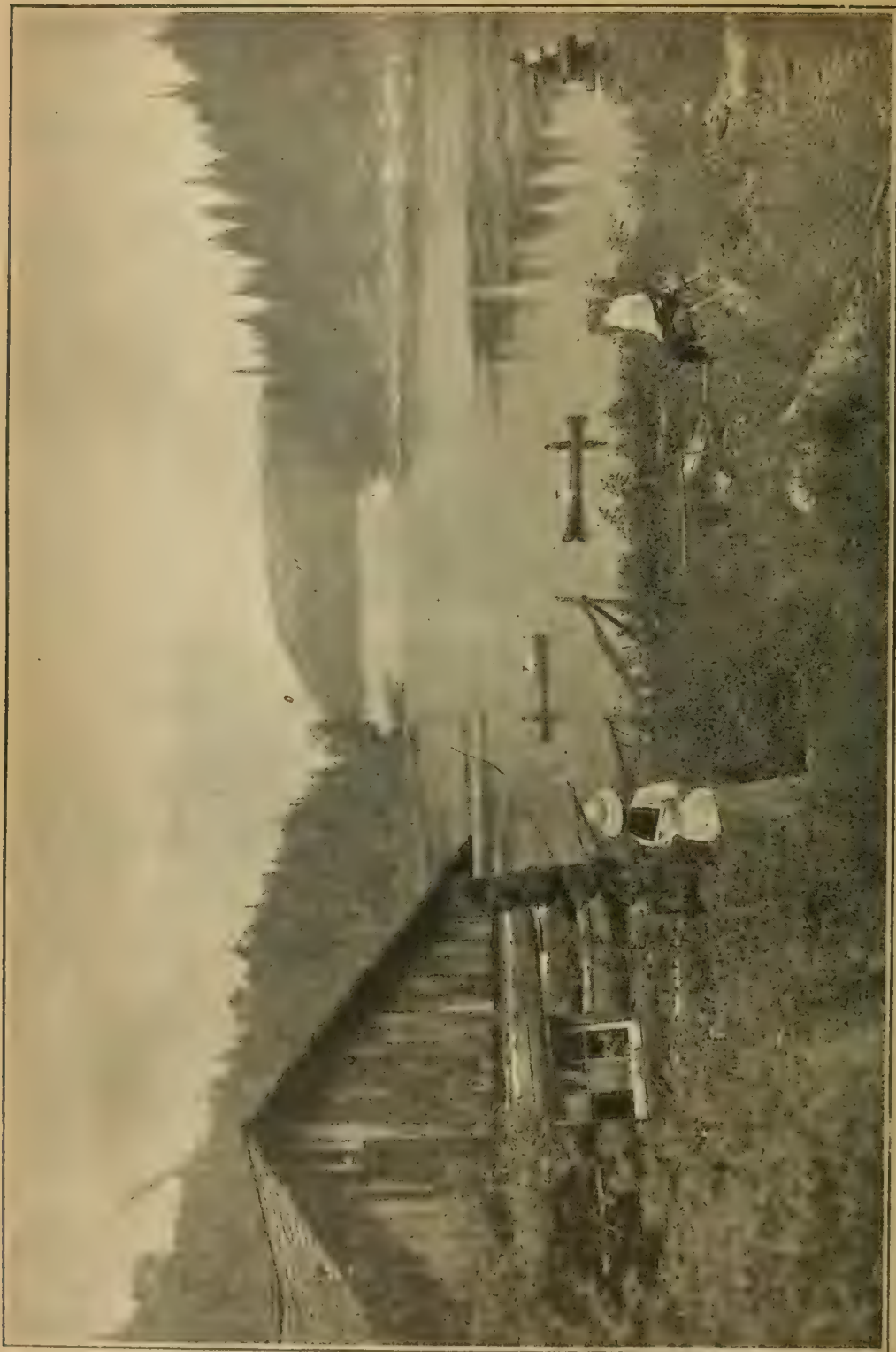
this link, navigable trip routes become greatly increased and a most delightful range of possibilities for motor launch trips is opened out. For the fishermen, easier access to the well-known fishing grounds of the Kawartha Lakes district is afforded.

The writer counts himself a fisherman, not because of any particular expertness as such, but because of his enjoyment of the sport and he can record many most enjoyable hours spent in fishing in many of the lakes of both the Rideau and Trent Canal districts. Perhaps his greatest enjoyment and most successful results were obtained at various times lunge fishing on that stretch of the Trent River between Healey Falls and Hastings but a fisherman's great pleasure is not limited to his success in his catch of fish, he has the invigoration of the open air and the fascination of nature study which in themselves ensure both physical and mental enjoyment.

Value of the Skunk

Many states already have laws protecting the skunk by a close season. These laws were passed in response to the wishes of farmers who recognize the usefulness of these animals in destroying noxious insects and to the demands of persons interested in conserving the fur resources of the land. A more complete understanding of the economic value of these creatures would, no doubt, result in protective measures in all the states. Such legislation is vitally necessary, if we mean to avoid trapping and shooting them to extinction. Persons interested in the preservation of game often denounce the skunk without mercy, asserting that it destroys pheasants, quail, grouse, and other varieties of game; and sportsmen's clubs usually encourage the destruction of skunks, classing them with foxes, minks and weasels as enemies of game. Sometimes side hunts are arranged for the destruction of "vermin," and in some places bounties are paid for

killing these animals. Biologists of renown tell us that so far as skunks are concerned, there is little evidence that they often disturb game. Byron Andrews, of Erwin, S. Dak., once found a pinnated-grouse nest containing eggs about to hatch less than four rods from a den that had long been in use by skunks. Mr. Andrews argued that the skunks surely would have destroyed this nest had they been fond of eggs. I have often heard of quails that nested and hatched out broods within a few rods of a skunk den. Sometimes crows will eat these eggs and mayhap the skunks get the blame for the outrage. It is stated by D. E. Lantz, Assistant Biologist of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, that at the time when the native birds are nesting, skunks have abundant insect food, and by the time this food falls short the birds are strong of wing and seldom fall a prey to this mammal.



Off on a canoe trip, Smoke Lake, Algonquin Park



The Beverly and Newboro' Lakes

TYETH BOUNSALL

An Old Country Angler

IT is an old and true saying that "Many Men have Many Minds;" and this certainly applies to the followers of the gentle craft. A large number of my angling friends having once discovered a spot where there is generally good sport, and where accommodations, etc., are pleasant; make up their minds to stick to it, and you will find them at their old haunts season after season! I am inclined to think that I must have been born under a very wandering star; for, no matter how well a place suits me, or how good sport I may have had there, I am like Alexander; always looking for new worlds to conquer!

Regular readers of *Rod and Gun* will doubtless remember that my steps have been turned towards the various lakes in Northern Ontario for the past three seasons; but this year I determined to try another direction. I had heard a good deal, indirectly, of the sport to be obtained on the Rideau chain of lakes, but could find no one amongst my own circle of angling friends in Toronto who had any practical experience of them. However, early in July last,

a New York friend of mine sent me a small leaflet about Delta; a little Ontario town situated between the Upper and Lower Beverley Lakes which form an outlying portion of the Rideau chain. Certain enquiries made through the station agent at that spot, and reference to the Canadian Northern's book "Where To Fish and Hunt," determined me to give Delta a trial at any rate; and I certainly had no reason to regret my decision.

A sultry Sunday night early in July found me enroute by the 10 p.m., express from Toronto, which deposited me at Forfar Junction in the small hours of the Monday morning with three hours to wait for a connection on the branch line which runs from Brockville to Westport, and on which Delta lies. As an old Devonshire friend of mine, when ordering a substantial lunch to be packed up for us on our Dartmoor fishing excursions used to say—"shelves on the river-side are hung very high;" meaning that we should be absolutely dependent on what we took with us as far as feeding was concerned. This expression applies to Forfar Junction;

but I was lucky enough to run across a friendly "section boss" whose good wife provided me with an ample breakfast of bacon, eggs, and fried potatoes at the section house, near the station, and I think those who may follow in my footsteps would have no difficulty in obtaining the same accommodation. Delta is about half an hour's crawl from the junction; a very thriving little place too, situated in the midst of a rich agricultural district. It reminded me more than any other place in Canada has hitherto done of some of our little towns in the west of England. Except on Saturday nights it is a regular Sleepy Hollow, but then, for a few hours, it wakes up. An enterprising man from Brockville opens a "movie" show in a disused warehouse for that night only; and the proprietor of the solitary "ice cream parlour" imports at least two extra cans of his specialty to meet the additional demand! The girls and boys from the farms for miles around come in to the village on the Saturday night; and the collection of "Tin Lizzies" (and some high-class cars too) is really remarkable.

The Upper and Lower Beverley Lakes are connected by a creek which flows through the village and is navigable for small boats to a point close to the Upper Lake, where a mill dam crosses it. From the village to the Lower Beverley Lake is about half a mile, and it is a great convenience to be able to step into your boat within 50 yards of the house in which you are staying. I put in rather over three weeks most enjoyably at Delta and was greatly surprised not to meet a single angling visitor from the western part of Ontario during my stay. In fact there were very few visitors (angling or otherwise) at all, and most of these came from across the border.

The lower Beverley Lake is one of the prettiest bits of water, from a scenic point of view, that I have come across during the seven years I have been in Canada. It is beautifully wooded; and the timber having been untouched, either by fire or the activities of the lumberman, retains

its pristine glories. There are several small islands in this lake, the best part of which, (from an angling point of view) being what is locally known as "The Narrows;" a branch which runs up for about three miles to the westward from the main lake, with an average width of half a mile or so. There is also a wide, navigable, creek leading to Lyndhurst; in which, although it is greatly overgrown with weeds, the fishing is good. This lake always reminds me of a part of the famous Harbor at Sydney N.S.W.; "The Narrows" being especially like the Paramatta River.

I enjoyed exceptionally good sports all through my stay, and was surprised at the size of the fish I killed, in fact after my first day I seldom kept a bass under two pounds in weight! My largest bass weighed just over six and three quarter pounds by the spring-balance which always finds a place in my fishing kit; whilst bass of four pounds and upwards were quite common occurrence. Most of my fish were killed whilst casting, and this is the first season in which I have made use of any of the "wobblers" which have come so much into vogue of late. The local fishermen pin their faith to the "Dowagiac" pattern, and it certainly is a killing bait; I found, however, and rather to my surprise I must own, that a large-sized (white with red tip) Rush "Tango" Minnow was even more attractive than the Heddon make. I had brought one of them with me, more as an experiment than anything else; but its success was so marked that the local anglers gave it the name of the "Kill Devil!" One peculiar experience with this bait is worth recording. Late one evening, when the bass were lying close to the reed beds, I made an overcast which resulted in the "Kill Devil" taking a couple of turns of line round the stem of a bulrush; from whence it hung a few inches above the water. Being unable to clear my line by jerking it I got the lad who was pulling me to bring the boat close in-shore; and, when we were within half a dozen yards of the reed-bed; the bait suddenly



dropped into the water, its fall being followed by a vigorous commotion at the foot of the bulrush round which it was twisted. On coming close in, I found that a large bass had actually taken the bait as it dropped into less than six inches of water, and was able to get net under him and land him! The weight of this fish was four and a quarter pounds, and I have never previously caught one under such unique circumstances. Frogs are plentiful and make tempting baits. Minnows have to be fetched from some distance, and their price (\$2.00 a hundred) makes them rather expensive. I killed some good bass on the "Pilot" flies to which I alluded in an article which appeared in *Rod and Gun* last year concerning fishing in the Bolger Lakes. Pike fishing is also good, although the pike here run very small according to English ideas; a five pound fish being rather the exception than the rule. In many waters at home (such as Virginia Water in Windsor Great Park, etc.) the minimum size of pike allowed to be killed is five pounds, whilst the average weight would run to ten pounds or even more. My own record in English

waters was a pike of eighteen and a half pounds, the mounted remains of which may still be seen in the Billiard room of the golf club at Sunningdale, about thirty miles from London. On one afternoon when bass were not biting freely I made a deliberate campaign against "*Esox Lucius*," with the result that in just over two hours I had accounted for over 30 good fish; mostly killed with an ordinary spoon bait.

During my stay in this district I spent a few pleasant days on the Newboro' Lakes, making the village of that name my headquarters. On the evening previous to my departure from Delta I had the misfortune to lose one of the best split-bamboo casting rods I have ever possessed; dropping it overboard in the deepest part of the Lower Beverley Lake, from whence it proved irrecoverable in spite of all kinds of dredging, dragging, and even diving. The result of this accident was that I arrived at Newboro' next morning minus a casting rod and reel, but plus a considerable amount of faith in Providence as to providing me with suitable tackle! On stating my woe-ful case to Mr. H. J. Scott of the Rideau Hotel at Newboro', he prompt-

ly assumed the role of the Good Samaritan by lending me his own private rod and reel which I used during my stay.

The Newboro' Lake differs slightly in character from the Beverley Lakes in that it is, one might almost say, "crowded" with small islands. These islands are so numerous, and resemble each other so much, that a stranger might very easily get lost amongst them; and I certainly should not care to trust myself far on this lake without a guide, especially after dusk. During my stay at Newboro' the weather turned cold and unpleasant, but in spite of that I killed a fair number of good sized black bass and a good many pike; the "Kill Devil" proving as tempting at Newboro' as it had hitherto done at Delta! For the angling visitor who requires most of the comforts of a home whilst away from his own, I should recommend Newboro' in comparison to Delta. I found unusually good accommodation and service at the Rideau Hotel, and can also recommend the boatman who attended me (Michael Murray) as a reliable man who knows his business. The charge made here (\$4.00 per day for boat and man) appears to me to be rather high; the late war has been made an excuse for a multitude of sins in this respect, not only at Newboro' but elsewhere.

Before concluding this article, I should like to say a few words with regard to a matter which was brought before my notice at Delta. Early in July last an article appeared (over

the pseudonym of "Keokuk") in the "New York Sun"; making serious assertions with regard to the condition of affairs in the Lower Beverley Lake. Amongst other things it was alleged that the water in this lake had become so contaminated that the bass were dying wholesale; and that those which were caught were almost invariably found to be suffering from foul, open, wounds; also that there was a large discharge of sewage into the lake for which this state of affairs was accountable. Speaking as a fisherman of over forty year's experience, and after a very exhaustive examination of the alleged facts, I found nothing to complain of in the condition of affairs in the Beverley Lakes. During my stay at Delta I had the opportunity of examining a large number of large and small-mouth black-bass which I killed myself, as well as a quantity of those killed by other anglers; but amongst the whole number I did not find a single foul or diseased specimen! From what I can gather, the writer of this article was formerly a regular visitor at Delta; but, during his last visit, chose to take offense over certain matters entirely unconnected with angling, and vented his spleen by means of the article I refer to.

My readers will doubtless recollect that I have a more or less laudable habit of providing detailed information with regard to my wanderings. I have already dealt with accommodation, etc., at Newboro'; whilst at Delta I can personally recommend



Marble Rock Island, Delta Lake, Ont.

Mrs. T. H. Watson's boarding-house as clean and comfortable; and Mrs. Watson herself as most anxious to do all she can to make things pleasant for her guests. There are two guides at Delta; James Saxton, who has a small motor boat for which he charges \$4.00 per day; and Alonzo Wilsey, who has good row boats, and whose services are available for \$3.00 per day. Both of these are good and reliable men; having employed them both I can speak from experience. Having a preference for what we used to call in my sea-faring days, "Wooden Sails," most of my time was spent with "Lon" Wilsey; and I never have met a more pleasant companion and obliging boatman in

my lengthy experience in such matters. Another good man to get in touch with at Delta is Mr. F. Birch, the local fishery inspector; a very pleasant fellow and most anxious to be of assistance to angling visitors. Mr. Cawley, the local station agent, was also very kind and obliging to me during my stay; especially when it came to getting a new rod from Toronto to replace the one I lost. As is generally the case when a thing is wanted in a hurry, the express people seem to delay it, and it was nearly a week before I got a substitute for the good old rod which now reposes in the depths of the Lower Beverley Lake.



F. V. WILLIAMS

THE boy stopped in the act of stripping a slender alder pole of its smaller branches just long enough to smile at the antics of a pair of red squirrels that were chasing each other about an old brush heap at the side of the brook. Presently he would be busy in that same brook, but these bushy tailed scolds of the woods were evidently trying to start something this morning and he had to take it all in.

The squirrels finally disappeared and the boy proceeded to finish up

that fishing pole. Directly in front of where he stood was swift-running shallow water and after attaching a piece of ordinary linen line to the end of his "natural growth" rod, he started down the bank toward a long stretch of still, deep water. On one side of the stream this "deep-hole" extended a foot or possibly a foot and a half back under the bank.

Dropping his hook, baited with a wriggling earth-worm on the upstream end of where the current had undermined the bank, he just let it

"drift." Now the boy was fishing "against the sun," that is, all the shadows cast by his movements were behind him and away from the clear, still water in under the bank. There was a dart outward of a mottled back and a vigorous tug at the end of that

homemade rod, and—the boy let that trout have his way with that worm-covered hook for perhaps two seconds and then he gave a "slat" to the pole. A speckled brook trout of some ten inches in length went sailing shoreward to land in the wild grasses and wet moss four feet or more from the water.

The boy quickly killed his catch by deftly sticking his thumb in its mouth and breaking its neck. It was then strung on a "cut from the brush, stringer."

Number one, this was, but before leaving this same pool he had two others. For perhaps a half mile he got no response to all his tricks of letting that homely tackle of his drift around sundry boulders, and sunken logs, then came into view a miniature waterfall and below this fall was a patch of foam that swirled and eddyed but always stayed just there below the fall. On this patch of foam were spots that looked as if one might have poked a goodly sized stick down through in a number of places and then the foam had closed up the hole again.—Ever see spots like that on a foam patch on the trout streams you follow?

The bait was dropped at one side of this foam and the current swept the line into it and there was a "yank" on that line and the boy landed another nice trout and four others beside, five trout out of that one hole. Yes, indeed, trout sure do love the shady places.

And then—there was that bunch of big boulders, now the last time the boy had passed this way, he had hooked, but lost a fine trout right here. This time he approached the place as quietly as the summer breeze, dropped in his bait, and as it went past the first boulder, it was seized and carried underneath. For perhaps two seconds the boy thought he had a monster trout, but the supposed trout soon proved to be an eel, and this eel had a corkscrew hold among the rocks with his snake-like body, and how he held on!

The boy, not wishing to put too much "pull" on his line, merely kept it



Did this ever happen to you ?

taut, and gave a few inches at a time—as the eel got tired holding his grip on the rocks,—he loosened up and was finally landed on the bank, a wriggling, slimy, snaky mess, and after much trouble the fisherman cut the line above where the eel had befouled it with his slime, and putting on a new hook—the eel had gotten the other hook so far down his neck it would have taken a surgical operation to recover it and the boy did *not* like eels. What trout fisherman does? Needless to say that eel did not go back into that trout stream.

And then, the last place he was to try at, before hitting the road home, an old log, a big log, one that the boy could just nicely walk out on. He did not expect to get much, if anything, an odd fingerling that would have to be put back, but to his surprise, he landed after a struggle—the largest trout of the day—thirteen inches long he was by actual measurement. Some trout, the boy thought, at any rate.

And, then there was another boy, same age, same good health to start with, all except environment were equal, but this other boy was supposed to have *advantages*, he lived in the *city*. The same day the boy in the country went fishing and got *real game* fish, our city boy went down to the public beach for a swim. It seemed about the only place to go. It was hot, the parks were jammed—crammed full of people trying to keep cool. Tired mothers with their babies, young people with lunch baskets, crowding each other out of the shady spots.

Tom, Dick and Harry almost too “spiflicated” with the heat to try to flirt with the girls that were there for no other purpose. The beach was almost as bad as the parks, sweltering hot, perspiring humanity everywhere.

The city lad had had his swim. Yes, he swam till he was all in, he ate a few “hot dogs” from the sandwich wagon on the corner—as it was too far to go to a restaurant in a bathing suit—drank a couple of bottles of pop to quench his thirst while sitting in the shade of the pier, the life-saver

of the beach spooning with one of the beach beauties as a background.

You know it’s a good deal a question of environment and pocketbook, but which boy would *you* rather have been?



“He wondered how the Life Guard could find so much to talk about.”



On Lake Timagami, Highlands of Ontario

The Summer Call to the Northland

WALTER THORNTON

WITH the approach of the languid summer days the travel thoughts of tens of thousands of city folk turn towards the Canadian summer resorts. To dream in a southern or mid-western city on an August noon of the cool breezes which blow over the "Highlands of Ontario"—name of magic appeal to lovers of the cool uplands—is to feel the urge of northward flight with the same strength that it carries to the birds in the spring. An increasingly large number of United States residents are responding to the call of the North each year. Transportation companies and hotel systems have combined to make a visit to Canada as attractive as possible.

The Highlands of Ontario in particular have been made known to vacation seekers in every State of the Union. The businessman and his wife now leave the American cities and within a space of a single day's travel are encamped on the shores of some northern lake, or installed in comfortable quarters in hotel or cottage. The Government of Canada, realizing the asset it possesses in its wonderful scenic regions, has set aside vast territories of incomparable beauty to remain forever as part of the public domain.

The Ontario Provincial Government led the way in this regard when it declared a lake-land territory of four thousand square miles, just north of Toronto and west of Ottawa, a playground for the people and a sanctuary for wild life for all time. This region is now known as Algonquin Park. The reserve approaches the ideal of what such a playground should be. The fifteen hundred lakes and streams within its boundaries are well stocked with sporty bass and trout. The altitude, something like 2,000 feet above sea level gives this section of Ontario a splendid mid-summer climate. When you step from the train at one of the little stations in the park you feel

at once the tonic properties in the air, with its odor of pine and spruce. Minx scurry busily about on rock ledges, while little red squirrels flit warily from tree to tree and are so tame that they will come to your camp and pry off the lid of your biscuit tin. There are birds of almost every species from the ocean seagull to the timid robin, the loon and the hermit thrush.

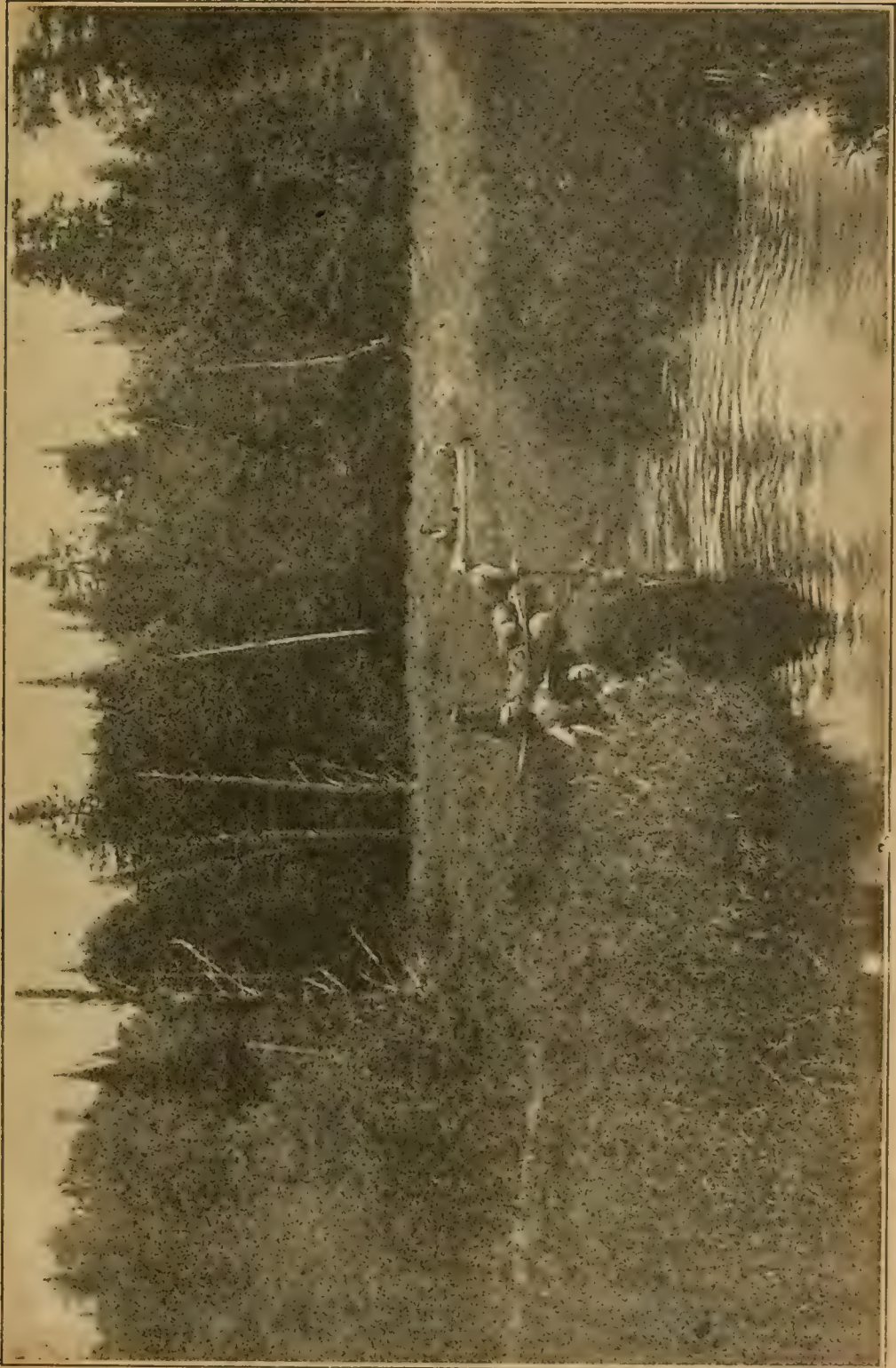
The entire area is in a natural unspoiled condition, and one may paddle over the lakes and through their connecting streams for days without finding signs of man's occupancy. Men and women reasonably fond of woods and waters find a summer in the park an ideal vacation. Women who would not dream of such a thing a few years ago are now taking to the woods with an enthusiasm which they never experienced toward any other form of holiday outing; and find, too, in the simple, care-free life a delightful relief from domestic exactions and social calls. No great vacation territory could long escape the customary provision for the hosts of folks who do not care for camp life, but who do most enthusiastically love wild Nature. There are now five hotels in the Park.

Another beautiful region is the Lake of Bays District. Here also the altitude, 1,000 feet above the sea, makes the spiced air rare and invigorating. The Lake of Bays is the gem of a chain of lakes, some of them linked, one to another, by locked rivers, and some by open free-flowing streams. Upon these lakes are natty little steamboats giving service to the various points. These lakes offer safe and enjoyable facilities for boating, bathing, golfing and fishing, being sheltered from heavy winds by the numerous island and landlocked bays.

The Muskoka Lakes are probably the most famous of Canadian resort districts, comprising three lovely



An afternoon catch of maskinonge near Rose Point Summer Resort, Georgian Bay, Highlands of Ontario.



A party of sportsmen making their way to new fishing grounds in Algonquin Park, by way of one of the many streams which link the lakes together

lakes, Muskoka, Rosseau and Joseph. When you enter the Muskoka district you are amazed at the extent of the lakes, which appear so small on the map. Then the multitude of islands and the diversified shore line cause the visitor to wonder how the captains of the lake steamships pilot their vessels so swiftly and safely through the maze. This is also a paradise for any man or woman fond of a canoe or a launch, and everywhere in these lakes there is good fishing and bathing in safe waters, and fine opportunities for a game of golf or tennis.

The Timagami region is another of the great Canadian reserves that have been set aside for all time as

playgrounds for the people. It contains 3,750,000 acres of lakes, rivers and wooded lands. In the centre of this territory is wonderful Lake Timagami, with its shore line of 1,132 miles, while there are hundreds of other lakes to invite the angler and canoeist. The disciples of Isaac Walton make a Mecca of this northern lakeland for in Timagami, and the innumerable surrounding lakelets, are game fish without end. Many of its pools have never given back the reflection of a white man's face. With the 30,000 Islands region of the Georgian Bay, and Algonquin Park Timagami shares the reputation of being the best fishing ground in Canada.

Rabbits As Food

Wild rabbits in the United States have always been an important item of food, especially during the cold part of the year, and hence less attention has been paid to the breeding of rabbits than in most foreign countries. It would be impossible to estimate correctly the number of rabbits marketed and eaten in Great Britain. Not only are the home warrens and farms drawn upon for a supply, but from 10,000 to 12,000 tons are, in normal times, imported annually, coming partly from the Continent, but in great numbers from Australia and New Zealand.

In France, Holland, and Belgium rabbits are a common article of diet and rabbit breeding is general on farms, especially where the land holdings are small. Spain produces many domestic rabbits and is sometimes regarded as the original home of the common European rabbit, which science is pleased to call *lepus cuniculus*, since Strabo, writing about the beginning of the Christian Era, stated that ship cargoes of rabbits were brought to the Roman markets from that country. Whether or not the European rabbit

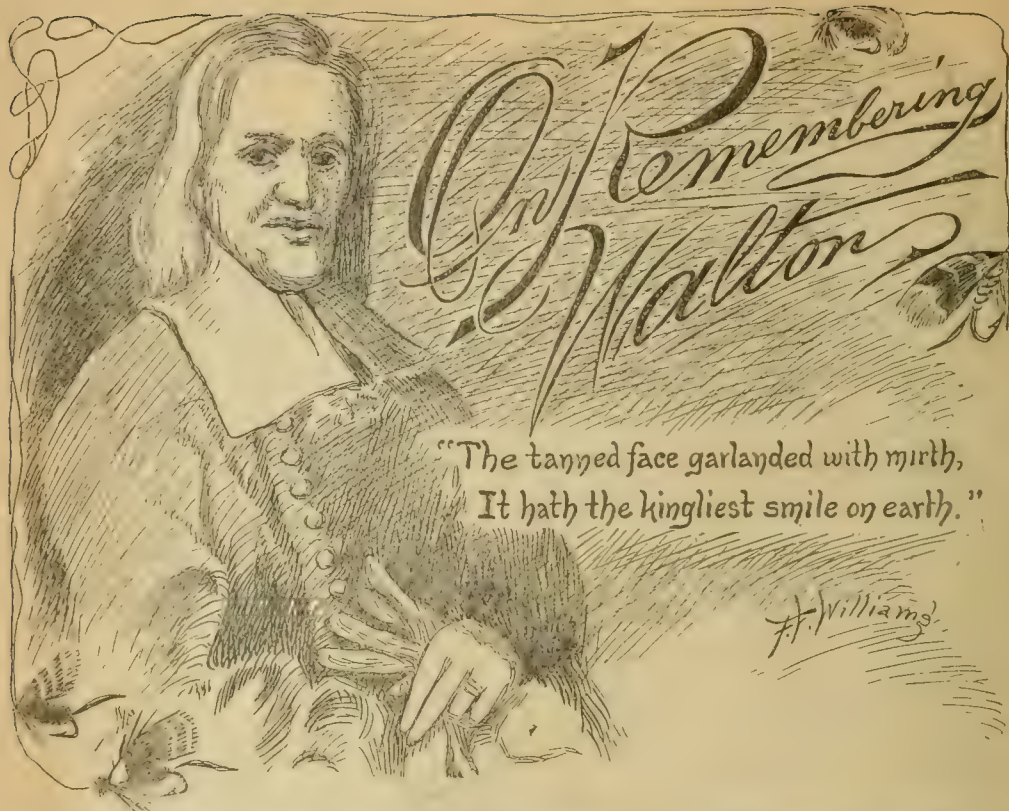
is superior as an article of food to the wild cottontail rabbit of our forests and fields is a matter of individual taste.

The so-called Belgian hare is merely a domesticated form of the wild rabbit of Europe, long bred with special reference to the development of a superior food animal. Its flesh is generally considered better than that of the ordinary hutch rabbit.

While not affording large profits, the business of raising rabbits is a small way may be made an interesting as well as a reasonably remunerative adjunct to other pursuits. Especially is it adapted to small towns as well as to farms, and under careful management the returns from this pursuit are likely to increase as one gains experience. Under favorable circumstances, such as being within easy reach of a large market, it is capable of expansion into a serious vocation. The presence of rabbits in inclosures on the farm or on village premises furnishes opportunity for an agreeable change in the family diet, a fact that is of considerable importance when ordinary meats are so high-priced, as at the present time, or in regions where they are difficult to obtain.—T. H. H.



Muskoka Lakes, Highlands of Ontario



Three Hundred and Twenty Six Years After the Birth of Izaak Walton, (August Ninth, 1593), we Pause in the Round of Things to Pay our Respects to the Father of Angling; now an Institution.

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

TO the world outside the sphere of angling the name of Walton may just be a catch-word. But to those who have found delight and endless pleasure in the out-of-doors, and in angling in the good waters, to those I say the name of Walton is at once more than a name among the thousands; it is a name that stands for all that is worth while in this world. The contemplation of fresh and inspiring rural sights; the joy of casting a delicate fly along a stream's course in the month of June; the beautiful coming of dusk; and the homeward trip over the road to the home—all these things stand for Walton. It was not alone the catching of the fish that held his heart. Fishing was to him the key that opened the door of a wider outlook upon the world. It may not be that he saw less when not sitting at a stream side; but there can be no doubt that he enjoyed a loftier viewpoint when engaged in the gentle sport of dropping a line and waiting for the nimble

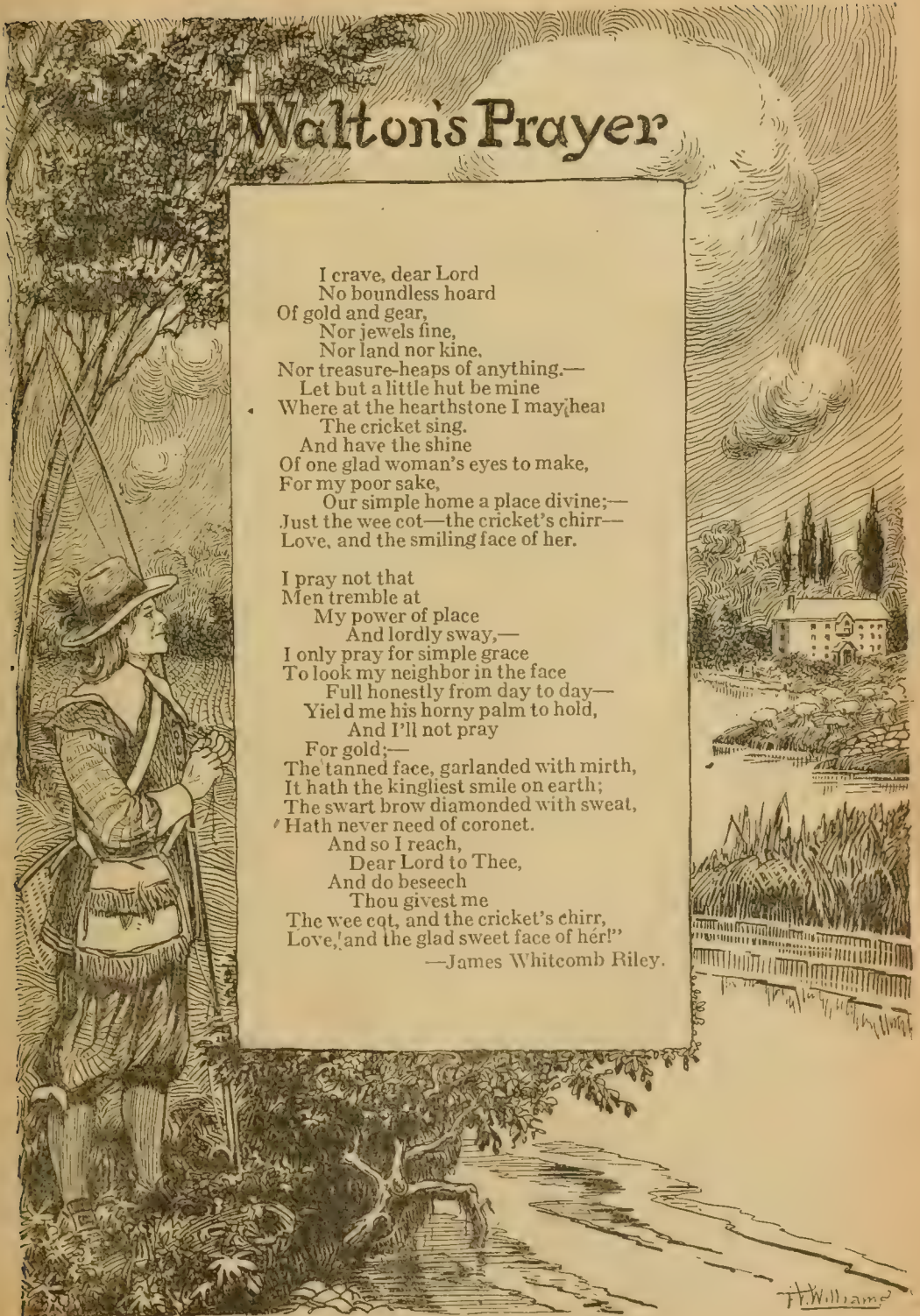
ones to take the hook and dart away with it. As he pushed aside the branches that overhung the stream and viewed a clear expanse of water he knew that he was looking upon the very life-blood of purity and cleanliness, and that to be pure and clean one must visit the running streams and drink of them not only with the lips, but also with the mind. To sit upon a bank and view the waters moving by on their way to the sea; the ripple and curl; the freshness coming up from the lush edges, all these things are in tune with the infinite. They spell composure that is composure, peace that is peace, silence that is silence, beauty that is beauty in that great degree that puts all the efforts of man, with his artificial embellishments, to shame. We are forced to go to Nature for our examples of contentment. If the quietude of Nature does no other one thing, it at least tells us to act calmly, with deliberation, to rest when we need to rest and work when we feel like working,

Walton's Prayer

I crave, dear Lord
No boundless hoard
Of gold and gear,
Nor jewels fine,
Nor land nor kine,
Nor treasure-heaps of anything.—
Let but a little hut be mine
Where at the hearthstone I may hear
The cricket sing.
And have the shine
Of one glad woman's eyes to make,
For my poor sake,
Our simple home a place divine;—
Just the wee cot—the cricket's chirr—
Love, and the smiling face of her.

I pray not that
Men tremble at
My power of place
And lordly sway,—
I only pray for simple grace
To look my neighbor in the face
Full honestly from day to day—
Yield me his horny palm to hold,
And I'll not pray
For gold;—
The tanned face, garlanded with mirth,
It hath the kingliest smile on earth;
The swart brow diamonded with sweat,
Hath never need of coronet.
And so I reach,
Dear Lord to Thee,
And do beseech
Thou givest me
The wee cot, and the cricket's chirr,
Love, and the glad sweet face of her!"

—James Whitcomb Riley.



H. Williams

Peace is a summer sky through which the clouds soundlessly pass; the red clover nodding in the fields, with the bees humming amongst them. Peace is the bridge that spans the brook and which we pause upon in the still summer noon-day to think of the hours of our boyhood. Peace is the feel of the brook water as it laves our bared body, where, naturally, and unashamed we stand in our nudity and feel the brazen conventions of inrooted civilization fall away from us, as, too, our worries flee into the great beyond of dungeoned horrors. To tear oneself away from the very haunts of man; to penetrate deep into natural nooks where no glaring eyes hunt one out and there to lie down beside some fresh water and muse on freedom—that, I fully believe, was what Walton lived to tell; and is that which we know him by. The gladness that is the summer sunshine on endless acres stretching to a crimson west; the swaying trees that scatter notes of incomparable music into the air; the rolling hillocks that show full-blown flowers on their crests; the sight of a mother bird feeding her young in the nest, and the father bird sitting on the tip-most branch singing his paeans unto the Highest—these are things that attune our emotions, bringing kindliness and healthful retrospection—and of these things Walton wrote; for he knew that they were the worth-while things that enliven our short hour of existence ere we pass on into the earth from whence we came. If we have missed these natural sights, and sounds; if we have sunken our all in the Great Grist Mill of Life then we have not lived, but must soon die and be made over anew of kindlier, happier mold.

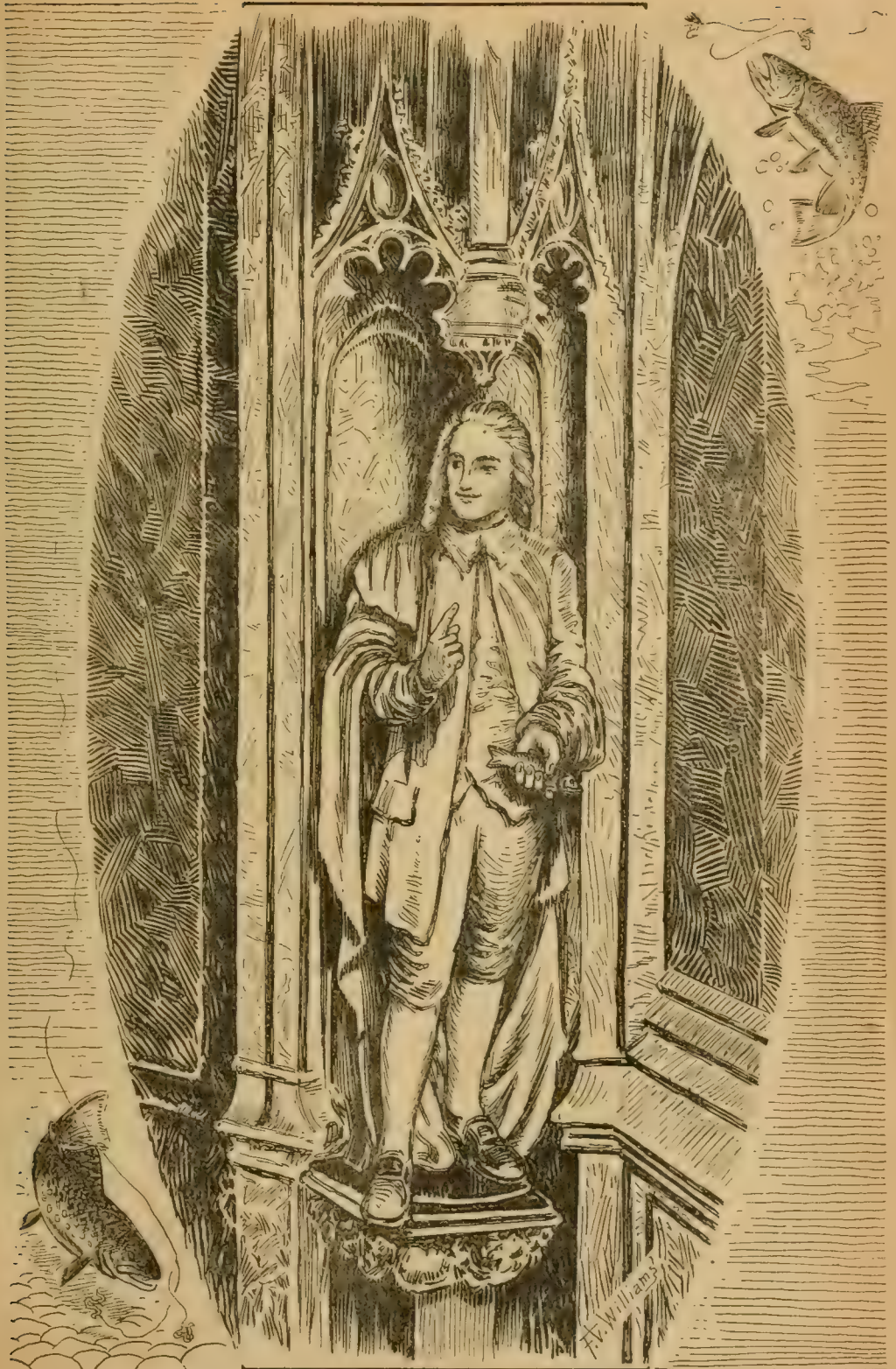
It is quite a mistake to believe that the literature of angling is the root of its fascination; although it must be admitted that the writings on fish and fishing make up a great deal of that which we hold near and dear. To be without a literature of angling would be a severe loss—just how great a loss I am not given to know, nor is anyone given to know until that literature has been denied him. Mainly the literature of angling tells anew every year the principal delights of the immortal pastime, and these delights never cease to have their attraction since angling is the very heart of pleasure; the prime restorative; the kindly glimpse into an earthy heaven that is open to all, denied to none. Angling literature impresses upon the minds of nature-lovers the fact that angling is worth while. Just so Walton's *Complete Angler* reaches the heart and has proven from

the start that angling is not a question of butchery, but a question of taking wisely from the storehouse of nature; that angling is the key to a greater world that is man's for the entering.

"If I did not have angling literature to read," says my friend, "I would lose much of my interest in the game. The literature of angling keeps my blood pumping with enthusiasm, and makes every trip I take to the brooks and lakes of never-dying interest."

We can well agree with that old sportsmen's poet, Isaac McLellan, that, "All anglers of this distant land, love their dear Walton's famous name," and this love remains the same in our day as in the day of the old poet; and it will remain so, we are given to believe, through all time. Walton is the very symbol, one might say, of angling. We speak of Walton and the pastime of angling in the same breath; one is equivalent to the other. Men accumulate a transitory fame in this world during the first half-hour of their lives; it is a fame that stands the test of a few years in comparison with the deposit of the ages, and then they pass on into the beyond of oblivion. But as for Walton, his name remains the same. Revolutions sweep the world; newer methods of thought and action are inaugurated; old systems and the machinery of slavery go down to the dust under the hammer of truth and righteousness—but fixed and certain through all changes, angling remains angling, and no matter how dark the age, and no matter how dark the decades still there are men living a life that is adjusted to the spiritual excellence of angling, and its particular mission in this grossly humdrum world.

Walton lived in a strange old day; and it is indeed a marvel that he could set to paper any thoughts whatsoever about the joys one may find in this world. Nevertheless such was the case. In Nature and the running streams he found solace and contentment. It was a dark day of religious intolerance, "for in those days even suspicion of toleration for heresy was liable to cost a man his estate, if not his head." When old London became unbearable with its miscellaneous howlings, suspicions and murders in the dark, he thought of kindlier scenes, and hence took him away to the quietudes of Stafford, there to live the rest of his days in peace. It is said that Walton was a linen merchant and that he was quite well to do. It is a fact at least that he held important leases and drew rents.



Whatever wealth or means that Walton had he states he had "neither got by falsehood or flattery or the extreme cruelty of the law of this nation" which very properly brands the conditions of the times he lived in and which he would be rid of, much as we desire to be rid of the equally as lamentable conditions of our day, which are, I may say, counterparts of darker ages than the Dark Ages, and which will so live in the future recorded history of man, I have not the least doubt.

Walton's famous will is full of kindness and a remembrance of those about him. He would set some rent money aside for the bringing up of two boys "the sonnes of honest and poor parents" so that they would "be better afterward to make their owne liveing." He is not forgetful of the poor people and his quaint directions to buying coal for these people is not without its practical observation. The "said Coales" were to be delivered "the first weeke in January, or in every first weeke in February; I say then because I take it that time to be the hardest and most pinching times with poore people."

Says William E. Simmons:

"Readers of Walton's Complete Angler will not need to be reminded of the kindly human spirit prevading its pages, but in the text of his will are to be found more definite evidence of the broad philanthropy and all-embracing charity of the man; that genial philosophy and benevolent disposition of the Patron Saint of Anglers."

Walton's will stands as follows:

"In the name of God, Amen: I Izaak Walton, the elder, of Winchester, being the present day in the ninetyeth yeare of my age and in perfect memory, for which prayed God be, but considering how suddainly I may be deprived of both, doe therefore make this my last will and testament as followeth; and first, I doe declare my beliefe to be that their is only one God who hath made the whole world and me and all mankind, to whome I shall give an account of all my actions which are not to be justified but I hope pardoned for all themerrets of my Saviour Jesus, and because the profession of Christianity does at this time seeme to be subdivided into papist and protestant I take it at least to be convenient to declare my beliefe to be in all points of ffaith as the Church of England now professeth and this I doe, the rather because of a very long and a very true friendship with some of the Roman Church, and for my worldly estate (which I have neither got by

falsehood or flattery or the extreme Cruelty of the law of this nation) I doe hereby give and bequeath it as follows: first I give my sonne in law Doct. Hawkins and to his wife to them I give all my title and right of or in a part of a house and shop in Pater noster rowe in London which I hold by lease from the Lord Bishop of London for about fifty yeare to come, and I doe also give to them all my rights and title of or to a house in Chancery Lane, London wherein Mr. Greinwood now dwelleth, in which is now about sixteene yeares to come, I give these two leases to them they saving my Executor from all damage concerning the same; and I give to my sonne Izaak all my right and title to a lease of Norrington Farm which I hold from the Lord Bishop of Winton, and I doe also give him all my right and title to a Farme or land neare to Stafford which I bought of Mr. Walter Noell; I say I give it to him and his heires forever but upon the condition following namely; if my sonne shall not marry before he shall be of the age of forty and one yeare, or being married shall dye before the said age and leave noe sonne to inherit the said Farme or Land, or if his sonne or sonns shall not live to obtaine the age of twenty and one yeares, to dispose otherwayes of it then I give the said Farme or land to the Towne or Corporation of Stafford (in which I was borne) for the good and benefit of some of the said towne as I shall direct and as followeth, but first note that it is at this present time rented for twenty one pounds tenn shillings a yeare (and is like to hold the said rent if care be taken to keepe the barne and houseing in repaire) and I wood have and doe give ten pound of the said rent to bind out yearly two boyes, the sonns of honest and poore parents, to be apprentizes to some Tradesmen or handycraft men to the intent the said boyes may be better afterward to get their owne liveing; and I do also give five pound yearly out of the said rent to be given to some maide Servant that hath attained the age of twenty and one yeare (not lesse) and dwelt long in one service, or to some honest poore man's daughter that hath attained to that age, to be paid her at or on the day of her marriage and this being done my will is that what rent shall remaine of the said Farme or land shall be disposed of as Followeth: first I doe give twenty shilling yearly to be spent by the Mayor of Stafford and those that shall collect the said rent and dispose of it as I have and shall hereafter direct, and that what mony or rent shall remaine undisposed off shall be.

employed to buy Coales for some poore people that shall most need them in the said towne, the said Coales to be delivered the first weeke in January or in every first weeke in February; I say then because I take that time to be the hardest and most pinching times with poore people and God reward those that shall doe this without partialitie and with honestie and a good conscience; and if the said Mayor and others of the said towne of Stafford shall prove so negligent or dishonest as not to imploy the rent by mee given as intended and exprest in this my will (which God forbid) then I give the said rents and profitts of the said Farme or land to Towne and cheiefe magastraits or governōrs of Eccles-hall to be disposed of by them in such manner as I have ordered the disposall of it by the towne of Stafford, the said Farme, or land being near the Towne of Eccles-hall; and I give to my sonne in Law Doctor Hawkins (whome I love as my owne sonne) and to my daughter, his wife, and my sonne Izaak to each of them a ring with these words or motto—"love my memory I. W. obiet;" to the Lord Bishop of Winton a ring with this motto "a mitt for a million, I. W. obiet;" and to the friends hereafter named I give to each of them a ring with this motto "A friend's farewell, I. W. obiet;" and my will is the said rings be delivered within forty dayes after my death, and that the price or value of the said rings shall be thirteen shillings and four pence a piece. I give to Doctor Hawkins, Doctor Donn's sermons, which I have heard preacht and read with much content; to my son Izaak, Doctor Sibbs, his Soules conflict, and to my daughter, his bruised reed, desiring them to read them for as to be well acquainted with them; and I also give unto her all my bookes at Winchester and Droxford and whatever in those two places are or I can call mine except a Trunck of Linnen which I give to my sonne Izaak; but if he doe not live to Marry or make use of it then I give the same to my Granddaughter, Anne Hawkins, and I give to my daughter Doctor Hall's works which be now at Farnham; to my sonn Izaak I give all my bookes (not yet given) at Farnham Castell and a deske of prints and pictures, alsoe a Cabinet near my bedshead in which are some little things that he will value, tho of noe great worth, and my will and desire is that he will be kind to his Aunt Beachame and his Aunt Rose Ken by allowing the first about fifty shillings a yeare in or for Bacon and Cheese (not more) and paying four pound a yeare toward the boarding of her sonnes dyet to Mr. John Whitehead; for his Aunt

Ken I desire him to be kind to her according to her necessity and his own abilitie and I commend one of her children to breed up (as I have said I intend to do) if he shall be able to doe it, as I know he will, for they be good folke. I give—to Mr. John Darbyshire the Sermons of Mr. Anthony Farrington or of Dr. Sunderson which my Executor thinks fit; to my servant, Thomas Edghill, I give five pound in money and all my Clothes, linen and wollen (except one sute of Clothes which I give to Mr. Holinshed and forty shillings) if the said Thomas be my servant at my death, if not my Clothes only; and I give to my old friend Mr. Richard Marriott, tenn pound in mony to be paid to him within three Months after my death, and I desire my sonne to shew kindness to him if he shall neede and my sonne can spare it; and I doe hereby will and declare my sonn Izaak to be my sole Executor of this my last will and testament and doctor Hawkins to see that he performs it, which I doubt not but he will. I desire my burial may be neare the place of my death and free from any ostentation or charge but privately; this I make to be my last will (to which I shall only add the Codicell for rings) this sixteenth day of August, One Thousand Six hundred eighty three. Izaak Walton. Witnesse to this will.

The Rings I give are as on the other side.

To my brother John Ken; to my sister, his wife; to my brother Doctor Ken; to my Sister Pye; to Mr. Francis Morley; to Mr. George Vernon; to his wife; to his three daughters; to Mistris Nelson; to Mr. Richard Walton; to Mr. Palmer; to Mr. Taylor; to Mr. Tho. Garrard; to the Lord Bp. of Sarum; to Mr. Rede, his servant; to my cozen Dorothy Kenrick; to my cozen Lewin; to Mr. Walter Higgs; to Mr. Charles Cotton; to Mr. Richard Marriot 22; to my brother Beacham; to my Sister, his wife; to the Lady Anne How; to Mrs. King, Doctor Philips wife; to Mr. Valentine Harecourt; to Mrs. Eliza Johnson; to Mrs. Mary Rogers; to Mrs. Eliza Milward; to Mrs. Dorothy Wallop; to Mr. Will Milward of Christ Church, Oxford; to Mr. John Darbeshire; to Mrs. Unedville; to Mrs. Rock; to Mr. Peter White; to Mr. John Lloyde; to my cozen Greinsell's widdow, Mrs. Dalbin, must not be forgotten 16; Izaak Walton note that several lines are blotted out of this will for they are twice repeated and that this will is now Signed and Sealed this twenty and fourth day of October One Thousand Six hundred and eighty three, in the presence of us Witnesse Abra. Markland, Jos. Taylor, Thomas Crawley."

FISHIN' ALONE



ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

THE charms in fishing alone, whether it be upon the stream or upon the lake, are many. Just how many anglers there are given over to fishing, "by their lonesome," as one would say, I do not know. There are a great number of the angling brotherhood who would rather not go fishing at all than to fish without a human companion. There is always the feeling in one that he would like to share his successes or his failures of the very moment with a companion, and talk over with him the remedy or the successfulness of the hour or the day. This is all as it should be. No doubt most of our red letter days are days when we have been in the company of some boon companion, and, therefore, what one has felt, both have felt and gained pleasure by. Nevertheless there is that about fishing alone that has an indescribable something to it of charm that will not down. What it is I do not know. One does not necessarily need to be a crank to go about his piscatorial adventures without human companionship. And, furthermore, one is never without companionship with the gentle wonders of Nature laid out before his eyes at all times of the day; at all hours. But fishing alone—by so doing I have no doubt but that we give ourselves over more fully to a study of the science of fishing, whereas, with a companion we are liable to keep that person's figure in the mind, con-

scious of his presence, and not fully aware of the study of the stream and the action of the fish in the stream, that is necessary to success. By success I do not mean the filling of a large creel; but success in catching a wary fish, that has long avoided capture; on some lure especially wrought for his destruction.

It is sad to relate, yet very true, that the average man of the rod is not content unless he has fished the whole length, or near to the whole length of a river, or stream, in a day. The hours are all too short in his eye. At dusk he finds that he has covered ten miles of stream and yet has twenty miles to go before he has reached its source. He finds a pool casts a couple times, and then works up in his fancy an elaborate picture of a pool further up that must contain trout so eager to take the feathered artifice that it is just as well that one is at a distance from the hungry finny one. Even if a reasonably sized fish be taken, yet this fisherman will mentally assure himself that it is a small one and that there are better ones to be had further up.

I was fishing the Brule one summer. Day after day I went out to the river, and found so much pleasure in fishing a half mile of the stream, and had such good success that I felt no desire to go further, until I forced myself to do so. Every day I went down to that half mile of stream I found some new condition of stream formation, and lay-out

of the bottom that I had not previously noted. At the close of a week I knew and still know that half mile of stream like a book. I can draw off-hand a sketch showing the placement of every likely boulder, every log-obstruction, every pool. In short I found out just where the big fellows lay, and fished accordingly. All this is possible when one fishes alone and can deviously, painstakingly, study the stream and go about his movements by gradual, imperceptible degrees and thus place a cast with a nicety at the right spot when he feels like it.

I have always held that one cast rightly placed, and with care, is worth ten casts made haphazard. Furthermore the one cast may make the capture; the ten casts may acquire nothing; in fact they may frighten the fish into seclusion. With a companion with you on a stream it is the usual thing that two keep near to each other. Even two, I hold, in such a condition is over-crowding. One man going up a river is all that should obtain at any one time. If two fish a stream, even if it be a wide one, one angler should go up first, the other one following some distance behind. But to do this both men must be of an equitable disposition, else the man in back may believe the man in front is getting the best fishing. Fishing alone you are rid of all such reflections and can give your

mind over fully and freely to the particular study you wish to follow up. Or if you do not feel like fishing you seat yourself on a boulder and make a quiet study of the stream, watching for rises, and the movements of fish. In such intervals you, like as not, will make note of some particular insect just arrived into the atmosphere on which the fish are taking. You may make a selection from your fly-book, within a shade of imitation of the winged one, and catch a fish without stirring from your boulder.

The attractiveness of fishing, alone, is apt to grow upon one, and he is liable to choose to fish alone much in his after days, especially if he is given to a study of the habits of fishes, and continually has some especial flies that he wishes to try out. Seclusion, is, then, to him a blessing. I believe that the fullest understanding of the art of angling comes through this apartness; tho' I will admit that one grows less talkative, and in time, bottled up with his own findings, and jealous of what he has found out; and which others seek to pry from him.

But, assuredly, the fullest meaning of the word "angling" is borne out to the man who fishes alone. There remains in one no desire to exceed his fellow in skill; no desire to acquire a greater catch; in a word, the spirit of competition is done away with.

And, Too, We Have Still Fishing With Us.



ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

STILL-FISHERS come in two classes, namely the still-fisher possessed of the belief that it is in him to catch every fish that a lake may hold, all the way from one inch in length to ten feet, and if he could do

this he would avariciously take them all home, consume two or three of them and dig the rest down in the good old Mother Earth. The next class of still-fishers takes in the dreamer. The dreamer still-fisher is molded truly, of the clay of Walton. He comes as close to being the shade of Walton as any shade could be, and although I know that the great scientific host of anglers are willing to argue this at length, nevertheless, I feel that

I have struck upon the correct comparison. It is said by some that to be a good still-fisher it is not necessary to know a great deal about fish, or fishing, so far as that goes. Walton did not know one fish from another it is said, but then this does not matter. If a man knows a bull-head from a sunfish he will be crowned with success. If he does not he will have to find out by sitting first on the one fish and then on the other. This has proven an unfailing means of telling the differential—I mean the difference—between one fish and the other.

When a man decides that he will like ever thereafter to be a contemplative still-fisher he is first forced to lay aside his pleasant worries, grouches, bitterness and sour stomach. Each of these ailments are cured as one ascends in still-fishing. While he hates to see his worries go, still he feels it must be done. Mentally he says: "Yes, I'll do it. The time has come. I'll become a still-fisher."

The first thing that an aspiring still-fisher needs is a pole. There are two kinds. (1) the long pole, and, (2) the short pole. The only difference is that one is long and the other one is short. When you see a contemplative still-fisher wending his way to the lake with a pole so long that it gets jammed in in the bend of the road, have patience with the person carrying it. Remember his heart is in the right place. The thrill is there.

If one has some time at his command he can make his own pole out of any self-respecting basswood tree. In fact a basswood is *par excellence*. With it you can catch both pickerel and sardines with agility. It is not necessary to silk-wind your basswood pole. It has a delightful, though unconscious "give" to it and when it dries a little it will "set" to any curve that is desired. A few fancy knots on it only enhances its value.

And now we come to the boat. I doubt if a man ever was a successful still-fisher who ever went still-fishing in a brand new boat. There is something obnoxious about a new boat especially when its painted and smelly and all that. You know the kind I mean. You can get down and mirror yourself on the side of the craft and shave if you want to. Now a boat like that ain't treating a still-fisher square. Yuh simply can't fish in a new boat. O I know, some try it, but as I say they are not successful.

No man ever was a successful still-fisher who did not go still-fishing in a boat that leaked. If the boat is old and it leaks there is hope. But the successful boat for the

successful still-fisher must not leak to such an extent that one is forced to bail water all the time because this causes too much use of the mental capacities, besides what physical strain is thrown in for good or bad measure. It should leak just enough so that every fifteen minutes one says to himself:

"Whew! ain't that water comin' in though. I'll have to get after it or I'll sink."

The successful bailing appliance, or can, for bailing out water from a still-fisher's boat is a very simple utensil. It formerly was the home of tomatoes, like as not, or Sunny Valley Peas. This can should never be new. There is not a still-fisher still-fishing in this world who has not a marked aversion for a new can. As a rule this can has been opened by a newly married woman who did the awful deed with a monkey wrench and a section of a sword that has been beaten into a plow share. She did it cross-ways, each quarter section being turned up and the peas or tomatoes rolled or forked out as the case may be. Thus when the still-fisher wants to use this pea or tomato can for bailing purposes he takes hold of one of the quarters and dipping it half-heartedly into the water he gets a spoonful inside of the can each time and throws it overboard with alacrity. With a can of this sort in his possession a man soon bails out a quart of water with comparative ease; furthermore the can has other uses. No still-fisher ever carries a knife with him, so he uses the sharp edges of the can on which to saw off his line when he wishes to change from a sunfish hook to a pickerel hook.

One of the most delightful and primitive things to be seen on board the boat of a still-fisher is the still-fishing anchor. An abandoned cow-rope not only makes an ingenious anchor rope but one that will break at the moment you least expect it to. To be successful at still-fishing the anchor rope must break now and then so that you will drift half way cross the lake before you know where you are. But if the rope should be strong, and will hold you firmly in place once you are anchored, do not despair. The anchor usually works loose and you are given the opportunity of drifting across the lake without your knowing what has transpired. The anchor is usually composed entirely of a rock wound around with a rebellious hay-wire. Not being wound according to Hoyle it works loose with telling effect. The true still-fisher has nothing in common with the modern still-fishers who use anchors made out

of concrete poured into a large can, same having an iron ring in it. The trouble with an anchor like that is that it is too efficient. It approaches perfection, therefore leaves nothing to be asked for.

If the still-fisher's boat leaks, if the anchor rope is pleasingly dilapidated, and if the oar-locks are not what they should be then you are on the way to joy. Now then for the fishing. Statistics prove that two thirds of the still-fishers of the country anchor in from four to five feet of water, thirty to sixty feet from shore. You course through the clinging mosses and pads and like as not you are marooned in the center of them and so you are forced to stand up and paddle out. You soon get outside of the weeds. All right; you pull in the oars, you sit a while viewing the immediate surroundings, then you get up and you throw the anchor out of the boat with a whang. It goes to the bottom; bubbles come up; then a cloud of mud. All this done in such a devilishly reckless manner, too. The cautious fisherman would scold you for throwing your anchor over in such a manner, with the double-distilled wisdom kindly given you that it scares all the fish out of the lake. But the still-fisher knows better. There isn't a fish that does not want to come over and see who fell in and got drowned.

Having dropped in the anchor according to Section 5, Clause 2, the still-fisher returns to the middle seat, cautiously moving along bent over, testing his way for fear of falling in and so injuring the water. If he is the fortunate owner of a corn-cob pipe he lights that and then is ready for work. The pole is set upright in the boat, being careful, however, not to get it caught between the clouds. The pole is held in this position while the hook is completely surrounded by a worm threaded on in spite of its feeble protestations. When it is perfectly lifeless appearing on the hook it is ready to be cast out. If any sign of life appears the still-fisher does not despair but continues menacing it by working it back and forth on the hook. After a little of this process the angler-worm gives up its ghost and is ready for work. But before it is cast to the eager finny ones it is customary to spit on it. It is ridiculous, yet nevertheless true that one has little luck at still-fishing unless he spits on his hook.

Imagine a still-fisher fishing with a bobber on his line purchased in a sporting goods store

for the sum of ten cents, painted red and green. No! Away with such fancies. It must be the usual whiskey bottle cork or vinegar jar cork or it won't be still-fishing. You throw your pole back and then forward; the bobber hits the water; the hook sinks and then you begin to ruminate. For an hour the perch are baring the hook for you and then all you have to do is to pull up every now and then and re-bait. A flock of bass may swim by in plain sight, but it does not encourage the still-fisher to up and fling his hook and bobber "far and fine" at them, knowing full well, through experience, that it is of no use. But sometime, the still-fisher figures, "sometime I'll get a mess of them big fellows." *Especial Note:* There is the incentive; don't you see?

Anything may happen while you are still-fishing.

Wide and glorious vistas open to the view.

It may be while you are sitting there a large pickerel will mistake your anglerworm for an artificial minnow and will swim up and down in front and around it kind of treating it in a flirting way that the pickerel have about them. Then he will back up about ten and a half feet, get a foothold and will leap for the anglerworm. You have, just before this singular event been thinking about something but could not make up your mind what that something would be. A still-fisher is always in peril of thinking too seriously on some interesting subject. When the pickerel hits your anglerworm what follows after that becomes progressive history. You may lose your fish but if you do you are not wholly sad, a bright thought illuminating your mental capacities that if you had only caught that fish and if you had two more that would make three fish to your credit. I doubt whether any active still-fisher would even like to catch a large fish. Most generally you catch a small fish and he comes in making an awful commotion for his size. You gently pick him off the hook and toss him in and you are not overly surprised to catch him again three minutes after. After you have again thrown him in and you catch him once more, while you are not ready to quit you disgustedly cast over on the other side of the boat and are startled to hook a weed a moment thereafter which "pulled just like a fish." All these little things go to make still-fishing so beautifully simple; so enriching to the prospect.

Chips From the Workshop



ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

IN writing on the depleting of lakes and streams, and of those who cause this condition a writer in the American Angler has stated:

"Some time ago, 'Royal Coachman,' a popular angling writer in a daily paper, placed the blame on the summer boarder for the fished-out condition of lakes and streams. It is not my intention to belittle their share of responsibility since I, also, have seen them bringing in their catches ranging in all sizes down to the fingerling. But, there are others equally as culpable as these summer boarders. I refer to the natives who live in the vicinity of these lakes and streams, and who do great mischief, and generally do it secretly. In season and out of season they not only hunt game but extend their operations to the fish. They plant trap nets before the fishing season opens and also after it has closed, and not infrequently while the fishing season is on. In the middle of the night when their honest neighbors are in sound sleep they visit their illegally set contraptions and gather in the spoils. On occasions I have seen the wardens start out on dark nights with the intention of surprising these law breakers.

"The natives also do a lot of spearing, and there would be a surprise on the part of the law abiding anglers if they knew how large is the number of farmer boys and natives who own trap hoop nets and fish spears. It is supposed they spear eels, but the real truth is they spear other fish, particularly bass. Even in Ontario there are some who are considered as reputable citizens who privately confess that they spear bass while on the spawning beds and they always drive their spears into the largest ones. I have had men up there tell me they spear muscallonge, and I've been promised if I will come up in the early spring they will spear for me a thirty-five pound specimen. Needless to say I did not accept the invitation, nor could I report them to the authorities, since what they told

me of their misdeeds was imparted to me confidentially.

"Some of these persons I entertained a high regard for as sportsmen, and it came as an unpleasant shock to learn of their violations. One in particular I liked immensely, and found great pleasure in his companionship on fishing trips. With a rod and a line he appeared to be a real sportsman. Under-size bass he was tenderly careful in replacing in the water, and yet he could drive a spear into a large bass without reproaching himself."

There is a great deal of truth contained in the above quotation for it tells what goes on "underground," and which, to a very great extent indeed, is undermining our fish supply, and which, unless stopped, will make our efforts for protection and preservation of the finny creatures go for naught. The reference made by the above writer in regard to the depleting proclivities of the summer boarder, at the lake resorts, is true, to say the very least. It would seem to many that it is the small boy's game to go along the shores and fish out small fish, and fingerlings, and yet I have, in the past, seen whole shores cluttered with people fishing, catching thousands of the tiny fish life. Now a condition such as this is bound to work harm among the fishes: it cannot be helped. The only remedy is to educate the people into an understanding of what is right and what is wrong about the fishing game. I know of one State of the United States where the catching of thousands of small fishes was speedily done away with. It had been the case up to the time the new law was passed that any size of sunfish might be taken. The result was that the still fishers sapped gunny-sack after gunny-sack full of tiny mites of fishes from the water, lugging them home, where, if they had taken the few that they needed (and had been content with that) the thousands of useless small ones they had massacred would have gone to replenish the future supply. But

then, wisely enough, under agitation, the law was passed that no sun-fish might be taken under six inches. Some law offenders persisting in the old practices were brought to justice and fined five dollars for every under-sized sun-fish in their possession. The result was that the ruler became one of the most necessary appliances in the outfit of the fishermen—especially the still-fishermen—that season and I presume it is the same yet.

In no sense of the word should people be curbed from fishing; and it would be a pleasing thing indeed if all the people could have a share of what is annually taken, but, unfortunately, this cannot be, at least in the present day. But people who are able to visit the lakes and streams should be taught that it is absolutely necessary to the preservation of the fish supply that only a few fish be taken and those fish be of a suitable length. Now we have all of us, time and time again, seen large, catches made most of the fishes soured in the sun or lying in the sun, stiff and parched, later to be thrown away. Were these same fishes to have been gutted, salted, and laid away in damp leaves or mosses, they would, no doubt, have been useful as food. Were such occurrences of desecration as the above confined to but a few instances there would be no harm done; but the sum total of the destruction in this manner is exceedingly great. The only sane way of correcting this condition of affairs is to point out to the people the facts of the case. For unless watchfulness and the utmost of conservation be practiced in the future, all the efforts of man will go for naught and the fish supply will be constantly waning instead of increasing. There is no desire on the part of the writer to be an alarmist. Far from it. But the facts of the case must be viewed from every angle. With hunting becoming more or less a thing of the past, as the game is being thinned out, the great body of hunter will, sooner or later, turn their attention to another means to sport. Many of the hunting element it is true adopt trapshooting as a pastime. But the active, energetic man wants something more and therefore turns to fishing as the next best bet. Therefore we have the conditions to face: More and more people added to the ranks of those who fish, and more and more waters annually covered, cast over and trolled. Unless the utmost means of conservation are practised it will mean that the fish supply must go, in spite of what sincere men and fish culturists can do to improve conditions. When it is remembered that six million hunting licenses

were taken out in the United States in one year alone it will be seen that a great shifting of these into the ranks of the fishing brethren will do great harm, unless, of course, conservation is practised.

‘ We have always warned against the unscrupulous man who will fish in any season, and will take as many fish as he can lay hands on—and even then will not stop but will be looking for more. Farmer boys and settlers are able to do a great deal of harm, as has been pointed out, but I will not say that such a condition is general. It would be extremely slighting and disagreeable to believe that the men who are opening up the country and providing so much of the world’s food are the worst destroyers. On my own part I believe that the average settler and the average farmer boy is a very necessary person in this world and the majority of them have not the time to go spearing, let alone fishing. A great responsibility, indeed, lies with the settlers; the people out in the wild or near-wild places. We know that the majority of the settlers will do their part in protection. But many settlers, principally foreigners of dubious character, have, in the past, killed off enormous quantities of wild game; but that is not to say that all foreign settlers are capable of constant destruction. At that the destructiveness caused by certain Americans, and Canadians, in the game and fish fields is a tearful disgrace.

No true angler will be guilty of spearing any game fish, altho’ to spear rough fish is certainly not out of place, as the preponderance of these and the harmfulness of these rough species is such that a decreasing of them by means of the spear, or the net, will do a great deal of good no doubt. However, most laws, to the point, forbid the use of the spear on any form of fish; and perhaps this is the right way to consider the proposition. It is lamentable the number of people who will assail the trout in the large rivers when they go up spawning in the spring. Sometimes one wonders if the trout will last more than a few years the way spearing, netting and hooking these spawning fishes is carried on. It seems to me that every community should have at least some genuine anglers and sportsmen who will band together to keep down this menace of attacking the spawning fish, and yet it seems to go on the same as ever.

It has been said that the average person upon seeing a wild animal, a deer (for instance) cannot resist the impulse to kill it; an impulse

so strong that it sweeps them off their feet so to speak. The same certainly is true of fishermen, or even ordinary people who never fish. Seeing a large rainbow trout coming up the river in the spring to spawn, people cannot resist the impulse to kill; and the greater the fish in size, the greater the temptation, of course. Likewise in the lakes and ponds where the bass and crappies and sunfishes are on the spawning beds; people anchor over them and wipe out thousands of spawn-laden fishes. This slaughter during the spawning season I believe to be one of the hugest undermining factors in the decimation of our fishes today, and if this alone could be stopped, who can tell what gains are made. The spawning season of the brook trout is at present approaching. Thousands of magnificent *fontinalis* will be on the spawning beds. No doubt it will afford thousands of unscrupulous beings the incentive for going out and slaughtering them while they are fulfilling their duty in replenishing the waters. In the light of Nature this is a criminal act; all the more lamentable because the destruction is carried on in the dark, or far away from human beings. All we can do is to hope by education to create a spirit of conservation and preservation in the minds of the people so that they will, of their own free will, turn protectors and thus save the state of Nature for posterity. The written word travels far. Let it do its own particular good; that it may gain new and newer guardians of the silent places.

Here is an editorial in a newspaper that I think is worthy of reproduction.

"There is something wonderfully big in the nature of a man who performs a deed for the good of others without reward or even the hope of reward. There was a man in California who planted a forest of young pine trees on a mountainside, with the vision of forests in his soul. He dreamed of forests that he knew he would never see, because he was an old man. It was not for himself that he planted the trees but for the generations that would come after him. As we stood with him, on the mountainside one day, he said: 'You see the farms and orchards there in the valley below you, and you see those towns and cities. Well, Mesopotamia was like that in ancient times, but when the people had stripped the mountains of the forests the flood waters were hurled on the farms, and the cities, and destroyed them. We don't want that same thing to happen here, do we?'

'But suppose it were to happen,' we answered, 'you would not be here to suffer. You will have been gathered to your fathers, oblivious then to flood and famine.'

"That's true," he said. "But, we must think of those who are to come after us."

"Only for such men the world would be a hard place in which to live. If every man destroyed as he went along, and never builded, the earth would ultimately fail to support human life. Wherefore, to do a thing without hope of reward, and to stamp out a sin, while the blood is still in one's veins—these are the two greatest things that a man can do."

There is ample food for thought in the above. There is not an act tending to watchfulness and care of Nature's creations that is not set down in our book of life to our credit. There is not a man who takes from the storehouse of Nature sparingly, and only enough for his own needs, but that is doing a distinct act of good. There is no man who seeks to replenish the waters and woods with desirable wild creatures, feathered or finned, but that is doing his duty to mankind. There is no man who corrects his fellows in their acts of wrong-doing, but that is doing a mighty service for man, for posterity who should realize Nature in the fullness of her charm and abundance, as it was long ago. Ghastly were the inroads of the destructive lumbermen in the past, felling the timber right and left for hundreds of miles, taking but the very choicest pieces out of a gigantic log and leaving the rest of that timber and its denuded foliage lying there to dry, and form inflammable material to feed the awful forest fires, that have laid to waste billions of dollars worth of timber, made homeless countless people, and killed as many more. The destruction of the forests have sent the heavy snows into the streams, as water in a few days, where, with the forests standing, it took weeks, nay, months for it to melt and flow away. These abnormal conditions have swollen the rivers. The rivers have swept down, as along the Mississippi, and thousands of people drowned, made homeless, and all their possessions gone on down to the Gulf. The aftermath of man's lack of foresightedness is always misery and despair. The law of planting one tree to take the place of the one chopped down is a wise law and it should be universal. Our criminal wastefulness, our taking the best and leaving nothing behind us save destruction has been a subject of wide comment

in the older countries of the world who regard our prodigality with profound disgust. The cry that, "Nature is an inexhaustible store-house" is a thing of the past. Conservation in the future must be more than a catchword if Nature is to be spared and all that we hold dear be kept in beauty and as close to primeval conditions as possible. There are lands that are practically unfit for agricultural purposes, scattered all over the continent. These lands, however, will grow forests and are made beautiful by streams and lakes that are, or should be, filled with fish. Regions of this sort should be watched over and preserved not by a few individuals, but by all the people. When a person gets beyond his own self; when he can think with the thousands and look to their welfare and happiness as well as his own, he realizes fully the meaning of his duty to the community; his duty to mankind living; and posterity. When a man can think along a plane of this sort, forgetting, if need be, his own pleasures, that others may delight of the natural creations of Nature, he has aspired to one of the great goals in life.

As a consequence of the cutting down of the forests and the shrubbery along streams in general they have dwindled, and have often shrunk down to nothing. Where they seem to hold their own, they are, nevertheless, far from being of a suitable temperature for the continued habitat of the speckled brook trout. When the temperature of the water rises to over sixty-five degrees the brook trout is far from being at home. True to its desires of the past, the speckled brook trout is a cold-water, spring-water fish; truly the fish of the fountains. There are streams today that formerly were excellent brook trout streams but now they have few, if any, of this marvelous species. But these same streams have been furnished with brown trout or rainbow trout and have made quite a name for themselves in this respect. It will be remembered in the case of the brown trout that it has been called, ever since its introduction into this country, by the name of the German Brown Trout. As a matter of fact the brown trout came from England, and is England's trout, so to speak; in fact the brown trout is to England, in position, what the brook trout has been to America. The brown trout differs greatly from the speckled brook trout, the *fontinalis* of our streams, in that it can take up life in water far higher in temperature than can the speck-

led brook trout. It is for this reason that streams that have been depleted of brook trout, make, as often as not, excellent brown trout streams and afford anglers a meed of joy with each new season. The brown trout, (which is often called the Loch Leven), is a sticker, and it will cling to swift-flowing streams, if such be its lot. But then it makes a good all-around trout for planting, everything, of course, taken into consideration.

With the best intentions in the world, anglers generally make the mistake of planting a stream to speckled brook trout when the stream is not fitted, by reason of environment, to that species; owing to the trimmed away bushes and trees that formerly grew along its sides, also the fact that it may be more or less heightened in temperature. At great cost, sometimes, streams are stocked with *fontinalis* only to have nothing turn up as a result.

Ideal streams for any trout, and especially *fontinalis*, have trees and brush along their shores. Sunken logs and brush here and there not only furnish retreats for the fingerlings, but they are the haunts of the very insects that the trout live upon. With the banks of the stream denuded of bushes, with the stream clear of logs, weeds, etc., the food supply is so scant that it will not possibly be fit for planting. Where streams are thus robbed of their bank brush—alders and such should be planted in, and logs dropped in here and there. The thicker the brush along a stream, the more ideal does that stream become for the trout. Also where a stream flows through meadows, and is more or less inaccessible to man, ideal conditions may soon be arrived at.

It may truly be said that the larger these stream happens to be the more certain it is that the brown trout, the rainbow trout and the speckled brook trout will live together without one decreasing the other. But, of course, in the large streams there are small forms of fish life, shiners, chubs, etc., not to mention the young of the various rough fish—and these form food for the trout. It will be found, however, that where a stream is comparatively small, narrow to a degree and lacking depth, and lacking a suitable food supply the mixing of brown trout with speckled brook trout in that stream is bound to mean the depletion of the *fontinalis* by the brown trout, it being, merely, a survival of the fittest; a necessity; a matter of food that cannot be gotten otherwise.

Be sure your stream is a brook stream before you mistake and plant it to fontinalis.



GUNS & AMMUNITION

Hunting Experiences with Various Arms

ASHLEY A. HAINES

IN my article concerning suitable rifles for deer shooting which appeared in the March number of *Rod and Gun*, I failed to follow orders fired at me by the Guns and Ammunition editor, Mr. Landis, and wrote more concerning my opinions of different guns, models and calibers than of personal experiences, as Mr. Landis had requested. And yet I fully intended handing the readers considerable concerning experiences which will fall to the lot of a hunter when on the trail of the elusive mowitch, the most hunted of all big game in North America. I shall now try and make up any deficiency in this respect that existed in the article referred to, my only regret is that I shall fail to relate any of my experiences in as interesting fashion as many certainly could who may be tempted to read the grist this little typewriter is about to grind out. If, however, I should succeed in bringing before the reader's vision the trail of the elusive mowitch as he is being followed through the "beautiful snow," often descending to the depths of the deepest canons, up steep mountain sides, through thick and snow-laden brush, over fallen timber and along boulder-strewn mountain sides, right up to the end of the trail where the rifle's crack is followed by the unsheathing of the hunting knife, I shall be partly satisfied. But if in the remarks that follow, I should succeed in impressing on the minds of all hunters the importance of hunting the mowitch carefully, and, what is more important, the matter of making that first shot, when the game is finally sighted, a fatal one, I shall be then fully satisfied.

As mentioned in my March article I lost

several crippled deer years ago by failing to make that first shot a fatal one. This I have always regretted but, unfortunately, I am not the only one who has followed the trail of the elusive mowitch with similar experiences to relate if they would only hand us their experiences. After finally deciding that I would never shoot at a standing deer without being as certain as possible that I could see some definitely fatal spot in which to place the shot, I have never actually lost a crippled deer. Don't misunderstand me; I have shot standing deer since then that required another shot or so; but not many. Some running deer have been missed clean, some that required several shots before the knife could be called into service, but no crippled ones to get away. One standing deer, crippled by another, I deliberately shot through the hips simply due to no other portion of the animal offering a shot, and I feared if he jumped, as he certainly would had I manoeuvred for a more favorable position, it would mean a long chase with the probabilities of never seeing the end of the trail as the country was very brushy and heavily timbered. The deer fell and never regained its feet. But I *did* dislike shooting that deer through the hips; had it been running, the thing would have been different.

Another deer, one of the largest bucks I ever saw (at least I judged it to be from what I could see of it) I lost simply because I would not permit myself to shoot it through the hips, the only part of the deer I could see. I wanted meat as badly as any deer hunter that ever trailed a mowitch but I slid to a sitting position and with the little Winchester covering an open spot a few feet from where

the deer was standing and where I thought he certainly would pass when finally ready to move on, I patiently waited several minutes but never to fire a shot at him as when he finally disappeared it was in the opposite direction from what was expected, at no time more than the hips being visible to me. Yes, I regretted losing that deer but always felt better for the experience than to have crippled him, or to have secured him, a standing deer, by such an un-hunter-like proceeding as to deliberately shoot through the hips. Had it been a crippled deer, or a running one,—well that would have been another thing entirely.

Jay, my youngest brother, says it's no fun to shoot a standing deer as, so he says, he likes to take 'em "right out of the air," or, in other words, when on the jump. He, with his .33 Winchester, certainly has made an enviable record on deer under all conditions, and as I am out to give this deer shooting subject a brief write up from different points of view we'll begin with an experience in which a bit of quick lever swinging was really necessary in order to land the mowitch which we had followed the day before, camped on his trail that night and located right in his roosting place the next morning. Had ye writer been looking nearer where he was standing at the time instead of farther off, the deer should have been killed right in his bed. As it was the scribe was looking right over that deer across a flat covered with fallen timber and brush, and the deer but twenty-five or thirty yards distant! But the second our eyes met he was off like a shot, one shot, hurriedly fired, from my rifle found its way through the brush and crippled him pretty badly in one hip. A run of thirty yards or so gave Jay a very slim chance and he slammed a .33 through that big buck but a bit too far back to prove immediately fatal. Two or three more shots chased after that deer from each of our rifles as glimpses of him were caught through the brush at ranges from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five yards or so when he disappeared in a brush-covered flat below us. Plenty of blood along the trail told us what we knew almost from the first,—that he was hard hit.

Stopping and overlooking the flat, Jay dropped his .33 into the hollow of his left arm and remarked:

"He's down there somewhere and if he goes out he is almost certain to try and cross that ridge over there," pointing beyond the flat about 150 yards or so. And after a

second's pause he added: "But if he does he's apt to run *pretty heavy to lead* before he gets across." And while I'd rather have had a standing shot at that buck and finished the work at once, I knew that Jay's prediction would surely prove true especially if the chance fell to him when the buck finally appeared. But after waiting several minutes and no deer showing up, Jay remarked:

"You stand here while I go down and 'shoo' him out; then give it to him as he crosses the ridge." This I readily agreed to. It didn't require much "shooing" on Jay's part for soon after he had disappeared in the thickest brush, I heard him sing out: "Look out! I heard him jump," then, a second later, "He's headed for the ridge, I think, by the racket," and a few seconds later I had my chance. The little .38-40 Winchester cracked four or five times, (I am not certain now, after several years, which), as the head and neck of the deer appeared through the tops of the fir brush as he ran towards the ridge; then he went down. Jay waited for me and together we followed the bloody trail to find the big buck down but not altogether "out."

Squeezing his way past the fallen deer, between it and a bunch of brush, Jay came pretty near being prodded by the sharp tines of the buck's horns, the only thing that prevented it being that the deer was too near "all in" though it was plain that he still possessed a willing disposition to undress a man even if it was winter weather with deep snow on the ground.

I do not remember how many times that buck was hit, but think seven or eight times. I do remember, however, of taking three .38-40 bullets out of that deer's neck, one of them, the one that put him down for keeps, having passed through the center of the neck bone between the joints but without breaking the neck, as almost invariably has happened with me when shooting a deer through the neck. A deer with a broken neck, it has been my experience, drops dead at the rifle's crack; but this one though shot through the neck, while down for keeps, was not dead as his neck was not broken.

Two more incidents where we shot up the game more than I like to think about and I will pass on to a few killings where less powder was burnt and which now always seems highly desirable. One good, clean kill I very much prefer to several where the game is riddled.

The first relates to a big buck killed near where the one I have just written about but

several years earlier. So far as we were able to judge, I only had one hit to my credit, this at about two hundred yards, the buck at the time lying down. As he fairly flew across the flat covered with fallen jack pine, my .303 Savage carbine and Jay's .30-40 Winchester were shot dry. Still the buck kept on but with diminishing speed to disappear over a ridge to be jumped a little later and to fall stone dead from a rear-end shot from Jay's .30-40 which was spitting the 220-grain bullets at a great rate. I failed to connect though it was no fault of the Savage.

Jay's fatal shot hit the deer, when about 100 yards off, and we both heard the bullet strike as plainly as though it had been shot into mud. In fact, it sounded very much like a rock thrown into thick mud. This was another deer with far more bullets in it than a deer hunter likes to see who prefers the one shot for each kill; but Jay was happy and I had nothing to complain about except my inability to steer the Savage straight.

Now for the "worst ever." This has never been in print and I had never expected it would, but I am out to state facts even if I am disgraced in the narrative. My nephew and I had seated ourselves on a mountainside to have our lunch, he on one end of a log which was balanced across a knoll with myself on the other. As long as we kept our relative positions all was well, but, well, something happened. Straight up the mountainside came three of the most badly frightened deer I have ever seen.

I jumped up and grabbed my .30-30 Remington trombone. Up flew my end of the log letting my nephew down with a bump. As he gathered himself together the log at my end came down on my heels quite forcibly, the whole thing not contributing to a successful start-off for piling up those three deer headed straight for us and not over fifty or sixty yards away.

I got the Remington into action first, the .33 Winchester my nephew was using being unlimbered immediately afterwards. I paid my respects to the largest deer in the bunch—a big doe—while the .33 opened up on one of the others which turned back down the mountainside later to be killed by my nephew. Never before or since had the Remington rattled out the shots as rapidly as on that occasion. At the first shot the deer swerved off to our left, disappeared in a gulch to appear a little later, still fiercely running, on the opposite side something like two hundred yards off or perhaps a little more. I

had emptied the rifle before they disappeared but managed to reload and fire two more shots as they appeared on the opposite side of the gulch. My nephew has never been certain whether he shot at the doe or not, but if he did he says it was not more than one shot; he was busy in another direction.

At the most not over nine shots at that time were fired, at her, eight of them being from my rifle. The question I kept asking myself when the battle was hottest was, "*Why doesn't she fall.*" I felt absolutely certain I was hitting that deer but not to see her go down was the surprising thing. Blood along the trail there was a-plenty but it was a long ways from there before that deer was finally killed. The shooting, however, was under a bit more favorable conditions, the first shot, broadside, being a standing one, the next two as she slowly walked along beside a fallen tree but she did not fall until the third bullet struck her. These three shots were easily covered with one hand and were grouped right where they should have been, just back of the shoulder. All told that deer was hit ten times, three of them in the throat close to the jugular, one through one ear, another in one hip ranging forward, one through the paunch, low down, the three back of shoulder and one other that I do not now remember where it struck. Some, naturally, will at once say the gun was at fault. Not proven! There are thousands of us who have killed plenty of deer with a single shot from the various makes of .30-30 rifles to know that this was a most unusual case and would not happen again in a thousand years. I shall always believe that had either my nephew or myself been alone, we'd have landed more meat and with less shooting for it has been my experience that when two or more are together one may expect a lot of unnecessary powder burning. I can't explain it but for some reason I fire more unnecessary shots if some one else is shooting at the game at the same time.

My eldest son, Howard, and I were out after mowitch early the first day of the season. His experience had been decidedly limited in deer hunting though he made good many times on smaller game. We were each using our .30-30 Winchester carbines, little guns good enough for any one for deer shooting under most conditions. While working our way carefully through clumps of fir trees and brush, a fine little buck was sighted, side on, about fifty yards straight ahead. My bullet caught it a little high

above the heart and the buck plunged straight ahead down the hill and was probably dead when he struck the ground. Had I not formed the habit years ago of slamming the lever the instant the shot is fired which always leaves me with the gun ready for an instant repeat shot, I would certainly have missed the chance for a shot at the flash of a deer that passed through the narrow opening where the first one had stood. As it was I only had to pull trigger. Howard's carbine and mine were fired so nearly together that neither knew the other had fired until afterwards. One of our shots passed through the big deer three inches above the heart and she was found stone dead about seventy-five yards farther on. It was quick work, the three shots being fired, I feel quite certain, in probably not exceeding two seconds—in fact there was not the fractional part of a second to lose. Last season, near the same place, we landed a couple of nice bucks in such quick time that there was little fun connected with it.

I'd have given the shot at the big buck to Howard but he was back of me a few steps and one doesn't find deer plentiful enough in our district to take chances on showing to another that they may have the honor of landing the meat but each takes his chance as it is offered. And yet I'd often promised to give him the first shot if there should be one offered with prospects of the mowitch not "evaporating" in the process of pointing out; and they usually have a habit of disappearing when it is most desired that they will linger just another second or two.

I was using my new .30-30 Winchester extra light, made-to-order little rifle with 22-inch light weight barrel while the boy was using his carbine as before. The buck fell out of sight as the rifle cracked while another appeared like a flash on lower ground, but ten yards nearer, to drop dead when I pulled the trigger. Again I pulled as the first buck staggered towards us and he went down near the second, both being very dead deer. Now for a surprise. The first buck had three bullets through the shoulders, Howard getting in a shot the very instant my rifle spoke the last time.

One of the bullets, undoubtedly my first, had landed slightly too far forward to have proved instantly fatal though I believe he'd have found it mighty hard going to have gone fifty yards. The four shots fired at the two deer all landed in vital places and so quickly did it all happen that it would have been

decidedly interesting to have had the time taken with a stop watch. Howard several times caught glimpses of another deer that persisted in hanging around down in a low sag, heavily timbered with plenty of brush to make the light poor, and several times raised his gun for a shot, but as he could never be certain of outlining the deer perfectly enough to make a certain kill, I advised him not to pull until he was sure where he would hit. Finally, after much whistling and stamping of hoofs, the deer finally left that quarter without a shot being fired. I presume ninety-nine men out of a hundred would have taken chances on a shot under such conditions, and especially would the temptation be great for one new at the game but I have cautioned the boy so often to be as sure as possible what he is shooting at, and to always try and place the bullet in some fatal spot, and not depend on luck to help him out, that it was not all difficult for him to hold his fire for a possible more favorable chance; and never have I heard him express a regret at not firing. Surely this is the proper thing to do—not take unnecessary chances—but I can assure any one that at his age it would have taken quick action to have prevented "yours truly" from slinging lead *somewhere* in the general direction of that deer.

One of the best, or perhaps some would call it luckiest shots, I ever made on a running deer, a nice fat two-year old buck, happened after this fashion. Jay and I had been laboriously climbing the mountain-side most of the forenoon looking for a mowitch trail. Jay, who invariably takes the lead, threw up the .33, then waited. With the little .38-40 cocked I also waited believing that within a few seconds something would happen. Then Jay lowered his rifle, stepped carefully to one side still looking closely straight ahead. Suddenly the rifle came up again, a second's pause and the .33 spoke.

"Did you get it?" I asked to which he replied;

"Yes, right out of its nest, but I had to hug the snow line on that big log mighty close." The deer, a two-year-old doe, had been lying down behind a large yellow pine log at about one hundred yards with but very little of her body showing above the six inches of snow that lay on top of it. The .33 plowed a hole through the snow and then passed through the deer's body a little high just back of the shoulders and that mowitch never moved from its bed. I told Jay it

was anything but a square deal and entirely inconsistent with his preaching to take advantage of a deer under such conditions for he should have at least said "shoo" a time or two and taken her on the wing. To which Jay answered that all was fair in war, love and deer shooting. I might disagree with him on two-thirds of his proposition but certainly would never argue the point on the mowitch part of it.

After drawing and hanging up the deer we continued on up the mountain where most of the day was spent looking for tracks, but failing to find any we dropped down the mountain in the direction where the doe had been killed in the morning intending to drag her home with us. Just below us an estimated one hundred and twenty-five yards, I caught sight of the two-year old buck as he just made one of the highest sky-scraping jumps I ever saw a deer make. Jay was in plain sight of the deer but failed to see it, (the light was poor or it was nearly dusk) until I exclaimed, but in a low voice, (the cautious deer hunter never speaks loudly even when a cannon's roar would do no harm).

"Deer dead ahead!" and jumped quickly to Jay's side where a better view could be obtained after he had passed a clump of bushes that shut off his view from where I had first seen him.

Then things happened and happened quickly. Bang! Bang! Bang!—the first and last shot Jay's. Quickly as it all happened, about like clapping the hands together three times, we both noticed that it was the second shot that sent the buck down with a broken back, both of Jay's shots missing though as more often has happened under such conditions, his shots should have been the scoring ones instead of mine.

"Wasted that last shot," Jay remarked as we descended to the bench below, "but hadn't time to throw on the brakes after your shot hit him." The .38-40 high velocity Winchester bullet after breaking the deer's back passed forward and was taken out of the forward part of one shoulder, having mushroomed nicely which is the thing that makes the killing bullet. Jay persists in saying that that was about the best running shot, everything considered, that he ever saw made forgetting the fact that many equally good, or more difficult kills has fallen to his lot. Especially do I remember his experience with one of his big bucks in which I shall always believe the very quickest Winchester lever swinging I ever witnessed, secur-

ed the prize for him, which was certainly deserved. You all know something of the automatic's speed? Well, just think of one of them with the trigger finger working at high pressure and you will have an idea of the way the .33 was spitting lead at the big buck that was trying to make its getaway and most of the lead finding the target. I was but a spectator, having secured my limit the day previously. There were plenty of fairly good chances during the trailing of that deer when, had I been out for blood, I should have had little difficulty in piling up that deer quite readily, but it seemed Jay was fated for only fleeting glimpses of the big buck as he would dash for safety on being jumped, several times only a shower of snow from the bushes through which he plunged being the only guide for the .33's that were sent in his direction. A very steep mountain side, plenty of standing and down timber, with the usual amount of brush, boulders a-plenty "bigger'n meeting houses," deep snow and a veritable blizzard howling which filled the air with blinding, wind-driven snow—imagine all this and you will wonder, as I did, how Jay managed to land most of his bullets in the big buck, not a single shot that fell to him the several times the buck was jumped offering even a moderately favorable chance for scoring. Jay has this head mounted as well as another still larger, the owner of which came near running over Jay who had never seen a track in the nearly all day's hunt. The deer's unceremonious appearance on the scene as he rushed past Jay at less than twenty-five feet, who was standing in thick brush with fallen timber piled high on all sides, brought forth a stream of .33's which had to come unusually quick under such conditions. Many a man would have been too surprised to have got the gun to the shoulder for a single shot, but the first .33 slowed the big buck up somewhat and by unusually quick work others found the right trail through the thick brush and Mr. Buck was venison.

I have several times spoken of my preference for the careful hunting of deer with the one deliberate shot that puts him down and out to the broadcast sowing of lead which so often happens when a deer is sighted and especially if that deer happens to be on the jump. And I still repeat that the deer that is patient enough to give me the one deliberate shot is the one I am after *always*. If he simply *won't* be good and stand still and take his medicine then, why, he'll have to take it

on the jump *provided I can steer my bullets straight.*

In this I have mentioned quite a bit concerning quick work with the rifle on deer when such work was the only kind that would answer. From this don't receive the impression that the writer makes a hobby of quick lever swinging. Years ago, say twenty to thirty-five, I learned the lever gun as well as I shall ever know it, and if a quick repeat shot saves the situation now the art I then learned, imperfectly perhaps, will be entirely responsible for it as, save occasionally at deer or coyotes, I have never, as nearly as I can remember, fired a half dozen quick shots from a lever gun since the time I was concerned in a bit of quick lever swinging back in 1911 or 1912, I believe, results of which were published in *Outdoor Life* soon after. Not fully as much as I realize the importance of that quick repeat shot, when properly placed and when needed, I could be perfectly satisfied and derive more real enjoyment from the use of a light weight, single-shot Winchester for deer shooting than with any repeater, for I always shall have a sort of reverence for the good old single shot though realize its limitations where quick work is essential just as well as the value of the repeater when such an arm only will fill the bill.

"See here, now," someone will say, "you've given us quite a lecture on shooting 'em up from their nose to the tail; now practice what you preach and tell us something about the ones you have killed by careful hunting with that one first and deliberately made shot—the method you advocate and the one which many of us practice." I had intended to and could hand the readers many incidents of killings, as well as many days of hard hunting that never offered a shot. But Jay says it fails to make interesting reading, this thing of getting your deer, usually standing, with just one shot; too tame altogether, and believing the average reader will agree with him has inclined me to relate the several incidents as set down in this article contending to the last, however, that following the one-shot-method will produce more dead deer for the powder burned and more clear consciences than where promiscuous sowing of lead is indulged in every time deer hair is sighted, the shooter too often trusting to luck for one of the many shots fired to find the vitals.

A few more remarks and we'll throw on the brakes for this time. My first deer, a fine white tail buck, was killed with a .40-65

Winchester. One shot and the deer on the fly; believe me, but he was sure going. Neck broken. Two hunters with me at the time, afterwards estimated the distance at not less than fifty yards. I disputed the point, claiming it was not over fifty feet. Measurement next day gave the distance as forty-five feet! Funny thing how many men *will* over-estimate distance. If they would step to the surveyor's chain more, and practice this until they could pace a hundred yards or several hundred, with approximate accuracy, carefully estimate the distance before the shot is fired (this when possible, of course) and *afterwards always*, and verify the distance by pacing, we would hear less of the exceptionally long shots which are so often so recklessly merely guessed at.

Here's a chance for being misunderstood. I believe game is often killed by men who hunt much and target shoot but little, far oftener and at greater distances than many of the strictly target shots imagine. All target shots are not necessarily hunters and it is just as certain, or more so, that all hunters are by no means target shots. The man who combines the best points of the two is the man who will score with the greatest regularity in the hunting field. But he will not of necessity (I am speaking of hunting under *average* conditions, remember) have a rifle equipped with the finest set triggers, elaborately engraved, fanciest of checked stock, nor will it always be ornamented with sights strung along its top story from the butt-plate to the muzzle. The man who has a good rifle (take your choice, there are many makes, models and calibers and if all but a half dozen were not made we'd get just about as much game though some of us might not be quite so well satisfied, for I doubt if there will be found a half dozen men who read this but have some "dream" rifle they would like to see materialize. Hey? What?) and is a good shot and hunter, and good judge of distances, will seldom have a hard luck story to tell at the end of the day if conditions offered when the deer was sighted were at all favorable.

On one hunt, years ago, using the .38-40 Winchester and good old fashioned black powder ammunition, I killed three deer with one shot each. With one of these guns which I now have, one shot per deer, both deer struck a few inches above the heart, both ran about three hundred yards before falling dead. "Don't want any such inferior gun as that for my deer shooting," I hear some

one say. Listen! With the .303 Savage I shot a deer through the heart, soft-point bullet, of course, and that deer ran about as far as the two just mentioned. Any one ready to say the .303 Savage is not a deer gun or the .30-30 Winchesters, Remingtons or Marlin's? Not me anyway.

I have shot, or seen shot, deer, plenty of them, through the heart, or in the heart region, which seldom fell dead in their tracks, and this with such noted deer guns as the .38, .40, .45 and most of the popular small-bores. Shall we say that they are not adequately powerful for deer simply because there are guns on the market which will practically shoot away the front quarters leaving us but the hindmost part as evidence that we have killed a deer? I like my deer with one shot, and I *do* like to see him go down stone dead at the crack of the rifle, but I *don't* want to see him "mussed up" too much. No, I'm willing to hunt a bit more carefully, do my best to pick a vital spot and place the one first bullet there just as often as possible even if I do occasionally have to do a bit of trailing before the knife act appears.

An incident of some little interest might be related here which will illustrate fairly well the care I take in recent years in being sure that I know what I am shooting at before allowing myself to pull trigger or anything that may look very much like deer, yet not absolutely sure concerning the matter.

It was down in the bottom of a gulch, the yellowish-white spot that so much resembled the rear end of a mowitch with the writer on the rimrock above some 40 yards away. The suspicious looking object was partly obscured by thick brush while heavy timber and fallen logs were everywhere in evidence. 'Twas a dark, cloudy, dismal sort of day which meant that the light, especially down there in the bottom of the gulch, was very poor and no object could be very plainly defined at best. I stood on tip toe, I squatted, I stepped backwards and then to the front, at all times straining my eyes to more perfectly settle the matter that was puzzling me; whether it was really a deer or not, and if so, what part of a deer, and if a fatal spot could be located in which to plant one of the little Winchester .30-30's. But I am confident that it must have been at least four or five minutes of this sort of very careful manoeuvring before the matter was settled to my entire satisfaction; then things happened very quickly. Whether he smelled me,

or saw me, or was just ready to quit the country I shall never know, but I do know that when he jumped it required quick moving to steer a soft-point Dominion through the brush at that rapidly vanishing mowitch to make venison an assured thing. A hurried second shot followed the first directed at the hole that mowitch made in the brush in his wild dash for safety, but that shot failed to connect, and was really not needed as the first had centred him and the buck was found very dead within forty feet of where he had been bedded when he made his first jump. *No, I've got to be absolutely certain what I am shooting at and will take all kinds of chances on losing any kind of game before a shot will be fired at anything however much it may resemble the game I'm after but about which there may be doubts as to its identity.*

I have notes before me of many other deer incidents I intended relating—deer fatally struck with the one first shot—but space is limited and as I have already exceeded my allowance this will have to be brought to a close. Deer hunting to me, when I can steal away from more important matters, is the king of all sports. Many a time I have returned after an unsuccessful day after mowitch so utterly worn out that it was an effort, I can assure any one, to give my rifle the cleaning and oiling it always *must* have before supper is taken no matter how hungry I may be, and I practically decided that I'd never be found in the hills again after deer. All day in the wet bush, soaked to the hide, with clothes frozen stiff towards night, not a track seen all day, except your own, is a far different proposition than a lucky day in which no hardships were encountered and the game seemed to make it a special point to be accommodating and look pleasant while you gave it the fatal shot.

After the hardships of the unlucky day, the time you have promised yourself (though you were too much of a hunter to ever breathe it to any one else) never to be found in the hills on such a fool's errand again, and you finally tumble into bed so everlastingly tired that you're too near asleep before you hit the blankets to pull them over you, your last thoughts concerning the hard luck that so often stares the deer hunter squarely in the face; the next thing you hear will be the clock striking three, possibly four, and the first thought that comes to your waking brain will resolve itself into a question something like this:

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buying shells for use at the
traps.*

Dominion Cartridge Co., Limited
Montreal, Canada



"Good tracking snow to-day; wonder which way I'd better hit out any way?"

Deer hunters ever get discouraged? Sometimes, possibly, but it's a disease that seldom lasts over night no matter how hard the luck that may have been dealt him the

day previously. Here's to the persistent deer hunter, and especially to the one who hunts carefully and endeavors always to make that first shot the only one required that lands the mowitch ker-splash! in the frying pan.

Wanted---Better Hunting Rifles

E. G. G.

Why can't the American sportsman have up to date, American made firearms, especially rifles? He has the money to pay for them and the desire to own them and a splendid place to use them. The camera enthusiast has his up to the minute equipment and the fisherman has his supreme reels and modern equipment of all kinds. In fact, nearly every faddist but the gun crank is well taken care of. We have worried along with old fashioned cartridges and rheumatic repeaters, loose jointed take downs and pipe stem barrels, the one exception being our single shot rifle which is a good one. Why can't we have a modern bolt action rifle and some modern cartridges for it? I would suggest cartridges of .25—, .30—, .35 and .40 calibre for use in such an arm. These would cover the field from small to large game and simplify our list of cartridges as manufactured at present.

The .25 calibre with a 125 gr. bullet at 2800 F.S. and lighter loads would be the general all purpose gun. It would weigh between 7½ and 8 pounds and have a good stiff barrel with good sights. The question of attaching sights is an important one, there should be no weakening grooves or slots cut

in barrel. The .30-06 would make a good .30 calibre cartridge in a gun of 8 pounds weight and it could be had loaded with 172 gr. bullets at 2700 F.S. or better and would suit the man who wanted something heavier than a .25 calibre. The .35 calibre with a 250 gr. Spitzer bullet at 2600 F.S. would certainly take care of everything in America. For the man who wanted something heavier the .40 calibre with a 400 gr. bullet could be relied upon to suit the most fastidious, the latter, too, of course should be made in an arm of heavier weight to be in proportion to the heavier loads. In my opinion these four cartridges would cover the entire field for large game. The dyed in the wool crank could load lighter loads to suit himself and the small game hunter need not be deprived of his slide action and lever repeaters for target and varmint hunting. Such a bolt gun built of first class material, well stocked and sighted would find a ready sale among the American sportsman of today, I predict. And the live concern that furnishes it will be well repaid for their efforts. Let us hear from others who are interested in the improvement of American arms.

The One-Hand Gun Again

M. DE W. HEMMEON

IT seems a perilous thing to write of revolvers in a magazine to which Ashley Haines contributes but, hoping that he and your readers will pardon me, I take my life in one hand and try, impelled thereto by experience similar to those of Mr. Linkletter and others.

First, I am a poor shot with the pistol, the best I ever did being 11 bulls in 12 consecutive shots in the 3" ring at 25 yards. But for 20 years I have never been without a

big one-hand gun which I shot where and when I could not shoot the rifle, sometimes as much as 1200 rounds in one season.

The first big revolver I owned, and the best, was a .38 Colt, Officer's Model, in which I always used the .38 long Colt cartridge, loading my own ammunition. My last, which I still have, though I use it but little now, is a .38-40-180 Colt's New Service, and it is of this gun that I wish to write.

When I first tried it the only cartridges



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within reach were factory loaded with black powder. Using these I found the gun fairly accurate, and although the revolver unloaded weighs 44 ozs., the kick was tremendous. When I began with smokeless powder, and my own make of bullet, one part tin to 20 of lead, accuracy at once fell off at least 50 per cent. Then it dawned on me, as it has on others, that the bore diameters of barrel and cylinder seemed two wholly different things. They were, by over 0".02. How could a bullet, cast 0".40, swedged down to 0".38 by the cylinder and let loose (loose is the word) in a barrel about 0".405 in diameter, be anything but inaccurate? Recovered bullets of my own casting showed only shallow marks of the lands and some slipping. Then I dug some of the factory bullets out of the stop and found that they had filled the bore completely. These bullets were pure lead and had hollow bases, and the black powder had upset them to the limit, though apparently not until they were in the barrel. Hence their accuracy. At once I started on my cylinder and reamed out the front end of each chamber to barrel diameter. I also changed from alloyed bullets to pure lead, and accuracy returned, better than at first, but not equal to the accuracy of the Officer's Model.

Now though I have long used the Colt and have never owned a Smith & Wesson, it seems to me that the Colt's New Service has inherent defects which will always keep it inferior to the Smith & Wesson in accuracy. First, there is no bevelled shoulder on the standing breech to force the cartridge about to be fired completely into the cylinder. The explosion of the powder drives the shell back and swells it where it is unsupported, immediately in front of the rim. Every shell has to be resized before it can be used again. Second is the difference in diameter between the bore of the cylinder and that of the barrel. Third, there is no front cylinder lock. Defect number two is the reason for defect number three. Load your Colt's New Service, hold it left side down, and you will see the joint open and the cylinder fall slightly. If cylinder and barrel were of the same diameter

and the gun were fired in this position the bullet would be severely bumped and maybe the shooter too. So, rather than add a front cylinder lock to the New Service, the Colt Mfg. Co. puts out a weapon cursed with inaccuracy from its birth. The S. & W. swing-out cylinder revolvers all have front locks operating automatically with the rear locks and, as a result, the cylinder always retains its alignment no matter how the gun be held.

Some features of the New Service seem to me preferable to corresponding features in the Smith & Wesson. I like the weight, not when carrying, but when shooting. I like the big butt; it is not too big for my hand, possibly because I do not hold and pull in the usual way. Out in the West where the S. A. Colt is the favorite I saw a man using a D. A. Colt, Frontier Model. He was called, by the way, "Wind River" because he 'operated' in that region, and as far as I know, had no other name, but that is of no importance. His method was to wrap all his fingers, except the middle finger, around the butt and to pull with the middle finger. His thumb too grasped the butt. This method may not suit every one, but it suits me so well that since I tried it I have used no other.

I would that the New Service had a front cylinder lock. Its shape and weight are so good, its mechanism so strong and simple and, after one has altered the sear to reduce the pull, so smooth in its working, that if it had such a lock, it would for me be superior to the Smith & Wesson. As it is, to one who puts accuracy first, the latter outranks it.

In irrelevant conclusion, may I put a few queries concerning which I should like to inflict my experiences on your readers in the future: (1). Why do the majority of men who own rifles never sight them in, and why does this sort of (?) rifleman always call a rifle "she?" (2). Why do so many riflemen in the N. R. A. and nearly all shooters outside it put such absolute and touching, but wholly groundless faith in the efficacy of oils and pastes as metal solvents? (3). Why do the cartridge companies nickel copper-jacketed bullets?

The .30 Luger

H. WALLACE

I may say that I have been a constant and interested reader of *Rod and Gun* for a good many years, and along with the other portions of good and instructive reading, follow closely

the "Queries and Answers" in the Guns & Ammunition department, and although I have at times been tempted to write as to my experience in connection with some of the

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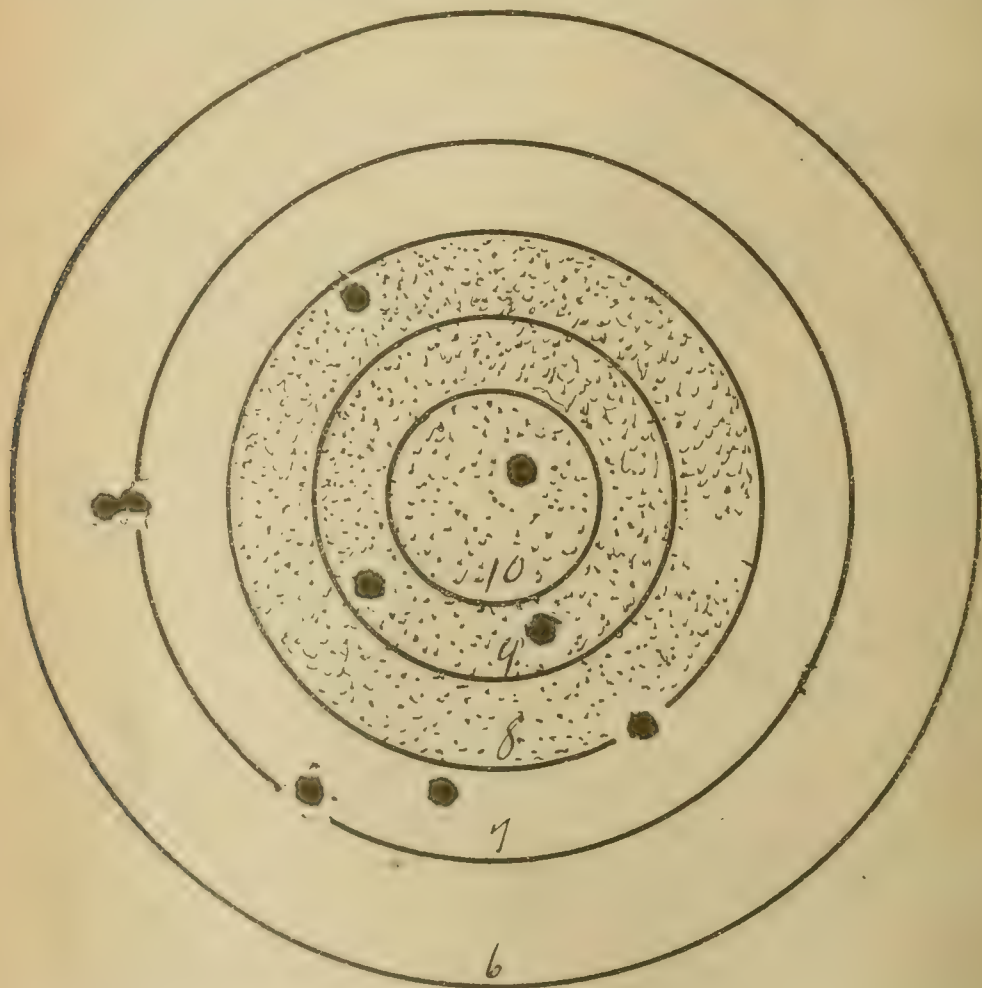
H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, Pittsburgh, Pa.



arms or ammunition used, always seem to put it off until the next day, and then the day after, with the result that eventually it is forgotten.

In reading over the February issue I noticed a letter from a Revolver Crank, signed F. R. Daniel, Alberta. Now I am another of

portunity I had, and being out of the regulation targets made one with a compass, which I believe is the exact size of the standard target; I had not fired out of this gun for some seven months, but was pretty sure that the Luger would make a much better target than the results received by Mr. Daniels, and with



those animals (styled revolver cranks) though not a professional, or an expert, by any means, but I just naturally love a good revolver, pistol, or automatic, and my favorite for carrying in the bush is what is commonly called the .30 calibre Luger, and have found it to be extremely accurate and deadly on game, and although had never tried it out for target work, after reading the article by Mr. Daniels, decided would do so the first op-

portunity I had, and being out of the regulation targets made one with a compass, which I believe is the exact size of the standard target; I had not fired out of this gun for some seven months, but was pretty sure that the Luger would make a much better target than the results received by Mr. Daniels, and with

I can only account for the poor results obtained by Mr. Daniels in that you occasionally get hold of a Luger as well as other automatics with a very heavy pull, and think possibly he will find his trouble there.

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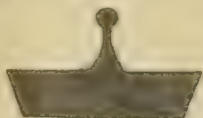


Sights

J. G. E.

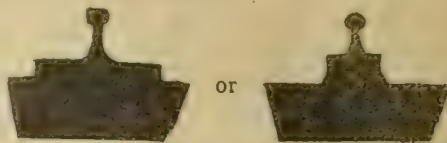
I was very much interested in reading "W. E. T's" article in your April number, re Targets and Sights, particularly the part of it referring to sights, and, I quite agree with your editor's remarks that his suggestions in regard to the former are novel and practical, but in regard to the latter—why so many notches?

I quite appreciate that the average gun crank has his own fads about sights, stocks, etc., and this article is written to give some of my fellow shooters the benefit of twenty years' experience. I have experimented with many different kinds of sights, peeps, telescope, etc., and, while they all have their spheres of usefulness, I have come to the conclusion that for fast, and all round shooting, the open sight is the only one worth while. The sights I use on my sporting rifle are, Front, Lyman Semi-Jack, Rear, King, the "V" of which has been filed out and nothing remains but the straight flat bar. The drop in the stock of my rifle so fits me, that when I check it quickly, my eye comes in line with the barrel, and the sight appears as follows:—



On the other hand, we will suppose in handling the rifle quickly you do not get as

low on your sight as the above illustration, and they appear thus:—



It matters little, except you have to keep a shade lower on your object. In all kinds of shooting I look at my object with both eyes open, and for fast work, I bring my rifle to my shoulder quickly, place the head of the front sight on the object, and pull—this is very effective in deer shooting, and I have had the very best of results. The average beginner, and some of the old school shooters, think they have to get the bead of the front sight into the V of the back sight, which to me is impossible, if you wish to do quick work. The peep sight is all right for target and long range shooting, but, as I said before, for quick short distance work, such as deer hunting, where time enters into consideration, give me the open sight, without any V's or wings to obstruct the object.

Have you ever tried sighting a rifle in this way? If not, take your .22, file down the back sight so that it will appear as a straight bar, and try it on a target, and I think, after you have fired a few rounds, you will agree with my contention.

I would like to hear from some of your readers on this subject.

A German Luger

P. G. PEERLESS

I am sending as I had promised, a picture of the German automatic pistol I mentioned in my last letter. The photo is too small to reproduce so I have drawn the pistol full size so that you can see it better.

This particular pistol was taken off the body of dead German officer somewhere near Ypres, and has hardly been used to judge by its condition.

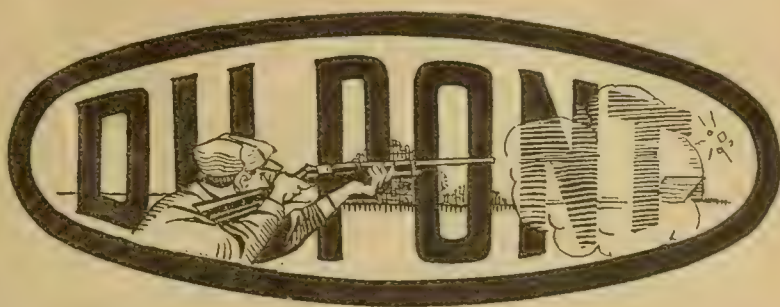
I will describe it as fully as possible. Length over all is 8 ½ inches. Depth over all, 5¾ inches. Capacity of magazine about 10 shots. Length of breech 4 inches. Both

rear and front sights. Weight of pistol is 32 ounces. Caliber, uncertain just what it is, as the marking under the barrel is 8.82 M.M. It is nearly .38 caliber.

I have marked my drawing to illustrate various things. By pressing the button (2) the magazine(3) can be withdrawn. Four (4) is a square shaped loop for attaching lanyard. Some fellows say it is for a stock. At Y the date is marked 1913. At Z there is a crown and underneath it is the word "Erfurt."

The knurled knob is a means whereby

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DU PONT

the breech may be opened by hand. This is done by catching hold of it firmly and slightly raising and at the same time pulling back. If the magazine is empty it stays back.

Of course, if there is a cartridge in the magazine it will not stay back, but when released pushes the cartridge into the breech. When fired the recoil pushes A against B which forces upward and opens the breech, extracts the case and the forward movement pushes in another cartridge.

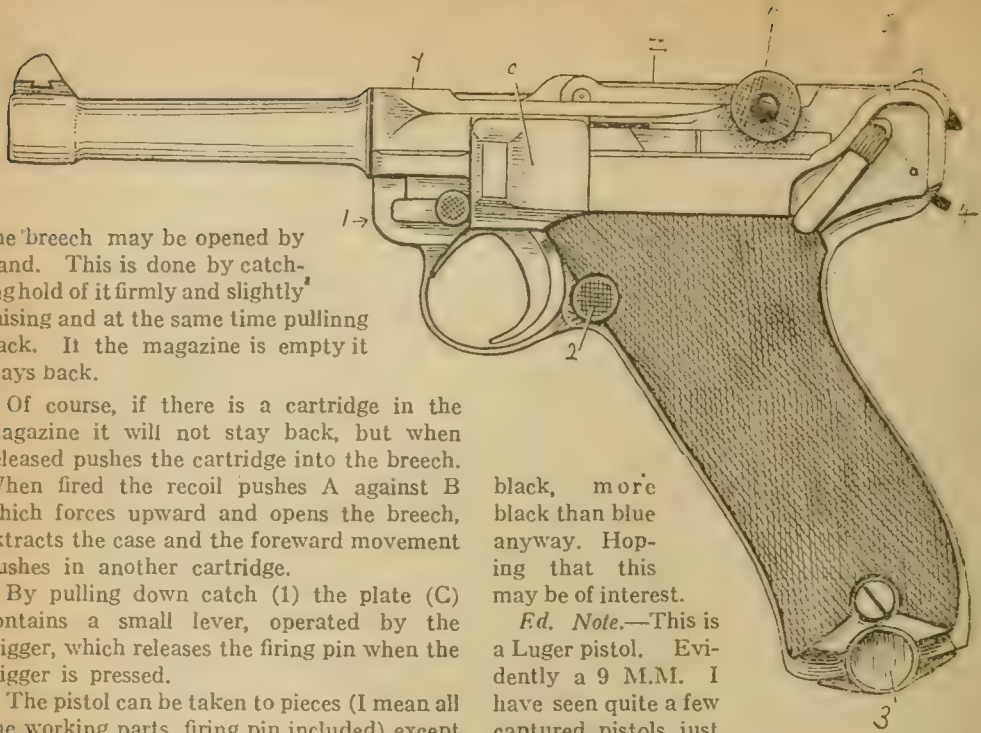
By pulling down catch (1) the plate (C) contains a small lever, operated by the trigger, which releases the firing pin when the trigger is pressed.

The pistol can be taken to pieces (I mean all the working parts, firing pin included) except the recoil springs which I have not removed, without using any tools of any description.

The whole pistol is finished a good dead

black, more black than blue anyway. Hoping that this may be of interest.

Ed. Note.—This is a Luger pistol. Evidently a 9 M.M. I have seen quite a few captured pistols just like it in the last six months. The drawing is so good that I want to congratulate you upon your ability as a draftsman.



A Homemade Target Pistol

J. H. CHISHOLM

Having followed the game of target shooting with the .22 long rifle for several years I decided to try the pistol also.

I had had some experience with revolvers, principally pocket revolvers of the cheaper makes which leave much to be desired for target work. I also had one of those old .44 cap and ball Colt's that usually fired three or four chambers at once.

Later came a Colt's double action Army .45 with 7½ inch barrel. None of these were adapted to target shooting and being expensive to shoot my choice naturally fell on the .22 single shot target pistol.

Pistols cannot be purchased without a permit and these permits are hard to secure so the only thing left to do was to make a pistol out of a small rifle.

After examining several rifles I found the Hamilton would be the easiest to alter, so purchased a number .27 of the above make and started in. The stock was first removed, a piece cut off the tangs and new screw holes made for attaching the pistol grip. Next the stock was made from a piece of dry, hard wood and shaped to fit the hand as nearly as the design of the weapon would permit.

The barrel jacket was then removed and the barrel cut off to 10 inches, the muzzle filed flat and finished with an ordinary rose counter-sink. A small section of the jacket was left on the rear end of the barrel to hold the sight. The fore-end was removed and the opening in the forward part of the receiver filled with a piece of hard wood, the joint screw passing through and holding it in place.

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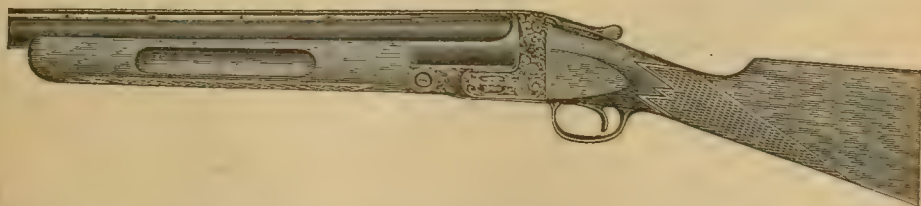
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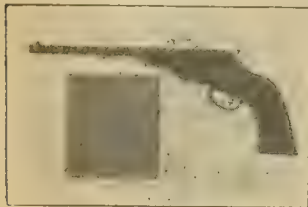
PARKER BROS., Master Gun Makers **Meriden, Conn., U.S.A.**
New York Salesrooms, 25 Murray St.

The same spring that operates the hammer also acts as a trigger spring and of course the trigger receives the same strain as the hammer making the pull very hard. This was overcome by cutting a piece off the spring and putting a pin through the receiver from side to side on which the spring now rests.

A new trigger spring was made, the receiver drilled and tapped and the spring fitted and screwed down to place, giving a pull of about one pound. The hammer spur was bent up somewhat to facilitate cocking, the front of the trigger sharply checked and the cocking notch polished.

The trigger guard was bent into a neater shape and the portion which formed a pistol grip on the rifle, straightened, and fitted into the front of the new stock making the stock much more rigid.

The sights are from a 1902 Winchester, the rear one just as it came and the front filed down to suitable proportions for the small barrel. After these were dovetailed on, the entire pistol was given a coat of black enamel and the job was complete except sighting in.



This was done on a Winchester gallery target at fifteen feet, using Dominion .22 short Lesmok ammunition, and filing down the front sight until the correct elevation was secured.

The pistol is very accurate, as the accompanying out will show. The target illustrated is the best I have secured to date and shows



47 out of 50



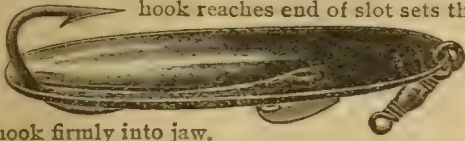
45 out of 50

a score of 47 out of 50 on a bull the size of a dime, at 15 feet, offhand shooting. Several scores of 41 and 45 have been made at the same distance.

The completed pistol weighs about 20 ounces, and is very nicely balanced. The total cost amounted to \$3.00.

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Queries and Answers

A Letter From Alberta.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

I have just finished reading the February number and am in bed suffering with pleurisy and am writing this partly to pass the time and if it gets me into trouble hope that by that time I will be up and able to protect myself.

I am sorry that I do not see more letters from good old Alberta as no doubt it is second to none for both shooting and fishing, or we might say for Rifle, Gun and Rod. The prairie, I am sorry to say, cannot boast of anything in the line of large game but we have an abundance of prairie grouse, chickens, snipe, ducks and cranes. In some parts there are still a few antelope but I am very glad that they are protected.

It would take up too much space to describe the different varieties but it is sufficient to say there are several kinds of snipe, which are scarcely ever shot as there always seems to be something larger about to shoot at. Ten or fifteen kinds of ducks and four or five kinds of geese add to the sport and of course we have the most sport with the ducks, geese and grouse.

For our larger game we have to go off the prairie to the timbered part of the country, and there you can find everything from the little white tail deer to the king of the forest, the moose. It is quite a sensation, even for an old deer hunter on his first moose hunt, to hear several moose move off through the brush while he can see nothing. They have gotten his wind or something has gone wrong and they get wise to his location. It sounds like a runaway team and wagon.

I am not going to say anything about fish, only that we have lots of them any place where the water is good. Of course our sloughs and marshes have no fish as they have no running water. The North country is full of lakes teaming with pike, pickerel and white fish, also several other varieties and the foot hills and small streams have good trout fishing. Nuff-sed—as I am no fisherman.

Now what I really wanted to talk about was guns. I am quite a gun crank in my own small way and a fair shot, both with rifle and shotgun, and have managed to gather a few trophies. The best duck shooting I have ever done was 23 birds out of 25 shots, with three misses and one double on two birds with one shot. Now that may sound easy to lots of sports. To hear some people

talk, it really is nothing but let me say that in fifteen years' shooting I have never seen it beaten. Of course I am talking of wing shooting.

At the present time I have two shotguns, one 12 and one 20 gauge, both made by the A. H. Fox Gun Co., one single semi auto 22 made in Belgium, by Pieper, one 21 inch barrel Stevens Favorite .22, one .30-30 Winchester carbine with stock remodeled and checked and one cartridge length cut off the magazine, and last but not least, a .303 British Ross.

The shotguns are both good shooting guns but if you want hard shooting *and game* take the 12. In my opinion the 20 gauge shotgun is a toy. Of course in the brush country I believe it would be fine as it is light and quick to handle but—"Oh Boy!"—on the prairie where the big mallard gets up with its heavy coat of feathers, the 20 gauge is too light in the punch. My idea of a gun to be any good for actual shooting is a reliable make 12 gauge loaded with 3½ drams smokeless and 1½ ozs. of number 3 shot. Of course the gun must fit the man or he cannot do good shooting with it but that load in a good gun will get the ducks. It will not leave as many cripples for foxes, hawks, and crows and as far as choke in a gun is concerned, if you are a good shot you should have a good close shooting, hard hitting gun, but for the average shot or under, I believe a modified choke is the best.

About the rifles—I am not going to say much about the .22's as one .22 is as good as another as long as they are good shooters, and if they do not shoot good they are of no use to anyone.

The class of game hunted with a .22 is usually not very savage and in this country, is not very scarce. You are out mostly for practice and no doubt one can get a lot of practice with a .22 but the .30-30 carbine changes everything. With it you have different game in view. I think the ideal place for a .30-30 carbine is in the brush. Of course if you have long shots it is not up to the mark but in the brush 200 yards is a very long shot and I believe that three fourths of the game is shot at less than 100 yards. The little .30-30 is ideal for handling fast. You can carry it almost like a pistol and crawl through brush with very little noise, where if you have a heavy weight long rifle it takes both hands and far more care.



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Then again, one can walk much farther and not be tired with a light gun and it comes in very handy, when used as a walking stick on a slippery side hill. Taking everything into consideration, light weight of rifle, quick handling, light and easy to get ammunition, easy to clean and keep clean and fairly hard hitting, I think for the average game it is almost ideal. Most hunters, or would be hunters, claim it is too light for moose and while I have killed moose with the .30-30 probably it is a little light. That is why I have the .303 British Ross. As yet I have not had the opportunity to try it but hope to have this opportunity next fall and if all goes well I believe that it will deliver the goods. All I have against it at the present is the weight and the jump for offhand shooting.

Sometimes I overshoot unless I am very careful and when game is going out of sight I like to know that when the head swings on and I pull that the recoil is not going to put the bullet somewhere in the brush above the game. Probably, with a little shooting, that will disappear.

Right here let me say that if I cannot hold down the .303 it will stay at home and the 20 inch barreled .30-30 will go with me and it can deliver the goods too.

Now to try and sum up:—What the amateur hunter should use, in my estimation—I do not expect to tackle the Newton class or the professional target shot but I have tackled some of them on the wrong side sometimes. These people generally have plenty of money and it is a hobby with them.

For the amateur I will start and sum up with the shotgun. Get a 12 gauge, double gun, left full choke and right modified. Do get the drop, length and general dimensions of stock to fit and if you do not like a double gun get a model 1897 Winchester and you will have a very safe pump gun. Get the modified choke barrel.

For the .22 get any good reliable make, priced so that you can still buy ammunition and practice. Do not forget that one shot that is not cleaned out is just as bad as fifty so do not spare the oil. Keep your rifle clean. A rifle should never be placed away for keeping unless it has been well cleaned and well oiled.

I personally have no use for the smaller calibered rifles, between the .22 and the .30-30. I have shot such rifles as the .25-20 and no doubt in many parts of the country they are quite valuable, but here they are no good as

they are too expensive to practice with and when you are after deer if you cannot buy a .30-30 carbine, better borrow one.

If you are after moose, I have very little to say as for my part I would like something different from anything that I have seen. I think a .303 or .30-10-220, put up like a .30-30 carbine would be fine but you cannot get it so take a .303 or .30-10 or some other large "shoulder ache" and do your best.

Alberta.

Uncle Dudley.

The .43 Mauser.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

I have just purchased a .43 Mauser carbine. Is it a good gun for moose and deer? Has it much recoil? Can you tell me where to get a reloading outfit for this .43 Mauser?

Vulcan, Alta.

Wilbert Rutter.

Reply.—The Dominion Cartridge Co. loads this cartridge with 78 grains of black powder and a 395 grain bullet. At that rate it would be a more powerful weapon than the .45-70. It would undoubtedly be a good killer on moose and deer. It would have about as much recoil as a .45-70 rifle of the same weight. This would be a fairly heavy recoil.

I do not know where you could secure a reloading tool for this cartridge.—Editor.

Reduced Loads for the .256 Newton.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

Using the .256 Newton with 48 grains of DuPont number 15 and the 101 and 86 grain spitzer bullets, what muzzle velocity would I get?

How would this combination compare with the .25 caliber Springfield-Niedner?

How would the 87 grain spitzer of the .250-3000 Savage work in the .256 with 46 grains of 15?

Creston, B.C.

Reader.

Reply.—Not any of these loads would work at all because the bullets are all .006 too small for the bore of the .256 rifle, it is the one thing that has kept the .256 from being the most popular rifle made in the last 15 years. You cannot get accuracy even, velocity or anything else from any of these combinations because the powder would not burn properly, and the bullets would blow through the barrel like shot.

Newton certainly made a mistake when he did not make a .250 for the same style cartridge.—Editor.

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Various Queries.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

I have a shotgun with all the polish rubbed off. What would I use for rubbing it and where would I obtain the material?

I am reloading .30-30 Winchester cartridge and would like to know if I could use the soft point spitzer 150 grain bullet in it. Would the soft point bullets flatten in the magazine? If so could I cut off the points of the full patched bullets and use these?

How is the .256 Newton rifle for shooting large game?

Will a 26 inch full choke barrel shoot as close and as hard as a 30 inch full choke, in pump guns?

Is the bottom ejector of the Remington pump as reliable as the Winchester and Stevens side ejectors pumps? Which is the better shooter of these three?

Rosthern. J. B. Darkson.

Reply.—If you mean the stock is rubbed, use rough and then fine sandpaper to get it smooth. Then rub linseed oil in with the hand. If the bluing is rubbed off, rubbing will just take more of it off. Better send it back to the factory for rebluing.

I would not advise reloading with spitzer bullets in a .30-30 rifle with tubular magazine like the Winchester and Marlin rifles. The cartridges might discharge in the magazine. For use as a single shot, the load would be splendid. You could use the rifle as a two shot rifle, one in the barrel and another in the magazine.

The .256 Newton is a good big game cartridge. I have heard some complaints. I have heard complaints about every cartridge since David used a slingshot.

A 26 inch full choke barrel will shoot nearly as hard as a 30 inch but the pattern will not be as even and the recoil of a 26 inch barrel gun always feels mean somehow. Gun balances and swings stubby also.

I consider the Remington every bit as good a gun as the Winchester and I do not consider that the equal of either of these two has ever been produced in a repeating shotgun. Editor.

250-3000 and .30 Rimless.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

I was greatly interested in the article on the .250-3000 Savage in the last issue and I am writing for more information.

How would the .250-3000 compare with the Remington .30 rimless on deer and bear and how do the recoils of the two rifles compare?

Is there any cartridge made or could one be reloaded for the .30-30 to give a velocity approx. 3000 f.s.?

What velocity is obtained by the 87 grain Savage bullet and 10 grains of DuPont no. 75?

Is the .250-3000 Savage made in any but the takedown style. Is this rifle powerful enough to handle anything heavier than black bear?

Vancouver. C. W. H. Howard.

Reply.—Not enough difference to worry about. The recoil of either is so light that you will not bother about it. The Savage has the flatter trajectory and will give less trouble from that standpoint. I would consider either rifle good for deer and black bear but I would not select either for larger game. Many hunters would be perfectly satisfied to hunt large bear and moose with either rifle but personally I would desire a rifle shooting a much heavier charge.

You cannot reload the .30-30 to secure 3000 f.s. which is fortunate as none of the rifles made for it would handle such a charge.

I would estimate about 1300 f.s. Write to the DuPont company for definite information. They will likely make the test and tell you the exact result.

The .250-3000 is not made in anything but takedown style. Not in my estimation. Others may have a different opinion. Charles Newton, who designed the cartridge set its limit at small bear and deer.—Editor.

Round Ball in a Shotgun.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

Where can I secure 12 gauge shells loaded with round ball?

Where can I secure a mould for making the balls? Please give directions for loading them.

Demorestville, Ont. C. E. Johnson.

Reply.—From Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven Conn., Remington Arms, U.M.C. Co., 233 Broadway, New York City, or Dominion Cartridge Co.

I do not know where you can secure such a mould unless James Brock, London, Ont., can make one for you.

These balls are loaded by cutting holes in felt wads and seating these wads both under and over the ball to hold it in the middle of the shell. You had better depend upon factory loads.—Editor.

Various Inquiries.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

What is your opinion of the Savage model

The three words that tell the whole story of a perfect cup of coffee, from plantation to breakfast table——— "SEAL BRAND" COFFEE.

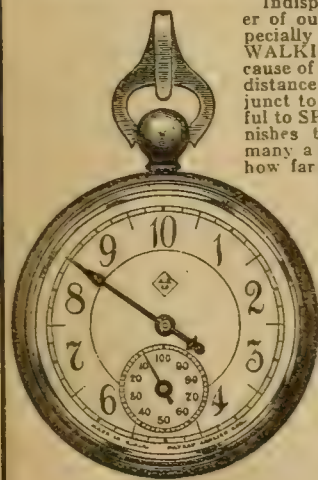
In $\frac{1}{2}$, 1 and 2 pound tins. Whole—ground—pulverized—also fine ground for Percolators. Never sold in bulk. 187

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1905 target rifle? Would it be good for rabbits, gophers and other small game with the sights that come on it?

What is the best gun to buy for coyotes and wolves at ranges up to 600 yards and would a .30-30 Winchester or Marlin carbine be as good as a .303 British model 1895 Winchester?

What is the best way to clean rifles with ammonia and what form do you get it in for this purpose?

Vandura, Sask.

G. A. Lewis.

Reply—This would be a good little rifle for your purpose but it is not as good as the model 1914 repeater made by the same concern. Of course it is cheaper. The sights on the rifle are real good but the front sight had better be a gold bead.

The .303 British Winchester, when fitted with a peep receiver rear sight, would be a very good coyote and wolf rifle but a coyote or wolf at 600 yards is a rather hard mark to hit. I would suggest the .303 British Spitzer cartridge or else the 150 gr. Spitzer cartridge in the .30-1906 Winchester. I would not consider a .30-30 rifle of much use for shooting game at 600 yards.

To clean a rifle with ammonia, first get the ammonia, 26 per cent., at a good drug store. Then plug the breech of the rifle with a fired shell that has its neck securely plugged with a RUBBER cork. Take a small piece of rubber (hose) and fit it over the rifle muzzle. Two inches of it is plenty. Take a STEEL cleaning rod and let it gently down ONTO the rubber plug in the fired shell that is in the rifle chamber. Then pour ammonia into the barrel until it is full (the cleaning rod saves space in the barrel that would otherwise need to be filled with ammonia.)

Let it soak for fifteen minutes. Pour out and dry thoroughly. Then oil thoroughly.

You can also clean by using rags soaked in ammonia and then drying thoroughly. The thing to watch is that no ammonia DRIES off the inside of the barrel and rusts it and also—do not get an ammonia soaked rag stuck in the barrel or it will rust fast, also the rest of the barrel will rust at the same time.—Editor.

Brush Shells.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

I am going to buy a Winchester pump shotgun with a full choke barrel for ducks and trap shooting and will use Brush shells for hunting. Please inform me if they are as good as claimed.

Toronto.

A. Ham.

Reply—They are all right for the first shot

when used in the brush. They are particularly good for shooting rabbits in briar thickets and similar places. I have killed 21 rabbits and lost three cripples out of 25 shots on one occasion with these shells. I do not consider that they pattern evenly enough for bird shooting. Often they are valuable for shooting birds in thickets, or for killing winged birds that have run into briar patches.

Editor.

A 16 Gauge for Deer Shooting.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

I would like to know if I could use a 16 gauge single barrel shot gun for shooting deer? What is the price of the best sights for the gun and what is the recoil of the gun?

What is the meaning of the word gauge?

Levis, Quebec.

A. Hunter.

Reply—Sights, suitable for a shotgun, would cost you about a dollar per set. Either Lyman or Marble are O.K. A 16 gauge single barrel gun would probably have a recoil of about 25 ft. lbs. Depends upon the charge and the weight of the gun.

A 16 gauge is a gun that is of a size that will approximate 16 round balls to the pound.

I would advise you to get a rifle for I never thought much of deer shooting with a shotgun. Never liked the idea nor the results.

Editor.

A Rifle for a Young Bear Hunter.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

I get your book and like it fine. Will you please tell me as soon as you can if a .303 Savage rifle is a good grizzly bear, moose, deer and caribou rifle.

Harry Madison, (Age 9.)

Reply—It is, but at the age of 9 you ought to do this kind of hunting in company with older men or otherwise you might have an accident. The recoil of a .303 would be severe for you. One of the .25 caliber rifles would suit you much better. Have some older man cut off the stock of the rifle so that it will fit you and then make your partner let you have first shot on easy chances. You will have ten times the fun and excitement killing anything at your age than you will have ten or twenty years later, but don't try bear or moose shooting alone.—Editor.

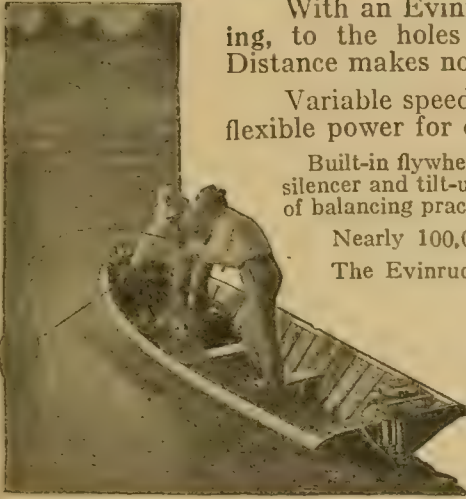
Concerning the .32-40.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

Do you consider a .32-10 a good rifle for deer and large game? Is it a high power rifle?

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With an Evinrude you can go quickly, without rowing, to the holes where big catches are almost sure. Distance makes no difference to an Evinrude owner.

Variable speed, suitable for trolling. Swift, smooth, flexible power for canoe, rowboat and other craft.

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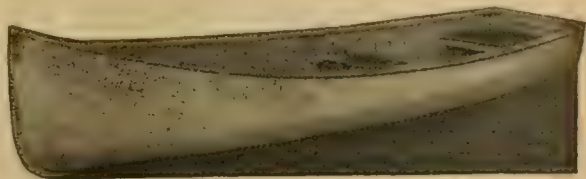
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16 ft. to 28 ft., also some launches complete
with engine installed ready to run.



Robertson Bros. Foot of Bay St. Hamilton

I enjoy your magazine very much. There is no magazine like it for outdoor sport.

G. R. P.

Reply.—The .32-40 High Power Savage and Marlin cartridge is a very good cartridge for deer and similar game. Savage and Marlin rifles adapted to it are of a size, weight and balance that carry very well on the trail and are fast in getting into action.—Editor.

Various Questions.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

What is the best caliber of the model 1892 Winchester for deer?

Is it practical to reload the .25-20 cartridge? What does one gain by reloading?

What is the muzzle velocity and penetration of the .25-20 Winchester model 1892?

Can you tell me a way to remove rust from a gun barrel?

How is the .25-20 for foxes?

Compton, R. I.

F. Farrell.

Reply.—The .44-40. None of the calibers in this model can compare with the 1894 model in various calibers for the same kind of hunting.

It is practical and profitable to reload the .25-20 or any other low power cartridge. You gain in accuracy, cost and satisfaction and very considerably in knowledge. Also you either gain or lose considerable patience in so doing.

Muzzle velocity is 1380 foot seconds. Penetration 8 inches in soft pine.

With coal oil or with Winchester rust remover and a brass brush.

The .25-20 is a very good rifle for foxes at not over 100 to 125 yards.

Editor.

The .303 British Winchester.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

I have purchased a .303 British Winchester. Just what is this rifle capable of? What is its striking energy, trajectory, velocity, and also what recoil?

What accuracy could one reasonably expect at 200 to 500 yards?

I have shot my moose and have taken exactly 7 well placed shots to bring him down and on the other hand I have seen a moose stopped and finished with a single shot out of the .38-55. The latter was out in mid-stream when shot and he finished his ford, lay down and died.

I expect to go after grizzly bear in British Columbia and do not want to go after such game with inadequate tools.

It would simplify matters if you would handle this inquiry on the basis of use for moose, deer and grizzly bear. Its good points and its shortcomings.

Would it be better to have two separate rifles?

I realize that you know and will most decidedly act upon your advice as this is your province just as I would act upon the advice of a good physician. Provided of course, that your advertising columns do not enter into the matter.

I await with attention the edition containing your reply.

Montreal.

J. R. Pontley.

Reply.—This rifle is a perfectly reliable big game hunting rifle. Its one defect is poor carrying qualities due to the magazine being just at the point of balance. Have a receiver folding leaf and gold bead front sights put on and sighted in correctly, and you will be well fixed for any American game.

With proper sights I would expect 8 inch or better accuracy at 200 yards and 20 to 25 inch 20 shot groups at 500 yards. Kick is too small to bother about. You have a good heavy rifle. Bear and moose load 215 grain blunt point soft point bullet. Muzzle velocity 2005 f.s. Muzzle energy 1920 foot pounds. 200 yards trajectory 6 inches. 500 yard trajectory 52 inches.

With the 174 grain spitzer bullet, best for open country shooting, and deer, Muzzle velocity 2450 f.s. and Muzzle Energy 2320 foot pounds. The 200 yard trajectory is 3 inches and over 500 yards it is 29 inches.

I never answer an inquiry to please one particular advertiser. When that time comes if it does, this Department will have another Editor. I say what I believe to be true.

Editor.

Rebluing the Receiver of a Rifle.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

Could you tell me how to reblue the receiver of a rifle?

Listowel.

J. R. Wood.

Reply.—Send it back to the manufacturers who made the rifle. It will be the cheapest and best in the end.—Editor.

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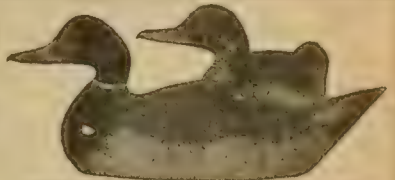


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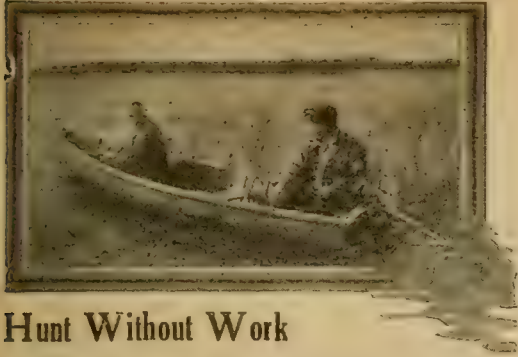
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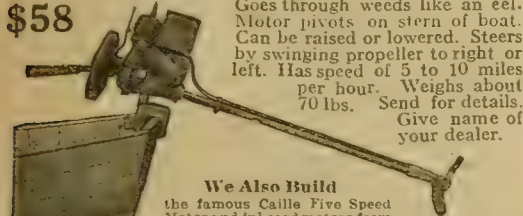
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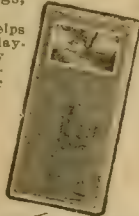
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The 1918 Tournament of the Nova Scotia Guides' Ass'n

ALBERT J. BURNS

THE annual tournament of the Nova Scotia Guides held each year, usually in August, at Lakeside Park, Yarmouth, N. S. is without a doubt the greatest sporting event of its kind of the Maritime Provinces.

The Guides Meet brings together each year the guides of this province and neighboring provinces, and attracts hundreds of sportsmen from Canada and United States; men of the great out-of-doors who enjoy the shooting, fly-casting, water sports and good fellowship which exists among such a class of men.

Lakeside Park is an ideal spot for the sports, and the large number of tents pitched on the grounds together with the booths, flags and bunting add to its attractiveness.

The meet for 1918 was the most successful ever held and when you come to know the men who are back of it you can quite readily see that it could not be otherwise and each year it will be better as new attractions are added.

In the rifle off hand shoot there were over one hundred and forty competitors whilst there were quite as many in the trap shooting. The running-deer target attracted much attention. Out of the one hundred and forty in the rifle shoot, twenty three tied on the highest score and had to shoot off for the twenty one prizes, so you can readily see that competition was keen.

In the water sports the programme was equally attractive and the events held the attention of the crowds throughout both afternoons. In the canoe racing both the doubles and singles were very exciting and the winners were roundly applauded. The work of the Indians, John and Steve Glode, in the canoe rescue race showed remarkable skill.

The canoe tilting, log racing and burling as done by James McLeod of Brookfield, Queens Co. and the Bower boys of Clyde, Shelburne Co. kept the great mass of spectators thrilled with excitement.

The log-chopping event was another that attracted the throngs and when Judson Gray of Kemptville severed his log in forty four seconds that he won the hearty applause of all present.

The story telling contest was held on Friday evening at the band stand. The competitors on an impromptu platform told their stories to a vast audience and the prizes were awarded according to the reception each

received. Here the honors again fell to Judson Gray who showed that he could not only chop logs in record time but could tell a good story as well. With the assistance of Gordon Roberts, a fellow guide, he very vividly demonstrated his story which if space permitted I would endeavor to repeat; but if you ever meet "Jud" ask him to tell it; he has a lot more particularly about moose-hunting which I imagine are worth hearing as well. There are some other star story



William G. Hill

tellers amongst these guides. The prize of ten dollars and fifty cents donated by Mr. Otis Wardwell of Boston, Mr. Gray divided evenly with his assistant Mr. Roberts.

One of the principal attractions at the meet each year is Wm. G. Hill the Maine "crack-shot" who has built up a reputation by wonderful feats with firearms. Mr. Hill used Remington-UMC arms and ammunition and in the swift handling called for in many of his "stunts" he is unequalled by any shot in the



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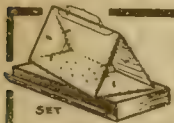
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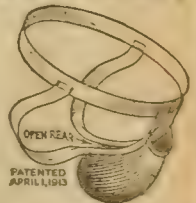
This Jock and Suspensory are all elastic and self-adjusting. These goods may be boiled to cleanse without injury to the rubber. The Jock should be worn when exercising, and the Suspensory at all other times, to promote health and vigor. If your dealer will not furnish, send us stamps or money order, specifying large, medium or small pouch, and waist measure, and we will mail promptly.

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KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO. 465 Harrison St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

land. Firing a .22 Remington Repeating rifle he hit before they reach the ground, empty cartridges ejected from the same rifle—thrown objects as small as beans, peas, No. 4 or 5 shot; in fact any target that can be seen in the air. Using a .35 cal. H. P. Remington Autoloading rifle he shot at five oranges flung into the air at one time, and before they reached the ground, smashed them all. Shooting a Remington pump gun he ejected from it two empty shells and after hitting a target thrown at the same time, drove both empties out of sight before they reached the ground. Three objects thrown at once were broken with the same gun turned upside down. And the trick was repeated with the high power Remington Autoloading rifle held similarly. Shooting the Remington high power slide action rifle four eggs thrown at the same time were broken in midair. He performed, too, all sorts of double mirror feats with rifle and pistol.

Sheriff H. A. P. Smith of Digby, N. S. also did some fancy rifle and shot gun shooting which was well worth seeing.

The professional trap shooting by W. G. Hill, Rem. U. M. C. Co., G. M. Wheeler, Hercules Powder Co. and W. N. Boyleston and R. N. Burns, two of the best shots of the United States attracted much attention.

Mr. James McLeod of Brookfield, Queens County, was awarded the beautiful silver cup donated by Mr. Wm. McLaughlin, for the grand aggregate. Mr. McLeod was only a short time before the meet invalided home from the Western front being wounded and shell shocked. As Mayor Grant of Yarmouth who distributed the prizes announced to the audience that Mr. McLeod was the winner of such a handsome trophy and also told of his career since the out-break of the war he received an ovation that will long be remembered.

No doubt this year there will be quite a number of guides returned from overseas who will attend the meet and who will be given a hearty welcome home.

The prize winners of the various events were as follows:—

FANCY SHOOTING

A—Exhibition of Fancy Rifle and Shotgun Shooting by Wm. G. Hill, representative of Remington Arms U. M. C. Co.

B—Trapshooting Event by W. G. Hill, Remington U. M. C. Co.; G. M. Wheeler, Hercules Powder Co.; and W. N. Boyleston and R. N. Burns, two of the best amateur shots of the United States.

C—Special Amateur Shoot.

1st Prize—Sweater, donated by J. F. Seldon, Liverpool—Brad Smith; 2nd Prize—Sweater Coat, donated by A. Joseph, Liverpool, Geo. Skinner; 3rd Prize—Set Drinking Cups, donated by J. C. Hemeon, Liverpool, —Dr. I. M. Lovitt; 4th—Cigarette Case, donated by A. K. Van Horne, O. J. Killam; Consolation Prize—Sub. to Rod and Gun—Chas. Butler.

RIFLE SHOOTING

Judges—G. H. Allen, F. Sherman, N. C. Foulis.

1st Prize—.35 Cal. Remington Rifle, donated by the Remington Arms U. M. C. Co.—Austin Jones; 2nd Prize—Pair Sporting Boots donated by the Robert Taylor Co. Ltd.—Brad Smith; 3rd Prize—Gillette Razor Set, donated by the Gillette Safety Razor Co.—Austin Smith; 4th Prize—Pair Pants, donated by C. E. Cann—Joseph Sabine; 5th Prize—Pair Rubber Boots, donated by O. J. Killam—James White; 6th Prize—Oil Stove, donated by E. K. Spinney—Ellison Gray; 7th Prize—Rifle, donated by E. K. Spinney—Harry Crowell; 8th Prize—Auto Strop Razor, donated by C. C. Richards—H. A. P. Smith; 9th Prize—Box Tobacco, donated by Imperial Tobacco Co.—George Skinner; 10th Prize—Box Cigars, donated by H. Simonds & Sons—Bertram Bower; 11th Prize—Box Cigars, donated by Metropolitan Clothing Co.—Bert Crowell; 12th Prize—Electric Torch, donated by A. H. Miller—Fred Demoliter; 13th Prize—Box Cigars, donated by Chas. Middlemas—Matthew Crowell; 14th Prize—Box Cigars, donated by J. B. Stoneman—Dr. A. A. Merrill; 15th Prize—\$5.00 worth Dentistry, donated by Dr. A. A. Merrill—Judson Skinner; 16th—and 17th, Subs. to Rod and Gun—Clarence Gray and John H. Smith; 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st, yearly subs. to Yarmouth Daily Post—Ernest Smith, Jeff McKay, Reggie Bowers and Leonard Sabine.

RUNNING DEER

Judges—Same as for Rifle Shooting.

1st Prize—\$20.00 Cash, donated by A. R. Richardson—John McEwan; 2nd Prize—Tent, donated by the Cosmos Cotton Co.—William Muise; 3rd Prize—\$10.00 Cash, donated by C. W. Cann—Joseph Sabine; 4th Prize—Pair Boots, donated by W. D. Sweeney—Roy Merritt; 5th Prize—Case of Canned Beans, donated by Cain Bros.—O. J. Killam; 6th Prize—Razor Strop, donated by Pike Manufacturing Co.—Wilfred Harris; 7th Prize—Case of Peas, donated by Wm. Caldwell—Matthew Crowell; 8th Prize—

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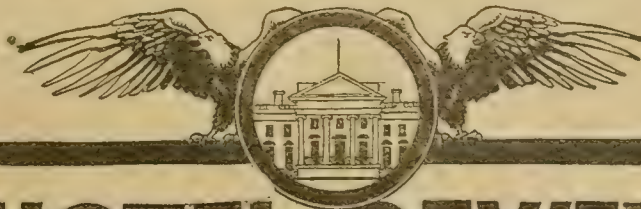
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FRANK P. FENWICK

Booklet with pictures mailed.

Shirt, donated by the Metropolitan Clothing Co.—John H. Smith.

TRAP SHOOTING

Judges—G. Morton Pettet, I. M. Lovitt, Fred Burrill.

1st Prize—Set of Pyrex Dishes, donated by S. A. Crowell & Co.—Judson Gray; 2nd Prize—Set of Auto Strop Razors, donated by the Auto Strop Razor Co.—Fred Graham; 3rd Prize—Smoker's Stand and Tray, donated by V. S. Sweeney—H. A. P. Smith; 4th Prize—Fountain Pen, donated by B. F. Trask—Claude Hemeon; 5th Prize—Pipe, donated by R. H. Davis & Co.—Geo. Meisner; 6th Prize—Razor Strop, donated by the Pike Manfg. Co.—Harry Crowell; 7th—Casserole, donated by C. F. Dyke—John H. Smith; 8th Prize—China Cups and Saucers, donated by C. F. Dyke—Frank Sherman.

Special Prizes for Longest Runs—2 pairs Gold Cuff Links, donated by Dupont Powder Co.—E. G. White,

CANOE RACING—Doubles

Judges—Ross Allen, Geo. R. Earle, L. C. Gardner, Capt. Fred Ladd, Capt. Geo. L. Wetmore.

1st Prize—\$10.00 and 2 doz. bottles Minard's Liniment, donated by J. A. Knight, Halifax, and Minard's Liniment Co.—Jas. McLeod, John Labrador; 2nd Prize—\$5.00 and 1 doz. bottles Minard's Liniment, donated by Bernard Cummings, Port Joli, and Minard's Liniment Co.—John Glode and Steve Glode; 3rd Prize—2 pairs Paddles, donated by the Chestnut Canoe Co. and Oldtown Canoe Co.—Jas. Bower and Manus Bower.

CANOE RACING—Singles—with same Judges.

1st Prize—30-lb. box Fish, donated by the Boys of Short Beach—Jas. McLeod; 2nd Prize—5 gals. Molasses, donated by H. & N. B. Lewis—John Glode; 3rd Prize—Pair of Shoes, donated by Shane Bros.—Bertram Bower.

CANOE RESCUE RACE—with same Judges

1st Prize—\$10.00 and 2 doz. bottles Minard's Liniment, donated by J. Otis Wardwell, Boston, and Minard's Liniment Co.—John Glode and Steve Glode; 2nd Prize—\$5.00 and 1 doz. bottles Minard's Liniment, donated by A. E. Ellis, Yarmouth, and Minard's Liniment Co.—Jas. McLeod, John Labrador; 3rd Prize—1 doz. cans Beans, donated by S. P. Goudey—Jas. Bower and Manus Bower.

CANOE TILTING—with same Judges.

1st Prize—\$10.00 and 2 doz. bottles Minard's Liniment, donated by J. Otis Wardwell, Boston, and Minard's Liniment Co.—Jas. McLeod and Manus Bower; 2nd Prize—Thermos Bottle and Safety Razor, donated by F. B. Lovitt and Auto Strop Razor Co.—Bertram Bower, Jas. Bower.

STORY-TELLING CONTEST BY GUIDES

Prize, \$10.00 cash, donated by J. Otis Wardwell, Boston—Judson Gray.

SALMON FLY CASTING for distance.

Judges—Fred Graham of the Quaker Oats Co., C. G. Godfrey and others.

1st Prize—Reel, donated by L. C. Gardner & Co.—Wm. Muise (98 feet.); 2nd Prize—Shaving Set, donated by Geo. T. Bain—John Labrador; 3rd Prize—Hunting Knife and Stone donated by Dr. A. A. Merrill—Gordon Roberts; 4th Prize—Picture, donated by R. K. Smith—John McEwan.

TROUT FLY CASTING for distance, same Judges

1st Prize—Case Canned Mackerel, donated by S. F. Nickerson—Fred Graham; 2nd Prize—6 prs. Socks, donated by M. P. Cook & Co.—George Meisner; 3rd Prize—Razor, donated by F. T. Burrill—Gordon Roberts; 4th Prize—1 Year's Subscription to the "Yarmouth Light," donated by C. Carey, Publisher—James McLeod.

TROUT FLY CASTING, same Judges

1st Prize—Cup, donated by W. L. Harding—John McEwan; 2nd Prize—Flash Light, donated by Jas. Croskill—Fred Fraham; 3rd Prize—Cigars, donated by A. B. Eldridge—Jas. McLeod; 4th Prize—2 lbs. Tea, donated by G. N. Kirk—Dr. Merrill.

LOG CHOPPING

Judges—J. Arch Blackadar and W. Seaton Annis.

1st Prize—\$10.00 donated by Phillips Bros.—Judson Gray; 2nd Prize—\$5.00, donated by F. B. McCurdy—Jas. McLeod; 3rd Prize—Axe, donated by E. K. Spinney—Jas. Bower; 4th Prize—Axe, donated by E. K. Spinney, Yarmouth—Austin Jones; 5th Prize—Axe, donated by Wm. Burrill & Co.—Wm. Pictou.

LOG BURLING with same Judges.

1st Prize—\$10.00, donated by J. Otis Wardwell, Boston—Bertram Bower; 2nd Prize—1 pr. Shoes, donated by Crosby & Baker—Jas. Bower; 3rd Prize—Pair Sporting Shoes, donated by Porter & Robbins—Manus Bower; 4th Prize—Shirt, donated by A. Kaplan—Lewis Bower.

Nova Scotia Guides' Business Meeting

The annual business meeting of the Nova Scotia Guides' Association was held at the park and proved to be the best and most progressive ever held. The president, Bernard Cummings, of Port Joli, occupied the chair and during the evening it was learned that one hundred guides' licenses were issued at the park the previous day, whilst there were upwards of thirty-five who had secured licenses from the Chief Game Commissioner's office, Halifax, previous to coming to Yarmouth, making a total of nearly one hundred and thirty-five guides which, without an exception, is the largest number that has ever attended the annual meet.

President Cummings, in calling the meeting to order, spoke briefly, expressing the pleasure it gave him to hold the honored position that the association, for the past year, had seen fit to bestow upon him. He reviewed the work done during that period and thought that at times although, to a degree, he may have failed in some measure on matters concerning the association, he had always given them his first and careful consideration. In his opinion the present meet was the largest ever held and considering its object and purpose, to assist the Canadian Patriotic Fund, it would ever be held, in that respect if in no other, as an historic event for Yarmouth town and county, if not for the Province. He said, "we have no greater duty before us to-day than to assist in every possible manner those men, and many of them our brother guides, who are battling for us in Flanders."

President Cummings extended sincere congratulations to one of their number, James McLeod, who had gone forth, did his best, was wounded, invalided home and was in Yarmouth for the tournament. "Our fellow-guidesman," continued the president, "was a sniper over there and if he, like the Indian of old, could have put a notch in the stock of his rifle for every Hun he had sniped his rifle would have been in need of a new stock long before the German sniper got guide McLeod."

The chief business of the meeting was the election of officers and on motion of Ellison Gray, of North Kemptville, seconded by Forman Gavel, of Gavelton, the officers of last year were held in office for the ensuing year. They are as follows:

President, Bernard Cummings, Port Joli; Vice-Pres., Thomas Davis, Upper Clyde; Sec'y-Treas., Roy S. Kelley, Yarmouth.

Council—Ellison Gray, [North Kemptville; John H. Lewis, New Grafton, Queens Co.; A. D. Thomas, South Milford, Annapolis Co.; Sheriff H. A. P. Smith, Digby.

The matter of changes in the big game laws came up, but the president did not deem it advisable to take any action as nothing could be done until next spring.

Secretary Kelley explained some existing difficulties which now prevail, owing to the international treaty governing migratory birds made between the Dominion and United States Governments with which the



H. A. P. Smith, Former President,
Nova Scotia Guides' Association

local legislature could not deal. He had heard and knew of objections on every hand, but thought for the time being or until after the war it should be realized that we must all give and take a little.

Mr. Buchanan, representing Chief Game Commissioner Knight, gave a very interesting explanation of the game laws as governed by that treaty. He also extended to the meeting the kindly regards of Capt. L. D. Mitchell, a former president of the association from whom a letter had recently been received from Saloniki, in which he particularly stipulated to be remembered to all the guides at this meet.

Sheriff Smith spoke regarding the treaty and how it protected Canadian wild geese.

He was strongly of the opinion that the question particularly touching on that fowl is not thoroughly understood by those making the game laws, for that bird does not migrate from Canadian to United States waters and back again. Last winter he visited Port Joli and for the first time he fully realized just how honest the Nova Scotia sportsmen were. Whilst there he reckoned there were one hundred and fifty thousand of those birds quietly swimming about and living right there in Port Joli harbor. Yet not one was shot. He considered it a great hardship and at times very trying for gunners, such as exist in those parts, to leave those geese unmolested.

President Cummings showed the meeting that the Canadian wild goose never goes south but, he said, a southern goose comes to Nova Scotia waters and a most peculiar circumstance exists right here. The native wild goose will not mingle with the stranger and he had seen time and again huge flocks of the southern geese come into Port Joli harbor, but they were distinct and absolutely apart from the native. Another feature about them was that they were much smaller. The native when dressed will weigh from seven and one half to ten pounds, whilst the southern strain will only tip the scale at from five to seven pounds.

After considerable discussion President

Cummings, Sheriff Smith and Fred Graham were appointed a committee to draft a resolution asking the powers controlling the game law to make some change which would allow an open season for geese.

The moose season also came up for considerable discussion and many expressions of opinion were given as to the best ways and means of preserving the moose.

Ellison Gray thought the moose season was too long and he asked why some steps could not be taken to have an open season on beavers for, in his opinion, there are at least ten of those animals about the rivers to-day to one of any other fur-bearing animal to be found in our forests.

Other speakers were Walker Andrews of St. John, who gave a very interesting address concerning the moose laws of New Brunswick; C. C. Burrill, Pres. Cummings, David Marling, and it was finally decided by James Bower, seconded by M. Bower and C. C. Burrill, and passed unanimously that a recommendation be made to the game authorities to prohibit the sale of moose meat.

Another motion by James White, of Berwick, seconded by E. Skinner that a resident big game license of \$2.00 be imposed on all hunters and the returns from such licenses to be used for the patrol of the forests and protection of the moose and other game was passed.



Coon Hunting With Dogs

THE 'coon is a wily little animal and his habits are very interesting to note.

He is a veritable trickster compared with which the proverbial cunning fox must take a back seat. One of the 'coon's most

common tricks employed to fool the hound is known among hunters as "tapping the tree" and which he accomplishes in this way: when he hears the hound's first note baying on trail, he climbs up a large tree, runs to the

furtherest extremity of one of the largest branches and doubling himself up into a ball, leaps as far as possible out from the tree. This he repeats several times on different trees, then makes a long run, only to go through the same performances in another place. Onward comes the hound, till he reaches the first tree the 'coon went up and if it is a young and inexperienced hound, he will give the "tree bark" until the hunters reach the tree, fell it, and find the game not there.

All this time Mr. 'Coon is quietly fishing and laughing in his sleeve, perhaps a mile away. But not so with the wise old 'coon hound. The old, experienced 'cooner, with seemingly human intelligence, no sooner reaches the tree Mr. 'Coon has "tapped" than he begins circling around the tree, never opening his mouth ——— circling wider and wider until he strikes the trail again. This he repeats every time the 'coon takes a tree, until finally, when he has to take a tree to keep from being caught on the ground, the hound circles as before and, finding no trail leading away, he goes back to the tree, and with a triumphant cry proclaims the fact that he is victorious. He is not the least bit doubtful. He knows the coon went up the tree and he knows he has never come down so he reasons (?) that the coon is there, and with every breath he calls his master to come and bag his game. When the tree is felled the fun begins. The 'coon is game to death. He dies fighting—and such a magnificent fight it is! The uninformed might suppose there would not be much of a fight between a 50-pound 'coon hound and a 20-pound 'coon. Well, there is not, if the 'coon hound is experienced and knows his business. Of course, the 'coon will put up a masterly fight, and sometimes help is required to put him out of business; but the old 'coon dog will finally kill any 'coon. But if the fight is between a young or inexperienced dog and a full grown 'coon the chances are that you will suffer the mortification of seeing your dog tuck his tail between his legs and make for home at a very rapid and unbecoming rate of speed.

Killing a 'coon appears to be an art with a dog, of course, much more easily acquired by a natural born 'coon hound than by a dog of any other breed. A year-old hound of good breeding and from good 'coon hound parents, can kill a 'coon with less ado about it than half a dozen of any other breed with the exception of an Airedale terrier. The Airedale makes a splendid coon dog especially in water work. The best possible combination to have is a

coon hound and an Airedale trained to work together. It is in swimming that the 'coon is most difficult to handle. I have known several hounds to be drowned by 'coons in deep water. The dog goes for the coon, and the 'coon gets on top of the dog's head. Down they both go, and, of course, the dog and the 'coon both let go their hold on each other. Again the dog grabs the 'coon, and under the water they both go. This is repeated, until the dog becomes exhausted, his lungs fill with water, and old Mr. Coon seems to understand the situation exactly and seats himself firmly on the top of the dog's head, holding him under water, till outside assistance is all that will save him from a watery grave.

As there is but little chance—practically none—to kill a 'coon while he is swimming, the wise old 'cooner on to his job, will seize the 'coon, strike a bee line to the bank, and kill him on terra firma.

Another of the tricks Mr. 'Coon uses to advantage when closely followed by hounds, is to follow the meanderings of a stream until he comes to a log reaching across to the other bank; then he runs to the middle of the log and leaps as far as he can out into the water, usually swimming down stream, if he is not making for a den or a tree in some other direction. This ruse invariably delays even the best of 'coon hounds, as, being about full speed, they will run across the log, and if the dogs know their job they will circle out until they again find the trail; but during this momentary bother, the 'coon is not waiting to see what they are going to do about it. He keeps moving and I want to say that a 'coon is a much swifter traveller than many persons suppose. He loses no time, but keeps everlastingly at it, and it takes a speedy hound to force him up a tree.

The 'coon may be defined as being a dwarf bear. They have many points in common. The 'coon can lie up in his den for weeks at a time during severely cold weather, without food or water. The only difference between the foot prints of the coon and those of the bear is the size. In shape and appearance they are exactly alike. The flesh, when cooked, tastes similar, and not one in a thousand could tell any difference between cooked 'coon and cooked bear, if served in same size pieces.

By nature the 'coon is a very selfish individual. He deserts Mrs. 'Coon when the children are a day old and lets her provide for them as best she can. The young 'coons grow rapidly,

and at a tender age of from six to eight weeks old they begin to accompany their faithful mother in search of food. Fishes, birds, rabbits, nuts, acorns, berries and green corn are the principal dishes on the 'coon family's bill of fare.

At first the little coons stay close to their mother's heels, but they grow more venturesome as they grow older, and soon begin to make little journeys on their own account. This often proves their undoing when dogs are about. Any sort of an old dog can tree or catch on the ground a baby 'coon, but this is an advantage no true sportsman will knowingly take.

That a mother 'coon will even brave death herself to save her babies is evident to one who has studied the habits of the 'coon. When closely pursued by the hounds and she and her young are all compelled to go up the same tree as soon as the hounds begin to bark fiercely and the hunters arrive and begin to chop on the tree or try to shine their eyes, old mother 'coon picks an opening and jumps out of the tree and is usually caught, or runs up another tree close by and then caught. But she has again saved her young as in all likelihood the hunters will not go back to the tree where the little coons are serenely sitting on the leafy boughs, or never think of there being any more coons there.

There are many reasons why the 'coon hunt is fast becoming one of the most popular of the manly sports. The 'coon is found in many sections of the country. Other game is becoming very scarce. The wealthy business man, the man of affairs who is tied to his desk six days out of the week, can own a 'coon hound and in the stilly hours of the night after the day's turmoil of business, can enjoy a few hours of the most strenuous sport

now left to us and witness a battle royal between his faithful hound and the monarch of the woods, the wily 'coon. Nothing that I can contemplate is more exhilarating or more soothing to the nerves than the excitement of the 'coon hunt. From the first long-drawn note when the trail is struck until the hound's victorious cry at the tree, it is one round of excitement and anticipation. What or whose hound is leading? What direction will Mr. 'Coon take? What dog will be first to tree? And then the fight! It is simply great! And then showing the hide to the boys who didn't go and telling them about it for days to come.

The 'coon hunt calls for manhood. Tender weaklings cannot endure the exertions necessary to enjoy this sport. It is too strenuous for the lazy man or the effeminate man to enjoy. They shudder at the thoughts of donning a pair of heavy hip boots and tramping through swamps and slashes, crossing creeks and barbed wire fences, through briars and thickets maybe for several miles, and the probability of getting lost and having to stay all night. But to the man with nerve and backbone this is one of the enjoyable features. It affords great fun to get a tenderfoot to go out for the first time and initiate him into the "coon hunters' club." The tender-foot will use every cuss word ever invented, and will coin new ones when the supply of old ones becomes worn out and ineffective. He will cuss the briars, cuss the ditches, cuss the creek, cuss the fences, cuss the swamps, cuss the slashes, cuss the man who persuaded him to go, and finally cuss himself for going. But when the excitement of the chase is on and when the fight commences he becomes reconciled; and if good luck is had he is very likely to be the next man to propose another "coon hunt."

Montreal Spring Show

The Montreal Kennel Association Spring Show May 23 and 24, was a splendid all round success in the number and quality of dogs shown; the attendance and the hospitality of the Montrealers; the judges and their work; and the M. K. A. Show Committee and their work. There were some who found fault with the way the catalog was printed and also with the rather light and cramped benching used but then with the enthusiasm present at this show, these defects

were easily remedied by those taking sufficient interest to do so, for their personal benefit.

Of the 400 dogs in the show, wire haired fox terriers were the leading and most interesting entry. Montreal fanciers are keen on wires and classes. They are always very interesting especially so this year for some heavy plunges have been made in well bred U. S. stuff and then there is the good home grown ones always coming along; and the home bred ones did most of the winning; being more the



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proper size. The fox terrier must be kept a small dog or he is not a fox terrier, i.e., he can not follow a fox to ground. Stock by Ch. Dusky Bound is coming along well and was well up in the awards. Mrs. Webster of Ottawa with her good little Lady Wireboy of Pargntor took winners, bitches and reserve winners, also 1st maiden and 1st breeders with the Lady's daughter, Spicey Lady. Sam Bamford of Toronto took winners dogs with Ch. Miceys Model, while Moore and Strachan of Montreal were reserve winners with Rigeways Dark Boy, a noted U. S. dog, a bit large and lacking finish.

Airedale terriers were also a large entry but a mixed lot, large and small, good coats and bad coats, good ears and eyes, and poor, in fact all the good points and all the bad points which so easily crop out in his breed, were to be seen at this show. If our Airedale breeders cannot learn by experience how to breed good ones they should read up and study out how the good ones are bred and follow these methods.

That great show dog and sire Ch. King Nobbler's Double who has not been shown much of late years, easily took winner's dogs, looking as good as ever and his latest kennel mate, Parkton Sweet Olive, took winners bitches though I thought her a bit fine all over and too much of the Irish spirit, which is not all wanted in an Airedale. Rosecroft Jersey Lightning was res. dog and Miss Romulus res. bitch. Murby of Toronto took 1st puppy dogs with Harvie Warlock while 1st puppy bitches went to Colne Mistress Oorang. Mr. Robinson also of Toronto. Claycliff sentry, Jos. Russell, Toronto, took 1st novice and 1st junior and would have won more had he been entered in the other classes. This is the dog we spoke well of when first shown at the New Year's show in Toronto. The Lachine dog Bolton Boy is an attractive looking one, well shaped and had he better eyes and skull would make a good one. He won well, beating Claycliff Tenacity.

There was just an ordinary showing of Pointers and Setters, the good dog Ch. Perdreaun being best Pointer. The English setters were all of a large strong rough type which while certainly not classy looking may be all right for work in certain country. The Irish Setters were much better showing, the results of more careful breeding to type. We

had the pleasure of seeing one of the best Irish setters in America, in Tyrone Larry bred and owned by E. C. Howard of Montreal. This dog won very well at the last big New York Show and when shown there next year we venture to say he will top the lot.

Cocker Spaniels were just a good ordinary showing; while there were no real high class ones present still there were some good ones.

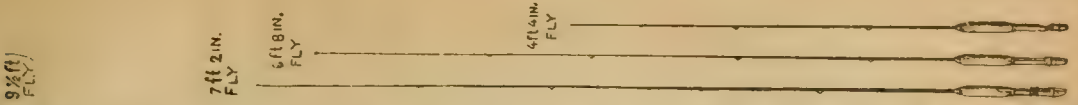
Bostons had a large entry, including the good ones from Toronto and Ottawa. Irish Terriers were also a good lot the winning dog, Mendon Mike being 3rd best dog in whole show. There was also a good showing of Scotties. Several variety of Toys were shown, a good lot of Pokes and Poms.

Some splendid English bulldogs were shown besides good entries in bull terriers, French bulldogs, and several of the other breeds including Russian wolfhounds. There were no fox hounds or beagles at this show.

The judging of the breeds was finished Saturday afternoon, the varieties and specials follow Saturday evening and by 11 o'clock the big event of the show came off, picking the best dog in all the show. In this event there were two French Alsace police dogs; two Belgian police dogs; two Irish setters; four wire fox terriers, including Ch. Dusky Bounce and Ch. Mickey's Model; two Japanese spaniels; and one each of the following English Bull; Skye terrier; Cocker French Bull; Dalmatian; Airedale, and Pekinese. With the exception of the two Alsace Police dogs they were all good specimens as fine a lot as one would see most anywhere. The wire fox terrier Ch. Lady Wireboy of Paignton was awarded best in-show and then the two judges had to confer as to next best or reserve which finally went to the Airedale Ch. Polam Maxim closely pressed by the Irish terrier Mendon Mike.

The judges of this show were Chas. Mason on Anglo-American from N.Y. one of the best all round judges in the world, a breeder and Kennel writer of note; the other was Norman Swire of Toronto one of our most gifted young men along this line.

While this was a ribbon show yet the money offered for specials and the silver cups and trophies made the winning worth while. For instance the winner of the puppy Sweepstakes gathered in some fifty dollars.



Frostco Combination 8 in 1 Steel Rod

has reinforced joints and patent locking reel seat. The illustration shows four combinations in a fly rod—reverse the handle and you have four combinations in a bait rod. Buy this one rod and you have a bait or fly rod of different lengths from 4 feet 4 inches to 9½ feet long as desired. Price complete. **\$3.50**

Rush Tango Minnows, South Bend Baits, Al. Foss Pork Rind Baits
Spoons, Spinners, Rods, Reels, Flies and other Fishing Necessities

FISH NETS

NETS AND NETTING OF ALL KINDS

SEENES OR DRAG NETS
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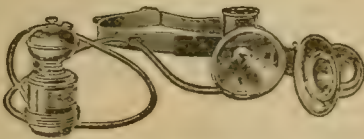
GILL NETS mounted with leads and floats ready for the water, 25 cents per yard. In ordering give size of mesh, stretched measure desired.

We are distributors of the famous U. S. Cartridge Company's line of shells and ammunition including

BLACK SHELLS

in trap and game loads. These shells are waterproof and are unexcelled for Range, Velocity, Penetration and killing power.

Have you tried the 22 N. R. A. rim five, long rifle lesmok cartridge. Range 250 yards, costs no more than other similar cartridges, but gives longer range. We have in stock 280 Ross copper tube and metal patch cartridges.



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100 Candle Power, with Flat-Flame Burner and Interchangeable Lens \$8.00; with Self Lighter, \$9.00. Mailing weight 3 pounds. Traps, Guns, Animal Bait, Headlights, Nets, Shoe packs, Marble's Specialties and hundreds of other articles for the trapper and hunter, described and priced in HALLAM'S TRAPPERS AND SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLY CATALOGUE--

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A Real Clean Up!

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F. S. WRIGHT

International Championship

St. Thomas, Ont., June 2, 3, 4, 1919.
Won by F. S. Wright, Buffalo, with the
Canadian amateur record-breaking score
of 397x400. REMINGTON UMC
NITRO CLUB SHELLS USED.

"Perfect from Primer to Crimp"

Grand International Handicap

St. Thomas, Ont., June 2, 3, 4, 1919.
Won by A. A. Thompson, Windsor, Ont.,
breaking 95x100.

REMINGTON UMC NITRO CLUB
SHELLS USED.

The splendid, uniform high quality of these
famous Wetproof speed shells stands every
test.



A. A. THOMPSON

HAMILTON GUN CLUB TOURNAMENT, April 18th, won by S. G. Vance, Tillsonburg,
with Remington UMC "Nitro Clubs", 189x200.
ST. HUBERT'S GUN CLUB TOURNAMENT, OTTAWA, April 21st, won by Blyth Beattie,
Ottawa, with "Nitro Clubs", 113x125.
MANOR GUN CLUB TOURNAMENT, CLARKSON, May 24, all important events won with
Remington UMC Pump Guns or "Nitro Club" shells.



New "Wetproof" process makes
"Nitro Club" and "Arrow" Shells
absolutely impervious to water.



Remington UMC

Trap Triumphs Galore!

Remington UMC Nitro Club "speed shells" are higher in price than others but their superiority in materials and in loading makes them the shell for the man who wants

Results.



S. G. VANCE

Eastern Canada Trapshooting Championship

Toronto, June 12, 13, 14, 1919.
Won by S. G. Vance, Tillsonburg,
with the remarkable score of 290x300.

REMINGTON UMC NITRO CLUB
SHELLS USED.

Fast Company Suits Remington UMC

Eastern Canada Handicap Championship

Toronto, June 12, 13, 14, 1919.
Won by J. A. McRobb, Brantford,
93x100, tying with three other shoot-
ers, all using "Nitro Clubs," Mr.
McRobb winning the Championship
in the shoot-off, 18x20.

REMINGTON UMC NITRO CLUB
SHELLS USED.



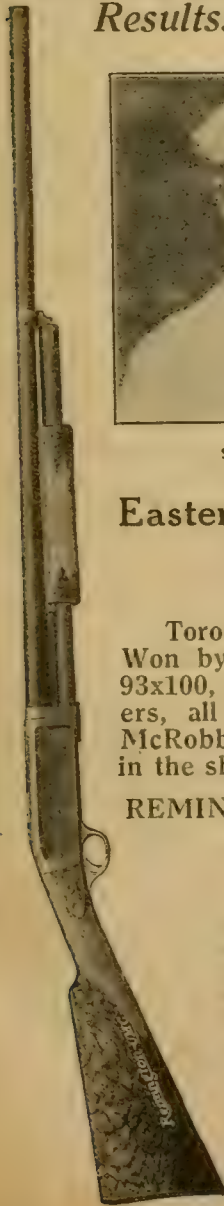
J. A. McROBB

Other Remington UMC wins were:- Two Man Team Championship, S. Vance and J. Vance, Tillsonburg, score 50x50; Nelson Long, Hamilton, High professional, using Remington UMC Pump Gun; Court Thompson, Hamilton, wins Long Run, \$1 straight; altogether eight out of nine runs won with Nitro Clubs.

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Remington U.M.C. of Canada, Limited

WINDSOR, ONT.



Irish Rifle Association

J. W. SMITH

AN attractive program has been arranged by the Irish Rifle Association for this season at the Long Branch Rifle Ranges. The usual competitions will run throughout the months of July, August, and September, with valuable prizes (in kind) for each of the three classes, winners to be decided by each competitor's ten best scores of the four months.

On August 4th, Civic Holiday, the Association will hold their Annual Matches open to all-comers, cash prizes only. Conditions in these Matches will conform as closely as possible to those of the approaching O. R. A. meet, and the program will probably include snap-shooting and rapid-fire events. This will provide a fine opportunity for those intending to participate in the O. R. A. shoot to avail themselves of some preliminary

practice, and any riflemen interested should communicate with the writer (257 Davenport Road, Toronto) who will be glad to mail them a program.

The standard of shooting to date has been poor; with two exceptions, notably Mr. Dean, who has shown a very high degree of marksmanship. Mr. Dean was trained entirely by this Association, and has never shot at any of the big Rifle Association meets, and therefore ranks as a "tyro."

Many ex-members have returned from overseas, and are re-joining the I. R. A., besides which there are a number of new members, some of whom are beginners, whilst others are old marksmen who desire to resume practice. Judging from some record attendances in June, the I. R. A. will have an exceptionally successful season.

The following list shows the scores of the last five weekly practices of those who have attended at least three times and whose average is over 90 to date:

	May 31st.	June 7th.	June 14th.	June 21st.	June 28th.	Average
S. Dean	102	103	97	103	100	101
W. A. Hawkins.....		101	100	99		100
Col. A. Elliott.....	101	99		100	94	98.5
J. W. Smith.....	100	100		95	96	97.75
J. Lonsdale...		95	98	98	98	97.25
R. Clarke	99	99	96	97	95	97.2
E. J. Greenway.....	99		92	100	95	96.5
W. Reid.....	100	94	97	94		96.25
A. Emo.....	96	101	94	95	94	96
T. W. Bull.....	96	95	100	96	93	96
R. Storrar		98	94	96		96
Dr. J. G. Pilkey		97	95	94	96	95.5
R. Campbell...		97	93	96	96	95.5
J. E. Fitzgerald.....	94	97		94		95
T. W. Younger.....	96	94	90	99	94	94.6
R. Oldfield.....	97	95	95	89		94
A. R. Humphreys		95	95	87	95	93
W. Riddle.....	95	92		91	92	92.5
R. Hutchinson		94	90	88	90	90.5
Col. F. W. Brown		96	92	88	86	90.5

FISH SANCTUARIES.

Canada applies the sanctuary or reserve idea to fish, as a means of increasing their numbers and promoting better sport.

Upon recommendation of the Victoria Fisheries Protective Association of Baddeck, Nova Scotia, the Canadian Minister of Marine and Fisheries has ordered the setting apart of one brook on each of eleven different rivers in Cape Breton Island, for the natural pro-

pagation of trout and salmon, and has prohibited angling in these brooks for a term of three years.

As has been proved in game matters, a small section left fully protected the year round as a haven, has always benefited the shooting in the adjacent country. This same plan should improve fishing by allowing many fish to spawn that otherwise would be caught, and by making these reserve brooks serve as nurseries and feeders for the main rivers.

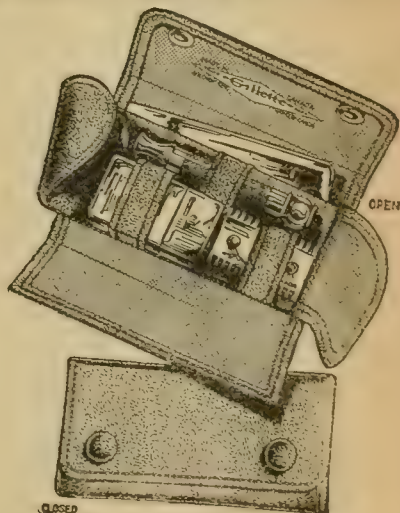
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Matters Pertaining to Conservation

The Need of Nation-Wide Effort in Wild Life Conservation

C. GORDON HEWITT

Address Delivered at the National Wild Life Conference on Feb. 18th at Ottawa

THIS National Conference marks an epoch in the history of the movement for the conservation of wild life in the Dominion. Convoked as it has been by the Commission of Conservation with the co-operation of the Advisory Board on Wild Life Protection, it represents the first occasion on which an endeavour has been made officially to bring together those who through their official duties or public or private interests are concerned in the protection of our game and fur-bearing animals and wild life generally. All to whom our wild life has any significance have been invited: officials of Dominion and Provincial governments, representatives of sportsmen's and game protective associations, of the fur trading companies and of the railways. And the international significance of the problem that we are to discuss is evidenced by the presence of those of our friends and co-workers from the United States who have accepted our invitation.

During the last decade there has been in Canada an awakening to the fact of all our natural resources the wild life was the most sensitive to human interference, and there has been a realization of the responsibility that rests upon our shoulders as trustees of the greater portion of what remains of the big game animals, of the breeding grounds of the wild fowl and of the most valuable fur bearers of this-continent. The manner in which the wild life over most of the United States has suffered through lack of adequate protection has furnished an object lesson that Canadians have not been slow to learn, and while wanton destruction, excessive and unwise killing have taken place throughout Canada, the

comparatively small population has not depleted our wild life so well favoured in haunts by Nature, and we are still fortunate in possessing a fair proportion of our original stock of game and furbearing animals well distributed over the country. We have convened for the purpose of determining the best methods by which we can conserve our wild life for the use and enjoyment of the people of to-day and of the future.

Before we commence our discussions I should like to emphasize two points, which are vitally important in their bearing on this subject, namely: The desirability of the greatest degree of co-operation and the necessity of foresight.

Taking the last point first, why should we not now resolve to use that faculty which distinguishes us from our fellow creatures and exercise our reason, which should make us provident? In the past it has been almost an invariable rule to wait until serious depletion of game animals has taken place before instituting protective measures which, had they been in effect earlier, would have prevented such depletion. Why should we continue to be so lacking in foresight and those attributes that make a nation progressive as to be unwilling to provide against contingencies that we know from experience will occur. Conservation is practical foresight. No natural resource needs the application of greater foresight for its conservation than our wild life for it cannot be replaced once it is destroyed, and its destruction can only be avoided by wise provision. Let us therefore resolve to look ahead of the present requirements and plan with our eyes on the future.

But the chief object of this conference is to secure as great a degree as

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WE take pleasure in presenting to our friends the latest product of the Savage Arms Corporation, Utica Works—the new Model 1919 Bolt Action Rifle.

This rifle is the result of years of experimental work, guided and checked by the ablest military and civilian experts.

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The .22 Savage N.R.A. is a genuine miniature military rifle. It is a bolt-action, five-shot repeater, with full length military pistol-grip stock and swivels for sling. It can be used in every position, with every time-limit and for every kind of fire that the .30 Service rifle can. The only match condition that need be changed is length of range. And it will beat the Service rifle at 100 yards.

A new rifling system makes the barrel more accurate than other .22 caliber models used in this work—and Savage reputation for accuracy made the experts select us to build this rifle.

A new firing-mechanism—lightened moving parts with less than half-inch travel, long, husky mainspring and two-point firing-pin—make ignition instantaneous.

The Marine Corps type front sight defines clearly in any light, and the simple, strong aperture rear sight has click adjustment for elevation and windage—one click moves shot one-quarter inch on target at 25 yards.

25-inch round barrel, full military stock, oil finish, pistol grip, sling swivels, Marine Corps type front, and wind-gauge aperture, rear sights. 5-shot detachable box magazine. Chambered for .22 Long Rifle cartridge only.

And remember—it's as good for small game shooting as for target work.



25 Yards—10 Shots, 1/2-in. bull, by Marine Gunner J. L. Renew, U. S. M. C.



50 Yards—9 Shots, 1 inch bull, by Marine Gunner J. L. Renew, U. S. M. C.

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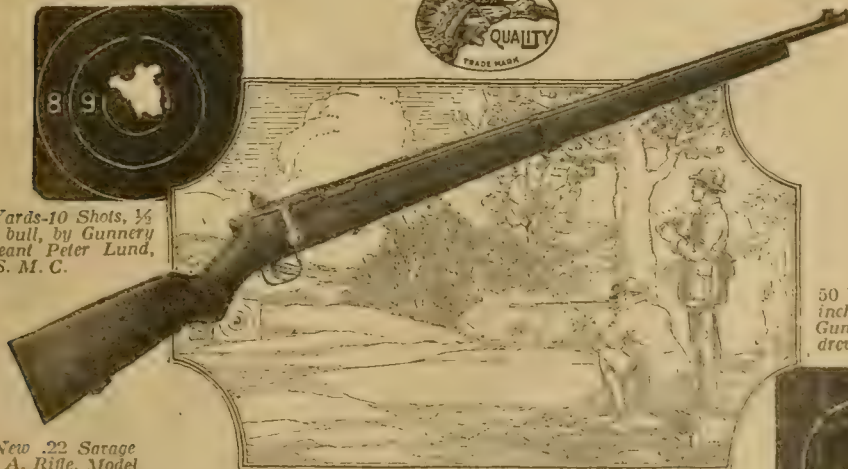
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The New .22 Savage N. R. A. Rifle, Model 1919.

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C. GORDON HEWITT

Consulting Zoologist, Dominion Department of
Agriculture

possible of co-operation in order to further the objects we all have in view. A significant change has taken place in our attitude towards wild life. Formerly, game laws were framed more with an eye to human advantage than for the benefit of the wild life. Our wild life resources were regarded as a convenient and easy source of revenue and the issuing of game licenses was the principle function of the game officer; the same attitude of mind existed in regard to our forest resources which were regarded as a valuable source of public revenue in the shape of licenses and stumpage fees and not as an economic asset requiring wise conservation. But when the limits of the so-called inexhaustible come within the range of our perception, when the instinct of self-preservation comes into play and we hasten to make such amends as may be made by endeavoring to save what

remains. The true game officer to-day is more concerned in protecting such game as remains than in issuing licenses for its destruction and if we are to retain our game resources, their conservation must necessarily constitute the main function of the game officer: he must be truly a game guardian or warden.

This broader conception of the significance of our wild life and of our attitude towards it has in turn brought about a greater sense of our responsibility with regard to the future and a realization of the fact that the conservation of wild life is not a matter which any one province, state or territory can undertake alone, but that its successful prosecution demands neighbourly co-operation and mutual assistance. The extent of our success in protecting our wild life will depend on the degree of our co-operation.

In every sphere of activity the spirit of co-operation is growing, in industrial labour, agricultural production or international conduct, co-operation is replacing separate effort. Similarly, in conserving our wild life we are appreciating the necessity of co-operation. So long as our migratory birds were subject to excessive destruction during their winter sojourn in the south and their spring migration northward our efforts to protect them in their breeding grounds was likely to prove unsuccessful altruism; the conservation of these birds demanded international action and now we are endeavoring by mutual co-operation to protect them. This conference will afford an opportunity of discussing the means whereby we may co-operate in this problem to the best advantage.

Indeed, there are few phases of wild life conservation which cannot be promoted with a much greater degree of success by mutual co-operation between governments than by individual effort. In the regulation of the fur trade, which we propose to discuss, the enforcement of the best laws that a government can devise may be seriously hampered by the limitations that provincial or national boundaries place upon the

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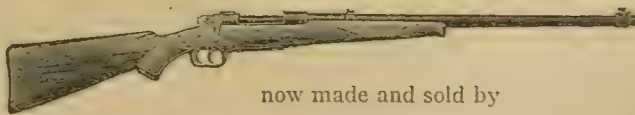
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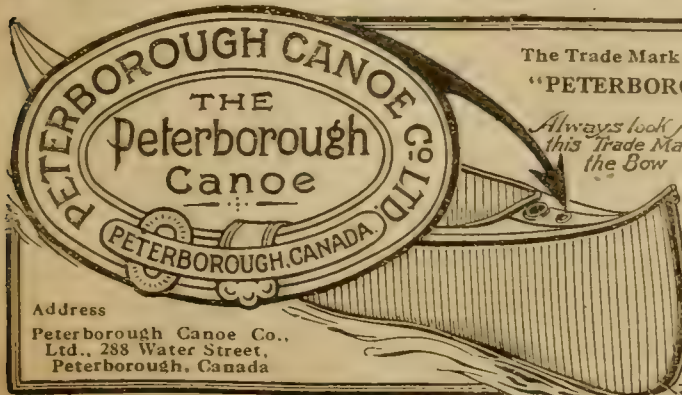


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jurisdiction of such governments. The same difficulty is met where contiguous governments have different policies; for example where a provincial government such as Saskatchewan or New Brunswick prohibits the sale of game and an adjacent province permits it; the absence of uniformity in policy leads to infractions of the law and trouble in enforcing it. While it is too much to expect uniformity in all cases, it cannot be denied that a much greater degree of co-operation than exists at present can be secured and we believe that the best mode of obtaining such co-operation is by such a conference as this.

The migratory tendencies of most forms of wild life annul the effect of provincial or national boundaries and the results may be for good or for evil; a territory carrying on a wise protective policy with regard to its game or furbearing animals will bring about an overflow into the more depleted contiguous areas; or an area in which an ineffectual policy for the control of predatory animals will serve as a source of supply to neighbouring territory. For good or for evil contiguity has an effect on the wild life. In the control of predatory animals it is now obvious that complete success can only be obtained by co-operative effort.

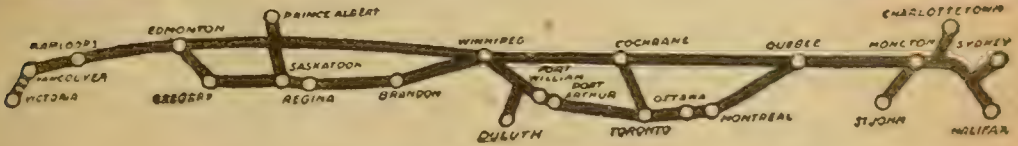
There is abroad in Canada an impression that the Dominion government concerns itself little, if at all, with the actual protection of wild life. This impression may have been justified by apparent inactivity in former years, it is not justified to-day, and the proceedings of this conference afford confirmation of the fact. While the Dominion government has left to the provinces the protection of the game, furbearing animals, other wild life within their respective territories, it is nevertheless responsible for the protection of the wild life over an enormous portion of Canada, namely, the Northwest Territories, the Yukon Territory, and in the Dominion Parks. And in order to carry out our national obligations with respect to the treaty with the United States for the protection of

migratory birds, it has assumed the guardianship of our migratory birds, which is being undertaken with the practical co-operation of the provincial governments. The legislation governing these matters is administered by the Minister of the Interior. In order to supervise the enforcement of this legislation and conservation of wild life as might be referred to the government, there was appointed two years ago, on the recommendation of the Minister of the Interior, an Advisory Board on Wild Life Protection, which is composed of a representative from each of the Departments concerned in wild life conservation, namely, the Departments of the Interior, Agriculture, Mines (Geological Survey) and Indian Affairs, and the Commission of Conservation. The chief activities of this Advisory Board up to the present have been the drafting of the legislation under the Migratory Birds Treaty and the revision of Northwest Game Act.

The policy adopted in respect to the protection of migratory birds serves to illustrate two points that I should like to bring out; first the possibilities in the way of co-operation between the Dominion and provincial governments; and second, the useful functions of our Advisory Board as an instrument for bringing about or facilitating co-operation between the Dominion and provincial governments, inter-provincial or international co-operation, all of which as we cannot insist too often, are essential to any policy for conserving our Canadian wild life. In regard to the first of these points, the government's policy in the administration of the legislation carrying out the Migratory Birds treaty is to rely on the provincial governments, so far as may be possible, for the enforcement of the provisions of the treaty within their respective territories. With this end in view most of the provincial governments have already amended their game laws to conform with the provisions of the treaty. Where assistance is necessary to secure the adequate enforcement of the regulations it is intended to



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 Ontario

Jasper Park, Alberta
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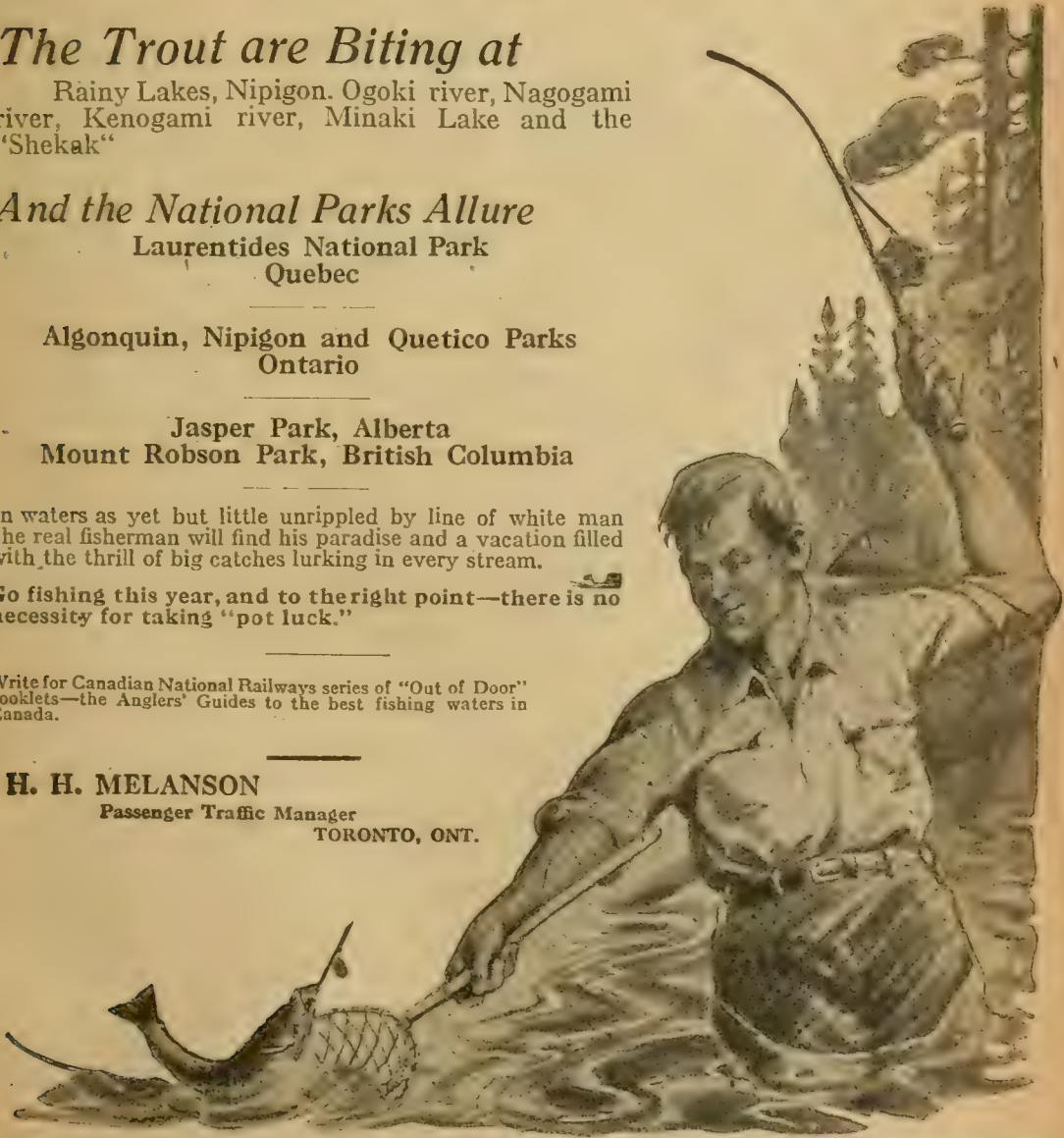
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furnish such assistance; and where it may be necessary for the Dominion government to enforce the regulations under the Migratory Birds Convention Act owing to the failure of a provincial government to do so, the Dominion Government will live up to its obligations under the treaty which is by no means a "scrap of paper," but the most far reaching measure that has been yet put into operation for the preservation of our valuable bird life. A great responsibility rests upon the Dominion Government in this matter in as much as it is solely responsible for the enforcement of the regulations in the Northwest Territories which now constitute perhaps the chief breeding grounds of the greatest number of the migratory birds of this continent.

It may not be out of place to discuss as briefly as possible the conservation of the game, fur-bearing animals and wild life of the Northwest Territories, on which subject I have addressed the Commission of Conservation at previous annual meetings. The Commission recommended the revision of the North-west Game Act in 1916, and that revision was subsequently undertaken by the Advisory Board on Wild Life Protection, a new Act being passed in 1917. The new Northwest Game Act and the Regulations passed thereunder have two main features; first, the needs of the wild life in the Northwest Territories are more adequately satisfied; and second, the fur resources receive a greater degree of protection by the institution of a licensing system for trappers and traders, thus providing a safeguard against exploitation by unscrupulous individuals or companies. The Canadian people generally fail to realize, chiefly because they lack the information upon which to form an opinion or do not give the subject a thought, what an immense economic asset the wild life and particularly the fur-bearing animals, of the Northwest Territories constitute. Reliable statistics of the fur production of these vast territories are unavailable, and in passing, may I say that we

hope that one of the results of this conference will be the development of a scheme for securing reliable statistics of one of the country's chief natural resources, the resource that first attracted the outside world to our shores. But it is safe to say, that millions of dollars worth of furs of the finest quality obtainable are exported annually from our Northwest Territories. Furs constitute the main available resource, and capturing fur-bearing animals is the occupation of practically the entire population of those territories at the present time.

In an address which I gave before the Commission of Conservation two years ago on the conservation of our Northern fur resources, I pointed out that the Danish government administers the fur trade of Greenland as a government monopoly and has thus been able to exercise a great degree of control with a view to ensuring the conservation of the fur resources, and, what is of still more vital importance, the conservation of the health of the natives by protection from foreign traders. So far as I have been able to ascertain this policy has met with success. Why should not a similar policy succeed when applied to our Northwest Territories? The policy of state ownership of public utilities has its adherents and opponents, but the state ownership of natural resources is not in the same category and the state ownership of certain resources such as forests has undoubtedly proved successful from both the point of view of conservation and of revenue. A discussion of this subject in these introductory remarks would be out of place and I have enlarged upon it elsewhere. It is desirable, however, that all who are interested in the conservation of our wild life, and particularly the fur-bearing and game animals, should consider the suggestion that these wild life resources in the Northwest Territories might be administered as a government monopoly and for three reasons: first, as a means of securing adequate protection for these resources; second, as a source of revenue, and third, in



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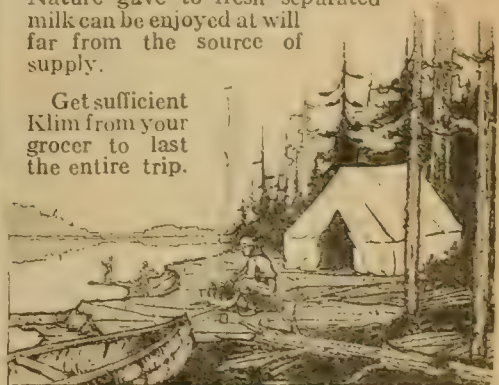
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order to safeguard the native population which is dependent upon and is the chief means of harvesting the crop.

In addition to the protection of wild life in the Northwest Territories and the Yukon and of migratory birds under the international treaty, the Dominion government is actively conserving the wild life in another direction, namely, by the establishment of natural reservations under the Dominion Parks Act. The wild life in all the national parks is protected and these parks comprise an area of nearly 8,000 square miles. But certain parks such as the Wainwright Buffalo Park, the Foremost Antelope Reserve and Elk Island Park are maintained solely for the conservation of native mammals that would otherwise have been exterminated. The Commissioner of Dominion Parks, who is also charged with the enforcement of the Northwest Game Act and Migratory Birds Convention Act, will no doubt give further details regarding these Dominion game and wild life reserves when he opens the discussion on game sanctuaries which is one of the subjects that it is desirable to consider at this Conference.

In the establishment and maintenance of wild life or game reserves in Canada there are unlimited opportunities for co-operative action between the Dominion and provincial Governments. In fact, the reserves in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta are co-operative in character, inasmuch as such reserves are chiefly established by the provincial governments in Dominion forestry reserves. We feel, however, that closer co-operation is both desirable and possible, particularly in the matter of the appointment of wardens for such reserves. A wild life reserve fails in its object to a very large extent unless it is adequately patrolled; there are law-breakers everywhere, both white and Indian, and if a reserve lacks sufficient protection, it will be a reserve in little more than name. The wild life inhabitants of a reserve must receive protection both from human enemies

and from the predatory animals that will be attracted to such an district providing more abundant food.

In the conservation of our wild life, one of the chief factors we have to consider is the native, whether he be Indian or Eskimo. His attitude towards the subject is naturally different from ours and he affords a problem that demands sympathetic treatment and careful consideration. The Deputy Minister of the Department of Indian Affairs is a member of our Advisory Board on Wild Life Protection, and, in consequence, it is possible for us to give the fullest consideration to questions arising out of the relations of natives to our wild life and to take such action as may be deemed necessary and advisable. As this question will be discussed during the present session of the Conference, it is unnecessary to say more in this introductory statement than to point out that it affords, perhaps more than any other question, opportunities for co-operation between the Dominion and provincial governments, and one of our desires is that this meeting and our free discussion will result in a greater degree of mutual understanding and co-operation in dealing with the problem of the Indian in the future.

In the foregoing remarks, government activities in the conservation of wild life have been chiefly considered. But, unfortunately governments are more apt to follow than to lead public opinion in questions of this nature. Consequently, the creation of a strong public opinion on the necessity of conserving our wild life is essential. It is essential not only from the point of view of promoting the ends we have in view, but also in order to carry out effectually such measures as may be established. The Commission of Conservation has taken the lead in educating public opinion in Canada as to the importance of conserving our wild life resources and in promoting measures to effect such conservation. The work that has already been accomplished has only served to indicate how much greater an effort



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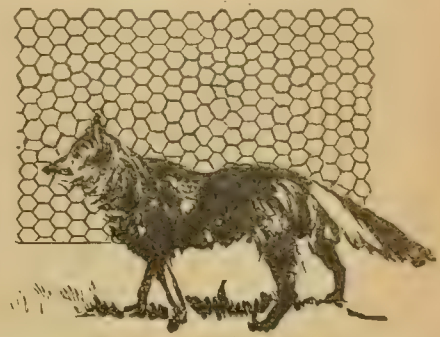
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is necessary. The assistance of all organizations concerned in the protection of wild life is essential. In a country so rich in game animals, it is surprisingly how few associations there are of those interested in the protection of such animals. There are a few associations of sportsmen scattered through the Dominion, but how many of these ever endeavor actively to promote wild life, conservation or exert themselves except when their immediate interests are involved? Such associations of sportsmen should become active centers of propaganda for wild life conservation, not confining themselves to merely selfish interests but dealing with the subject in a broad public-spirited manner. Further, we should like to see associations of persons interested in wild life conservation, both sportsmen and nature-lovers, organized throughout the country. The effect of such organizations would be incalculable. Not only would they serve to educate the public but they would be able to assist the governments in the effectual enforcement of the game laws. Where we now have one game protective or sportsman's association there should be at least ten. The possibilities of mutual co-operation between such associations and the governments are infinite. In no way could an endeavour to promote nation-wide effort in the conservation of wild life meet with greater success than through the assistance of such organizations of sportsmen, of guides

and of nature lovers, in a word, of all who are directly interested in the adoption and carrying out of all measures that have for their object the preservation of our wild life resources.

Time will not permit a further review of the various directions in which our fur-bearing and game animals and wild life generally may be more successfully conserved by co-operative effort, not only between governments but between organizations and governments. The need of such nation-wide effort was never so pressing as it is to-day. We shall never again have such an excellent opportunity of attaining by mutual effort the ends for which we are individually striving, as we have now. Everywhere ideas are in a state of flux and the extent to which they crystallize out in forms that will promote the welfare of the country as a whole will depend upon the justice of the cause, the weight of public opinion behind it and the prescience of our governments. A great responsibility rests upon those of us who are endeavoring to form and guide public opinion and at the same time are called upon to advise on the conservation of this and other resources, but we can discharge our obligations with a greater degree of success if we work together with the same ends in view, and, instead of limiting our vision by regarding our problems as local, make our cause a national one.

F. V. Williams' cover painting, in June issue of *ROD AND GUN*, depicting a cat with a robin in its mouth and standing in a trio of nestlings, evoked great praise from contributors to the magazine. The story that accompanies the painting is entitled *Nimrod* and may be found on page 35. We are taking the liberty of publishing two of the letters received, commending the cat extermination campaign:

"FELIDAE vs. AVES"

A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME, in a way I will not reveal, that, if we humans do not co-operate for the protection against cats, the awe inspiring carol of the Whip-poor-will,

the merry chirping of the Song Sparrow or the throaty warble of the Robin will soon be only memories of our Little Feathered Brothers.

It is estimated that there are 2,500,000 cats in Canada—perhaps twice that many and practically all of these cats gain part of their living by hunting. Vagrant cats, abandoned cats, surplus cats and cats gone wild, form probably the most dangerous destructive force, when their numbers are considered, that insectivorous and game birds have to cope with.

The New York State "Cat Law" of 1918, provides that "any person over the age of

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21 years who is the holder of a valid hunting or trapping license may, and it shall be the duty of a game protector or other peace officer to, humanly destroy a cat at large found hunting or killing any bird protected by law or with a dead bird of any species protected by law in its possession; and no action for damages shall be maintained for such killing."

I would suggest, in view of the fact that some people prize their cats, that a small tax be levied on each cat and that it be compulsory that they have a tag attached that they have to carry during the months of May, June and July, and all cats not having this tag be "open season" for the catapulet, the .22 rifle or other means of destruction. This will protect the house cat or pet belonging to people who care for them and at the same time get rid of a lot of "strays."

There is no doubt that cats are responsible for a large part of the destruction of our feathered friends—go out into the country any day and roam the fields of young grain and verdured pasture and you will see the ——— sneaking through the grass in search of birds—any kind will do—Bobolinks, Orioles, Thrushes, Tanagers, or a Ruby Throated Humming Bird so when it is a question of which shall it be, birds or cats, I would say "a bas Mr. Thomas Cat."

"Old Doc. Hemlock."

As an ardent supporter of *Rod and Gun*, I have read with great interest, a story in the June number written by Mr. F. V. Williams. His remarks, written as they are in story form regarding the habits of the common house cat are only too true.

I consider from my own observations and I have had many chances of proving the statements I make, that the house cat is the worst enemy the birds have and when a cat has learned the habit of climbing trees, to kill the nestlings, to satisfy his cruel instinct, and not necessarily his hunger, (as a well fed cat will still continue the habit) he is fit for nothing, and should be mercifully put out of the way. There is not a question of doubt that our song birds and others are slowly but surely decreasing in numbers, year by year, and I fear no contradiction when I say that the house cat is mainly responsible. as nearly every country house contains a cat, and in many cases two or three and even more, and while the average cat is not a success as a destroyer of rats or mice I would suggest in order to control the indiscriminate breeding of cats, that the Government tax them the same as dogs. And why not? This would not only give the birds a chance, but would help to eliminate the worthless cats which are doubtless in the great majority.

R. M. Thompson.

With all his knowledge, Shakespeare missed the mark when he spoke of the "harmless necessary cat." Harmful and unnecessary would be nearer the truth. Dr. A. K. Fisher, of the United States Biological Survey, reckons that the cats of New York State alone kill three and a half million birds every year; another statistician figures the damage that the cats of the whole country do as more than a hundred million dollars' worth. They also keep down the number of game birds by catching their young, and so interfere greatly with sport. Remedy—abolish the cat.

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CANADIAN INDIANS ON THE WAR PATH JULY
1ST and 2ND.

Niagara-on-the-Lake Tournament a Brilliant Success.

The sun was slowly sinking like a ball of golden fire into the azure blue of Lake Ontario. It was Dominion Day at Niagara Falls. The Lake and after a day of celebration, all gas still. In the distance a whip-poor-will's plaintive call could be clearly distinguished, but this only accentuated the silence of the stilly eventide. The summer residents and tourists at the Queen's Royal Hotel were sitting in groups of twos and threes on the verandah and around the promenade when suddenly the silence was shattered with a blood curdling yell that thrilled the silent listeners. This was followed in quick succession by others even more blood-curdling — "Whoopieee—Whoopieee-e-e-e-e-e Waugh, Waugh." The audience were astonished to witness the sudden appearance of not one, but a score of wild, wild Indians in full war paint. They followed the lead of their Council of Chiefs and were soon gliding toward their encampment doing the tortuous Snake Dance. The bewildered on-lookers were treated to some real thrills when the braves spied some "pale face squaws" and proceeded to make loving advances in approved Indian fashion.

advance the enlightenment of the uninitiated we might explain that this was annual costume event of the Canadian Indians who each year return to delightful Niagara-on-the-lake to "bust" the clay birds, give the family an outing, and incidentally renew their youth. It was a success from the first "Pull" on July 1st to the last "Broke" on the evening of the 2nd. Beautiful weather greeted the shooters and the unexcelled accommodation of the Queen's Royal Hotel along with the splendid traps and the efficient work of the Secretary, Mr. George H. Cashmore, made a memorable Tournament that will long remain as a pleasing memory with not only the shooters themselves but the fortunate relatives and friends that were in attendance.

The attendance of Indians was not as large as in former years owing to the signing of the Peace terms being celebrated in numerous places. However, any deficiency in numbers was made up by the enthusiasm displayed by the remainder.

The targets were perfect and the shooting was up to the average. In one case however, the appearance of some fair bathers in the foreground caused a slump in the official scores and the shooter in question was reminded of the incident several times during the day.

George Vivian of Toronto, of "Are You a Red Eye?" fame, did some very clever shooting in the doubles. Shooting with his English "barrel over barrel" trap gun he flinched on one bird, pulled over to the other, flinched and then smashed it and finally sighted the first bird and killed it as it was dropping out of sight into Lake Ontario. The spectators showed their approval of this quick work in no uncertain fashion.

When it came to costumes W. Hughes of Toronto, made the other Indians look like palefaces. As one spectator remarked, "Billy Hughes would fool a Hudson Bay factor in that make-up."

"Genial" George Dunk with the splendid Dominion Cartridge Tent for spectators was on hand as usual and like Nelson Long, the target man was in constant demand by the shooters. At the annual meeting the election of officers took place with the following results:

High Chief, Fred W. Watson of Hamilton; Vice High Chief, Walter P. Thompson; High Scribe, George H. Cashmore of Toronto.

In the Henry Butt trophy open to Canadian Indians in costume, Jim Payne of Tillsonburg and H. W. Cooney of Toronto, tied at 48. In the shoot-off Payne succeeded in winning the trophy.

The splendid solid silver trophy presented by the Queen's Royal Hotel to the best five man team was won by Hamilton this year.

S.G. Vance of Tillsonburg, Eastern Canada's representative at the American championships at Chicago this month won the Toronto Cup as winner of the grand aggregate in all regular events breaking 342 out of 350.

The scores are as follows:

	Shot at	1st Day	2nd Day
		150	200
C. G. Choate, Hamilton.....		135	
F. C. Healy, Toronto.....		139	191
C. D. Henline, Bradford, Pa.....		141	193
B. B. Stroud, Bradford, Pa.....		115	172
S. S. Hopkins, Lewiston, N.Y.....		135	193
W. H. Gooderham, Toronto.....		141	195
Dr. G. R. Crann, Gowganda.....		121	174
E. Corley, Welland.....		123	
G. T. Runchy, Welland.....		129	190
W. H. Singer, St. Catharines.....		132	178
M. E. Goodale, Hamilton.....		130	184
H. W. Cooley, Toronto.....		87	184
W. Fenton, Toronto.....		131	179
R. W. Glover, London.....		137	
A. S. Noteman, St. Catharines.....		123	
A. K. Wismer, St. Catharines.....		139	
P. R. Dealtry, Dunnville.....		122	
C. M. Rogers, Welland, Ont.....		122	
James Stewart, Niagara Falls, Ont.....		111	
Frank Stewart, Niagara Falls.....		123	
G. H. Smith, Port Colborne.....		72	
P. J. Boothe, Toronto.....		128	177
W. S. Lansing, Niagara-on-the-Lake.....		122	
C. H. Lloyd, Niagara-on-the-Lake.....		122	
R. G. Dawson, Virgil.....		130	
W. O. Niven, Niagara-on-the-Lake.....		126	
P. Morgan, Toronto.....		120	173
J. Payne, Tillsonburg.....		138	184
J. D. McCurdy, Sydney, N.S.....		132	167
J. Vance, Tillsonburg.....		136	183
S. G. Vance, Tillsonburg.....		145	197
A. Parmeter, Bartonville.....		111	
M. E. Fletcher, Hamilton.....		109	
A. Glover, Hamilton.....		89	
A. Woodruff, St. Catharines.....		60	43
P. Friend, Hamilton.....		114	166
J. Gomph, Hamilton.....		139	181
C. O. Onslau, Niagara-on-the-Lake.....		116	
A. J. Colborne, Toronto.....		98	
G. R. Galvin, Youngstown, N.Y.....		176	
W. D. O'Loane, St. Thomas.....		175	
Mrs. W. D. O'Loane, St. Thomas.....		175	
E. J. Marsh, Toronto.....		146	
E. Wright, Buffalo.....		174	
W. B. Elliott, St. Catharines.....		168	
W. G. Pow, Tillsonburg.....		124	165
xG. M. Dunk, Toronto.....		133	181
W. S. Edwards, Toronto.....		134	173
W. Hughes, Toronto.....		131	178
G. Antee, Toronto.....		135	185
D. McNeil, Brantford.....		135	184
W. Barnes, Hamilton.....		143	187
F. Watson, Hamilton.....		129	182
W. Thomson, Hamilton.....		140	189
C. Thomson, Hamilton.....		131	183
W. Root, Dunnville.....		136	175
G. L. Vivian, Toronto.....		137	197
II. W. Honsberry, Jordan Station.....		132	180
II. H. Connor, Auburn, N.Y.....		130	161

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E. C. T. A. Championship, Toronto; and Canadian Indians, Niagara



1. Dr. G. G. Gordon, Pres., and Controller R. H. Cameron, Hon. Pres. Toronto Gun Club. 2. Ottawa representatives at the E. C. T. A. championships. Standing, left to right, J. J. Heney, Dr. W. R. Winters, G. J. O'Connor; sitting, left to right, George Easdale, W. J. Corby, H. Graham, W. D. Monk. 3. W. Barnes of Hamilton. 4. "Genial" George Dunk of Toronto. 5. J. A. McRobb of Brantford. 6. Sam Vance and Jim Payne of Tillsonburg. 7. "Heap much braves" in front of tepee after sundown dance. 8. Two of the fair visitors, Miss Watson of Hamilton and Miss Healy of Toronto. 9. George Vivian of Toronto. 10. Walter Thompson of Hamilton and W. Hughes of Toronto.

Handicap Tournament to be held at the South Shore Country Club, Chicago, Ill. August to 15th inclusive. The name is somewhat of a misnomer as there is only one handicap event, that being the Grand American Handicap which will be shot on the closing day. S. G. Vance of Tillsonburg, is the Eastern Canada champion, who along with the winner of the Western Canada championship will officially represent the Dominion. Some fifteen other shooters from Ontario have signified their intention of attending this great Tournament and when one considers S. G. Vance's percentage of .9300, breaking 1116 out of 1200, and Joe Jennings's wonderful score at New York, there is no doubt that the Maple Leaf boys will number with the high guns in each event.

TORONTO EXHIBITION SHOOT

The Canadian National Exhibition Tournament will be held on August 26, 27, 28, 29 on the Exhibition grounds which rank among the best in Canada. This Tournament always meets with wonderful success and according to the shooters that have signified their intention of attending this year, the shoot should be even more popular than ever.

HAMILTON GUN CLUB.

Although the attendance at the Hamilton Gun Club on Saturday afternoon was smaller than usual, on account of the rain, the scores in the Merchandise events ran very close.

In A class M. E. Fletcher set the pace with 24 and won the merchandise prize, while N. Long was right behind him with 23. J. Gomph and E. Harris were tied in third place with 22.

A. Parmenter and H. Smith tied for the lead in B class with 21, but owing to the rain instead of shooting off the tie they slipped the coin and A. Parmenter won the toss. J. H. Newman, W. W. Livingstone and Dr. Greene were next with 20 each.

N. S. Braden and A. Glover shared the honors in C class, with 20 each, and on the toss N. S. Braden was the lucky one. P. Friend was next with 16.

On the afternoon's shooting M. E. Fletcher was high with 24 out of 25. N. Long had a very creditable score, having broken 102 out of 110. M. E. Goodale and E. Harris each broke 64 out of 75.

The scores were:

	Shot at	Broke.
P. Friend	75	53
E. Harris	75	64
J. Gomph	75	61
A. Parmenter	75	54
J. Moyer	75	41
J. Hunter	50	42
M. E. Goodale	75	64
A. Glover	50	41
N. Long	110	102
H. Smith	50	35
J. H. Newman	50	36
N. S. Braden	50	41
W. W. Livingstone	50	38
G. Stroud	75	53
Dr. Greene	75	61
A. Smith	50	30
M. E. Fletcher	25	24

INDIANS DEFEAT HAMILTON.

Hamilton, June 21.—The team race between the Hamilton Gun Club and Canadian Indians for their flag, proved of great interest, and as a result a bumper crowd of shooters and spectators were one hand to witness the contest, which was well worth seeing, as some excellent scores were put up.

Six men were picked from each club, each man shooting at 50 targets and at the finish the Indians had won out with a total of 281, against 276 for Hamilton. For the Indians F. W. Watson and George Cashmore were best, both having broken 49 out of 50; E. Sturt being next with 47. W. Gooderham and G. M. Dunk each tallied 46, while T. Healey got 44.

W. Barnes and Geo. Beattie were high for Hamilton with 48 out of 50 and N. Long was right behind with 47. G. Graham broke 45 out of his 50, while J. Hunter and H. Lennox each got 44.

Geo. Cashmore, of Toronto, had the high average for the afternoon, having hung up the tidy score of 97 out of 100, and W. Barnes with 48 out 50 was next. Geo. Beattie got 71 out of his 75 and W. Gooderham, of Toronto, broke 94 out of 100.

The scores were:

	Shot at.	Broke.
R. Douglas	50	40
N. Long	125	114
M. E. Goodale	100	74
G. Beattie	75	71
B. Smith	100	91
N. Long	50	29
P. Friend	50	33
A. Glover	50	39
J. Moyer	50	28
N. S. Brader	75	65
A. Bates	50	43
G. Graham	125	109
H. Lennox	75	64
D. Konkle	50	40
J. Crooks	25	21
J. Gomph	100	88
F. W. Watson	100	89
M. E. Fletcher	50	43
J. Hunter	75	67
W. W. Livingstone	75	52
J. J. Cline	50	44
E. Sturt	75	69
Dr. Greene	100	86
E. Harris	100	90
T. Gardiner	100	88
G. Stroud	150	116
G. M. Dunk	75	69
W. Gooderham	100	94
B. J. Pearce	100	92
Geo. Cashmore	100	97
J. Healey	100	87
R. H. Kretchman	150	138
C. Syer	50	45
W. Barnes	50	48
A. Parmenter	75	53
B. Horning	50	43

ROD AND GUN MECHANICS.

The winner of the handsome oil painting offered for the best contribution to *Rod and Gun Mechanics* Department from July 1918 to July 1919 will be announced in our next issue. The Department has been left out of the past few issues on account of lack of space but it is hoped that commencing with September the Department will run continuously.

MAKE GERMANY HELP THE BIRDS.

The British Royal Society for the Protection of Birds is behind a movement to make Heligoland, Germany's North Sea island fortress, a permanent bird refuge. Why not? The Allies will see to it that it will be thoroughly dismantled and will no longer menace civilization. In contrast, what more fitting use could be made of this island than to give it to the birds?

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SEPTEMBER 1919

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Rod and Gun in Canada

Woodstock, Ontario, September, 1919

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No. 1---Canadian Natural History Photos

BONNYCASTLE DALE.

Male loon attacking Laddie Jr. and I. The female and the two babies were a few yards away watching him. He always swerved in a curve, coming within about a half a canoe's length his great ruby eyes stuck out like lanterns and his green head and neck puffed out with rage.



Our Old Elusive Friend the Black Duck

Written and Illustrated by BONNYCASTLE DALE

WE have tried all our lives to classify this big sly duck. It breeds so true to form that we long ago gave up calling it an offshoot from the Mallard. Yes! It is called the Black Mallard, but for what reason? Did you ever note a female Black Duck, or a male Black Duck in the flock passing overhead—No!—Why? Because, it is the only duck of the various thirty odd ducks that nest in Canada that has no sex distinguishing marks. Many writers say you can tell the male from the female by the bill being unclouded. Others by the general look of the bird, others again—and these come nearest being correct—by the notes and calls. Truly the female is usually the garrulous one, the male generally using only one or two guttural “quacks,” but how about the growing youngsters? No one can tell the sexes by the calls then. There is only one way to surely tell the male from the female in this spurious breed—dissect them.

Just by accident a flood of light was thrown upon the probable ancestry of this rare bird, a bird without the male's gaudy plumage in the mating season. In the Southern States they have been bothered by the Northern flight of the Mallard; and also by the Southern flight of the Florida Duck—thus leaving many of these states without Mallards in summertime. To overcome this they made the experiment of breeding the

Mallard with the Florida; and the odd result was a spurious duck; without the full markings of either parent; but with some of each—AND THE MALE MARKED EXACTLY LIKE THE FEMALE.

Only in imagination can we see the parents of the Black Duck, without doubt the Mallard was one—and I am utterly at sea as to the other. The main breeding grounds of this Black Mallard seem to be in Labrador, extending through all the settled parts of Quebec and Ontario into parts of the Prairie Provinces; but not crossing the Rockies—as I have shot in a great many places along the Canadian Pacific R. R. on the Coast and have never seen a Black Mallard—but remember it will be only a few years before it will find its way down the rivers that empty into the Pacific Ocean; as the Canvas Backs and the Red-heads have within my memory.

It has been our supreme delight to hunt this wary chap in most of his widely scattered grounds. This is the old time “Black English Duck” of Florida long before our time. “Black Mallard” you will hear it called all through the tier of Central and Western States, but “Dusky Duck,” “Dusky Mallard,” and “Black Duck” are the prevailing names in the North. Western writers seem to ignore it; or to call it “The Mottled Duck.” In fact if you look it up you will find modern writers ignore it as too difficult to classify—



Leg amputated, bird ready to be released

Hornaday in *The American Natural History* does not even mention this bird although its head is pictured—the second most widely distributed in America—of course the daddy of all our domestic ducks—the Mallard—comes first.

Again some writers classify the black Duck as divided into obscure (dusky) and rubripes (red legged). All I can say on this point is—that among the thousands I have observed, or killed for the camp table, the legs were indiscriminately buffy, yellow, olive green, reddish yellow, and quite red, looking to me as if in the same family several of the youngsters had differently coloured stockings. Men familiar with the bird in Labrador do not dwell upon its having particularly red legs. I have wondered if the water they puddle around in could cause this odd red shade. I know of certain mineral pools that might do this—but this is only conjecture—Another thing we have tried to study all our lives is,—do the wild fowl drive out, or ignore, or illtreat injured wild fowl?

I have seen flocks of lordly Canvasbacks and Redheads drive out Surf Ducks, these were uninjured birds, they drove them out in a

regular run-the-gauntlet-style, each group pecking and flapping at the passing flock of surviving surfs. I have always found the injured alone along the bogs and in the marshes, especially when they were wingtipped, or with legs broken. And, to our great astonishment we find every fall, numbers of Redheads and a few Canvasbacks moping and hiding along the edges of the bog. If we by mistake knock one of these down when it jumps we pick up a perfect skeleton, and as these come from the early regular migration southward of these birds, the Indians (Mississaguas of Rice Lake) call these "Marsh Redheads" or "consumptives."

I have found numbers of injured birds in the great flocks that raft in the centre of the lake; but in every case these are bodystruck birds; making it impossible for the flock to distinguish them as cripples and drive them away.

Again, each Spring, we find numbers of Whistlewings, many more males than females, slowly dying all along the shores of Rice Lake. With these we find a lesser number of Bluebills—these I place in the natural death rate column, but we do marvel at the great majority of males; can this be caused by a greater number of females being killed on the great migration? They are more trustful and not as wary as the males.

My assistant, Laddie Jr, often brings me in these poor dying things, never can we get them to feed, just a drink of water is all they crave, and the pallid bills and inside of the mouths tell me of senility. A little joke hinges here. The boy paddled away one day on *Natural History* thoughts intent, aiming to pick up and bring in to me anything he could catch, so he sneaked silently along the edges of the Indian Reservation pursuing and catching anything he could come up with. Later he saw a little motor launch being steered along in the path he had come. With remarkable persistency it followed every turn he took and at last, with a vicious "put, put, put" of the engine and a quick flashing of the oars, it

started right across a narrow bay after him. The lad kept on about his business and just wondered. The two men were making an awful spurt and finally arrived breathless at the stern of Laddie's wandering canoe.

Now as both the lad and I are out in all seasons and not any too careful of just what sweaters or hunting clothes we throw on, and as the Spring Sun had given us both an excellent—guaranteed to wash Ojibway tint—the Game Warden with the water disturber at his stern, naturally took the youngster as a member in full standing of the Indian tribe and consequently a breaker of the fish laws; "Got any fish?" he thundered. Of course the lad smiled, he knew we always obey all the game laws—just then the eagle eye of the warden alighted on the lad's Natural history collection—and he was a bit puzzled; there were the wild ducks all right but they were all alive; sitting contentedly in the bow—and never a gun in sight. Soon I saw the little rowboat "put-put-put" away from Laddie, and the boy had a great laugh when he got back to camp. I sent a nice note out to the warden; they all have instructions not to interfere with my work. You see we never take out a collector's permit; as we always return things to their native element, in as good or better shape than we received them—whereby hangs a tale.

My assistant did a bit of trapping in the spring about our mud-marsh island and was unfortunate, as are all the trappers, in catching a few poor birds and wee animals who will get caught in the cruel traps. No! I can propose no remedy for this, and I have tried.

"Oh! I've caught a poor black duck!" Laddie, Jr., called out one day as he came into camp. "And I've broken its poor leg," he lamented.

Together we examined the trembling bird—its clear big brown eyes searched every movement. I handed the lad the knife and nodded, nothing for it but amputation and as I am teaching him to do all these things unaided he turned to the canoe and I seized the camera. He trussed



You're free—go! Black duck leaving there in a hurry.

his bird correctly and a few merciful passes and the mangled leg was severed, and a swift immersion in the cold water stopped the bleeding, then he held it up—and I snapped a bit too soon (I can catch a bird between his hands and the water with the focal-plane shutter) the bird dived right beneath the surface from his hands. Remember the big fool black ducks have at times to live on the discarded fragments from the flocks of diving ducks—because it cannot dive, at least it very rarely does, but wound one and it instantly becomes a past master in the art of diving.

This was in April 1918. All the spring and summer months we were busy with our cameras and our war gardens, so it was not until the September shooting that we returned to our tight little isle in the Indian Reservation. Many the glorious "shot" we saw arise out of the wild rice and snapped it with our fast cameras instead of with our guns. The intense pleasure of the "sneak" up to birds is just as thrilling as it is if we were going to kill instead of picture them, and I think if my camera was sentient it would say



■ The female of the black duck with only one leg—see the broken bone sticking up.

"shoot" when I throw it up to take a picture, as really I do feel as if it were the gun sometimes. You see the lad always has his decoys set off the point of Migration Camp and even when he is eating he can get his pictures, for a string runs from the trigger of the concealed camera, fifty yards distant; to our frugal table. So one day after the shooting season had opened I left him on the point and went back to our own little private pondhole behind the island. The wind blew towards me and I crept to the edge unheard and unseen—Yes! there was one! A big black duck sunning itself on the far edge

of the pond. Slowly I raised myself erect, not fast enough though as the bird was in the air before I was up, but I centered it and down it fell. I retrieved it in the "sieve," that we keep on the pond's edge and fondly call a canoe, and walked back proudly towards Laddie Jr.

I made a motion to change my grip on the one leg of the bird to the other and—dropped it; there was no other. Then I sat down and examined that bird. It had only one leg. I thought it might be the bird we had caught in the trap five months ago, but there are lots of other men who mercifully amputate hanging legs of trapped birds; so I continued my way towards camp undecided to its identity.

"I heard you shoot," called the lad, "what did you get?"

"A friend of yours I think; come and see." Together we examined that bird—

"Yes, it's the very same one. See on the other foot, in the web, is the gash where my knife slipped and knicked it," said the boy.

Satisfied as to its identity he stepped on the tiny wharf where we had pictured the bird in April, when the ice was floating in huge fields all about the lake and again I snapped it. I am sorry I did not get better focus, as he stuck the stump of the leg up in the air.

Just one other thought—did the semi-crippled condition of that bird prevent its mating, or rather prevent it resuming its mate, as this breed is mated in April. Its solitary position, especially after several days of intense firing all about the reservation leads me think that even birds as slightly crippled as this one are abandoned and shunned by the healthy members of the flock.

Mirror Duck Blinds

EDWARD T. MARTIN

AS the duck shooting season grows old, and the deep water birds arrive from the North and begin to show on the bays and fresh water

lakes, the question of blinds becomes an important one.

Where there is a six or eight foot rise and fall of tide, the usual form

of timber blind seems hard to improve on. Yet it is of a kind that the ducks soon learn to avoid and shy from—the motion of the skiff in the lower section of the blind attracting their notice, and its pounding against the frame work serving to alarm them.

A floating blind is too unsteady in a sea-way and may break from its moorings and turn up missing when most needed.

A fairly good blind of this type can be made out of old water boilers—the galvanized iron cylinders used to heat water with a kitchen range, for household purposes. They are of the right length when set crosswise to support the timbers of a platform.

When put to the use for which they were made, if a leak develops no way has yet been found to make repairs sufficiently strong to stand the pressure, but as a float for use in a duck blind the leaks can be plugged so that the cylinders, four or five to a blind, will answer admirably, forming, with the platform in place, a regular life craft on which a brush blind can be built roomy enough to conceal both the hunter and his skiff.

Of course the correct way of bay shooting is from a battery, such as is used by gunners on the Chesapeake—a coffin-like affair, protected by wings from the wash of the waves, in which a gunner lies flat and shoots as the ducks work to his decoys.

A contrivance of this sort has rarely been seen on the U.S. Coast and never so far as I know in Canadian waters.

Years ago, nothing of the kind was needed to get plenty of ducks, and later, it has not paid to go to so much trouble and expense to kill the twenty-five which is about the maximum permitted anywhere.

The record for one gunner in a day, shooting from a battery, was made in Eastern Maryland, and was 500 ducks, mostly canvasbacks. These birds were selling then at five and six dollars the pair, and brought the gunner from eighteen to twenty-four dollars a dozen net—a fair day's work. But the pounding—it was in the days of black powder—brought

on congestion of the brain, which came near proving fatal to the shooter.

In large lakes, or other bodies of water that are tideless, a barrel staked firmly down is used, although many prefer a box, as affording the gunner more room to handle himself. The box should be made of half inch pine lumber, with corner posts of two by four scantling and a bottom of inch boards. To make it water tight, all joints should be white leaded, then canvas—the inside of which also has been painted with white lead—tacked over the sides and bottom below the water line. This done, zinc is nailed over the canvas, and every joint soldered, as in a bathtub.

If the work is thoroughly done, this makes a box that water cannot penetrate, but in certain places along the Gulf of Mexico, a small amount of quicksand will force its way through.

For a large man the best sized box is thirty-six inches wide, long and deep, of which twelve inches is left above the water line, this part hung with "drift," such as seaweed, or leaves of wild celery. It is astonishing how much sea such a box will stand, the real danger being that the stakes will pull up and the box roll over and dump the gunner out.

Several experiments have been made with blinds covered with mirrors. That is, boxes, all parts of which above water are masked by mirrors.

Under certain conditions this looking-glass business is great stuff.

For example, stake a mirror blind half a mile from shore, in any body of water where ducks are feeding, and, sooner or later, curiosity will get the better of the webfoots. From all sides they will swim to see what that shining thing is. When they come near enough, each will see its own reflection in the glass, and hurry the more to see what that stranger is doing there.

They will keep coming until, either the man in the box raises his head and frightens them away, or makes a pot shot with which he bags a dozen or more. Then his tender shoves off from shore, picks up the

dead, chases the cripples, and in two or three hours is called on to do the same thing over again.

On flight shooting, the glass does not work as well. The glitter and shine of the glass which, when the ducks are swimming, arouses curiosity, incites fear—or it may be caution—when they are flying. They circle, look down, see the man and go the other way.

Set on a sand bar on a cloudy day, when there is no sparkling water to be reflected, almost perfect results are obtained. Geese, ducks, pelicans, come within easy range, not quickening their flight until the gunner arises to shoot—then acting uncertain, as if they could not believe what they saw, and that a man was really there.

A glass blind is very effective late in the season after the ducks have all

become educated. They do not shy from it as from an ordinary bay blind. It is a new one on them, and however skittish they may act when flying over, they certainly will swim in to admire themselves in the mirrors. Females only? No, sir! The drakes are just as vain as the ducks—perhaps more so. Just as anxious to prink and preen before a looking-glass as their better halves. They travel on their good looks, and as anxious to appear well as the dudes and dandies of the human race.

In Canadian lakes though when there is snow around the banks and ice on the water, a box painted white inside and out is as effective as a looking glass blind, perhaps even more so. I never used one but once, then nothing could have answered better. The water fowl showed absolutely no fear for they imagined it to be a cake of ice.

A Bear Hunt in Town

RAMROD

THE summer was waning. The sun cast longer shadows through the woods. The maze of trees was once more resplendent with a wealth of glorious color and the beautiful Indian summer air was laden with the perfume of the wild flowers. The ducks would soon be leaving their northern breeding grounds for more comfortable quarters in the south, long lines of Canada geese would soon honk their noisy way across the sky. I sat and pondered on the God-blessedness of it all, the sun was nearing its gorgeous setting, the maples standing out against the darkening back ground of the forest in a lavish blaze of glory, making an indescribable scene of beauty.

Berry pickers had reaped a rich harvest, there being an unusual abundance of the luscious fruit everywhere, and many were the happy jaunts we took out on to the rocky ledges and the great open spaces, both for the berries and for the added strength

that follows the life of the great outdoors. There had been another visitor to the berry patches that particular summer in the shape of a large black bear. One day the women and children came rushing back to town minus berries and pails, but plus a good case of nerves; for days no one would venture near the bush, and a little while later a lone angler was nearly scared stiff upon awakening from an afternoon nap in the welcome shade of some bushes, where he had gone for a rest up, to see bruin sitting upon his haunches calmly giving him the "once over" with his little beady eyes and not fifty feet distant. The angler, not wishing for a close-up acquaintance left his belongings behind, arriving in town in record time. The news soon spread and my old hunting pard and myself took sundry strolls on the off chance of getting a shot at his bearship, but better prepared to give him an appropriate welcome, or as my pard would say, "well heeled." We always re-

turned with the same hard luck story, nothing doing.

"Harry, Har-r-ree. Listen."

"Who's that? Well for the land's sake, it's Bill. Where did you spring from?"

"Come on, get your gun, there's a bear down in the diamond."

"There's a which?"

"A bear down in the diamond. Honest to goodness, a jim dandy."

"Say now William, you cut that out, don't be throwing any of that stuff around here. I have hunted your bears long enough and I thought we had passed the kid stage, but you would wrestle with the chin whiskers of a bobcat himself to start a breeze. Do be quiet now and come on in."

"No, honest, listen—mind that big black devil that's been around Gull's Lake all summer. Mind the one that drove the women out'n the berry patch down past the west arm and mussed things up most almighty bad in Ted Taylor's farm yard. Same hyena, and he is down in the diamond right now wid a coat on him that would cover the floor of Jake Lawson's shanty. Just before "knock off" time two of the boys came running down the track to beat two of a kind, all excited like, and I gathers the information that old long toes had been some disturbed at his old tricks and had took to the diamond. 'We're beating it for our Tirty-Tirty's,' they says, 'and old Jake is a holding on 'im in till we gets back?' Wid that I nips on the wheel and beats it home and I ain't been more'n three minutes arriving. She can't get away for they'll have her hemmed in on all sides, for I seen two or three more boys on the way down and they mean business. Come on now, I've got my old .32 Special and we can make it down the track in no time. You'll do just as you are, get your gun and come on."

"I'd like awfully well to go, Bill," I answered, "but—"

"Go and see anyway," said the wife, "you can be back before dark anyhow."

That settled it. I lifted the .30-30 Winchester out of the cabinet, pock-

eted a box of shells, grabbed a pull-through to take the grease out of the barrel and we were off. As a matter of fact I was highly elated at such a chance to try out my rifle at something worth while. She was brand new and I had her beautifully sighted up—Lyman rear peep, folding middle and ivory bead front. I had taken great care of her at target during the summer, and when I had passed her as being O.K., could hit an object the size of an orange five times out of six at fifty yards offhand. Twenty-six inch octagon barrel with full magazine—balance—well, when I put her up I verily believe I could hit a squirrel in the head at the aboye mentioned distance. What a chance! Old Bruin at last, and a sure thing.

Let's take the track," remarked Bill.

We took it. We had no more than started when two more of the boys with guns at trail showed up just ahead, and a kid fell in behind with what looked like a Stevens Favorite very much the worse for wear.

"Hello, sonny, you going bear-hunting too?" I asked him.

"You bet," he replied, grinning all over his face.

We were soon approaching the scene of action and Bill had the whole program mapped out to a finish even down to skinning.

"I'll take the corner down by that clump of birches," he remarked, "you had better stick to the track this end, and don't be scattering too far away for he's a mighty slippery customer, I'm telling you."

"Yes," volunteered the kid, "and she's got cubs wid her!"

"Cubs?" I asked.

"Yes, cubs, two of them," replied the kid. "Young Taylor over to the farm seen 'em go in there this afternoon."

"Gosh, darn it! Bill, hear that. Holy doodle, three at a clip," and I stepped out a bit brisker.

"Didn't I tell you?" said Bill, "I knowed we would get her before fall, she got too gol-darned used to the place to leave it, and she's as bold as brass."

"Look out," cried the kid at this

juncture, but it was too late and I turned just in time to see Bill tobogganning down the steep side of the track, hanging on to his beloved .32 Special for all the world as if his life depended on it. Sometimes he was sitting up, and sometimes he was sitting down. Mostly down. He reached the bottom wrong side up and lodged against a stout wire fence. Suffering Smokestacks, d - - m, or something infinitely worse sifted upwards through a clump of grass, and I had to sit down on the track to keep my ribs in their right position. I nearly died, it hurt so, and turning round I noticed a grin on the kid's face much like a chink wears when he sells you a meal ticket.

"What's the matter with your face sonny?" asked Bill between puffs, kind of peeved like, when he had reached the top, and although the kid didn't answer I could tell by the look on his face that he was suffering some. However, the tie Bill had kicked was still in the same place so there was no harm done.

"Don't you think she is likely to be ugly with cubs?" I asked between gasps.

"Ugly—nix—" said Bill, "and you with a new .30-30 all dollied up with peeps fore and aft. No danger, you could hold for her ear and get her every time." And somehow I felt more confident. We were now in sight of the diamond. A large square of birches, evergreens, and shrubs of all descriptions, it lay in a natural pocket between the hills, guarded on two sides by the railroad track and on the other sides with a long sloping hill, bare of everything but loose slide rock and an old woods road. By the look of things when we arrived there was going to be some mighty interesting happenings in a few minutes, and somehow the thirty odd dollars I had sunk in my new .30-30 did not seem so much after all. Gun barrels glinted in the sunlight here and there as some distant hunter changed his position, and I thought to myself we are only just in time to get a look in. And supposing the bear took a notion to make a break

at the other end. But I quit supposing for just at that moment Bill yelled out to inform me that two guns had gone in the further end and were working our way.

"And keep your eyes skinned, and don't get scared," he cautioned.

I opened the breech of my rifle for the second or third time, I don't remember which, to be sure that everything was in readiness, and backed up against a telephone pole to steady my hold, (or was it my knees). Occasionally we could hear a stick break sharply, and sometimes could make out the progress of the hunters by the waving of the bushes, again we could hear a swish as of the heavy bodies of the bears squeezing through the brush. Crack again, and smash—smash. They were coming all-right. Three parts of the diamond had now been covered, cheers and advice began to drift down the breeze to where we had taken our stand and the suspense was awful, minutes seemed like hours and I wondered again for the two hundredth time where the bears would choose to make a break for it. Suddenly pandemonium broke loose, my hair began to stiffen, my heart was within two inches of my head, and I faintly heard Bill's warning that they were coming my way. As if I didn't know it. I saw a splash of black fur pass like a flash between the shrubs. Yells and cheers now sounded on all sides, the smashing grew fierce, and every now and then a choice exclamation greeted our ears as some eager hunter took an undesirable header over a twisted root. Another fifty yards—and then—now here they come. I could see the bushes being jerked violently aside, I remember making frantic efforts to keep my gun muzzle from wobbling and with a half whispered admonition to myself to do my durndest, I cocked the hammer, and out rushed a large black retriever and a little cocker spaniel.

We scarcely spoke going home. My heart was too full for words. Bill sneaked in the back way, and as I neared the steps of my own little

shanty I heard the missus singing something that sounded like this.

"Oh, a hunter's life is the life for me
In the woodland aisles so wild and free
So we'll hunt the bear from his mountain lair,
And tan his hide in the morning."

I carefully laid my .30-30 in a corner of the outer kitchen. For the time being I told myself, "It's too warm to go in just yet."

As I reached the bottom of the steps I could hear the second stanza as

it floated dreamily through an open window into the quiet evening air, and I wondered why the missus persisted in singing such fool-songs.

"For the man I love is a hunter bold,
A stalwart son of the North Countree,
With trophies rare and a heart of gold
He'll return to his bride in the morning."

It was many moons after that sad night before Bill and me talked bear again.



"Joan of Arc stood with arms akimbo"

Three Women and Three Men

Being the Story of a Day's Fishing in Timagami

M. PARKINSON

THEY knew they couldn't fish. Women never could catch fish. Then the thought of stringing a wriggling worm on a hook, and pulling a flopping fish from a cruel barb; no, it was altogether too terrible!

The three of them had been at Walsh's Wigwam for a week. This is the way they talked when they came, but day after day as they saw the laughing tourists come in at night with their catches of trout, blackbass, and pickerel, they became more and more interested in fish and

fishing. At last they began to talk about trying it themselves.

So one evening on the verandah of the Hudson's Bay Store it was settled that we should start in the morning. Oderick Perron, the six-foot-two French Canadian transportation king of Timagami, was to take us up the Obabika Bay in his swift gasoline launch, the *St. Lawrence*.

Then there was the selection of the canoes. The party was to consist of six. Three mere men were to go along to see that some big gray trout did not pull one of the party out of



"The beauties of Obabika opened to our delighted eyes"

the canoe into the lake. In a trice we were all down at the wharf. The sun was just setting. Timagami lay a sheet of burnished gold at our feet. Mr. Fraser, the obliging Hudson's Bay Factor, soon had three Chestnut canoes picked out, and the necessary supplies and tackle for a day's fishing selected. The women became interested at once. She who had been nicknamed "Joan Of Arc," because of her true blue French patriotism as expressed even when the war news had been the most depressing, stood on the edge of the wharf, arms akimbo criticising every minutest detail.

At last all was arranged. We were to start at eight next morning. Then we sat on the verandah at the Wigwam and discussed the morrow's programme down to the last detail. Oderick was consulted as to such trifles as tackle and bait and concurred in the decisions we had made for the same.

Soon all had retired to sleep and mayhap to dream of the morrow. Would it be a fine day? Would the fish bite? And all such torturing problems swam through our brains. But with the morning light one of these problems at least was favorably solved. It was a glorious morning. From our bedroom window we could see the blue breast of Timagami, studded with its innumerable islets of emerald green, just stirred with a

gentle breeze, which sighed through the open shutters and touched our cheek with cool fingers which brought inspiration and exhilaration of spirit and senses. A loud "Hurrah! It's a grand day!" rang through the hallways; and as if by sudden appointment the dauntless six were ready for the fray.

Breakfast was soon negotiated, and the stroke of eight found us at the wharfside. Oderick was there before us. Already he had the *St. Lawrence* primed and ready. One sweep of his powerful arm and the crank put motion into the fly-wheel, the six cylinders took up their rhythmic pulsations, the propeller churned the water at the stern, the *St. Lawrence* left the wharf-side, turned her prow to the north, and gathering impulse at every throb she was soon plunging her way through the pellucid waters.

It was a scene fit for the Gods. The blue sky, unflecked with clouds; the bluer lake; the deep green of the pine and fir clad islands; and the magic vista of the North West Arm spread out before us, combined to form a picture which we shall never forget. No one talked. All fell to thinking, and to watching the tiny globules of water, thrown off from the bow wave, as they scurried, rolling over the placid and unbroken surface of the waters on either side.

Soon the end of the Arm was reached. Nothing appeared before us but

pine clad, receding hillsides. Where was the Obabika Bay in which we were to catch the fish? Onward raced the *St. Lawrence*. Would Oderick dash her on the rocks now but a few hundred yards ahead? One sweep to the left, and there hidden hitherto by a jutting point lay the opening. The *St. Lawrence* sped through the jaws of this watery trap, great rocks showing their angry noses on either side only a few feet away. And as if by magic, the beauties of Obabika Bay opened to our delighted eyes.

Six miles farther on the *St. Lawrence* sped with opened throttle and a terrible roar, which awakened the echoes far and near. She swung around a corner, the engine stopped. Oderick cast out the anchor and we were at the end of our journey.

The scene was superb. The Bay was narrow and sinuous. A myriad of islands broke its continuity, and sat like Emeralds on its blue breast. All was still. The harsh rattle of a Belted Kingfisher as he winged from point to point was the only sound to break the silence. "Joan Of Arc" stood in the launch, and as her eye roamed over the scene, she slowly chanted.

"Crystal Timagami, Wasacsigami,

Low waves that beat on thy shadowy shore,
North of the Nipissing, up the Timiskaming,

We will come back and sing you encore;
Back to the wilds again show me the way,

Make me a child again, just for a day."

And the man we had christened "Governor" expanded his chest, took in a long drawn breath of the balsamic air, drew himself up to a commanding posture, and in a dramatic tone spat out, "Say, people, I now realize the meaning of that very wise and very ancient saw,

"It is not all of fishing to fish."

The canoes were drawn up alongside in a jiffy. Each Darby had his Joan, and two by two we slipped away from the *St. Lawrence*, each pair comfortably stowed in a H. B. C. canvas-covered Chestnut. There is no steed to match the canoe. The champing bit, and jingling bridle makes no music like the rhythmic stroke and dip, dip of the paddle.

There is no other motion to compare with the glide, glide of this forest and lakeland water sprite.

The hooks were baited. The men took the paddles. The women dropped their guilty lures into the crystal depths, for a few minutes all was still. The third canoe uneasily changed its position. The "Governor" who was in charge put its bow along side a great tree which had long ago fallen into the water and whose barkless limbs were now shining down some twenty feet below the surface. This movement brought "Joan Of Arc's" hook in the neighborhood of the fallen tree. Almost instantly came a piercing scream. Something had happened away down there where the naked limbs met the bottom. "Joan's" reel was singing a merry tune. Then came instructions from the "Governor." Under his direction the fish was played as it dashed hither and thither in frantic attempts to free itself from this unexplained entanglement. "Easy now," yelled the "Governor," "You've got him hooked all right, what you must be careful of is not to let him break your line." "Joan" seemed cowed. This was a new experience. She did not feel herself master of the situation. Her face settled down from a picture of excitement to one of desperate determination. She obeyed implicitly. Little by little the line was restored to the reel. All at once the fish broke the water, and somersaulted into the air, a flying leap of a moment's duration.

"By hokey," yelled the "Governor," "a black bass, and a beauty." Soon the fish was alongside. The landing net was ready. One swift sweep of the "Governor's" arm and the quarry lay flopping in the bottom of the canoe.

"Let me see him!" "Let me see him," yelled "Joan." The other canoes were soon alongside. There he lay, a real small-mouthed black bass (*Misropterus Dolomiei*). Many were the guesses at his weight, but all agreed it must be over three pounds.

Now the fishing began in earnest. A glad cry first from one canoe then

from another told of strikes hither and yon.

"Didn't I tell you we could catch fish," cried out "Joan," despite her protestations of a week before."

It was not long before a stentorian shout from Oderick on a near-by island told us lunch was ready. Some of the bass had been transferred to him earlier in the day and now we found them browned and sizzling in the boiling Crisco, done to a turn. Words would fail to tell of that noon-day meal on the flat rock, of the heaps of bread and butter, of the piles of boiled potatoes steaming hot,



"There we stood in the glow of the evening, the fish dangling and shining in the sunlight."

of the stacks of fried bass, fresh from the bubbling fat, of the olives and the pickles, and of the voracious appetites which made the provisions disappear as if by magic. All good things must come to an end, soon the meal was over and Oderick was washing knives, forks and tin plates in the lake.

The "Governor" proposed that we men should have a try at the fishing. So we were quickly in the canoes again, each fair maiden at a paddle. Before five P.M. we were all weary of

fishing and the cry for home came.

Then there was the ride home in the launch. The pleasures of the morning were repeated. The western sun shed a golden radiance over tortuous channel, green islet and distant hillside. Everyone confessed to having spent a perfect day.

The wharf at Bear Island was reached. The fish were brought ashore. There they lay, 60 fine black bass and pickerel, a confused heap on the grass.

"We must have a picture," said "Joan," "Folks at home will never believe our story, if we have no photo to back up the tale."

So a long inch and a quarter steam pipe was requisitioned. Oderick and the "Governor" soon had the fish strung on this pipe and the march to the Wigwam began. The "Governor" led the way on the end of the pipe. To support it a stout stick was crossed beneath in the middle, with Oderick in his shirt sleeves bearing one end. Halfway up from the wharf a halt was called to photograph Oderick, the fish, and the dauntless six. There we stood in the glow of the evening, "Joan" still in her white dress of the evening before, the fish dangling and shining in the sunlight.

Oderick was still not satisfied.

"By Gar," he said, "Fine catch, we photograph them again."

So when we reached the Wigwam the fish were suspended in front of the verandah and with Oderick and the six standing in the rear the camera again registered the result of our day's fishing in Timagami.

Here the writer must leave his readers, hoping that in the summer of 1919 he may have the opportunity of showing at least some of them the marvels of dear old Timagami.

COMMERCIAL HISTORY OF GOLDEN SEAL

Golden seal was commonly used by the Indians and early settlers of eastern North America as a remedy for sore mouth and inflamed eyes, and also as a bitter tonic in stomach and liver troubles, but there was

little commercial demand for this root until 1860, since which time its use has become world-wide, though by far greater quantity of the crude drug, both wild and cultivated, is consumed in this country.—T.H.H.



F. V. WILLIAMS

The Scaup ducks, of which there are two species, big and little; bluebills, as they are often called by the gunners. The real or larger Scaup has a length of from eighteen to twenty inches and a wing spread of from thirty-two to thirty-five inches.

In the lesser Scaup the male's head is inclined to a purplish gloss, rather than the green tint which marks the larger fowl, and the wavy markings on the flanks are more distinct and more numerous on the lesser Scaup.

The smaller fowl never reaches, according to the best authorities, a length of more than eighteen inches, generally about sixteen to seventeen and a half, with the female less than seventeen, with a wing spread of from twenty-nine to thirty-one inches.

The females of the two species are almost identical, although one is much larger than the other.

A fair description would be a duck,—the male with head, neck and front of body a deep black, glossed in the one fowl with greenish and in the other purplish tints, giving a beautiful effect. The bill is broad and flat, and has a hooked "nail" and is of a slate blue

or bluish gray, and at the end is decidedly wider than at the base. Eyes are bright yellow; wing coverts and scapulars, back and lower belly, transversely waved with black and white. Rump, lower back, tail, and tail coverts black. Belly white, and flank feathers or primaries brownish black. The feet are dull blue.

The female scaup has white feathers around the base of its bill. The bill and feet are the same as the male but generally darker and where the male is black in plumage the female is a deep snuff-brown, beginning with the head. The "canvas-back" markings are much subdued in the female and in some places entirely absent.

These fowl are found on both the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts and also in the interior Provinces and States, having as wide a range as most of our Canvas-back, etc.

THE two "greenhorns" sat in the dining room of the "Central House" and looked gloomily out at the British Columbia rain that was coming down as though

it never intended letting up. One proposed going "up to the room," to talk it over, and they straightway did that very thing.

Talk about your "Gloomy Gusses" and "Lonesome Lukes" they had nothing on this pair. About 1000 miles from home, no work, no money, and no acquaintances. "Flat broke" ha! ha! great stuff. Well, something had to be done and that something at once. Hotel bills could not be paid with empty purses and between the two they possessed the magnificent sum of \$12.75, this to board and lodge two husky guys with healthy appetites, until something turned up. "Ever batch it?" queried one. "I never did" came the retort. "Well, down on the waterfront there are some "cabins," they call them up here and they rent mighty reasonable. There's a cook-stove, bed, table and a couple of chairs in each and the young fellow I was talking with said if I cared to come down and rent one that I could use his boat and go out and get all the fish I could eat and if we had time he'd take me out after ducks." "You've got your old gun and we've got blankets enough for bedding, what say if we go?" And as there was no other alternative the two "Lonesome Lukes" went down to the aforesaid waterfront and rented a "cabin."

The "cabin" consisted of one room—a large one, furnished as has been stated above, but the part that appealed to one of the "pair" was that this cabin was practically "on the water" at least the tide came in and flowed directly underneath the floor at times of high water, the cabin being built on "blocks" above the reach of the tide water.

At one side of the cabin there was a goodly sized stream of fresh water that flowed into the harbor, and about the second morning the two were in their new quarters, they gazed out of the end window at a "raft" of "Bluebills" diving in toward the cabin. They sat, these two fellows and watched the ducks come in to within twenty-five yards or thereabouts of their abode and then swim

leisurely past on up the little stream and out of sight.

"Gee, if I had a few loaded shells, hey?" Don't worry, you'll get 'em; ole top, we're both going to get a job and we sure will have some sport with these ducks, then, wait-and see" answered his companion.

Next morning there was but one of the party of two left "at home." the one having gone up town early to look after a prospective job. The breakfast dishes had been all put away and the "batcher" was sitting gazing out of the window at the boat moored not three feet away, to the shed adjoining the cabin. It was a strange craft to his eyes, accustomed to looking at Eastern canoes and boats. This one had been a "dugout" canoe, once upon a time. There had been about six inches added to each gunwhale and locks built thereon and as a result it made a rather presentable-looking rowboat. A commotion outside caused the inmate of the cabin to glance toward the harbor and there about one hundred yards out was a large flock of "bluebills" settling into the water, a few preliminary dives and a flapping of wings and they started to swim steadily inshore diving as they came, abreast the window and past it, and on up out of sight beyond the corner of the old shed they swam, and scarcely had the last one disappeared from view when there was the "Bang!" of a shotgun, followed quickly by a second report and the flock came like so many black headed comets hurtling out of the stream toward the harbor leaving two of their number drifting along with the current.

The watcher saw them drift farther and farther out and all the stories he had heard about the gunners thereabouts shooting nothing but mallards, geese, etc., for their own use, came to his mind. It was the work of a moment to reach out of the window, pull the boat in, "flop" into it and taking the oars already at hand, pull out after the drifting ducks. Say, some feed, wouldn't it be a surprise to his partner. The fellow that had shot these "bluebills" had evi-

dently gone on down town after firing at the ducks from the bridge across the stream where they had been feeding.

The fellow in the boat picked up the first duck, laid it in the bottom of his craft and rowed to the second one and had just lifted it out of the water when he heard some one yell "Hey, where are you going with my ducks?" Looking shorewards he beheld a shooting punt, being rowed toward him by a very excited young man. Talk about the small boy caught with his finger in the jam-pot, well, that was a mild sensation compared to the way the fellow with the ducks felt as he handed over the pair of fowl. "Cheap" is a mild word and although he tried to explain why

he happened to go after them, he saw the look of incredulity on the other's face, which gave way to a look of amusement as he saw the evident sincerity of the speaker's actions.

It was a few days afterward that the man who rented the cabins came round to the boy's place and told, between spasms of laughter, how the newcomers had been deceived by the stories told "round the cabins" in the evening by the fellows living in the neighborhood, that they would not eat "bluebills" as there was so many better ducks to be had. eh? The joke was on the fellow who picked up the ducks, of course, and although he still laughs about it, he will never forget the first "bluebills" he saw shot.

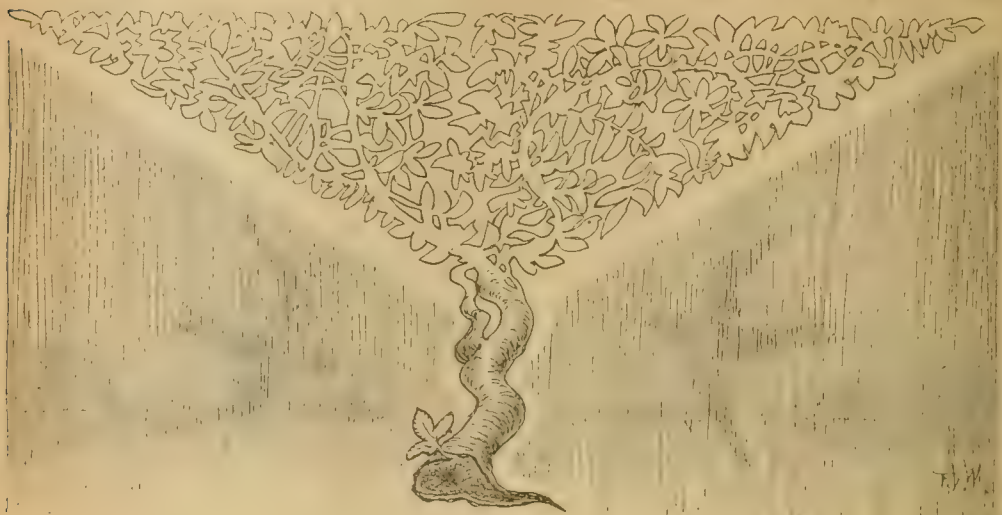
Some Boyhood Experiences

JOHN DOWSWELL

The following little history is of a boy whom I have known intimately for more than fifty years. Our parents' farms adjoined and we grew up as brothers. This chum was a born hunter like Esau of old. One day he came over to show me a cannon he had made out of a piece of alder bush. There were wheels on it and it was certainly some cannon. He suggested loading and trying at a mark. Accordingly he put in a thimbleful of powder, wadding it well. Not having a ball I loaned him my glass alley. To be sure that I would not lose the alley I went into the milk house and got a new milk pail, putting the mark inside on the bottom. I then felt sure of the alley. Everything ready he touched a match. Alas, I was never to see my alley again but there was a hole you could put your finger through in the bottom of the pail. Right here my trouble began. Hearing the report my mother came out and took in the situation at once. A new pail had been destroyed! Being fleet of foot I got out of her way and for a time, like the Kaiser, I felt quite safe. That night I will never forget. I was awakened by the touch of a strong hand on my arm and an application of a slipper. Indeed it felt as though a dozen slippers were being used upon me. I did

not sleep much more that night and made up my mind to run away. Next morning I was sent to do some work at the back end of the farm. This was my chance so jumping the job I put fully thirty miles between my home and me. I had not a nickel in my pocket and finally hunger drove me to ask for some food. After about a week of this wandering life I returned to my home a sadder and a better boy. My old chum when the excitement caused by our misdeeds had somewhat subsided-used to come over to go trout fishing with me. One day he came over when I was helping my father and he had an otter he had just killed. He had been at the pond fishing when he had noticed two dark animals running along the other side of the road. Picking up a limb he gave chase, heading off the last otter which ran down the road for the pond. He said he had jumped clean over the otter which turned for flight. My father gave him a dollar for the otter which was fully three feet long. Later on this chum took to hunting deer with an old Indian Chief fowling piece, the barrel of which was three feet long. Nevertheless it would shoot a ball equal to any rifle up to about sixty-five yards.

ODE TO A WHIP-POOR-WILL



ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

Softly among the pines,
Daylight to night inclines,
As in its regal glory sets the gleaming sun;
All in one fainting hour,
Caught 'neath a golden shower,
The darkening lake to Heaven's gate is won;
As on its quickening face,
God drops the kiss of grace,
Breathing: "Rest waters, now the day is
done!"

And moving now no more,
Silent from shore to shore,
Holding the sunset on its dimpled breast:
The lake lies dreaming now,
Unmarred as Love's pure brow,
Snowed in with petals of enchantest rest;
Or lipping at the sands,
Of the embracing strands,
Holds lovely Silence to its deep, caress!

As though the mystery,
Of Life—Eternity,
Were answered here in this transcending well;
As though the falling tears,
The heart-aches and the fears,
In this broad cup were lethe to my knell;
One moment twinkling bright,
And now the ebbing light,
Shines up the white flesh of my living shell!

O soul whence in the dark,
Lone in this drifting bark,
Biddest thou go, to carry me, O whence?
Over what awful waste,
Biddest thou go? O haste,

To shatter like a bubble this dead-drear sus-
pense;

To stroke the pain away,
Into what break of day,
Or purple Night, or Death of joy intense!

Past what horizon bar,
Into what dim afar,—
With pinions spread, O soul where but to go:
Into that outer pale,
Of Life—above the wail,

And the sad sorrows in this world of woe;
Where but to spend the blood,
Sealed on this limpid flood,
And toss forever with the winds that blow!

No! No! the Life is sweet,
Falter not heart but beat,
O beat within me heart of all my heart;
Curb all thy rivers loose,
Be thou my heavenly muse,

Tear not the structure of my life apart!
Cool thou my fevered brow,
Hear my soft spoken vow,—
Cure me of fret, the misery and its smart!

A theme! Great God a theme:
A dream, ethereal dream,
A spark divine, that, flashing, holds the Uni-
verse;

Some crystallizing thing,
Into the air to spring,
Rising on high above this livings' curse;

In this forsaken wild,
Unto my heart beguiled,
A theme, great God that shall my soul im-
mersel

I gasp—I start—I turn;
 I tremble and I burn,
 As on the still night air the answer wakes;
 Under the starry skies,
 Lifting its silvery cries,
 Until the silence into melody breaks;
 Soft-sounding as a bell,
 Shattering all the spell,
 Until the listening heart its weary cell forsakes!

I gasp—I start—I thrill;
 It is the whip-poor-will,
 Hid in the gloom in some mysterious tree;
 Now tenderly and clear,
 Now soft and sweet I hear,
 The magic notes up-rising, ebbing, falling free!
 Silence a little while,
 And now the mystic wile,
 The voice alluring calling out its plea!

I rise—I follow, follow,
 By shore and bosky hollow,
 Where deep the wood fume hangs upon the air;
 As one who seeks a hope,
 I stagger and I grope,—
 Or sink to earth as one sinks down in prayer;
 But though I seek, I seek,
 Or pause to cool my cheek,
 That bird, now here, is fled beyond my stare!

Illusive as the love,
 That born of Heaven above,
 Yet lies upon my weary heart like stone:

Yet ever calling sweet,
 Lures on my plodding feet,
 To find the meaning of this cry and moan;
 With tender-lifted note,
 As in this magic throat,
 Now within reach, and now forever flown!

Is this the answer then?
 Sweep thou into my ken,
 As sweeps a meteor through the gleaming blue;
 Is this the answer given?
 Into what Hell or Heaven,
 Deignest thou turn, O soul of godly due?
 Deignest thou turn, O heart,
 Easing this awful smart,
 Bird then I call—bird then I call to you!

Love, Life and all;
 You are that call, that call;
 And O, I slumber on Life's altar white;
 But may not ever know,
 Dawn and its warming glow,
 But only Night, but only shuttest Night;
 As the soft lids are closed,
 To all the weary host,
 Leaving but thee, O bird, the taper bright!

Imperishable bird,—
 Over the darkness heard,
 Among the stars your soul must ever gleam;
 'Mid angel-sounding choirs,
 And anthemizing lyres,
 Shining upon the Earth a chastened beam;
 Not as the human throng,
 The poet's feeble song,
 But, O, more deathless, Bird, O Bird of Dream!

The Heart of the North

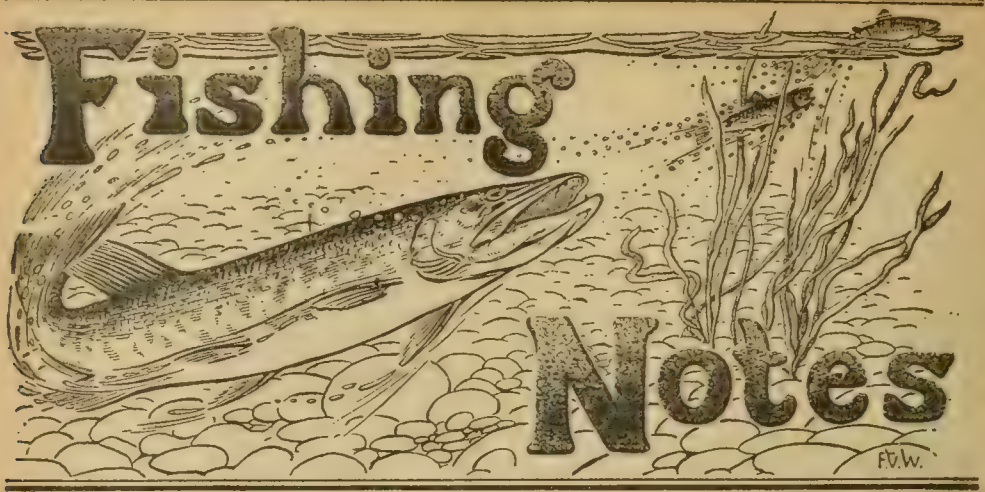
HELEN GORDON

I heard the heart of the North one day
 As it beat 'neath its rocky breast,
 And it's steady throbbing seemed to say
 "Come unto me and rest.
 If your heart is weary and ill at ease
 And doubts are thronging your brain
 Give up your world with its idle toys
 And come back to me again."

I heard it, yet hearing, I went away,
 Back to my dull old world of care,
 Where life's but a stage for a puppet play,
 And Truth dies, in despair.

But I thought, as I passed on my weary way
 Through the land of Thus and So,
 "Your heart is a traitor, make it stay
 In the paths where it's told to go."

Time passed, but the Heart of the lonely North
 Still called to me softly and low,
 Till the spirit that knows no fear broke forth
 And said that I must go.
 Then deep in the green of the pine-clad hills
 I found what I'd sought so long,
 A place that with glory my whole life fills,
 And a heart that can do no wrong.



Around the Round Table

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

MR. J. W. Titcomb, the Fish Culturist of New York State took my criticism of him very much to heart, in *re* the poisoning of lakes preparatory to removing the rough fishes in those lakes and installing brook trout. In a letter to me Mr. Titcomb says:

"In a recent number of *Rod and Gun in Canada* I ran across your discussion of the albino trout and thought you would be interested to get some more facts in regard to the albino fish in general. It has been my good fortune to rear albino brook trout. In all probability there will be one albino out of a hatch of 50,000 brook trout, and I sometimes think that one freak appears in every 20,000. Now if these albinos are picked out of the school and carefully reared they will breed true when the eggs of an albino female are fertilized with the milt of an albino male. I have carried them through for a number of years but after they get to be three or four years old they do not appear to have the endurance of the natural-colored fish, or perhaps it is their progeny which becomes weak from inbreeding. The ponds in which they are kept must be carefully protected because these conspicuous albinos are the first to be preyed upon by the kingfisher and other birds of prey. I think there is a stock of the albino fish hatchery at Roxbury which came from the stock which I had charge of in Vermont.

"At the Caledonia hatchery in this State (New York), there are a number of large

albino lake trout. They are so old that they are now blind. From these large albino lake trout reared in captivity have been hatched during the last few years more or less progeny so that to-day there are in stock at Caledonia some two-year olds about 8 or 10 inches long, and some yearlings. The State Fish Commission of Minnesota had a beautiful lot of albino brook trout a few years ago. They make a most attractive exhibit in an aquarium. We seldom, if ever, encounter adult albinos in the wild stock of other species because they are so conspicuous that they are preyed upon and are the first to be destroyed, but I have no doubt you will find albinos occur in all species.

"I do not know whether you are interested in what I have said or not, or what I am going to say. My attention was called to *Rod and Gun* through your article criticising my use of copper sulphate for the destruction of obnoxious fishes in ponds. I think if you had read all of my articles, so that you knew what I was aiming at, you would not be so critical; but it occurred to me that you would like to see some of my writings and get a general idea of my policies rather than to take one subject which, by itself, appears to be very narrow. You will find that I want to utilize every food fish as well as game fish, and make every water as productive as possible with the particular species best adapted to it. In a natural trout pond you cannot produce bass in satisfactory quantities, with

a satisfactory growth, because the basses find warmer waters more congenial and do not spawn in the colder waters until they reach about sixty degrees of temperature, and the young do not grow very rapidly. A lot of our smaller ponds which are natural trout ponds have been stocked with perch, pickerel or some other species which in such waters are not so attractive and do not give the satisfaction which the more valued species will give; and it is such waters that are treated with copper sulphate. It is a matter of course that all fish which can be removed are taken out before poison is introduced. 'Now if you want to see my literature and get more copy for your magazine I will be glad to send it to you.'

This is a highly interesting letter and it is the kind we should like to receive from all fish and game officials. What we want most of all is the latest ideas on fish culture; how to make ponds and how to stock them. There are hundreds of farmers and angling enthusiasts who write asking about pond-culture of fishes. Our officials in both Canada and the United States are well up in this subject and instead of keeping their numerous ideas to themselves they should give them the widest publicity possible, and there is where a magazine such as *Rod and Gun* serves a purpose that is indispensable to the lovers of the out-of-doors and especially things piscatorial. These officials are of undisputed integrity and inestimable value as public servants, but I fear, that, taken as a whole they rarely find outlet for the valuable things they have discovered in their ingeniously conducted investigations. Bulletins issued by fish and game commissions are usually small ones, and their distribution is limited to a narrow sphere. They are good but they do not serve as an agency for a wide and general distribution reaching the people it should reach. That is where a magazine such as *Rod and Gun* serves a direct end. It goes just exactly to the people who desire information on such subjects and therefore does the most good. *Rod and Gun* in the years past has attained to a wide circulation not only amongst the outdoorsmen of Canada but increasingly so throughout the United States, for it is Canada, the great unspoiled playground of the North, that is now claiming attention.

What are the demands of the immediate future? The demands are for a more general knowledge of fish culture and the stocking of depleted waters. In these two subjects are

embraced a world of possibilities. Experimentations and investigations into both of these subjects have proven the unavailability of some projects, and the usefulness of others. It is in getting the information regarding useful projects to the greatest number of people directly interested in those things that we should give our attention to. Here a magazine with a wide circulation comes in as the proper medium of expression.

Within a certain sphere a fish culturist may have an enviable reputation, and within that sphere, (locally), he may be doing a mighty deal of good; but usually many men are lost to the country at large merely by reason of the fact that they do not give voice to their findings. We have known of cases where men have sealed their reputations as greater servants for the public good by contributing to the magazines, such organs as are especially given to talk on certain subjects.

It will be remembered some time ago we had a discussion in *Rod and Gun* on the over-stocking of streams; the Brantford Trout Club of Brantford, Ontario, had written for information. In this case it was proven that not only the streams mentioned had been over-stocked, but it was proven by the heads of this club that other clubs and even the government had over-stocked streams in their neighborhood. Over-stocking was dealt with therefore, and the Brantford Trout Club may be glad to know that I have received several letters from officials telling me that the discussion had taught them many things and that over-stocking seemed to be the rule everywhere. The fact that one letter from New Zealand, one from British Columbia and one from Alabama proves that a magazine with a wide circulation is the medium for releasing information tending to the good of the community, and all communities.

And another thing: What one man thinks is a commonly known fact, therefore little worth mention, turns out to be a point hitherto unknown. It is in sifting out the many points and getting the available ones that should be our duty.

Along the Pacific Coast it is generally held by anglers that the steelhead trout and the rainbow trout are one and the same fish. This has been surprising to me and I have kept studying the proposition for a long time. Barton Warren Evermann and David Starr Jordan in their book on the fishes of North America have written against the belief that the two are one and the same. As follows:

"Although it is not an anadromous species the rainbow trout frequently moves about in the rivers and it often enters the sea, large sea-run specimens being often mistaken for steelheads.

"It is thought by some anglers that the young fish, hatched in the brooks from eggs of the steelhead, remain in the mountain streams from six to thirty six months, going down to the sea with the high waters of spring, after which they return to spawn as typical steel-head trout. This view is unfounded. In my experience the rainbow and the steelhead are always distinguishable; the steelhead abounds where the rainbow is unknown; the scales of the steelhead are always smaller, (about 150), than in the typical rainbow trout; finally the size of the head in the steelhead is always distinctive."

However, Dr. Evermann abandons that theory at this date for he writes me in a letter:

"The steelhead - rainbow - cutthroat - trout question is a very complicated one. I am not sure that I can, in a few brief sentences, clarify the situation. It is certain that there are no real structural differences separating the steelhead from the rainbow trout. It is also certain that in some portions of their range a similar difficulty exists as regards the steelheads and the cutthroat trout. It is equally true that there are several different forms of each of these series. I think this statement is a safe one to make: If a trout hatched in the coastal streams should remain there, never going down to salt water either it or its descendants would be recognized by everyone as a rainbow trout. If it should go down to salt water it would grow larger, lose some of its bright colors, and would then be regarded as a steelhead trout. Of the two individuals of the same spawning if one should remain in fresh water, and the other go down to salt water we would then have the former as a rainbow trout, and the latter as a steelhead, and it would be absurd to say that they are different species. It would be the same as if one brother in a family should remain in the most cultured, civilized community where he would enjoy and practice all the conventionalities of civilized life and the other brother should go to sea and remain away from land for a number of years, never shaving, or having his hair cut, or doing any of those things which are considered the essential things of civilized society; after the lapse of a few years the two brothers would not look very much alike, nevertheless they would remain brothers and

would not be considered as belonging to two different species. This is parallel to what has happened to the so-called rainbow trout and steel-head trout. On the other hand, in most places, the individuals known as the rainbows are easily, readily and properly distinguishable from the individuals known as steelheads, and for practical purposes I am inclined, to think it is just as well to regard them as different species. Certainly so far as the angler and commercial fisherman are concerned, they are different. Of each of the three series, (steelhead, rainbow, and cutthroat), there are many different forms as distinct species. In a new check list of the fishes of the North and Middle America, which I have in preparation, I shall so regard them."

Strange indeed, are the sea-going habits of the fishes of the coastal streams, and amongst them all perhaps the habits of the salmon are the most interesting and at once the most mysterious. Truly it may be said of the salmon: "It's ways are beyond finding out." The life of the salmon is as brilliant and romantic as it is harrowing and tragic. It has its brief time of existence, it fulfills its duty in the eyes of Nature, according to the natural laws by reproducing its kind and then it dies. Its death is not calm and beautiful; it is terminated by agonies; it is fairly ground to death in the watery elements; fungus and disease end it all and the creatures that prey for their living, fall upon them as they float up to the banks, gorging themselves on the loathsome, unclean ones. But, while it lives, no doubt the salmon crowds a great deal of glittering adventure into its life.

The parent salmon enter the rivers that pour into the ocean; they forge on to its upper waters and there cast their spawn. The parents die. When the young hatch out, they, in their turn live in the freshwater of the rivers for a matter of months and then down they go to the ocean and are swallowed up in its immensity. Where do they go to, that is the question that is often asked. No one is able to tell where they spend their lives in the ocean till they themselves return to the freshwater rivers to cast their spawn and in their turn die as their parents died in the eternal round that has gone on for untold ages and ages. They may pursue their way down to South America along the coast or they may go far up into the Bering Sea; they may even go to the coast of Siberia, no one knows. However it is more likely that the

salmon hordes go north, rather than south, since the salmon is strictly a northern fish; hence its inclination lies to northern waters.

After being away for from three to four years the salmon return, full-grown, mature, ready to spawn. They make their way to the rivers from whence they spring, so to speak, and up these they go, steered by a determination that now evinces itself as being the crowning effort of their life of endeavor. And here, too, arises that strangest point of all. A salmon never goes up a stream save the one it was born in. So unerring is this instinct to come back and go up the right river that it is unfailing; and may be taken as a triumph of instinct evidenced as a directing element in wild creatures of fins, fur and feathers. The fact remains; the salmon choose the right river, the river of their youth and up that river they go to spawn in the fulfilment of their duties of procreation.

But strange is the case of the sock-eye salmon. It is found as spawning only in the Fraser River of British Columbia; there it is born and to that river it returns to reproduce and die. Mysterious as are the lives of the various species of salmon, as an individual member, as a separate species the sock-eye is the most mysterious. They present a complex problem indeed for they are identified with one river alone, the Fraser River of British Columbia and will go up no other. Other salmon are found in all the northern coastal rivers, of course each salmon going up the river in which it was born.

When the spawning season is on the Fraser River is the objective point of every sock-eye on the Pacific Coast. And, says a writer on this subject:

"The path of the returning sock-eye after it enters the straits of Juan de Fuca, leading to Puget Sound and the Inside Passage, is well mapped. From the ocean the shining army makes straight for the tip-end of Vancouver Island; near Victoria, British Columbia. Just touching Canada at this point the column makes for Rosario Strait, the lane between the San Juan Islands and the Washington mainland. A small column takes Strait Haro, the western passage between the San Juan group and Vancouver Island, but the two columns of incoming spawning fishes always join again in the Gulf of Georgia and swim on, always against the tides, touching Point Roberts, the north-west tip of the United States and passing just around the corner and thence into the Fraser River. The men who make their fortunes trapping

salmon know these things well. Every paying fish trap which handles sock-eye salmon is located along this given line of march."

Men who have been interested in the salmon from a commercial viewpoint have always wondered how you could change the nature of the sock-eye in its instinct to return to its home river, the Fraser and have it, if possible, to go up some other river. Could it be done? One thing was early discovered in the quest for information into the life and habits of the sock-eye, that was: *It will cast its egg only in a stream which has its source in a fresh-water lake.* Fish Commissioner L. H. Darwin of the State of Washington knew of such a river in the State of Washington and therefore speculated that if he could turn some of the sock-eyes up that stream the deed would be done. Acting upon this (in 1915) the fish traps in the neighborhood of the San Juan Islands were kept open for thirty six hours and the captured fish were to be used as spawners. The spawn-laden fish were now towed in deep crates across the Samish Bay to the mouth of the Samish River. Once at the mouth of the river it was closed off with nets thus to prevent the fish from going out to sea, leaving one other alternative, that of going up the river.

But now the commissioner was delighted and not a little surprised for instead of turning back the sock-eye contingent forged right ahead and went up the stream to the fish hatchery. Here, they were prisoned and killed and the spawn taken from the females. The eggs were milted.

Thus a start was made. In the autumn of 1915 there were over a million sock-eyes at this hatchery. When the fish were old enough they were released in a freshwater lake adjacent to the hatchery. As I understand it, in the spring of 1916 these salmon left the lake and went down-stream to the ocean. And if things turn out as expected those sock-eyes reared in the American waters will return to the waters they lived in. That will happen in the spring of 1920 for then they will be incoming to spawn. *But will they, indeed return to the waters they were reared in or will they experience a reaction and follow the rest of the sock-eye horde up the Fraser River, thus defeating the best-laid plans of men.*

I have heard nothing further in regard to the project. Yet certain it is that the sock-eye specie must again be brought up to standard by the hatchery system for the specie has undergone an exacting depletion in the years that have gone by. As is well

known the sock-eye salmon is sought by both Canadian and American fishers for it makes for one of the best of the salmon group as a tanned product.

A well known naturalist writes asking me my opinion of the Biblical story of Jonah and the Whale. Not feeling capable to deal with the subject I had Dr. David Starr Jordan clear up the matter following the points given in the letter. He comments:

"I believe that it is commonly thought that the story of Jonah, like the story of Job and ancient tales in the Bible is of the nature of poetic fable, and valued, not for its literal truth but for the lesson it may teach.

"One of the most unfortunate things in religious history is the literalizing of words of men who talked with Oriental figures of speech.

"In comparing religious truth to 'the shade of the great rock in a weary land,' it was not meant that the details of the phenomenon

should correspond to those of a shade in a desert. This is the explanation which was given by the well-known Israelite, Rabbi Voor-sanger.

"The ordinary whale of the various species has only a narrow throat and feeds on smaller organisms. The sperm whale, which does not enter the Mediterranean so far as I know has a much larger throat, and jaws with strong teeth. According to *Linnaeus* the whale that swallowed Jonah was a great white shark, (*Carcharodon carcharias*) which has been known to swallow men—but usually in pieces. I secured one at one time at Soquel, California, 30 feet long with a partly grown sea-lion of one hundred (100) pounds which it had swallowed whole. But the sea-lion, though a tough animal did not escape, and was in a rather poor condition when I found him.

"I believe that it is unfortunate that the great and noble parts of the Bible should be obscured by insistence on literalism in Oriental poetry."

A Four Day Fishing Trip

J. H. RUTHERFORD

IT was early Sunday morning that four jolly fishermen left G—for the Bruce peninsula, a trip of one hundred and twenty-five miles. Our tent, provisions, bedding, etc., were all packed into a car with Mr. R—perched on top to hold everything in place and act as lookout, a new kind of periscope as one of the fellows said. It was "some boat" all right and we were bound for Boat lake.

We made the trip in about eight hours, the roads being excellent. The roads in the vicinity of Wiarton are an example to road-makers farther south as they are put down with crushed stone and are very satisfactory to motorists who tour this part of Northern Ontario.

"There's the lake, boys" announced our periscope man and everybody prepared to get out and walk the three quarters of a mile to the lake for we had come to the end of the road and had to take to the woods. By good luck Mr. Martin C., a very accommodating farmer had made a drive through his pasture and bush so we could run the car through to the camp ground. Everything, we found, was in good shape. Supper over—and what a meal it was with ham and eggs, fried potatoes

cheese and biscuits, jam, etc.,—we had a look at the fishing grounds and then after a short time settled down for the night.

Monday morning everyone was up early and before we had had any breakfast we were off to the boats. As I was the only one of the party who had fished there before I had to locate the fish so out to the weedy island we went, the island where perch and pike had never failed me, and which I looked upon as a fisherman's paradise. The boys started in to fish for perch but the pike put a stop to that showing us that they had first place around this portion of the lake. They took worm, hook and all the line they could bite off. Accordingly we changed our hooks and used copper line and in a very few minutes had eleven large pike. The smaller ones we put back. I had now redeemed my promises made to the rest of the bunch as to the good fishing that was to be found in the vicinity of Wiarton, so we went in to breakfast, adding fish to our regular menu. After that our fame as fishermen got abroad in the neighborhood and we had company every evening; so found no difficulty in disposing of our surplus fish.

The first evening we were in camp it was cool and as there were no mosquitoes visible

and as our boys had never tented before we were careless about keeping the tent closed up. The following day was warm and bright and brought out our hungry friends in full force. Things went all right till we were in bed, the last one in leaving the flap open about six inches. We were all ready for a good night's sleep when in came the hungry brutes in companies of tens and thousands. I don't see how they were able to stand the atmosphere of the tent for the air was blue with the language some of our fellows used. It wasn't strong enough however, to drive them out so we had to get up and start a smudge. One fellow even asked what time the train left

in the morning. However, from that night on we took proper precautions and had no more mosquitoes in our tent.

One of the boys, a sort of duck, was fond of going into the water in a very inadequate bathing suit, to put it mildly. He came into contact with poison ivy and there were dire results. With the exception of a few minor incidents such as these our fishing trip of 1918 was most successful. The home run was made in shorter time than it took us to get to the fishing grounds. All returned with the hope of being able to go back another year and repeat the outing.

The Rainbow Trout in Lakes and Rivers Tributary to James Bay

CHARLES HANSCHLDT

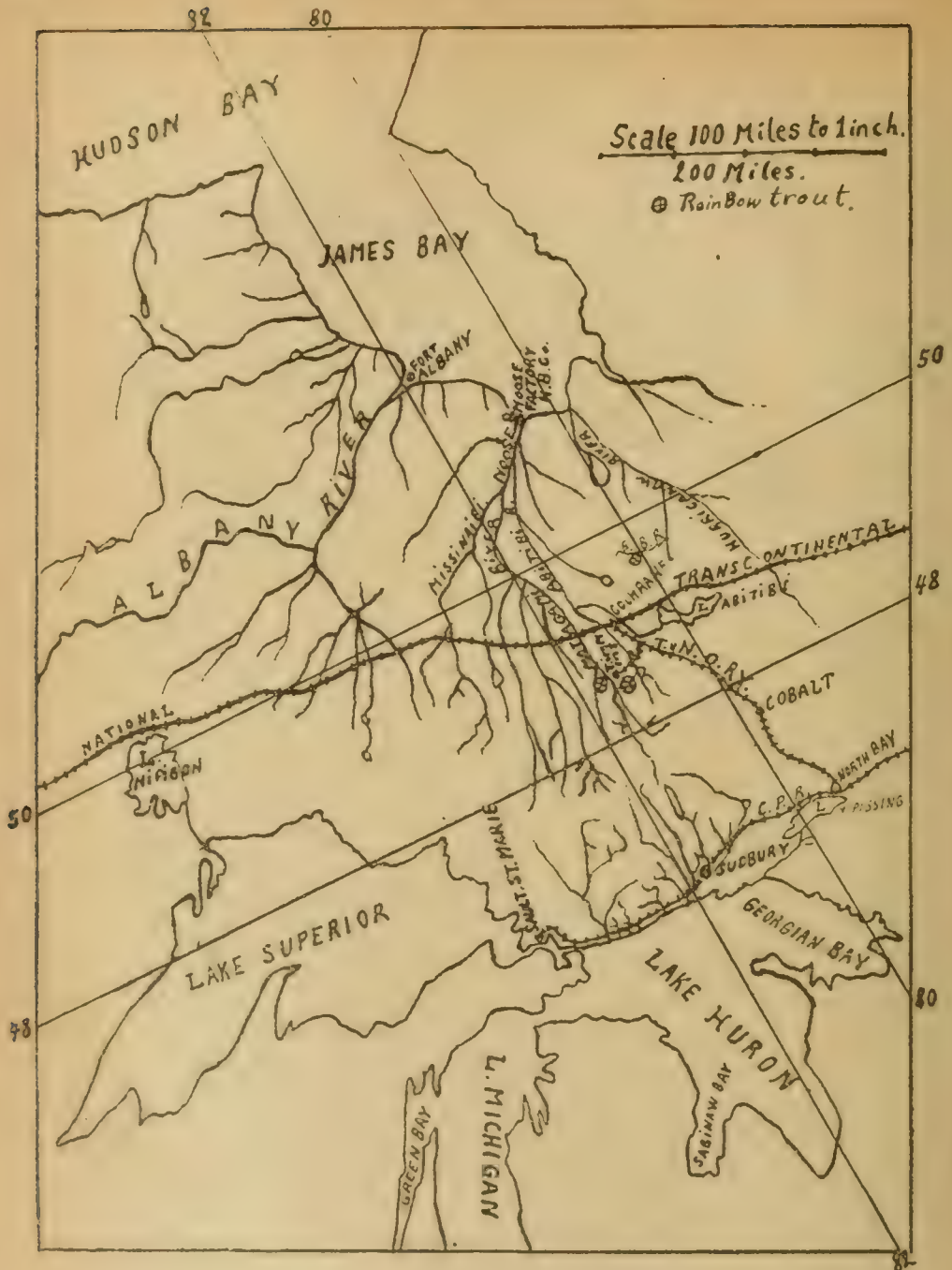
BEING a rainbow trout enthusiast I was glad to refer to Robert Page Lincoln's statement made in *Rod and Gun* some time ago in which he says: "I will say that I am of the firm belief that the rainbow trout will be the trout of the future in Canada and the States." I gladly endorse this statement. But, familiar as I am with the enormous network of Lakes and Rivers draining into James Bay untouched by destructive civilization, where the brook trout is undisputed king, if you have travelled as I have over hundreds of miles of mighty rivers with its innumerable tributaries, ideal homes of the *salmo fontinalis*, it is well-nigh impossible to feel alarmed over the future of our all-beloved friend, the brook trout.

Very likely it will surprise you to hear that the rainbow trout can be found in these northern lakes and rivers. I was astonished when I encountered my first rainbow trout in 1911, the year of the big Porcupine fire. My partner and I left South Porcupine on the twenty-fourth of June, 1911; one of the regular old-time gold rushes was on and if there is a thing on earth which is more attractive than a fishing trip it is a gold rush, as the only way of travelling in those days was by canoe.

If the reader will now take a look with me over the map of Northern Ontario, I will show him the places where I have caught rainbow trout and some places where other people, trustworthy and competent, have reported

successful catches. When we look at the map you will easily find Lake Superior, the so-called inland ocean where rainbow trout have become regular citizens through the stocking of the tributary rivers on the southern and western shore going up to the northeastern outlet, the channel at Sault Ste. Marie where the rainbow trout is becoming quite common. Now take a little jump across the map for 100 miles, or so, northeasterly from Sault Ste. Marie and we are over the Height of Land and there you will find without trouble the Mata-gami River and its numerous tributaries. If you follow the map you will find about 20 miles west of Timmins, the Kamiscotia River and a regular network of lakes of which the largest one is appropriately called Trout Lake. It is a jewel of a lake to look at, with numerous small islands and a water so crystal clear that none of the lakes of the Alps can equal it, but nevertheless so deep that you are unable to see bottom a few hundred feet from shore. It was in this gem of a lake that I caught the first rainbow trout, which weighed about five pounds. The rainbow colors being very strong, since then I have caught rainbow trout in the Red-stone River about ten miles southeast of Timmins. I have also heard evidence from reliable sources of the occurrence of rainbow trout in the burnt Bush River, a tributary of the gigantic Hurricanaw River near the Ontario and Quebec boundary.

I have not tried to trace the origin of the rainbow trout in the mentioned places but as



the local places are far from the railroad and difficult of access the only solution or conclusion I can draw is that rainbow trout have been transplanted into the upper reaches of the Matagami River and as it is one of their tendencies to migrate down-stream

they could easily transplant themselves to these localities. But what puzzles me is that I have never seen or heard of any rainbow trout in the Matagami River itself. Can anyone give further enlightenment on this point?

Levant Fred Brown

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

ONE of the most talented and delightful prose writers among the anglers of this country is Levant Fred Brown. But not alone is he a brilliant writer but he is a gifted speaker and his various after-dinner talks if collected would make a book that would be placed among the angling classics. Levant Fred Brown is a man of many accomplishments, truly, and not only is he a true student of Nature but he is, an angler with hardly an equal. Wherever he has gone in search of fishing pleasure he has inevitably brought back with him a collection of sketches that deserve preservation. Charles Hallock once said of Mr. Brown:

"Had I the gifted pen of Levant Fred Brown, who finds beauty in every wild and makes the woods and waters fairly gleam in his descriptions, eloquent with poetry and song, (so that even the birds break out responsively to his call) I would braid laurels and eglantines for the heroes whom it is my privilege to name as sportsmen, and whom I have personally known during the period of my lifetime: Brown himself is one of the most charming in personality among the sportsmen, because he is such a nature-worshipper. He could make the dreariest camp environment cheerful with firelight and a genial presence when the weather failed to brighten."

Equally as Mr. Brown is well-known in America so is he known throughout Canada, having fished the streams of the north from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But it is the streams of Vancouver Island that have always riveted his attention, and which hold his heart. There may be other streams elsewhere and they may have the most picturesque of scenery at their command; the fishing may be the grandest thinkable; but they do not compare in his estimation with the streams of Vancouver Island and St. Joseph's Brook in special. That brook he has immortalized and as he has stated it is the greatest desire in his life that he may rest beside it when the last leaf of his book of life has been turned. An example of his after-dinner speeches we give herewith one delivered at a Canadian Camp Dinner in New York City. It is as follows:

"Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies, Members and Guests:

As the then Governor General of Canada,

Earl Grey, spoke to our Canadian Club, at Victoria, he said that distances get less as comfort of travel and speed of trains increase. He used the same truism at Winnipeg the previous week while introducing me to the two fine boys of the British Minister at Darjiling, Northern India, and added that their absence from the University of Oxford on vacation meant for them a trip around the world. I introduced them to a day of trout fishing where the Red River of the North enters Lake Winnipeg, that remote fresh water ocean extending 500 miles into regions west of Hudson Bay.

Each of those youngsters landed beautiful trout, while scarcely a fish rose to my own flies, and I was rallied as the Canadian Expert and Yankee Authority who knew nothing about fishing.

That experience made me shy, and I shall say little here about tents. Their comforts and healthfulness, and the novelty and delight of living in them are well known. When they are pitched in a wild, sylvan region, their charm often amounts to hypnotism—especially when the anglers are like us—votaries at the shrine of the trout-rod, that talisman and wand of delight.

This wonderful Hotel Astor gathering is about the acme of New York City Sport—a tremendous company, in a magnificent room. Yet would we not have exchanged its daintily served courses and the shining tableware, the napkins, and the finger bowls we did not have,—yes, and the white neckties, dress suits and choke collars, for an exquisitely fried, sunny-weather wild trout supper out by the tent and campfire under the sky—out in the Hotel Infinite where endless leagues of blue ceilings grow bespangled at night where dadoes are mountain ranges, where frescoes are so often moving panoramas of changing cloud-palaces?

We prefer the floor of the forest, the carpet of brown pine needles, the rude board table, or a log with one end in a trout-stream and the other gray with lichens or green with mosses. There, sir, the tent and campfire are indeed Home, Sweet Home! They spell happiness, health, room to breathe—air never breathed before, and escape from the city's cooked air and electric fan wind to where a tired body and resting head find grateful sleep on the rubber air mattress or spruce bough bed,

while the smell of burning balsam lingers in the backlogs. There, sir, is escape from the strain of business, with a better chance for a life extended twenty-five or even fifty years.

Tent-life means being right with nature-beauty,—foliage and flowers nodding welcome, mosses challenging admiration. There we talk of it all with our hearts, our love claspings so hard that it crushes what is hollow. We wear old outing suits, hats that have seen better days, and are sun-burned, often unshaved, and always "loose an' free." There, supper is not called dinner, and is eaten where evening leaf-shadows dance over table and tent, and as voices of owls and whip-poor-wills begin to come from a wilderness.

Here one must not eat fish with a knife. There, we often eat fried trout with our fingers. Far worse, sir, the tenting trout-fisher takes himself seriously, and the wild conventionality of his camp does not sanction, as we do here, the placing and using of little wash-dishes right on the table at meals.

Here, city cliff dwellers are above us, shutting out our starlight. We talk over starched shirt-fronts, in white hand-cuffs and claw-hammer coats. If we drink a pledge to the Mysterious Presence we call nature, it is in a libation of Imperial Brut, extra-dry, in saut-erne, moselle, or an after-dinner cordial, not in cold spring water from the big tin dipper soused into the trout stream and brought up, dripping.

So the city dinner of vacation lovers, while a great joy and delight, is a makeshift, a mass-meeting of blackbirds longing to migrate. He who cannot follow this dinner with a real outing, is like the man who married the girl because he could not get her sister. Here on Broadway, the trout rod can be no more than a delight of memory and anticipation. So there is a vital sense in which the real trout fisher does not much believe in city dinners or speeches; for they may seem to him like dressing owl, whip-poor-will, squirrel, partridge and loon in little trousers, like taking a trout from under a bank below ferns to imprison him in a glass tank, like expecting a night-flying wedge of honking wild geese, fresh from loose winds and free waters to be contented in a nicely fenced yard.

We are all aware that words cannot describe nature-beauty. If we were told to visit that park and a match should be lighted whose illumination would show us a moonlit night, that would be no more absurd than trying to use the impotence of words to disclose nature-beauty. We cannot behold and

know it until we ourselves can find nature herself even with closed eyes, ears and lips, and by her heart-beats answering our own. We must be led through her visible beauty into the presence and source of her vital, invisible beauty and know something of the transfiguration and glory in a sunset, of the mystery of life in each leaf and flower, and the wildness in the hoot of an owl, the drumming of a grouse, or the call of a whip-poor-will.

True nature-love is like the Kingdom of Heaven into which we may not enter until we become as little children. Every man here, sir, saw and loved nature best before he began to shave, for he saw her with a child's heart. His best memories make him a boy again beside some brook, or catching perch and sunfish from the pool below the waste-weir, or spell-bound on some beach watching whitecaps and spray, or hunting wild pigeons with an old shotgun or horse pistol that kicks so hard he dares not shoot. Or out of the past, glisten the wet sides of an old boat or canoe as it careens and they rise into sunshine. We need but a keyword to wear these sprays of evergreen, to note a piece of birch bark or the song of a free bird, and we are with the sights, sounds and joys of our own especial outings when country boys and girls. That springtime was the best. We should renew and foster it by revisiting such scenes. They beckon to us. And the tent is their House Beautiful! Camp, clear out! I congratulate the man who can spend even one day and night at the tent of some friend. I rejoice with him who will camp a week, or better yet, a month. And I long to go with the man who will camp all summer.

Every angler, camper, hunter or canoeist knows some very especial forest, stream, lake or mountain that he feels is partly his own—that it was made beautiful for him. So his heart doubly clasps and holds it. And on upper Vancouver Island, sir, is my little trout stream, my second love of brooks—St. Joseph Creek running into the warm but stormy Pacific waters of the Japan current over which the lights from the wireless telegraph station on Triangle Island are struggling through the fog as I talk. I beg you will not consider what I tell you of that brook as rhapsody and exaggeration.

It is flowing now, over white and gray gravel, talking to itself through an almost flowering wilderness of great Douglass pines and spruces, cedars and hemlocks, laurels and rhododendrons, alders, ferns and thorn-bush. I have dreamed of that stream during

two years of illness and banishment from it. But next June I camp beside it, and during the few remaining summers of my life, I sometimes wonder if it does not know I am coming and is rehearsing its music for me.

It is four thousand miles away, but I can see its upper glen, as it will appear, a canyon with banks sloping upward 2,000 feet, and all thickly covered with flower snow—great thorn bushes in the white blossoming of early June. I can see all that at three o'clock in the June mornings as I fish for big trout, while every thorn-flower will begin to have its own dewdrop, and so many of the dewdrops have caught and hold faint glints of starlight. I can smell that cool fragrance as the water croons the night song that breaks and dies along those pebbled banks. God has specially blessed that crystal voice. I am going to it soon to get back and live with my heart. And how slowly the days and nights are passing here! I wander from Brooklyn into "little old New York" and hear the solemn bells of Old Trinity Church pealing out: "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow." But for me they also chime the other Doxology of "Only Four Months More." "Only Four Months More!" And as I listen, New York vanishes. I am wading in St. Joseph's Brook long after midnight, casting white-miller flies for big trout. I hear the wind in the tops of the pines. I feel the breath of the cascades and their moisture on my face. Or I see our tent with its pine board table and two or three extra tin cups and plates for visitors. I can taste the hot biscuits baked in the tin reflector, and the wild honey gathered by our camp-keeper. Any sportsman passing there tired and hungry will be asked to stop, rest, eat with us and help us fish along our fifteen miles of the stream. It is my heart talking now. Words, words are cheap! It is easy to weave them into garlands to festoon before a post-prandial audience. But to talk of my little St. Joseph brook and before my fellow anglers? Words are not rich enough!

And next summer, sir, I expect to see the chain fencing replaced around a little clump

of big red cedars on the right bank of that glen. You can hear the water rushing over a series of cascades, and see it in glimpses, winding among the trees to where it empties into Saint Joseph bay and is lost in the Pacific ocean. In about forty years, sir, no sooner, I hope, I and another old comrade already there, will be resting under those solemn pines and cedars. Mother Earth has no other breast which would be so warm for me. In all reverence, I say that I hope my spirit will start from little Saint Joseph river when I am summoned to cross the Dark River alone, and must go up to the gates, guarded by St. Peter to beg of him to let me in because I was his fellow fisherman on earth, and loved my fellow men, and never kept a trout under eight inches long. And he, sir, cannot fail to remember that morning when he girded his own rude fisher-coat around his naked body, cast himself from that little ship into blue Galilee, and swam to where his risen and returned Master had fish cooking for him, laid on that fire of coals, and who told him, not once, but three times, that as he, Peter, loved his Master, to feed his Master's sheep.

Sir, sitting here on my left are two ministers of the Gospel, one at least from the City of Churches. I am a poor sinner. But with absolute faith, with awe, with a head bowed in veneration, I yet believe that if I am permitted to enter Paradise, I shall find my little Vancouver Island trout stream there—that I need only say: "Please give me my wading boots and trout rod and show me the way to St. Joseph brook." I long for its waters, its pines and thorn blossoms! Lead me to where that thin blue column and wisp of smoke is rising through the trees from my campfire on the bank. And show me the board table in the tent with two or three extra tin cups and plates; for I know several old trout fishermen who must, very soon, be coming this way along the bank. And they will be tired and hungry, and will want some hot biscuits and wild honey, and fried trout."



GUNS & AMMUNITION

The Making of a Shooter

EDWARD T. MARTIN

PERSISTENCE and determination will accomplish almost anything, even to the working of seeming impossibilities. I have often been told that shooters, like poets, are born, not made. It isn't so at all. Patience and hard work will make a shooter out of the most discouraging material. Provided that a person has the love of the great outdoors in his heart, no matter how clumsy his hand, how slow his eye, he may graduate from the school of "learning-how," and become an S. B. in the O. A. S.—Bachelor of Science in the Order of American Shooters—if he only thinks he can, and sticks to his work.

Don't I know? In my boyhood days wasn't I the laughing stock among those who could shoot a little bit and thought they knew it all? Only one person had any idea that as the handler of a shot gun I might amount to something, and that one was myself.

Many a shooter has quit the game cold because of a poor score at the traps or a bad day in the field, who, if encouraged, would have persevered and in the end become, perhaps, a bright and shining light in the art of shooting. This was not the case with me. I would not give up. I was bad—as bad as one could imagine with a gun, but was sure I could make a success, and finally improved so much that I was able to out-hunt, out-shoot and out-stay nearly every one of my detractors.

At first I tried to learn with a flint-lock horse-pistol—this was in my weanling days—then, with an army Enfield rifle, a relic of the Civil War, the rifling of which had been filled by leading or maybe worn away by much shooting. The way that gun would

scatter was a caution, but this only added to its value in my eyes, for wouldn't its great spread of shot make a hit possible where otherwise a miss would have been scored? I thought so, because it never occurred to me that there might be many places in the pattern where a bird would be entirely safe.

After this I took a long step forward and got a regular shotgun, a double-barrelled muzzle-loader of English make, a Manton, I think. It would kill, too, in the hands of a person who was able to aim it correctly.

The gun had only a single drawback. It was overzealous and would shoot too often. An opening had been burned or rusted out, thereby connecting the two barrels just above the powder chambers, so that, more than half the time, the pulling of one trigger fired both loads. This sometimes had rather a dampening effect on a light boy in a small skiff, but even a header or two into the lake failed to diminish my enthusiasm. I would console myself for my wet clothes, my black-and-blue shoulder, and my cut trigger finger by thinking, "Two loads are better than one, anyway—if one doesn't kill, the other may."

No one had ever told me that two loads fired at the same instant from a light gun would cause the muzzle to jump, and the shot to go eight or ten inches high.

I had discovered one thing—I wasn't getting any game, which every one said was because of my being such a poor shot. In those days I thought the crowd must be right, and what everybody said, as true as gospel. I had yet to learn that men are often like sheep, which follow the lead of an old bellwether without knowing why or where.

In due course of time I earned enough

money to buy a genuine gun, a pin-fire breech-loader. I soon learned that if a shell dropped out and exploded, when opening a gun of this kind—as once happened in the crowded sitting room of a hunting-house, while a poker game was in progress—there was always a sensation. This particular explosion did more than stir up things in the house where it occurred—it had several effects. It taught me never to bring a loaded gun into a house. It also gave the boss of the house an injury from which he never recovered, though, fortunately, his was not bodily, but merely financial. In the excitement, the table, had been overturned and the hand which the proprietor held, together with the rest of the deck, chips and money fell to the floor in one mixed-up mess. The hand in question was a set of fours against a big full.

Well, when I got that pin-fire and a thousand shells, I was "It." Not that I killed more game; rather, because I could burn a greater amount of powder and make more smoke. There were three of us in camp on this occasion, but the combined efforts of all were not equal to providing sufficient game for the table, although we were not over particular as to what we termed game—blackbirds, rails, yellowlegs, sand snipes, as well as mud hens and ducks passing muster under that title. Ducks, did I say? No, not ducks. Just *one* duck—a little one. I had shot away my entire thousand shells, and this was all that my thirty-five dollars' worth of ammunition netted outside of sundry small birds, and not too many of them, either.

Discouraged? Not a bit of it. I bought more shells and went to it again.

At last I came into my own. Shooting one day on Cartridge Point—so called because of the empty shells I had left scattered around the blind—my companion, a veteran shooter, one who often was able to kill a passing duck and did not miss every shot—I learned what some of my mistakes in handling the gun were, and corrected them.

Previously, my style had been to poke my gun up into the air somewhere in the general direction of the bird and pull the trigger.

Once in awhile I would pitch ahead of my object, move the gun back until the bird darkened over the sight and then shoot. Of course nothing came of such shooting, the shot going several feet behind the duck. Besides, I was always in such a hurry to fire that I was not careful even in my imperfect way.

On the other hand, my companion was cautious and deliberate. I stood back of him so that I could see down his gun barrel and watch his method. I saw his line of sight pass the duck's head from behind and noticed that as soon as daylight showed between the gun and the bird, he fired, often making a clean kill.

This solved the problem for me of why I was such a rotten shot, and I began immediately to put into practice what I had learned, so that before the final freeze came and the ducks migrated, I had acquired something of a local reputation as a successful hunter. Years later I reached high water mark when I killed, shooting from a blind in San Francisco bay, fifty ducks without a miss, and on the Texas coast, 225, mostly singles—besides those the hogs and alligators robbed me of—with 250 shells. My two camping companions, on the contrary, discouraged with their own poor work, and unable to stand the jokes of their friends at their expense, quit cold, and never succeeded as sportsmen, either in the field or at the traps.

Some beginners at the game have a very quick eye. That is good, but the hand should be quicker, even, than the eye.

For two winters I shot in the same blind—a large, heavily timbered affair—in company with a racing judge and a starter of running horses, both of nation-wide reputation. Each of these men, I think, had quicker sight than mine. Their business required a quick eye. They wished to learn the ducking game and asked me to teach them. They would stand behind me, watch how I handled my gun and try to follow my example. They could not do it. Quick as was the eye, the hand was not quick enough. Practice made fair shots of both men, and in time, no doubt, they would have reached the top, but neither ever got quite where his quick eyes entitled him to be. They were too old when they commenced their training.

It was about the same way with my two sons. I began with them when they were weanlings for fair—one six years old, the other seven. Before either ever fired a shot, I succeeded in impressing on both the need of care in handling firearms, which is, really, the first lesson all shooters should learn. That it is the unloaded gun which is always most dangerous, should be drilled into them as a most important part of the lesson.

I stood side by side with my boys in one of my bay blinds, to aid them in gauging distance and velocity. The tendency of a

beginner is to under-estimate both. When a duck headed for the decoys, I explained how to hold and when to shoot, then would kill after they had missed. I paddled them along the rice beds in a little skiff, and had them shoot at every rail, mud hen or duck that jumped; on low fliers, pointed out how far behind or how much under they had shot—that is where all beginners shoot—and helped them in every way. They did well for boys, improved as they grew older and would have ranked high among shooters had not the cares of business shut off the practice of one, and the desire for a first-class education kept the other away from the woods and marshes.

While coaching them, I could not help improving, too. He who teaches another must certainly learn himself. Shooting became an instinct. I made many quick shots that, if my life depended on it, I could not tell where I had held. When I missed, it was usually on a slow-flying bird that I “poked” after.

This shooting by instinct was made possible, by my use of the same gun as long as it held together—which it did for years. I came to believe that a skillful workman is worthy of the best of tools—as good as he can buy; that after purchasing a high class gun, a shooter should not handicap himself by using any and every sort of ammunition. Loads should be uniform; the same make and quantity of powder; the same weight of shot loaded in the same kind of shells. It is poor economy, saving a few cents on a box of cartridges and losing an important match at the traps or a hard-hit duck, in consequence.

Get the best, which, with game as scarce as it is and becoming scarcer, is none too good. To miss, or to “slobber” down a bird that should have been cleanly killed, or only to chip a clay pigeon, will shake one’s confidence in himself and lead to poor work all around and in this way the desire to continue at the game decreases, until a man is apt to quit entirely because of the frequency of bad days, when a slightly increased

expense in the quality of the few boxes of shells he had used would have sent him home with a smile on his face, money in his pocket or game in his bag.

There is little difference of opinion among shooters of experience as to the using of fine shot in preference to coarse, and against overloading, particularly of shot.

For myself, I have killed well on toward 150,000 head of small game; have shot much at the traps, and have picked, helped pick, or seen picked—well, perhaps 50,000 geese, ducks, pigeons and plover—ten thousand ducks in a single winter. I have always been of an inquiring turn of mind, believing that there must be a reason for every unusual happening, and never satisfied until I found what that reason was. Where had the bird been hit, and how far had the shot penetrated? Questions such as these could only be answered by personal examination of the dead bird. Should not information so gained carry weight above the opinions of theorists not one of whom has ever in his life killed 500 ducks or grouse, nor picked a feather from a single bird, because by doing so there was chance of soiling his fingers? It looks reasonable that it should.

In considering the size of shot to be used, one must remember that some guns shoot sixes better than sevens, and others, eights better than either. As a rule, number seven is the best for general use. A beginner should make many careful tests before deciding, then, when his mind is made up, stick to it. He should pay no attention if his friends shout “Too small! Too small!” Number sevens are not too small if the gun shoots well. Personally, I have killed more Canada geese—big honkers weighing as high as eighteen pounds each—with nines than with anything as large as fours. Still, whether it is nines, or sevens, or sixes or fours, the making of a shooter is in his own hands. If he likes the game, and perseveres, all else will come to him, and some day he will be able to kill his share of the game, to break his share of the clays.

Rifles for Target Shooting

K. PINNEY

I HAVE been a reader of *Rod and Gun* for sometime, and think it the finest sportsman’s magazine published in Canada. I do not wish any reader to think I am a crack

shot as some call themselves. I am merely a “sod buster” or “hay seed” as some call us country chaps, but nevertheless I enjoy a few shots when I can squeeze in a few hours

spare time as well as any one you ever heard mentioned. As there has never been any rifle association or small bore club in our neighborhood, and not being well supplied with time, I have not had as much practice as I would like to secure, certainly not enough to make me an expert shot.

My two brothers and I possess a Stevens Ideal No. 47, shooting the .22 long rifle cartridge. This rifle is fitted with a lovely circassion walnut stock and deep Schuetzen butt plate, double set triggers and palm rest. The barrel is a No. 3, and is 28 inches long. This makes it a good heavy off-hand rifle. We also have a .25-21-No. 3, 26 inch barrel to fit this same action.

Our second rifle is a Stevens Ideal No. 44½, using the .25-20 cartridge. This being a plain model, it is not so nice to look at, but is capable of punching them in very closely. It is fitted with a twenty six inch, No. 2 barrel and, of course, is much lighter, making it a nice rifle for hunting "chucks."

The third rifle is Stevens Ideal No. 52, shooting the .32-40 cartridge. It has a fancy walnut stock with deep Schuetzen butt plate, cheek rest, and pistol grip. It has a No. 44½ silver finished action with double set trigger. The barrel is a No. 2, 30 inch. This is certainly a beautiful rifle. It is fitted with a Pope peep sight. This to my way of thinking is the finest peep sight on the market.

The fourth rifle is a .303 Savage. This is just a plain model but being fitted with closed sights makes it a good rifle for the fall hunt in the Northern woods.

I have found that one-half of the good shooting ability is gained through practice in making ammunition, as well as practice in shooting it after you have it made. Factory loaded ammunition is alright for big game and ground-hog shooting or in fact any game shooting, but when it comes to measuring from the tack, they are not to be relied upon so closely as handloads.

The .22 R. F. cartridges factory loaded, generally speaking, are very accurate at short range, but in shooting the .25-20, .25-21, and 32-40 I find them very far out classed, by the hand cast bullets and hand loaded shells.

I notice that several writers speak of the ordinary .22 long R. F. or .22 long Rifle R. F. as a rifle for practice. Well, they are alright for those who care for them, and are nice 'boys' rifles but they are too much chucked up for a man to shoot with comfort. There is not enough room in the stocks on the

ordinary .22 rifles, and I want something larger. I would rather shoot 100 and 200 yards in preference to the shorter ranges, although I do a great deal of short range shooting. Not for five years have I shot at less than a fifty-yard target until just a few days ago, when I made a fifteen shot target at 25 yards. This is target No. 1 which is published with my letters. They are all cutting into the one-inch spot while 8 out of 15 are cutting the ten ring, giving me a score of 143 out of a possible of 150. This I did with the .25-20, using 7 grains weight of F.F.G. black powder and the 86-grain bullet, seated in the barrel just ahead of the shell.

This rifle is equipped with peep sights which I made myself. I have made several muzzle sights for different makes of rifle. Besides those on my own rifles I made both open and closed types and they are all giving the best of satisfaction.

I have attended several turkey matches this last fall, and was very much pleased to see that several of the winning rifles were those with my make of muzzle sights.

I am running away from my story by talking about my sights, so I must fall back to that .22 "stuff" again. There are some .22 rifles that I think are all right. In fact any of them are, in their place, but if I were getting a .22 rifle to suit myself, I would want it in a target model bored to shoot either the .22-15-60 Stevens, the .22-13-45 or even the .22 W. R. F. cartridges. These are all good fifty-yard rifles and do some fairly good work, at 100 yards, especially the .22-15-60 Stevens.

Another writer says "buying a .25-20 or any of the special single shot rifles is the height of folly as they are far too expensive at the present cost of ammunition."

I will give my experience on this very question. Probably this gentleman does not fall in line with my shooting ideas at all, and I do not declare that mine are right. But as I have said before, we use all hand-loaded ammunition with the exception of the .22 caliber. Take the .25-20. Loading this shell with the 20 grains weight of F. F. G. black, 1 lb. of powder will load 350 shells. The No. 1 or 1½ primers cost me .35 cents a box, there being 100 in a box. Powder at .75 cents a pound, making my actual cost of reloading 350 cases about \$2.00. As to the bullets, I will cast enough in a couple of nights to last me for some time. Having had a quantity of scrap lead given to me, and mixing one part tin to 30 parts lead, my



Target No. 1.
143 out of a possible 150 at 25 yards

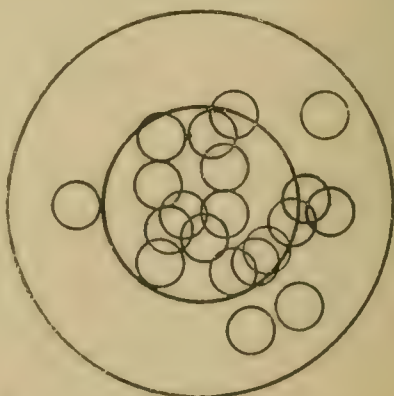
bullets cost me very little. Now 350 .22 long rifle cartridges would cost at least \$2.45. So I figure that after I get my cases, which are the highest cost, but which last indefinitely where one never crimps them, that I can load my .25-20 shells with a full charge of powder just as cheaply as I can purchase the factory loaded .22 long rifle. I have a far more accurate cartridge and it's accuracy will last up to 200 yards. To load them with miniature loads, such as 7 or 10 grains of powder, they are much cheaper.

I will then meet another gentleman who will say that the repeating rifles are just as accurate as the single shot rifles, and he may also say, that they are capable of shooting a great deal better than the average man can hold them. Well, now if you or I enjoy shooting (that is target shooting) and we are both poor shots, we need the most accurate rifle we can obtain or at least that is my way of viewing it. As to repeaters being as accurate as the various single shot models is another great mistake. There may be exceptions but take them on the whole, there is no comparison, as the single shot will trim them hands down. I have seen fellows trying to fire 100 yard target shooting with a .32-40 repeater, a .303 Savage and a .280 Ross and many other types of repeating rifles. You might as well try to turn a Ford car into a ten ton truck as to turn such rifles into target rifles. Remember, dear reader, I am talking about target shooting alone,

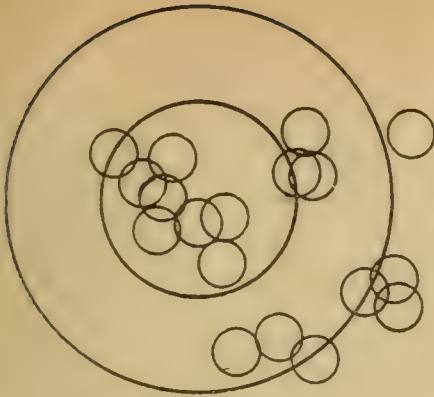
and not game shooting, and do not condemn repeaters in the least when in their class.

What I mean to say is this: that every rifle and cartridge have been designed for a certain purpose. The high power repeaters have been designed for big game shooting. The smaller repeaters for small game shooting and the various single shot target models for target shooting and that alone. When any of these are used for what they were not intended, the best results can not be obtained. I do a bit of hunting myself and with my brother have hunted in the Northern woods several years with great success. Our .303 Savage is the one for that work. This rifle is never put in company with our target rifles as it appears very much out of place.

I know some writers on target work with high power rifles, and I have, also talked with them. I have heard them say "I have a .250-3000 Savage, a .22 high power, a .280 Ross or a .256 Newton." "I can group my shots on a 2 in. bull at 100 yds." This is a little more than I can grasp, no matter if they use a rest or not as I cannot see how such shooting can be done, using high power ammunition, light Spitzer bullets, bottle necked shells, along with quick twist rifling. We have shot nearly all makes of rifles, and have never happened to run across any of these rifles that will do such work as is here above mentioned. It may be possible, yet it is not at all probable. I truly believe that if any person has one of these rifles that



Target No. 2
20 shots at 50 yards with my own make of closed sights Stevens .25.20 rifle No. 44½



Target No. 3

18 shots in succession at 50 yards with my own make of sights. Stevens .25-20 rifle No. 44½

will do this kind of work, they had better keep it for I am positively sure that they will never get another.

I am very much in favor of the Savage rifle as a game rifle and I believe the others mentioned to be good rifles, but I do not think their manufacturers ever intended them for such remarkably fine work. I know there are some high power rifles doing some excellent shooting at long range. I think it was Mr. Landis who published some long range targets made by a .30 Springfield that were exceptionally nice targets. He published them in the November 1918 issue in one of his items on guns and ammunition.

I am very much interested in the items written by Mr. Landis. I consider that he gives the sportsman some information on high power rifles of the very best kind. This talk I am giving you to-day may not correspond exactly with what I have read of his writings, yet if I should express my opinion on high power rifles, they would be very much the same. I wish Mr. Landis would give us a talk on target rifles as I believe he surely must have taken up a course of this sport sometime during his experiments with guns. Yet there is no doubt the talks on the high power stuff will take much better, for there is no doubt that there is a larger per cent of big game hunters than there is of target shooters.

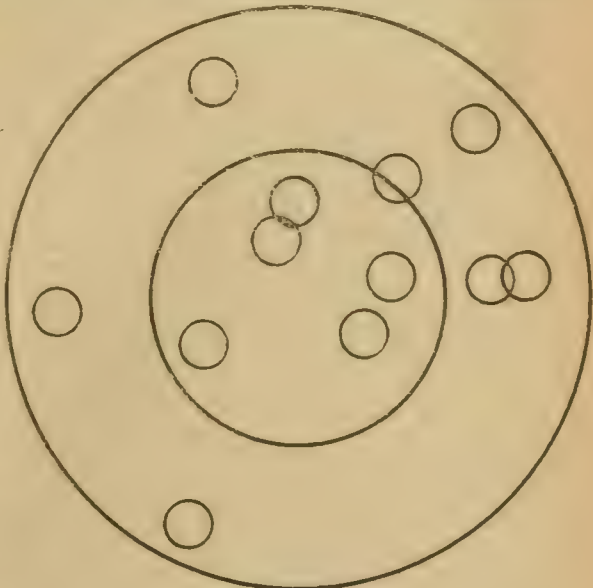
I remember reading a few items written probably a year or so ago by a Mr. King on single shot target rifles and the ammunition for the

same. I have this gentleman pictured in my mind as a real target shot.

Now as to our ammunition which is all hand-loaded in the .25-20, we use the .86 grain ball, and 20 grain weight of F. F. G. Black or Kings Semi-smokeless powder. I do not indulge in priming charges to any great extent although there is no doubt that some of them are very good. In the .25-21 we use the 96 grain bullet and it seems very accurate. In the .32-40 we use the 168 grain ball and 40 grains weight of powder.

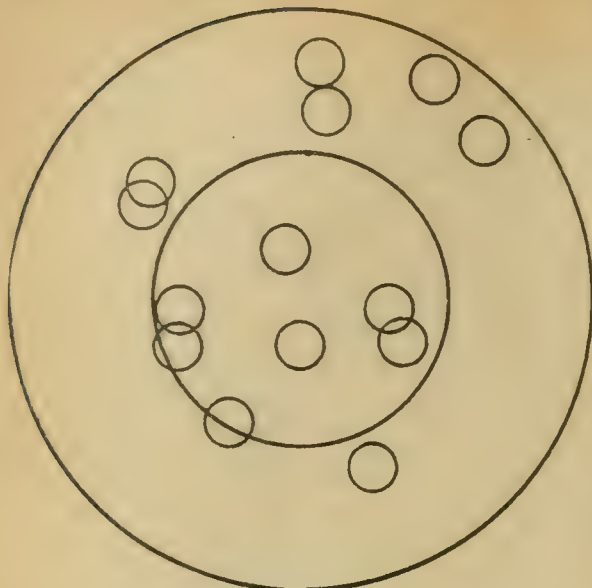
There are various ideas on the different charges of powder used in perfecting ammunition for target shooting, also great variations in the ideas of bullets such as narrow, deep grooves to hold more lubricant, very wide banded bullets, or the two front bands being narrow and the back ones wide. I prefer the No. .257320 as illustrated in the Ideal hand-book, for the .25-20 and .25-21. As the .32-40 is a favorite caliber among the larger percent of target shooters, of course, there is a greater variety of bullets for this rifle. We have two sets of moulds, moulding two different shaped bullets in the .32-40 class. Both of these seem to travel very true and certainly seem to be designed for accuracy.

If there was not so much trouble and red tape in getting it across the line and back, I would like to have a .32-40 barrel throated to take the Hudson bullet. I have never used this famous bullet, but I have it pictured in my mind as the finest bullet for target shoot-



Target No. 4

12 shots at 100 yards with open sights. No sighting shots. Stevens No. 44½ .25-20 rifle



Target No. 5
14 shots at 100 yards with open sights. Stevens Ideal
No. 44½ .25-20 rifle

ing. No doubt, a great many of our readers have seen illustrations of this famous bullet and also read a great many items on it and its designer. It is a 185 grained ball. The three front bands .318 inches and the two back ones .323 inches are a trifle wider. In noticing several accounts of this bullet, I see there has been some exceptionally fine shooting done with it. Its designer Dr. W. G. Hudson, by all accounts surprised all the target shots of the world with this bullet and his .38-55 bullet designed under the same idea as the .32-40. There are several gunsmiths through the United States who will turn out a hand-made barrel using this bullet or will throat other barrels to receive it. The Ideal Reloading Tool Company turn out a special bullet seater for the seating of these Hudson bullets and other heavy banded bullets.

As I want to publish a few more targets I must not run into many details. I am not showing you these targets with the idea that they will be the best you have ever seen. They are probably not as good as you have made yourself, but it would look much better to show these few targets so that you will know there is occasionally a time when I can hit the bull. I here show No. 2 and 3 targets. No. 2 is a target which I made over a year ago and on a very cold day. This I consider to be one of the best targets I have ever made on this range. I fired 20 shots in succession

using the same rifle and sights as when I made my 25 yard target which I have published in this item, and using the same weight of bullet and 10 grains weight of F. F. G. Black instead of the 7 grains.

The 20 shots are all well into the 2 in. bull giving me a score of 194 points out of 200. No. 3 target is the same rifle and sights also same ammunition. This bull's eye you will notice is not nearly so good. Just a few days previous I had been shooting in the wind at 100 yards and my sights needed some shifting as you will notice. My bullets are grouped in bunches of three before hitting the centre ring. The cause of this was that I had no one marking for me, so would shoot 3 shots and then go to the target. This of course cut down my score giving me 168 points out of a possible of 180 there being 18 shots fired.

No. 4 and No. 5 targets were both made at 100 yards with the same rifle but with open sights. These are not nearly so good as I have made with the closed sights but as my other targets were done with closed sights I thought I had better show the open sight targets as well. As I like nice open sights and have done nice work with same I was using the same 86 grained bullet and the full charge or powder.

No. 4 target is 12 shots at 100 yards giving me a score of 114 out of a possible of 120 on a 3 in. bull.

No. 5 is the same sized bulls eye, 14 shots giving me a score of 133 out of a possible of 140. This was done with the same outfit that I made my No. 4 target with.

We have had gentlemen laugh and think our own handy way of loading quite a curiosity, but it is the way of nearly all target shooters. We never use crimped ammunition except for hunting "chucks" and small game.

We always seat the bullet well into the grooves just ahead of the shell and never pack the powder in the shell but leave it loose with a blotting paper wad on top.

This method we find very accurate although there are some barrels, Pope barrels, at least the old Pope barrels that they pushed the bullet in from the muzzle with the aid of a piece of auxiliary barrel to start the bullet and then pushing it down to the shell. This may be more accurate, at least that is what

they tell us although I have never tried it myself, I have reason to believe that it is not very accurate.

A gentleman who has one of these Stevens-Pope rifles told me that the only fault he could find with it was the terrible awkwardness of loading up. This, no doubt, is very troublesome as I find seating bullets is enough bother.

I am just a young chap but have shot a rifle more or less since I was seven years of age and certainly enjoy rifle shooting, and I think I am a fair shot but I am personally acquainted with a gentleman who had at one time, and has some of them yet, the finest collection of target rifles and reloading tools that I have ever seen. I consider him to be an expert in rifle shooting. He has done shooting that would make me look green. He may not be so good now as he is just the age that his sight is failing him, but as I am doing the talking I will say he is "some shot."

My shooting consists mostly in target shooting, although I enjoy hunting ground-

hogs, crows and squirrels. I have never tried for the larger game, yet I have a feeling that you may some day see me there, or at least, I hope you may. I specialize in target shooting more than game shooting.

In my practice I shoot from the off-hand and prone positions, off-hand rests, elbow rests, with a sling and with muzzle rests. I shot on both stationary and moving targets at ranges from 25 yards up to 200 yards. I prefer the 100 yard target using a 3 inch bulls eye, using a black bulls eye on a white target—above all others.

This is my first attempt to write for any paper or magazine, and I hope that you, gentle reader, will find it interesting and that if you are a beginner at target shooting and try some of my methods that you may derive the very best results.

Editor's Note—Mr. Pinney's article is very interesting, truthful and practical in every way. I am a firm believer in using real target rifles for target shooting.

C. S. Landis, Editor.

A Letter from John Sharpe

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

As a reader and admirer of *Rod and Gun* for a considerable period, I have noticed that you have from time to time welcomed, in your courteous and gentlemanly way, letters to the Guns and Ammunition Department of your excellent and steadily improving magazine. Thus encouraged, although in no sense of the term a literary man, I make bold to pen a few lines about the four targets kindly reproduced by you upon page 956 of your January issue and at the same time attempt to give "P.J., Nelson, B.C., the particulars of rifle, caliber, sights and loads which he, as an admitted "rifle crank," is in quest of.

The targets in question were sent in to your magazine by Mr. J. W. Smith, Secretary of the Irish Rifle Association, Toronto, a thorough-going gentleman, an ardent sportsman and a crack rifle shot who has proved his powers with the gun, by successfully competing with and finally beating over 100 (one hundred) competitors in the Toronto C. I. Rifle League this season and landing a magnificent silver cup as Individual champion of this league. The targets in question are drawn absolutely to size, Nos. I, II, III, and IV, are positively correct in every detail, Mr. Smith being

a draughtsman of no mean ability, as well as a writer and shot. Nos. I, III and IV. need no comment; of the loads and particulars of ballistics more anon. Speaking of target No. II, Mr. Landis, it is reproduced full size and not half size as you suppose and is absolutely correct to the slightest detail. As I am writing for the benefit of a so-called rifle crank, permit me a word as to its production. As Mr. Smith says in the short article accompanying the re-produced targets, it was made with the aid of a coach. This man knows my shooting and peculiarities better than I know them myself. I sighted up first on a practice target. Starting with the elevation and windage that gave a 12 o'clock bull he ordered 2 minutes deflection of the rear sight and two minutes alteration of windage on seven consecutive shots until finally he found he was "holding" and in good shape. My point of aim was, and always is, just below 6 o'clock, showing what appears to be a 1-16 inch of white, between the top of the foresight and apparent contact with the bottom of the bull itself.

Having satisfied ourselves that all was O.K. we started in on the real target. My first shot was a 12 o'clock Bull just breaking the black as faithfully shown in the reproduction.

(Remember this effort was to produce a map of the British Isles with rifle bullets—by no means a new idea). This first shot, then, started me on the northern portion of Scotland. Two minutes depression of elevation and one minute right wind was ordered by my coach for the next shot, from his security of a steel sheltered position close up to the target. This alteration of windage and elevation was kept up until Scotland, were produced in bullet holes, when my coach ordered a rise of 6 minutes and an alteration of 6 minutes left wind so that I might "put Ireland on the map." This last shot cost me a certain amount of misgiving. Once or twice before I had found—in common with a certain Imperial Government—that Ireland gave trouble. On a previous occasion, with the best of intentions, I had put "Ireland" in the North Sea, by pulling on right wind instead of left. However, after our care with sights, sling, position and the necessary concentration of mind, my trigger release finally produced the looked for result as witness the reproduction in question. I may say, en passant, that this figure shooting is a great strain on a man and not nearly so easy as it looks.

Speaking now of targets generally, Mr. Landis, I may say that, with the exception of target No. 2 (Map of British Isles) these targets are not hand picked. On the contrary I have in my possession two or three dozen that are as good as those reproduced in your January issue, all witnessed and vouched for by men who are themselves expert shots. Many of these men have just as good groups as I have indeed, two in particular I consider have shot better groups. Why they do not let you reproduce their targets I do not know.

And now to redeem my promise to our friend "P.J.," Nelson, B.C., as regards the dope of my shooting. To begin with, Mr. Landis, you are a pretty good judge as I proved long ago, in matters pertaining to shooting. I have, as you say, spent a lifetime in shooting all kinds of loads and guns. My first gun was an old muzzle-loading Horse pistol, a relic of the "high-way hold up" days. The first target I ever shot at was a bird on the corner of my father's house. The bird was perfectly safe, and he knew it. My aim and intentions were good all right, but my elevation was low. Elevation didn't trouble me in those days and neither did it trouble the bird. I had loaded with a double charge of black powder and with a round stone as a bullet. After taking very deliberate aim, I as delib-

erately pulled the trigger as in duty bound, with the somewhat surprising and disastrous result that a large lump of material forming the corner stone of the house and the perch of the bird in question was dislodged from the place it was originally intended for and dropped with surprising precision and a resounding crash, plumb through the glass roof of my father's green-house which was most thoughtfully and obligingly placed immediately beneath it. What was the bird's opinion of my embryo attempt at marksmanship I have no means of knowing, but my father's opinion of shooting in general and my own in particular I distinctly remember to this day. I may add, that to the best of my knowledge that same bird is still alive.

I lost my Horse pistol and my reputation right there, but I never lost hope. Every time I had a little spare cash it went into some kind of gun or ammunition. After much resting and study and quite a little experience, I finally met a rifle crank, a man after my own heart, with both means and ability to put me on the right track for fine target work. I was "lost" right there. Since then we have had experience with most "worth while" rifles of many calibers and various loads. I obtained fairly close groups at times and met with a fair amount of success. But I was not satisfied. I finally came to the conclusion that a man must specialize to have real success. I started out, but met with all kinds of rebuffs and failures innumerable. Everything, and everybody, including my friends, seemed against me. But I kept steadily improving and that was something anyhow. It is surprising how jealous some people become when they see a man making good. They put every possible obstacle in his way. However, I "kept on keeping on" in spite of them, until one fine day I became the happy possessor of a first class target Ross. Then things began to come my way a little. I worked up all kinds of loads for this individual barrel, got the "pull" perfect, the sling adjusted just right and though I was on the high road to success my groups were not such as I read about and sometimes saw. At last I got possession of a barrel specially made to fit the Ross action by a famous maker in Syracuse, N.Y. (Evidently a "Schoyen"—Ed.) Then I began to make groups that nearly suited me, *nearly*, not quite. By this time I had arrived at that stage when it is impossible to be discouraged any more. The more difficulties, the more effort. My

success was immediate and surprising, at all events to myself. I have spent years in working up loads for different distances, long, medium, and short ranges, but my success in the short range has been greatest.

Now for the details: First, the rifle. The barrel is 30.5 inches long, chambered to take the W.R.A. 303 British shell. It is not chambered too snugly which I have proved to be a decided advantage. It is of the nickel steel persuasion and was especially made as stated above. The rifling is somewhat on the line of the Newton, not having grooves, strictly speaking, but rifled on the segment principle, there being seven of them, having one complete turn in 10.5 inches. The action is the Ross Mark II of the bolt type but tuned up and fitted as close as patience and experiment can make it. The "pull" is a double one, the major portion of which is taken on the first, the second pull being very light. The barrel is bedded in graphite which I claim to be a decided advantage. The stock is one piece and of the finest selected Spanish walnut, fitted and shaped to my own ideas. I have experimented with slings, both as to length and position and point of grip and find that personally the sling adjusted in such a way that it gives a leather cross in which the hand rests beneath the stock, one end being attached by swivel just in front of the trigger guard and the other at the lower band, is the best combination that I know about. The sights were long a source of doubt to me. I have tried all open sights, V sights, U sights, notches, bars, peep sights of all kinds and makes, telescopic sights of many makes, numbers and sights of my own ideas, but at last have come to the conclusion that the sight made by the Canada Tool and Specialty Company is the best of the bunch. The size of aperture has a whole lot to do with a man's shooting. Personally, I find that the size known as No. 8 is the best as far as I am concerned. The sight in question is fitted with an extension bridge which brings it well back to the eye. The fore-sight is of the high and narrow square block type fixed on the sight sleeve in the usual way, but used without the hood, which I find is decidedly the best way to use it. In actual shooting, I find the best plan is to feed each individual shell well into the chamber by hand, to top the powder well back on the primer and keep it there. "Trifles make success, but success is no trifle" we are told. Most certainly is this true of really fine rifle shooting. You cannot afford to overtake

the seemingly most trivial detail when you are shooting in really first-class company.

Secondly as regards the load. First and foremost in this connection you must experiment diligently and painstakingly until you have found the load which exactly suits your individual barrel, for no two shoot alike. I may say without exaggeration that I tried dozens of loads before I found one that exactly suited this barrel. I have tried loads varying all the way from 73 grain lead bullet with 4 grains weight "unique" powder, to 225 grain bullet with 25 grains weight Du Pont No 21 powder. After an infinite amount of trouble and experiment I have come to the conclusion that for this particular barrel, a W. R. A. shell loaded with the 157 grain bullet and 11 grains Du Pont Sporting No. 80 Smokeless Powder with a No. 8½ copper U.M.C. Primer is the best combination that can at present be obtained. My bullets are all hand cast and fitted with copper gas-checks. The composition of the bullet is as follows: Lead 74 per cent., tin 10 per cent., antimony 8 per cent., copper 7 per cent., bismuth 1 per cent. This doubtless will not suit all rifles, but it suits this particular one.

Thirdly the range. I have shot extensively on all the ranges from 25 yards to 1100 yds, but when it comes to specializing one cannot be good at them all, we must be content to put in some fairly good work at one. After long experience and many disappointments I find that the 75 yard range suits me best. So here I attempt to specialize. The range the targets reproduced in the January issue were made on is of that length and situated outside of the northeast section of the city of Toronto. Here my patron does most of his experimental work, I sometimes do a little shooting here too. The end of the range at which the targets are placed has an arrangement whereby the direct rays of light can be admitted on to the targets in the daytime, while a powerful electric light does duty at night. The targets in question were made in the bright sunlight. Of course, the range being covered from the wind does not count. But your rifle, your load, and the shooter must be as near perfect as it is humanly possible to get things. Some days, to save your life, you cannot shoot well. Other days everything seems to go right. No man can always be at his best. The exact name and analysis of the powder with which the four targets were made, I am unfortunately at present unable to give, as it is a new explosive and shell in the experimental stage, but as I

hope it will be in a short time on the market, I will perhaps later on be able to tell more about it. All things point at present to its being a complete success. The position used was prone, with no rest of any kind and with sling. I never had much success with pointed bullets except at mid and long ranges. Target No. 1. was made with flat nose bullet, the other three with round nose, but not pointed nose bullets, 157 grains in weight and of the composition mentioned above and lubricated with the Banana lubricant made by a Buffalo firm. The bullets are cast so that they have five grooves bevelled backwards and filled with lubricant inside the mouth of the shell and one groove in front of the shell not filled with lubricant, but left clear to take up the fouling of the previous shot. The bullet is lightly seated with a hand tool to the exact fit of the shell mouth and is prevented from receding upon the powder by three indents made by another hand tool. In fact, everything is hand loaded which is indeed the only way to obtain real success. Bullets sized down .312 inches.

As showing that the rifle and load as advocated by myself is practical value I may

mention the fact that during the past winter season, out of over one hundred picked shots in the Toronto Indoor Rifle League this rifle holds first place with the fair record of 3 inners only for the whole season, two of which were due to defective shells and one to poor delivery, thus falling only 3 points short of a possible season's score. The last five straight matches being an unbroken run of possibles, surely a fair performance and vindicating my contentions regarding loads, etc.

In conclusion, Mr. Landis, I think I have pretty fully explained all that our friend "P. J." Nelson, B.C., can reasonably wish to know in this connection and if at any time he is my way and feels inclined and will let me know before hand of his visit, I shall be most pleased to show him all I can with regard to my rifle, my loads and other things, myself perhaps included.

Wishing you and your magazine the success you alike so justly merit. Permit me to remain,

Yours most faithfully,

(Sgd) John Sharpe.

Queries and Answers

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

Your very kind and fraternal letter of the 6th ulto. was received in due time, and I have to apologize for not replying ere this, with regard to giving some range dope for your department in *Rod and Gun*. There are very many more successful rifle-shots than I in Canada who have won their place on Bisley Teams, not once but many times, and are more competent than I to give instructions, etc., in the sport or art of rifle shooting on the range.

It is true I am an old "Bisley shot." I am sixty-four past. I won a place on the Bisley Team for the year 1903, and was fortunate enough to be chosen from our team of twenty to participate in the principal team events: the "Palma," and "Mackinnon Cup." At that time we were restricted to the plain open sights and Lee Enfield Rifle as issued, with sliding bar reversed, blackened and a number of white perpendicular lines drawn on same, about six minutes apart, so as to be ready for sudden changes of wind, especially at long range. Five to seven lines were used, with the zero line the longest, aiming over, or

anywhere between lines as required. For instance, at 1000 yds. in the "Palma" the average was 13 feet left, just outside second line from zero. My score at this range in this competition was sixty-five. At 800 yds. I made a mistake in aiming over the wrong line, and got an outer at nine o'clock. Rifle shots are fortunate in having peep and wind-gauge sights nowadays, and not have to use such crude appliances in long range shooting. At 200 yards we used the plain open V, at which range this pattern of sight was well defined, and high scores on the seven inch bull were made. My best score over there at this range was eleven bulls straight in the "Gregory" winning 7th prize, I think £2. or \$10.00. I made three other seven shot possibles in competitions at this range at Bisley.

With your new Springfield and good ammunition, at your Camp Perry National competitions, possibles on the six-inch bull at 200 yards. will be very frequent.

We have had no Provincial or Dominion Rifle Association competitions since the war began, but in all probability, rifle shooting on

the ranges will again be, as universal in Canada as previous to the war. My eyesight is much impaired for rifle shooting and I will have to give place to younger men. I indulge in a moose hunt each autumn, and spend a good deal of time salmon fly fishing during the season on our small and much depleted salmon streams in Nova Scotia.

I am not much good writing articles. Twenty to twenty-five years ago I wrote some for Mr. A. C. Gould of "Shooting & Fishing" on Caribou hunting in Newfoundland, and hunting the moose on this Province. I was a subscriber to Mr. Gould's first venture, "The Rifle" and continuously to its successor "Shooting & Fishing" until it merged under new management as, "Arms and the Man;" and got many helpful hints from same.

The readers of *Rod and Gun* are to be congratulated on the excellence of your Guns & Ammunition Dept. Your advice as to rifles for moose hunting, etc., I can heartily endorse. I am now using for moose hunting a 7mm Spanish Mauser which I got from Bannerman many years ago, and remodeled to sporting use, and consider it O.K. for my use. Have shot six moose with it and have not lost a wounded one. I first had a Marble Peep Sight on grip; then a Lyman No. 35 on receiver; and now have a Lyman Peep attached to end of sleeve or firing pin, fitting it myself. This I find the best in all lights, and I still have the receiver sight which can be attached in a few seconds and used for fine target shooting at any range.

My load for the above is the 145 grain copper tube pointed Ross bullet, a supply of which I got from Newton in Buffalo, a number of years ago. My powder charge is 48 grains DuPont No. 15. They recommend 49 grains, and stated that pressures would not exceed 50,000 lbs. per square inch with this bullet, and that muzzle velocity would be about 2800 f.s., which I think is near correct for my twenty-five inch barrel. The bullet, although a little oversize, does not seem to exceed the pressures above given, as the fired primers, samples of which I have forwarded to the DuPont people, do not indicate dangerous pressures, and the *accuracy is fine*.

The last three moose were shot with the 145 grain bullet.

One of the best points in this rifle is the stiff barrel. Sudden changes in temperature from very low to high, as say a frosty morning in September and perhaps a 70 degree temperature in afternoon of same day, make no appreciable difference in the sighting; also a

grain or so in amount of powder is not noticed at hunting ranges. This is in marked contrast to a *slender* barrel, high power rifle which I once used.

Later on if you think it O.K. I will write a short screed on the value of snapping practice for young shots; or old shots too, for that matter; also the last word has not yet been written as to proper cleaning of rifles and other firearms, as the hundreds of ruined bores of rifles especially, that one sees everywhere, testify.

I find I have added more to this letter than I intended. Wishing you a successful season on the Rifle Range.

Yours very truly,

James Whyte.

Berwick, Nova Scotia.

Changes in "Savage" Organization

Mr. A. E. Borie has resigned as President of The Savage Arms Corporation and has been elected Chairman of the Board of Directors. Mr. W. L. Wright, formerly Vice-President and General Manager, succeeds him as President.

Mr. F. R. Phillips has been elected Vice-President. Mr. F. R. Pleasonton remains General Works Manager, and Mr. Arthur F. Hebard has been appointed General Sales Manager.

Mr. F. P. Kelley remains Sales Manager of the products of the Company manufactured at their Utica Plant. He will represent the Company in the Western territory and Mr. Harry E. Haynes will be the Eastern representative.

The Company will be represented in Detroit by Mr. Brockolst Mathewson.

Remodeling a Ballard Rifle.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

I am coming to you for more advice, although the World War kept me from following out your previous suggestions. You wrote me in regard to my .25-25 Stevens, and now I would like to know if you consider the action of a .38-55 Ballard Pacific, strong enough to stand the .25-35 closely chambered by Mr. Niedner? I noticed in the April number of *Field & Stream*, that the Winchester People have stopped the manufacture of all single shot, falling breech block actions, except the N.R.A.—.22 caliber. I can get the aforesaid Ballard for about \$7.50. Do you think it is strong enough?

I ran into a piece of good luck about a year ago. I bought a .22 cal. Ballard for

\$5.00 and had the barrel relined. When I have adjusted the sights a little closer I will send you some targets that it made.

To be more explicit, I will state what I intend to use the .25-35 for, and that is ground-hogs, crows and target work. I believe this barrel with a twelve inch twist would be a more accurate gun than with a fourteen inch twist, because in Lieut. Col. Whelen's, "American Rifle" he says that this cartridge does not shoot well if the velocity is reduced to that of the .25-20; many of the bullets keyholing. Am I right in my way of thinking?

Should I get such a gun? I may put a Sidle 'scope on it. Do you consider my choice of 'scope a good one? My choice is a No. 45, four power with removable lens, which raises the power to eight.

R. E. Traber,

Platteville, Wis.

Reply—Mr. Niedner does not bore his own rifle barrels. If he uses a Winchester barrel, he must use a fourteen inch twist. If he can secure a Marlin or Remington, it would be bored with a twelve inch twist. I understand he purchases the barrels and rechambers them.

I think that your .38-55 Ballard action will be strong enough, especially if Mr. Niedner bushes the firing pin, which he always does.

For some peculiar reason Lieut. Col. Whelen did not secure good accuracy in the .25-35 Winchester-Niedner rifle when using a reduced charge of powder and metal cased bullets; but he did secure very good accuracy when he used gas-check cast bullets.

I have never used the Sidle 'scope but they have a very good reputation among riflemen.
Editor.

Wants a Bear and Moose Rifle.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

I am a great reader of your magazine and as you seem to satisfy all advice-seekers, I would be very glad if you would advise me on getting a rifle. I want a rifle for moose, bear and perhaps deer, but mostly for the two former.

It appears that the expert game hunters prefer a gun that is very mobile, even if they have to dispense with a little killing power. That is all right for anyone who can 'bunch' his shots on a flying vision of deer or moose. However, I am not an expert. What I want is a gun that will 'paralyze' a big moose or bear, if I have the good luck to line up on one. I do not object to a little extra rifle-weight or extra recoil either, as long as it will

decrease my chances of coming home 'skunked.' However, I would like one that has a fairly high velocity and medium length range.

A friend advised me to get a .451 but I know nothing about that gun. What do you think of it for my purpose? Will you please give the velocity, range, charge, bullet, etc., used in the .451; also in the rifle or rifles you suggest?

Will you also state price of suggested rifles and where they may be obtained and advisable weight of bullet to be used? I shall use factory loaded shells for this fall.

Thanking you, I remain,
John W. Smith,

Port Rowan, Ont.

Reply—In reply to your letter I would suggest that you purchase a model 1895 Winchester rifle for the .30-1906 cartridge, and use the 180 grain, metal cased, soft point bullet; or that you buy the same rifle for the .35 Winchester cartridge.

Should you desire an automatic rifle, the .401 Winchester or the .35 Remington Automatic, would suit your purpose very well.

You can secure these rifles from: D. Pike Co. Ltd., 123 King street, East, Toronto.

I am not familiar with any cartridge known as the .451. You probably refer to either the .351 or .401 Winchester Automatics; or else the .405 model 1895 Winchester.—Editor.

Sighting a .22.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

Yours is a great work and worthy of the compliments bestowed upon it—some you hear of, but of most you do not. *Rod and Gun* is to be congratulated, for I doubt if it ever loses a real friend, and is always gaining new ones.

If not asking too much, I would be glad to hear from you at an early date, concerning the following: Believing that a .22 Savage Repeater 1914 Model (New), equipped with good sights, will give good results, will you please advise what sights, in your judgment, would be best suited for one having certain typical inclinations, both indoors and outdoors, with such a rifle, and who never did much with any rifle, except miss occasionally a 6 inch bull at 200 yards, standing—one year especially, with an "Army Issue."

I hope you will give me full advice in this connection, for, while I have read much concerning rifle and sight dope, I assuredly cannot claim to have any specific or practical knowledge.

"When I speak of good results (all things

being relative) I simply express a desire for such: better results for example, than befell my lot with an old Flobert, which some years ago was the pride of many a lad's heart. This reminds me, your articles, and those of your associates, are scientifically interesting but I rarely get to hear of how all you experts started in the game. I mentioned my first rifle—the old Flobert (You all remember it) but will no one confess of having made just a few “misses” attributed to the minor defect of say four solid inches of solid lead being jammed in mid-barrel?

Now, to finish up, I am getting a supply of .22 Lesmok long rifle cartridges with hollow point bullet, for small game shooting, unless you advise otherwise. Is it best to use the same ammunition for short range target work?

Can you conveniently give me any figures approximating the velocity and energies at muzzle, 25 yards and 50 yards of—Firstly; .22 long rifle cheap smokeless cartridges in the Winchester single shot 1902 Model, and Secondly; of afore mentioned Savage Repeater and Lesmok cartridges? Should you conjecture that I am aiming to jump from the little rifle and cheap ammunition, to the other class of Savage and Lesmok, you are right, and our thanks are due you.

You'll again hear from me, if I have anything worth while to tell about “Dead Crows and Targets.”

W. E. Henthorn, M.E.

Montreal, Can.

Reply—In reply to your letter of April 16th, I would recommend Lyman No. 2A, and No. 8, as being a very practical set of sights for the Model 1914 Savage rifle for all purposes.

The .22 hollow point bullet is all right but the solid point will probably be slightly more accurate.

The muzzle energy of the .22 long rifle cartridge would be about 85 ft. lbs., and possibly 70 ft. lbs. at 50 yards. There would be no appreciable difference between the ballistics from the two rifles.

I notice that you think it's about time for me to confess some of my past sins. After reading my life's history in *Rod and Gun*, I agree with you as I think it would help to square matters with the readers. The best hunting experience that I ever had happened when I was quite young. I missed twelve straight quail one day and the next day I shot at thirteen and winged only one of them, and it ran under a brush pile. It was necessary to tear down the whole brush pile to get

that one quail but I eventually succeeded. I had more fun catching that one quail than you could imagine.

Another time when I started out with my first rifle and shot at my first squirrel, I managed to place a bullet through both eyes at fully 60 yards. Immediately, I imagined that rifle shooting was quite a simple matter. After failing to shoot another squirrel that season, I changed my point of view considerably.

I remember knocking a squirrel off of a tree and on running to pick it up I fell over a log that was at least two feet thick. In falling over the log I broke my rifle stock, and in doing so, discovered for the first time that that log existed. Those were great days but some of them had better not be spoken of in company.

On another occasion I fired possibly thirty-five cartridges at a hawk before finally hitting it. From this you can understand that I have occasionally missed something. Well, misses do not occur so frequently at the present time, still they occur and I suppose I might as well own up to it.

I hope that after this confession you will feel that your case is not altogether hopeless.

Editor.

Cleaning a Leaded Barrel.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.,

Will you kindly let me know how to clean a .22 W. R. F. rifle?

I have a .22 W. R. F. Mod. 1890 Winchester rifle that is slightly leaded. What would I use to clean it and where could I get it? Is there any place I could send it to have it cleaned?

A Constant Reader.

Carman, Man.,

Reply—The best way to remove lead would be to use a good stiff brass brush, and scrub it out well with this brush. Use a .22 caliber Marble brush, or a .25 caliber brush that has been used slightly. If this will not take it out, plug one end of the barrel with a cork, then partly fill the barrel with quick silver and run this back and forth in the barrel occasionally. The lead will amalgamate with the quick silver.

If you cannot remove all of the lead in this manner send the barrel to the Winchester factory. —Editor.

Notes on Deer Rifles.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

I wish to congratulate C. S. Landis for his

version in selecting a rifle for deer, entitled "common sense in purchasing firearms." I notice in every *Rod and Gun* someone asking the question as to the best rifle for killing deer.

Now I have used a rifle upwards to thirty years (not so very long either) but in that time I have learned considerable about care, ability and how to handle a rifle. I was so impressed with the writing about the .30-30 carbine that I could not refrain from congratulating the writer.

Now I hear someone say "I bet he uses a .30-30 Carbine." Well, I have used one but now use a .32 Winchester Special Carbine, and I believe Mr. Landis would also endorse this gun as there is very little difference between the two.

The reason I use the writer of "Common Sense in Purchasing Firearms," as an example is that his writing gives me the impression that he is a practical man and has used probably as many different calibers and makes of rifles as the ordinary hunter, and that he believes a thing to be true when he sees it, not by picking up catalogues of different gun makers, and using their tables of ballistics on velocity, penetration, trajectory and then judging the best killing gun.

In my experience, penetration is not exactly the best feature in a gun for killing ability. I notice in last month's *Rod and Gun* in the killing power of the .250-3000, how you would pick your game up where they were hit, not 50, 100 or 200 yds. from where you shot them.

Listen friend, I have seen deer picked up over a half a mile from where they were hit with a .250-3000 and have also followed blood on a track and never found the deer. I am not saying that if the same deer was shot in the same place with a .30-30 that they would have dropped on the spot, but I do say that they would not have run any further than when they were shot with a .250-3000.

With my experience, I truthfully and without prejudice believe for the all round rifle a .30-30 Carbine or .32 Special Carbine weighing only 6¾ lbs. makes the finest little gun for deer, that is in the market (and make no mistake they will kill moose too) and I believe and have reasons to believe that in Northern Ontario they are like Ford cars. Why? Because you can buy ammunition at a reasonable price anywhere, and they certainly deliver the goods if you hold "them on."

Port Colborne, Ont.

J. S. Sherck.

Reply—Glad you liked my article..

C. S. Landis.

Dept./Editor.

Notes on the .250-3000.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.,

I have been an ardent reader of *Rod and Gun* for the past ten years at least. I have never contributed to its columns but have always read it from cover to cover with interest. I do not claim to be a gun expert, a shooting expert, a big game hunter or a story teller, but have done a little of each.

In the way of firearms I have used quite a number of different kinds, from the old muzzle loaders to the automatics. At the present time my arsenal consists of a Standard Automatic Rifle, using the .35 Special Cartridge, and a .250-3000 Savage. In small rifles, I have a Savage .22 Automatic 1912 model and a Savage tubular Magazine 1914 model.

In shot guns, I use a 12 gauge Tournament grade both for game and trap shooting, also a 20 gauge, both Winchesters, and also a couple of revolvers. I generally get my game with either shot gun or rifle. I have a Western Automatic Trap for Blue Rocks, also a Du Pont Hand Trap.

Being handicapped in such a small place in keeping up a gun club, I installed the Automatic for my own pleasure. I am a fair trap shooter, and occasionally am able to enjoy a shoot with the Moose Jaw Gun Club, and my Winchester generally manages to give a good account of itself.

Speaking of rifles, it was an article in your April Number of *Rod and Gun* headed "Deer Rifles" by P. A. L. that is responsible for my sudden outburst. This has reference to the .250-3000 Savage. Several times I have read articles about these rifles in your magazine and I am the proud possessor of one of these sure death dealers. Having shot moose, elk and deer with it and knowing from experience the killing power of this little rifle, and then to read articles in my favorite magazine, recommending such a rifle as I have as "A GOOD CROW OR WOOD-CHUCK GUN," you may be able to imagine what kind of a feeling I experienced and especially against the Editor as it was a recommendation of his, I thought if this gentleman had ever lived on the prairie, he would have been recommending it for a good gopher gun.

I have not been able to get out big game hunting the past two seasons, but the year

previous I secured a large elk at a distance of 140 yds., with a neck shot, and it only required one.

This animal was stone dead when I reached him, and it was only a very few minutes. It was my first elk, and you can get up considerable speed on an occasion of that kind.

The previous year I secured a fair sized moose, only 42 inch spread, with a "behind the shoulder shot" at a distance of 100 yards. This animal did not have time to straighten his legs out properly before life had departed. I have cited these two instances in support of the big little gun, the .250-3000 Savage.

It was with a thrill of pleasure that I read the article referred to when the rifle was even recommended as the best deer rifle. I have a hunting partner who also uses the .250-3000 and he never fails to get his limit.

Will send you later a photo of a deer head, which I secured last fall, and which is a very nice specimen.

In comparing the .250-3000 with the .256 Newton, I only speak from my experience with the rifle I am using, having never used a Newton. I do not know anything about it, but if it is a better killer than the Savage, I will have to have one, but it has to go some at that.

I am only waiting an opportunity to try this rifle on some of the game found in the Rockies, which no doubt will be a little more exciting than moose, elk or deer. With best wishes to *Rod and Gun*, I am

Yours very truly,

A. S. MacDonald,

Expanse, Sask.

Reply—You will understand of course, that the .250-3000 may be reloaded with a mid range load and when so loaded it is a cracker-jack woodchuck and crow gun. You hit your two moose exactly right. Wait until you shoot a few in the hips. You may then lose some of your enthusiasm for a light bullet as a moose killer.—Editor.

The Stevens High Power Rifles.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

Allow me to say a few words on the Stevens High Power rifles. I note on Pages 1432 of the May *Rod and Gun in Canada*, an inquiry about them and as I am somewhat of a

gun crank, will give my opinion of the Stevens High Power rifle. I have used the .44-40 Winchester & Marlin, .38-40 Winchester & Marlin, .30-30 Winchester, Marlin & Savage, .38-55 Marlin, .32-40 Winchester, .303 British, .303 Savage, .35 Remington Caliber Stevens rifle and .351 Automatic Winchester, also a .22 High Power Savage, and of them all, my choice of an all around deer and black bear rifle is the Stevens. I have lost but one deer that I hit with the .35 Remington Stevens and I used it three years and killed all the deer that the law allows and have loaned it to several friends. They all say that it is the best deer gun they ever used. I like the automatic very well but for accurate shooting, give me the .35 Remington Stevens. I like the .303 Savage fairly well only it is made in a boy's size. If the Savage people would put out a rifle that would handle a cartridge like the .303 British and have a 22 or 23 inch barrel weighing about 7¾ to 8 pounds then they would have a man's size rifle. I think their style of magazine and safety cannot be beaten in a hammerless rifle, but I am inclined to be old fashioned and am in favor of the hammer lever action rifle and heavy bullet. I have had a lot of crippled deer get away with the smaller bore rifles but when the .35 Remington Stevens cracks, the deer falls as though it had been struck with a sledge hammer.

The largest deer I ever killed dressed 246 pounds and was shot at about 200 to 225 yards. The bullet went in the neck just back of the head and came part way out on the left shoulder. I say part way out because the butt end of the bullet was out through the skin and the mushroomed end of the bullet remained inside. By using the point of my knife I got the bullet out and have it yet. Would say that if P. J. Nelson wants a good deer and black bear rifle he will make no mistake in purchasing a Stevens High Power. I also understand that the Stevens Arms & Tool Company make the 1910 model High Power Rifle in other standard calibers.

J. S. Burton.

Fassett, Quebec.

Reply—Thank you for this interesting letter of information.

The Black Bass

ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE

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I PRESUME every angler's knowledge of game fish and their habits is based, largely, on his personal experience with them. It is indeed a brave man who will pose as an authority on any one of the fighting denizens of stream or lake, and I believe all "Old Timers" will agree with me when I say that the longer and closer the study of game fish, the least inclined is the student to make a positive statement of fact concerning them.

Game fish form a most interesting field of study, no doubt about that, and it is not at all difficult for one to secure a lot of worthwhile knowledge concerning them. Every boy who has poled a boat through the sandy shallows, during the first warm days of May, has come across a bass nest of pebbles from which the female bass has scooted like an angry bird only to return and hover close to her eggs, ready to do battle to her intruder. At such time she is easily captured on any kind of lure. But she bites because she is angry, not because she is hungry. Of course no boy possessing the instincts of a sportsman will catch her at this time, but will leave her to guard her spawn and marshal and protect her young when they break like tiny hairs from the little round eggs.

So likewise with the trout who seek the deepest holes in the stream and lay their spawn in the early autumn. Their spawning and living-habits up to a certain point are not difficult to learn. It is the roaming and feeding habits of game fish that baffle most of us; particularly those of the Black Bass.

THE GAME BLACK A ROAMER.

Has not some confiding nimrod said to you; "I know the dandiest spot for bass."

But does he? Perhaps after going along with him and fishing that "Spot" all morning, with not so much as a strike, you'll doubt his sincerity. He'll say, "Can't understand it at all. Caught nine beauties here only last week." There you are. The fact that he caught nine bass in a certain spot last week offers no guarantee that he will take bass in a certain spot whenever he so desires. And there are anglers—some of them old enough to know better—who will argue that bass hold pretty well to the same feeding-ground.

This is, in a measure, true of the "Large Mouth," who is a frequenter of shallows, holding to sunken log or deep hole along shore. Catch him, and another homeless Big Mouth is pretty sure to take possession of his home. This is why a certain log or hole may afford a strike morning after morning.

But the fighting, game small mouth is an entirely different fish from his big, indolent cousin. He makes company and very often during the warm days of the open season, travels in schools. Unlike the trout who is seemingly always hungry, he feeds, it would seem, only periodically. There are days when no lure will tempt him. On the other hand, there are days, providing luck leads you across the school, when you may catch your limit easily.

A Small Mouth who got away with a hook and part of leader was caught the following day six miles remote from the scene of battle. Similar cases have been cited by anglers, which proves conclusively that this game fish is not given to loafing in one spot. Naturally the question arises "Would not this particular fish, crazed by the barb in his jaw, put as great a distance as possible between himself and the danger-zone?" He might, but never has he been known to do it; in fact, his fighting spirit being fully roused, he is inclined rather to hold his ground and attach with indomitable spirit any lure offered him. His companions, however, may become frightened by the strange antics of the hooked fish and move away. Undoubtedly this is why an unskillfully-handled fish will often spoil a promising morning's sport.

BASS GROUNDS.

Of course all fisherman have their favorite waters. Some sojourn each season to the river, bay or lake which they fished when a boy; the bass may not be as plentiful as of yore but the same old lights and shadows, scents and restfulness are there, and after all that's a great deal. Others will, of necessity, journey farther remote in search of the sport they desire. Northern Ontario is the Mecca to which many anglers are turning to-day, Algonquin Park, the three million acre game preserve of the Ontario Government with its thousands of spring fed lakes

and deep streams being noted for its big trout and bass. Here in this veritable wilderness one may follow swift stream for speckled beauties, whip the ripples at morning or evening with bass-fly, or fish the deep waters

for the lordly, greyling trout with satisfying results. Modern hotels, with every comfort go far towards making this spot the fishing rendezvous of anglers from all points of the continent.



The Rational Utilization of Game

Read before the National Conference on Game and Wild Life Protection, at Ottawa, February 18 and 19, 1919.

WILLIAM T. HORNADAY

Director, New York Zoological Park

IN every new country, man struggles mightily to harmonize with his environment, and survive. Naturally, it is the newest countries that contain the most wild life. It is the way of the average frontiersman to make war on the game, and war on every man who seriously attempts to protect it from his onslaughts.

In every country, new or old, the utilization of the wild game, and its perpetuation or extinction, are all determinable by the inexorable rules of logic, and of reasoning from cause to effect.

The interests of a great number of people are paramount to the interests of a few. To the conservationist of natural resources, waste is abhorrent, and the extermination of valuable species is a crime. The robbery of posterity is wicked and repulsive: and all robbery deserves to be either prevented or punished.

In every well-settled country containing a fair supply of game birds, game and fur quadrupeds and food fishes, the questions

involved in the taking and utilization of those assets of nature create an irrepressible conflict. Every country produces its annual crop of uncompromising destroyers, and some countries contain a few real conservators.

The western world contains few fanatics of the oriental type to whom all killing is abhorrent and wicked. The white races of men believe in the doctrine of legitimate sport and sensible utilization: but the game-hog is a constant menace.

The game-hog is a factor with which every government and every individual game protector must reckon. In the slaughter of game he has no conscience, and to him game laws are an intolerable evil. He is utterly devoid of sentimental or scientific interest in wild life, and he will go far to kill the last representative of a species in order to boast of it.

Some game-hogs who are honestly ignorant of what they are, can be educated out of their evil ways, and reformed: but others can not

be. The last annual report of the New York State Conservation Commissioner, George D. Pratt, contains this striking passage regarding the confirmed game-hogs of the Adirondacks who slaughter deer illegally, and for whom on one can plead the excuse of ignorance. Commissioner Pratt says;

"An analysis of the violations thus reveals that they were due not to dissatisfaction with any one law, but to general contempt for the Conservation Law *per se*. The protectors, disguised as sportsmen, were all required to report whether the hunters in the camps to which they were assigned operated on the general plan of killing practically *anything* that they saw, and more than two-thirds of the protectors answered this question in the affirmative. The result of this determination is shown in 101 deer that came within the protectors' immediate knowledge,—in most cases under their personal observation. Forty-six were bucks, 44 were does, and 11 were fawns of both sexes. It was a matter of great interest in one camp that one man had killed eight does in the season, while another at the same camp, by a singular coincidence, had killed eight bucks.

"There were many more illegally killed deer than those mentioned above," says the Commissioner, "regarding which the protectors obtained evidence that resulted in settlements or convictions. Cases arising from the 1917 work were settled for \$3,511.50. They involved 79 individuals and more than 125 violations. Already in 1918, 38 cases have been settled, with a total recovery so far of \$4,245.00. The 1918 cases alone will number between 200 and 300 when all have been closed.

"The Commission wishes particularly to point out that the violations of the deer law involve no particular class or locality more than another. Men of all walks of life are involved, and even some women, who deliberately stood upon runways in wait for deer that were being run by dogs. Efforts to correct the old, outworn point of view regarding wild life—a point of view that would make game the property of whoever can get it, regardless of law—*must accordingly be directed to every class and locality.*"

Now, in the making of laws, it is always necessary to make the laws adequate to curb the worst elements. No sooner is a new game law enacted than the human vultures who prey upon wild life immediately scrutinize it and study it in order to find its weak spots, and to plan evasions. It is this devilish spirit

of criminality that renders it so difficult to provide for the utmost utilization of wild game as food for man. Whenever we see the day wherein all men will gladly obey the *spirit* of a law, as well as its stern letter, then we may say that the millenium of game protection has arrived.

The continuous development of the interior regions of Alaska and northern Canada, the increase in power transportation, of mining and of general exploitation, has brought a corresponding increase of pressure on the remainders of big game. The valleys of very few navigable streams now contain any considerable remainder of moose, caribou, mountain sheep or bear. To find big game now it is necessary to strike into the interior. The great herds of caribou that only forty years ago came within gunshot of St. Michaels, Alaska, at the mouth of the Yukon, have vanished from the lower Yukon almost as completely as if they never had known that region. Now the residents of St. Michaels must travel hundreds of miles to find the nearest herds of the caribou millions.

But the disappearance of northern big game is a large subject, and not to be entered upon here. We are concerned with the rational utilization of the stock that remains. The practical questions now before the people of Canada and Alaska are as follows;

- (1). How can we secure the most thorough legitimate utilization of wild game?
- (2). How can wastefulness be prevented? and
- (3). How can the continuity of supply be insured?

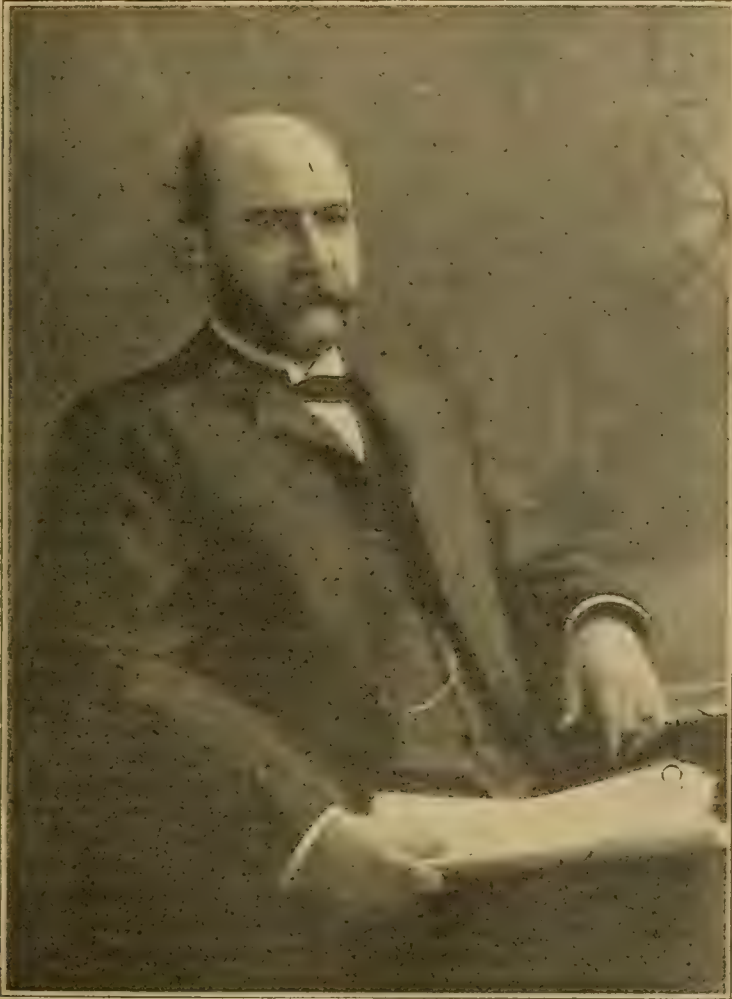
The moment we undertake to conserve big game in the northern two-thirds of Alaska, which is north of the 62nd parallel of latitude, we come up against some strenuous demands for the sale of game. Fairbanks now is the storm-centre of a new demand, for the sale of game all the year round, instead of in the open season only. Most Alaskans believe that the game of Alaska belongs to the people of that territory, that they should administer it as they think best, and above all, that the sale of game is not only right, but absolutely necessary.

In 1918, it was noted that the laws of the United States were permitting the sale of moose, mountain sheep and caribou meat, during the open season for hunting, everywhere in Alaska north of Latitude 62, and that during the year 1917, 6,000 pounds of big game meat *lawfully* had been fed to the labourers employed in the construction of

the Alaska Central Railway, actually under the supervision of the present Governor of Alaska. That large figure was given by Mr. Thomas Riggs himself, then Alaskan Railway Commissioner, at the hearing on the Sulzer Bill, in Congress, on March 5, 1913.

The Sulzer bill proposed that mountain sheep, moose and caribou meat should be sold all the year round, everywhere north of

Every conservator of American big game is at least partially aware of the conditions that surround white people who live all the year round in the northern regions of Canada and Alaska. Away from the influence of the lines of power transportation, the procuring of supplies of fresh meat from the flocks and herds of the stock-raiser and farmer is an impossibility. And it is not good that men.



William T. Hornaday, Sc. D.

Latitude 62 degrees, and it was ardently supported by Mr. Riggs and the people of Fairbanks. The new measure seemed to be so destructive to the big game of Alaska that the Sulzer bill was easily killed. The episode emphasized with new force the fact that a new game act for Alaska now has become an absolute necessity, and must be worked out in the near future.

women and children should be compelled to subsist for long periods on no other flesh food than dried fish, dried venison, bacon and ham. If we concede that it is right for the trader, the missionary and the soldier of fortune to live in the far north, and rear families there, then we must concede that they are entitled to some supplies of fresh meat from the wild herds that can afford them,

without the risk of extermination. In the language of commerce, we believe that they are entitled to all that the traffic will stand.

The question is; how can we meet the legitimate needs of the widow of Fort Churchill, the trader at Fort Resolution and the missionary at Point Barrow, without the risk of annihilating the breeding stock? Let us assume that no one of these can go out, license in hand, and themselves hunt and kill their own lawful quota of game.

In the utilization of the wild game food of those regions, the non-hunters must not be fatally penalized because of their physical or other disabilities that prevent them from personally taking their own share of game on the hoof.

Now, what is to be done?

The men of the Far North at once will say; provide by law that all those who cannot hunt may buy their share of game from those who can hunt.

This proposal merits careful analysis and consideration.

It is now a widely accepted principle of conservation that no wild species can long withstand commercial exploitation. It is an accepted fact that the surest way quickly to exterminate any wild species is by placing a cash price on the heads of its members.

Throughout the whole of the United States, and I think all of southern Canada, the conservers of wild life are a fixed and unalterable unit in opposition to the sale of game, anywhere, in those regions. That matter has been considered, and at times fought over, for fully ten years; and if any principles in wild life protection can be regarded as settled for all time it is the ban on the sale of game, and on the sale of the plumage of wild birds. The Sulzer bill could have been, and would have been, buried under a mountain of opposition, both in and outside of Congress, had it been pressed forward.

In view of the well-known and legally recorded beliefs of the wild life conservationists of Canada and of the United States, I now regard it as a waste of time to attempt to devise ways and means for the sale of wild game. The principle that lately has been so gloriously reaffirmed and so everlastingly fixed by the international treaty between Canada and the United States for the protection of migratory game birds against the market hunter and the game-dealer, must not now be discredited in the Far North. The time has come that the sale of game in Alaska must positively stop, before it has wrought

more harm to the game and to the people of Alaska.

It is a curious circumstance that the men who thus far have saved some of the game of Alaska from annihilation, have done so without either appreciation or thanks from the people of Alaska. But for the initiative of the meddlesome "eastern naturalists," in 1902, by this time the accessible regions of Alaska would have been swept bare of hoofed game. It is utter folly to assume, or to believe, that the people of Alaska alone are either willing or able to protect their big game from extermination, and utilize it on a real continuing basis. In times like the present the truth may better be told bluntly than in any round-about way.

The people of Alaska are, from first to last, diligent exploiters of the natural resources of Alaska, and the majority of the white populations look forward to getting out of that Territory to spend the remainder of their lives elsewhere. Twenty-five years hence a majority of the Alaskans may be sincere conservers; but a quarter of a century is a long time to wait, and in the interval much mischief may be accomplished.

No; we can not agree to any sale of game; anywhere; because that policy is known to be extra destructive. At all hazards the big game of Alaska and northern Canada should be conserved on a continuing basis, for the good of the residents of those difficult regions.

The hunters of Alaska may find it impossible to believe that "eastern sportsmen" have at heart the welfare of the *future* residents of Alaska who will need wild meat. No doubt very many of them feel that all the protective efforts of United States men are designed to protect United States hunting grounds; but all misunderstandings of our motives in Alaskan conservation we must accept as an unavoidable part of the burden, and as coming all in the day's work.

I believe that on this point we are indeed thinking more of the welfare of the Alaskans of the future than is thought by the Alaskans of to-day.

And now what can we offer as an attempt at a solution of the puzzling question raised by the widow at Fort Churchill? It is time to put forth something intended to be constructive. We are absolutely certain that a way can be found to protect the rights of the widow, the missionary and the trader without the surrender of a great foundation principle, and without going halfway to meet disaster by providing for the sale of game.

In an effort to be both brief and clear, we submit the following proposals as candidates for adoption into a code of principles:

Proposed Principles.

1. In the *well-settled* regions of the United States and Canada, the supply of wild game is nowhere sufficient to render it an important food supply; and in view of its steady destruction by man, predatory mammals and birds, severe winters and scarcity of food and cover, game-killing in those regions must be regarded as a severely limited pastime, and not as an industry in competition with the stock-raiser and the butcher.

2. In well-settled regions, it is impossible to make bag limits too small, or open seasons too short, for the best continuance of the game supply.

3. No frontiersman can reasonably be expected either to devise, or to execute, unaided by his federal government, methods for the adequate preservation and increase of large game.

4. Well-settled and well-fed regions require game laws of greater stringency than frontier regions.

5. Frontier and savage regions require to be specially defined on the map, and provided with game laws specially adapted to the needs of their inhabitants and to the available supply of game.

6. The strict regulation of game-killing in frontier regions inures directly to the benefit of the people most dependent upon the game for their existence.

7. The sale of game should not be permitted at any time, anywhere: because all commercialization of wild game and other forms of wild life is thoroughly exterminatory in its effects.

8. In all countries, the rational utilization of game is desirable, but only on a basis that will provide amply and adequately for the perpetuation of the breeding stock.

9. Regions that are remote from lines of power transportation, or are in winter entirely cut off from supplies of fresh meat from without, are entitled to preferential treatment.

10. The relief of persons inhabiting frontier regions who by reason of sex, age or other causes are unable themselves to take out licenses and hunt and kill their annual quota of game, must be specially provided for by law.

11. Every community large enough to contain a post office should be established as a game-protection centre, or unit, and a deputy game warden should be appointed for

each centre, to whom an annual salary should be paid during satisfactory service, no matter how small the salary might be.

12. The duty of every such deputy game warden should be to issue hunting licenses, check up the reports of license holders, and generally promote and be responsible for the observance of the laws affecting game.

13. The cold-storage of legally-killed game to promote its full utilization by the holders of hunting licenses, beyond the regular season for hunting, is desirable and necessary.

14. It is time for the Governments of Canada and the United States to stop all killing of female hoofed game, other than caribou, by Indians, by prospectors, and by all other persons.

15. The waste of game should, under certain fixed conditions, be made a penal offense.

16. Regulations should be framed to require the reasonable salvage of game meat by sportsmen.

It would be placing a very low estimate on the mental fertility of Canadian and American law-makers to assume that it is *impossible* for them to provide a share of caribou meat and snow geese for the widow and the missionary without the sale of game. To the lay mind it seems entirely possible to work out a scheme for having a certain amount of *hunting by proxy*, under special licenses, prepared and issued to meet such cases. The game warden or his deputy, or in their absence some other government officer, could determine the merits of each application and exercise the discretion of issuing or not issuing a license to hunt by proxy. The holder of such a license could be relied upon to find a suitable person to act as a proxy, go out and make the kill and haul in the meat, for a daily wage consideration. Such proxies should not be issued to persons able to hunt for themselves: and the transfer of game by barter should be treated the same as the sale of game.

The feeding of the refuse portions of game to sled dogs should be provided for by law and regulation, rather than be permitted to continue unchecked in the total absence of regulations.

In the issue of licenses, the family unit should constitute the basis of issue. Any law which like those of certain western states of America provided for the issue of a full hunting license to each member of a family would be a mistake, and occasionally would lead to heavy slaughter.

A hasty survey suggests that with a liberal

bag limit, one hunting license to four persons of one family would not be very wide of the mark. The bag limit of our Alaskan game act permits the killing of two moose, five caribou and three mountain sheep, which is certainly enough of fresh meat for four persons for four months, if it be *properly utilized*.

The Nova Scotia law that forbids sportsmen to leave large quantities of good meat to spoil in the wilderness, or to be devoted to the maintenance and increase of predatory game-destroying wolves, is an excellent law. Ethically, no sportsman has any special right to waste good, edible meat in hungry lands. Let the salvage of meat be a part of the price that the sportsman pays for the privilege of pastime slaughter of valuable food animals.

In response to the demand of the people of Fairbanks, Alaska, and others nearer home, that the sale of game privilege be greatly extended throughout northern Alaska, we reply that the time has come for a new Alaskan game act which will completely stop the sale

of game, and provide for a safe and sane system for the better utilization of the wild game of that territory. We have suggested to the Fish and Game Club of South-eastern Alaska, of Juneau, that an unofficial commission be assembled, to consist of five persons, three of whom shall be residents of Alaska, to consider all the facts and proposals available, and evolve a new Alaskan game bill. While that proposal has met with some favour, its future is of course uncertain. At all events however, it appears to the writer to offer the best approach to a new system of combined protection and utilization.

Alaskans are greatly disturbed by the destruction of valuable game by wolves, and they appeal insistently for governmental relief. That subject is of pressing importance, but is quite apart from these observations.

In conclusion, there is now every reason for advocating, in the rational utilization of game, prompt and thorough consideration, and firm and energetic action.

The Muskrat and Ducking Grounds

E. R. KERR

MANY years ago when ducking lands were plentiful, and trappers and outlaws few, Ontario marshlands attracted migratory water-fowl and induced them to breed and rear their young within our midst. This was due to the fact that the limited trapping of muskrat in those days did not materially reduce their numbers and the consequent result was little opportunity to ultimately suffocate and permanently destroy the main food and attraction, wild rice. Many good and law-abiding sportsmen, some of whom are members of private ducking clubs, have little dreamt of or discovered the reason why it was necessary for them to utilize valuable grains such as barley, wheat, oats, corn, peas and beans in order to induce their breeders to continue their visits to these lands during the spring of the year and thus supply a stock sufficient for sport with the shot-gun in the fall and open season.

Many complaints, North American in scope, now are made about the unsatisfactory shooting of ducks during the year of 1918 and all followers of the game, and authorities generally, concede the fact that the Migratory Bird Treaty has greatly increased the flocks of migratory water-fowl; yet we complain that this increase is not evident on many old and

reliable ducking grounds in Ontario. We have been giving entirely too much attention to killing and destroying; the reason is plain. The mild winter of 1918 is in part responsible but we must not lose sight of the fact that the ducks fed somewhere on natural foods and amidst natural environments and "somewhere" was where wild rice and other esteemed foods had been permitted to flourish and attract the flocks. On such areas we are informed of splendid sport.

The increase in the number of trappers, during the past few years, and continuous depredations of outlaws, during all periods of the year and the high prices of furs, particularly that of the muskrat, couple up the responsables for over-anxious and competitive slaughter of this fur-bearer with the result that the muskrats are rapidly vanishing in many places and noxious weeds and other undesirable growth are supplanting migratory water-fowl foods.

Historic Point Pelee, now a Dominion Park and Bird Sanctuary under the jurisdiction of the Dominion Parks Branch of the Department of the Interior and superintendency of Mr. Forrest H. Conover, protects practically permanently the muskrats and this little fur-bearer, so valuable to the maintenance of

marshlands ideally fooded and attractive to migration, will be permitted to increase sufficiently to clean up the silt that has degenerated this acreage and prepare the bogs for the reception of wild rice to swilly foundations. When trapping is necessary to protect adjoining private lands from burrowing or other damage same will be done by the superintendent and game wardens and other assistants, the skins sold by the government and the revenues utilized to maintain the Park in the interests of the people as a whole. The marshlands of Point Pelee, approximately three thousand five hundred acres, soon will undergo an amazing reconstruction of interest to the sportsmen of Ontario and when improvements eventually are concluded these marshes will prove an object lesson in revival of degenerated swamps into ideal migratory wild fowl haunts. Wild rice will be planted this year as many portions of the marsh have been cleared of noxious growth and prepared by the muskrats only by adequate protection for one year. Another year doubtless will pass previous to official trappings being conducted.

It might be well for the sportsmen of various

counties in Ontario to carefully consider the future of their ducking grounds and the possibility of future sport with the gun. Prohibiting trapping of muskrats on your marshes for at least two years and re-planting of wild rice will increase a valuable fur resource and, at the same time, increase the flocks to your favorite ponds. Open ducking grounds, where devastators and outlaws have full sway and swing, are rapidly degenerating and must pass into the regions of oblivion and, unless the brakes are immediately put on, the number of ideal public ducking grounds in Ontario and elsewhere will be reduced to a minimum possible of counting only on the fingers of one hand.

All of us must carefully consider the cold fact that the word "conservation" has taken on an entirely new meaning. The phrases "wild life protection or conservation" and "continuation of sport with the shot-gun" require definition and interpretation but, also, the patience and organization in each county of an effective force for the making of sane, sound and constructive laws and enforcement of the law.

Watch for Bands on Waterfowl

American Game Protective Association

This fall, it is hoped sportsmen will carefully examine all ducks killed, to ascertain whether or not any are banded. The American Bird Banding Association with headquarters at the American Museum of Natural History, New York City, the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., and several individuals are making a practice of banding waterfowl, to ascertain their migratory lines of flight.

Wild ducks are trapped by those having permits and again liberated after having an aluminum band firmly fastened to one leg. These bands are numbered and also are stamped with the address of the person or association doing the work. A card index system is kept by those releasing the bird, listing all data in connection with each bird liberated. When the bird is killed, the gunner is requested to communicate with the address on the band, giving the number, species of duck and place and date killed. From these facts, it is very easy to determine the routes travelled by the birds, and as more and more

of this information accumulates, the more certain we will be of their exact movements.

To successfully protect waterfowl and to better shooting conditions over the country, it is imperative that we know more about the habits of these birds than we do at present. By some method, yet to be devised, we must know to a certainly as to increase and decrease. If birds are scarce in one shooting locality while they are plentiful in other sections, we should know the reason why. It has been proved that birds follow the same migratory routes year after year. Individuals and their broods winter and nest at approximately the same points each season and follow the same air lanes during migration.

Comparatively speaking, very few ducks nest east of Hudson Bay and the general trend of the migration of waterfowl is from the northwest to the southeast. The majority of ducks wintering along the Atlantic Coast are hatched in that vast area of marsh and prairie land lying west of Hudson Bay. The bulk of the ducks that nest within the bound-

aries of the United States from Kansas and Nebraska northwest migrate to the Mississippi Valley and the Gulf Coast for the winter. Their flight also has a southeastward tendency. California's ducks are supposed to come straight down the coast line in a direct southern flight. These conclusions have been arrived at by the gathering of much data by men who have devoted their lives to this work and in the main they are undoubtedly correct. However, there is much important information to be secured from tracing the lines of flight of banded ducks.

Just recently a banded duck has proved conclusively that occasionally ducks bear to the west in their southern migration. On October 20, 1918, Mr. H. S. Osler, 801 Dominion Bank Building, Toronto, banded and re-

leased an adult male black duck which he had trapped for this purpose at Lake Scugog near Port Perry, Ontario. This duck was banded No. 36932 Am. Museum, New York. That same fall, Harry Meier took this black mallard in the state of Michigan, near Marine City.

This bird had worked approximately 175 miles to the westward and only 90 miles to the south on the 200 mile migration. It seems probable that had not this duck been taken, its line of flight would have been down the Mississippi Valley, by way of Kankakee, or to the Wabash and Ohio and then along the Mississippi to winter either among the many birds using the swamps and marshes along this river, or to continue the trip on down to the delta and gulf coast country.

Federal Game Laws Enforced

Canadian sportsmen will watch with interest, the fight being waged by the Game Protective Association in its endeavor to make the game law offenders live up to the terms of the Migratory Bird Treaty. The latest bulletin received from the American Game and Protective Association states:—

"Eighty-three violators of the Migratory Bird Treaty Act have already been convicted under fourteen United States District Judges and two hundred and forty-one cases have been filed for prosecution. We have been informed by the Biological Survey of the U. S. Department of Agriculture that these cases will be presented to the courts and disposed of as rapidly as possible.

"Among those in waiting is the Attorney General of Missouri, who is under \$1000 bond, pending his trial. The chief law officer of Missouri and several of his friends were arrested at their private club and seventy-six ducks and one goose seized as evidence.

"The only place where an organized fight is being made against the law is at Kansas City, Missouri. A demurrer was filed, alleging the law was unconstitutional, in the case of De Lapp and Samples, two Kansas City

gunners arrested February 25th for shooting ducks after the Federal season had closed:

"This case was hailed as the "test case" by the newspapers of the Middle West, and those favoring spring shooting gathered to the defence of these men. The best of legal talent was furnished them gratis, and the public has been assured that the case will be appealed and a United States Supreme Court decision secured as quickly as possible, no matter which side wins in the District Court.

"Shortly after the arrest of the Attorney General on March 6th, he, with his assistants, joined those attacking the law. In the name of the State of Missouri, an injunction was asked for restraining U. S. Game Wardens from enforcing the law in that state. Kansas also joined, through her attorney general, and this restraining order was argued on April 21 and 22, at the same time as the demurrer in the so-called test case.

"A decision is expected at any time and those favoring the law feel that if the opposition cannot win with their present array of counsel, there surely is no merit in the claim of the spring shooter that the law is unconstitutional."

Amendment to Migratory Birds' Act

Probably the most important change which has taken place in Canadian game legislation this year is made by one of the 1919 amendments to the Migratory Birds Con-

vention Act. This amendment allows the Governor in Council to make regulations for limiting the number of migratory game birds which may be taken by a person in any speci-

fied time during the open season. Regulations providing for the manner in which migratory birds may be taken and the appliances that may be used in taking them can now be provided for under the act.

In order to enforce these new regulations, as well as the ones which have existed previously throughout Canada, in such a way as to keep our promises made in the Migratory Bird Treaty, the Dominion Parks Branch,

Department of the Interior, requires the voluntary assistance of sportsmen throughout the country, especially those located in districts where game birds are abundant.

It is proposed to make a number of properly qualified sportsmen honorary wardens to assist in the enforcement of this Act. Will you help game conservation by assisting in this good work?

International Conservation Meetings

At a joint meeting of the Executive Committees of the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners, and the American Fisheries Society, held in Washington, D.C., June 3rd, it was decided to be for the best interests of both societies that the next Annual Convention be held in Louisville, Kentucky; the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners to be held on October 6th and 7th, and the American Fisheries Society on October 8th, 9th and 10th.

On account of central location these conventions will undoubtedly attract large and representation delegations from all parts of the country and private game and fish breeders, commercial fishing interests, officials, anglers and sportsmen should all be largely represented.

Honore Mercier of Quebec, is Vice President and Hon. F. G. MacDiarmid of Toronto, a member of the Executive of the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissions.

The Keeper of the Forest

(To G. W. Bartlett, Superintendent Algonquin Park.)



G. W. Bartlett

The Woodsman—big and wonderful is he,
As the great heart of Canada he keeps—
The heart of woods and lakes and rocks and
streams,

Where Nature's glory undiscovered sleeps.

This is his task—the task he loves so well,
And every flower looks up and knows his
face,

And every tree by him is understood—
He shields the shyest wood-life's hidden
place.

He holds each mound of moss a miracle,
Each unnamed leaf a study for the mind,
And every mood of water, woods or sky
The most exquisite mystery man may find.

And thus in ways all beautiful and wise,
He sees the wonder-working Hand of God
And walks with reverent steps and tender eyes
Such beauteous paths as man has ever trod.

Amy E. Campbell.

Nimrods

M. FOSTER

THE packing and talking went on lazily in the smoke filled room. As they were leaving early in the morning, it was absolutely necessary that they finish packing. A lot of conversation, however, could easily have been dispensed with, for the trip had been thoroughly talked over and the plans cut and dried long before fall. Cliff claimed that making the trip later in the fall would be much better, for game would keep. Mac agreed, so later it was, being the 20th of October. In spite of the stipulation that there was to be no calling on their best girls last night, around nine o'clock Mac found he had to make a trip up to Ninth Street. Straightening up from over the grub box, the most important part of the packing, he went over to the glass, made a few hasty passes at his hair, and snatching up his hat, hiked off.

"Hey, there, where you going?" Cliff yelled after him.

"Got to get another box of shells," Mac answered shortly, "be back in half an hour."

Cliff sat on the bed and gazed at the closed door, his jaw sagging. "Shells," he snorted suddenly, eyeing the pile of boxes on the floor. "Like hang!" When Mac returned two or three hours later he found Cliff sound asleep on his bed, the cigar burned down to his lips. Rousing him gently with the toe of his boot, they put the finishing touches onto the packing and crawled into bed around twelve o'clock.

There was some hustling done next morning for they had risen later than they intended. The train left Edmonton at six o'clock; they left the house at ten to six—needless to say they left without breakfast. Mac puffed along shoving a rickety two-wheeled cart, trying to take two loads in one. The fox-hound led Cliff along with his bundle. As they drew near enough to the station to hear the conductor bawling "All Aboard," the cart wheel could stand the pressure no longer, so the rim broke. With a few hot words they abandoned the cart, and taking the grub box between them and each grabbing up an armful, they hurried on, feeling certain the train would not wait for them should they fail to arrive within a short time.

Mac shoved the unchecked grub box and tent roll up on the steps. The conductor shoved it back—"Freight's on the other side,"

he growled. Mac glanced up quickly, his eyes gleaming balefully. He muttered something unintelligible and shoved it back on; some change passed over and it stayed there. He then shoved the dog into the baggage car; the baggage man promptly shoved him back again. "Too late," he announced cheerfully. His palm was also oiled and he drew the dog in, remarking on his many fine points.

When they reached Wabamun and the engine with its long string of cars had snorted disdainfully up the track, leaving them standing on the platform, the dog hearing a shot and taking it for his starting orders, started, and he too left them standing there. The last they saw of him was a quarter of a mile away, going strong.

Lake Wabamun, the Indian word for "looking-glass," did not in the least resemble a looking glass that day. The water reflecting the dark, sullen, grey clouds overhead was rising and falling sluggishly with the wind that had risen. Cliff stood looking down at the fourteen foot canoe which looked rather small for the amount of baggage piled up on shore.

"Darn good thing the dog beat it," he remarked cheerfully. "As it is I'm afraid I'll have to leave my tobacco behind to make room." Mac did not answer; he was ruefully thinking of the twenty-five dollars he had paid for the dog. They got in and paddled slowly down the lake, making for the narrows. The canoe did not bound lightly over the dancing waves—it was too heavily laden.

"Hey," Cliff yelled from his end of the canoe, "let's get out on this point and try loading this junk over again. I'm getting a game arm." It was hard paddling against the wind, and Mac agreed with alacrity. They got out, reloaded the canoe with great care, and then held a council to see whether they would be sports and go on, or wait until it had calmed down somewhat. But sports they were, so climbing in they set out, only to wish after going a quarter of a mile that they had camped awhile on the point. The wind was rising steadily and cold wind it was, carrying with it hard, stinging snowflakes and to make matters worse, water occasionally lapped in over the edge of the canoe.

Mac sat humped up in the stern, paddling doggedly. Both were silent. Mac glancing up beheld Cliff reach around gingerly into

his hip pocket, fish out his plug of chewing tobacco, then without taking a bite, gingerly replace it.

"I hardly think that shifting the cud in your mouth would upset us," Mac said sarcastically. "That is" he added "if you are very careful."

"It wasn't that," Cliff answered gravely. "I would hate to have my folks find my body with a chew in my mouth after thinking me their white-haired boy," Mac grunted.

After paddling hard for an hour they landed and made camp in a sheltered spot. Courage returned after having something to eat and some good hot coffee. A calm, peaceful feeling settled over the camp as they sprawled smoking around the fire. Although it was Sunday and no shooting allowed, they put their guns together and kept a wary eye out, for one could never tell when wild geese or ducks would swoop down in savage attack, destroying the peaceful atmosphere about the camp in the pines. But the geese and ducks, apparently sensing their presence in that neck of the woods, wisely kept out of the way. A large eagle, however, flew over, and Cliff grabbing up his shot-gun, or as he expressed it, "slobber tube," fired at it. The eagle fell in the lake, raising it, Cliff swore, fully a foot. Launching the canoe, they brought it in, and measuring with the gun found it to measure eight feet, as near as they could make it. One of Mac's brilliant thoughts came to him and he acted on it; taking the eagle, they tacked it on the bow to keep out the water.

Then as they had about five miles to go down the lake to the portage where they wished to spend the night, they started out to try and make it before dark. Upon reaching Goose Quill Bay they found it covered with ice where it was sheltered, and in trying to break through, punched a hole in the canoe. Cliff, with great presence of mind, stuffed his handkerchief in the hole and tried lowering the water which had been pouring in, by bailing with a cup, then snatched up a frying pan and bailed in earnest, while Mac doubled up like a jack knife and paddled in earnest for shore. They reached shore all awash like a submarine and drew the canoe up. Mac stood there and cursed Cliff roundly, (having in the excitement neglected to do so) for persuading him to make the trip so late in the fall. Their blankets were soaking, and as a matter of fact, everything else was in the same condition. They packed the outfit up to an old shack which



had been devoid of human habitation for many moons. Climbing up on the roof, Cliff chopped a hole to let out the smoke, while Mac rustled around for dry wood to make a roaring fire in the centre of the shack. After cleaning out a portion of the rubbish they brought in some spruce boughs for their bed, then lying around, had some target practice with the twenty-two, shooting at every conceivable object that presented itself as a suitable target.

In the morning they hunted up a Scotchman with his ox-team to pack the outfit across the portage to Low Water Lake. There were oddles of chickens in the grain field. The Scotchman "didna hae a gun," and would be greatly obliged if they would shoot some for him, so reluctantly dragging out their guns, they bombarded the field. They were treated right royally at the Scotchman's house, and Cliff falling madly in love with the handsome wife, caused Mac some anxiety, and it was with difficulty that he was finally dragged away.

Upon reaching Shoal, or Low Water Lake, they found ice on it, but hearing geese honking down the lake thought there must be open water and they waited impatiently, Mac in the meantime going over his former remarks and adding a few more here and there about making the trip so late in the fall. The wind soon cleared the ice, also making it necessary to follow the north shore. Low Water Lake was quite a large body of shallow water with deep mud in the bottom and reeds growing about the shores, there being only three or four good landing places. There were quite a few geese on the lake but owing to the rough water and small canoe, they scored many misses on their way down.

The Island was reached late that night and after hunting around some time they found the weed covered landing, and both being solicitous for the inner man, they hurried on a roaring fire and prepared some eats. The tent, being wet, was not put up; they were too cold and tired to even pick goose quills for their bed, and when they did try to sleep, they could not. For there appeared to be hundreds of geese feeding about the Island and the din grew so loud that around two o'clock they got up, fired a couple of shots in the general direction, gave two or three blood-curdling war-whoops, then ominously threatening much more for morning crawled shivering back into bed. In the morning, however, the geese were not so boisterous, nor were there any in evidence in any direction when the two mighty hunters sat in their blind just before daylight, their teeth chattering loudly. Just before giving up their futile vigil they noticed some birds flying over the lake and although two miles from main land, these proved to be prairie chicken. They managed to slaughter half a dozen and beat it back for camp and breakfast, and as they sat around their camp fire shortly after, flock after flock flew directly over their former hiding place. Jumping up with one accord they cursed heartily, but unfortunately were too far away to be effective. They did not linger long on the Island for there was danger of being frozen in, so they paddled for main land and from there hiked down to the farm to get someone to haul their outfit down to the Saskatchewan, four miles away. Arriving at the river, and thinking their boat altogether too small to take a chance on running the curly water, they fixed it up by placing a dry spruce log on either side with a rope underneath to hold them, and then replenishing their grub box somewhat, started on their way rejoicing.

They went on rejoicing as far as the Coal Arch and there found they were sailing much lower in the water than they had upon starting, and consequently were sitting in a good deal of water. They reached shore partly submerged, and camping on a mud flat, dried their things and lugged out logs for a raft. As they did not work overly hard, and "eat, drink and be merry" was their motto, it was noon the next day before they started out, one on the raft and one in the canoe. Ducks rose now and then and at times circled near enough to commit suicide. Three miles farther on, coming to a likely looking flat for chicken, and thinking the farmer might be

friendly, they landed and sauntered across a field, killing fifteen going half a mile, and eleven coming back, the whole procedure taking an hour. They then went on to another likely looking place and the road being near the river, it was agreed that they separate, taking opposite directions. Mac was bagging them right and left until his shells gave out; Cliff's slobber tube, as far as Mac had heard had been strangely silent and going in search of him, he found him sitting on the river bank swinging his foot lazily and looking wise.

"Where's your birds?" Mac asked suspiciously. Cliff leaned over and carefully spat at a small twig which flipped to and fro in the edge of the water. "Ain't none," he drawled indifferently. "Did shoot one but it flew off somewhere." He waved his arm vaguely. "Met a couple of fellows with a jug and after taking a couple of snorts thought I had better beat it back to the raft while my legs were good."

Piling onto the raft they went on again, arguing earnestly about the chicken they might have had if Cliff had not met the two lumber jacks with their jug. That evening when looking for a good place to land, they spotted a couple of coyotes on a sand bar. Mac dragged out his long barreled Ross, the bullets being packed in salt to the meat from becoming high, and syringed down on one, and after three attempts managed to make him stay put. They hauled the skin off, rejoicing greatly over the three dollars earned, then made a big white man's fire for warmth with a small one to cook on. Cliff took up the axe and scrambled slowly up the bank. "Goose quills tonight," he grunted. "I'm too dog-gone tired to get ostrich down." When he was gone Mac made a bannock and cooked some partridge. That night they crawled from their warm bed into the chilly night air three times to try and get a deer that came around camp. Mac loaded his shot gun with the intention of sneaking up pretty close, resting the gun on its tail, and blowing its head off, but one might as well have thrown by hand as to try to shoot a deer with a fox gun loaded with buck shot. Upon looking for the deer next morning they found it had vanished completely. It was so cold they had to keep moving; cutting some spruce boughs, they draped them artistically about the raft for a blind and lay there scarcely breathing, waiting to assassinate some mallards, for they were never out of sight of them; all

the way down they had seen large flocks, and as they rose, they shot holes in them.

Grub was getting scarce. Instead of letting out their belts after every meal, they tightened them. They had figured on making town in three days, but three days were gone already, and they were still a long way from town. They made a pair of oars and started to put on speed.

At the mouth of Weed Creek they thought they would have a change of diet. Two miles farther on there was a path leading up the hill from the river and they flipped a coin to see who would follow the path to see if there was a homesteader at the other end of it. It fell to Cliff, and taking his shot gun, he hiked off up the path and after walking until his legs threatened to give out, he came to a deserted shack, the windows being boarded up. The path led on past and Cliff went on another half mile and came upon an ideal homesteader's shack in a small clearing. He heaved a deep sigh as he saw the open door and the thin wisp of smoke curling up from the battered stove pipe. A fierce, hungry-looking mongrel dashed out and without preliminary sparring seized him by the pants' leg, and subsequently near dropped dead, but Cliff was wise and he knew if his gun went off in the dog's direction he would not get anything to eat, so he spared the dog, fervently hoping he would follow him out of the clearing. He managed to get two small loaves of bread, half a dozen eggs, and a pound of butter. The dog became quite friendly, but not friendly enough to go part way back to the raft with him. Mac had some chicken and a couple of pails of water boiled. Although the bread looked like the mischief, it tasted better than they had expected, and getting extravagant, they cleaned up on everything but the butter, then went on down stream quite content.

That night Mac cooked a couple of partridges and they had a crust of bread or two. They figured on being in town next night, but striking a stiff head wind, found they couldn't make it, and had to camp at Big Bend. Everything, the tobacco included, was getting alarmingly low and after a slight breakfast before daylight, the ducks were so thick they could not resist the temptation, so down into the blind they went, and as a result did not make good time. At three o'clock, thinking they could go no further on an empty stomach, they landed and hurried some chicken into the pot, and with a little overlooked flour, made some dough-boys to



put on top. It did taste very good and they could easily have dispensed with three times as much. Cliff tightened his belt, sighed dismally, and commenced rummaging in the grub box.

"Great old Snakes!" he ejaculated. "Here's a piece of cheese!" He snatched up a neatly wrapped package from the bottom of the untidy grub box. Mac started up, his face brightening. "Gawn," he jeered, falling back gloomily. "I eat the last of that cheese, I'd swear to it." Cliff was unwinding a towel. "Maybe it's cake," he said, briefly. Mac's eyes were watching the unwinding like a cat watches a mouse. The last turn came off quickly, revealing a perfectly good bar of unused soap. Two jaws dropped simultaneously. "Well, I'll be dinned." Cliff heaved the offending soap as far as he could into the river. "Now who in thunder put that in to take on a hunting trip?" And judging by appearances it could easily be seen that soap had not been used very frequently. "We should worry, we'll be home and have some of Mother's cooking tonight, anyway." Just to show he didn't care about the piece of cheese he flung the tea pail up and filled it full of holes; other camp articles met the same fate; there was nothing eatable left; he even dumped out a little tea that remained.

Hustling onto the raft and canoe, they rowed for all they were worth to make home and Mother's cooking that night. But alas! they ran into a very large flock of ducks. Mac swore there were a thousand more than they had seen all the way down the river, so into the blind they went, disguised as spruce

boughs. When the smoke from the bombardment cleared away they found three ducks. After chasing a green head a couple of hundred yards Mac got Cliff off the raft and they went on shore to limber up.

Say, Mac, what in the dickens is that swimming down there?" Mac did not pay much attention, thinking Cliff was "seeing things." "Too big to be a dog or coyote," Mac looked. Down the stream a deer was swimming for their side. Mac, who had the misfortune to break his suspenders while chasing the green head, handed his rifle to Cliff to go meet the deer, while he shot at some ducks that were flying up and down the river in clouds. Upon reaching the bank he hitched up his waders and stood legs far apart to keep from being exposed to the chill October weather. His shells were heavy loaded with 28 grains of ballastite and he shot, pulling a couple of green heads out of the clouds.

"Some shooting," a voice broke out at his shoulder, and glancing around he beheld Cliff taking in the shooting. "What in blazes are you doing here?" he snapped. "Get after that deer." And Cliff awoke to the fact that the deer had reached shallow water and was standing shaking himself. He drew a fairly good bead and made gravel fly two feet on the other side. Next shot hit near his feet and by that time the deer got very anxious to be on his way. Before he disappeared however, Cliff managed to get a small lock of hair for a souvenir. Mac waddled up, holding trousers up with one hand, his gun in the other, and cussed Cliff for a rotten shot. They piled onto the raft again, feeling rather blue. There was a strong head wind blowing; moreover it had started to snow, and it was so

cold they had to stop rowing and paddling to swing their arms.

"Well," Cliff remarked with assumed cheerfulness, "if this weather keeps up there will be no danger of our game spoiling."

"No," Mac retorted sarcastically, "there won't."

Although they were only ten miles from town they decided they could not make it that night, and after dark they pulled for shore. It was very cold and wood seemed scarce. Someone evidently was clearing a subdivision in the Edmonton district. They finally found a few dry branches and hung their blankets around the fire so they would be warm, if not dry. The tent was frozen so hard they had to tramp on it before they could put it up. Tightening their belts up another notch they turned in, waders and all, pausing only to take the shells from their coat pockets.

Next morning they found a couple of inches of snow on the ground, and bundling the outfit together as well as they could, they hit out, making two miles before they had to land and warm up. They went on another two or three miles and landed again by an old sawdust burner to get warm. Upon reaching town they drew the canoe up on shore and beat it for the house, thanking their stars they did not have far to go. Cliff's sister, shaking rugs at the door, thought they were tramps coming for a hand-out. While Mac explained politely that they were not tramps, Cliff asked with brotherly frankness for the hand-out, also asking that there be no delay in placing it before them. He heaved a deep sigh and turned to Mac.

"When we are finished we'll just slide under the table and go to sleep."

TWO CANADIANS ON CHESAPEAKE BOARD.

At the annual meeting of the American Chesapeake Club, held at Mason City, Iowa, July 8th, the following officers were elected.

President, Earl Henry, Albert Lea, Minn.; Vice President, A. A. Felt, Mason City, Iowa; Treasurer, M. S. Barron, Mason City, Iowa; Secretary, W. H. Orr, Clear Lake, Iowa.

Board of Governors.

F. E. Richmond, Calgary, Canada; Wm. B. Maercklein, Danzig, North Dakota; Dr. W. D. Jones, Devil's Lake, North Dakota; Henry Steers, Findlater, Canada; John A. Considine, Marfa, Texas; Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., St. Louis, Mo.

This meeting was perhaps the most enthusiastic gathering of Chesapeake Breeders on record. Members travelling as far as fifteen hundred miles to attend.

SMALL MOUTH BLACK BASS PLANTED.

Brockville, July 23.—100,000 small black bass, ranging in size from an inch and a half to three inches in length, were turned loose into the River St. Lawrence to-day in various feeding places, all within two miles of Alexandria Bay. They were taken there by an agent from the State Hatcheries at Ogdensburg, who was accompanied by F. L. Raymond, one of the leaders of the Anglers' Association of St. Lawrence River.



A. BOURCHIER

AT eleven, Murray Becker was the oldest of a family of five. He was tall for his age, slight of build, and long of feature. His hair, which was coarse and shaggy, was not unlike in color the tawny freckles that bridged his Roman nose. Not a lad to whom you would give more than a passing glance, unless perchance, you caught the glint of his steel grey eyes from whose wistful depths shone a light of intelligence, much out of keeping with the boyish countenance.

But Murray had been trained in a hard school. Ever since he could remember, he had been nurse-boy, chore-boy, errand-boy, and every other boy around home. His parents were very poor. It took all his father could earn, and more, to keep the family on just the mere necessities, so, to even get books and decent clothes for school, the lad had to turn out holiday times and Saturdays and earn what he could by doing odd jobs for the neighboring farmers.

One Saturday, late in the fall, Murray was helping Sam Crone, a neighboring farmer, to take in his turnips. All day, a raw, damp east wind had blown, and just when they had finished for the day, and were going in for tea, a heavy rain set in. Not thinking it wise for the boy to start home through the rain and darkness, the farmer told him he had better stay the night. At first the lad de-

murred, but when he went out and encountered the driving rain, he decided he would stay.

Drawing up an easy chair before the spacious fire-place in which a bright roaring blaze licked around an old pine root, the farmer bade the boy to make himself at home, flinging as he did so, a large packet into the lad's lap.

"There," said the farmer. "is Hallam's fur price list, just came in from the mail, look it over for a few minutes if you care to, while I glance through the 'Globe,' and then I'll skin you at a game of checkers."

Murray did not know what a fur price list was, but anything in the line of reading matter was always welcome, so, opening the large envelope, he proceeded to examine the contents.

Of tags, memos, etc., there was a plenty, but the boy saw nothing of interest to him until he opened the list of quotations.

Skunks, \$2.50; \$2.00 and \$1.50; was the first item that struck him.

Wondering of what good these stinking little wretches were, he ran his eyes on down the list until he came to muskrats, for these, Hallam was offering from fifty to eighty cents.

Never before, did Murray know that muskrats were worth anything. Of what good were they anyway; did people eat them,

he wondered. Why, he knew where there were heaps of muskrats. The little creek that came from the big marsh, and ran along at the foot of the hill on which their house stood, was just alive with them.

Hoping that Mr. Crone might be able to tell him of what use muskrats were, he waited until the farmer laid down his paper, then he went over to where he sat and asked him what Hallam did with muskrats, that he would give such prices for them.

Taking off his glasses, the farmer looked enquiringly at the boy.

"Why, my lad, don't you know what muskrats are used for," asked the farmer.

"No, sir, I never knew they were any good at all until I saw this paper," replied the boy.

"Well! well! well!" exclaimed the farmer, "I guess instead of playing checkers, I'd better be telling you something about muskrats."

"Geel! I wish you would," said Murray, his face beaming with eagerness.

Drawing his chair up to the grate, the farmer told the lad all he could about the muskrat; why they were caught and killed, and of all the fine furs that are made from their soft, brown skins.

"And do you think I could catch any," enquired the boy, when the farmer had finished.

Now in times gone by, Mr. Crone had been a great hunter and trapper and many a fine mink, fox and rat had fallen prey to his skill. Rheumatism had come his way, however, and so of late years he had given it up. But the boy's eager questions, brought back to his mind a time, long years before, when as a boy he had been given his first trap by an old trapper friend, who had kindly gone with him and shown him where and how to set it, and great, too, had been his delight when upon going to the trap one morning, he had found a muskrat in it—his first muskrat. Now, in his turn, he would pass on to the boy what the old trapper had passed on to him.

They talked muskrats and trapping until bedtime, by which time it had been arranged that Murray was to come over the next Saturday, and go with the farmer to the creek for a lesson in setting traps.

The days of the following week passed slowly to the boy. He did not say anything to the folks at home about the plans he and the farmer had made for fear they would laugh at him; but all the same he cherished hopes, that the trapping scheme would be successful; and visions of many things he

would like to have—things he soon would have if he could but get a few muskrat skins to sell—danced before him.

Saturday morning came at last. After doing up the chores around home and running an errand to the village store for his mother, he dug off, and was soon at the farmer's, who was just in the midst of his noon-day chores when Murray arrived. The boy pitched in and helped him, and by the time Mrs. Crone called them to dinner, everything was done up spick and span, ready for the afternoon's trip.

Dinner over, the farmer and the boy set out for a small stream some two miles from the farm. It was the same stream that ran past the boy's home, but the farmer aimed to hit it a mile or so farther up and work down, setting the traps as they found suitable places to do so.

They had scarcely reached the stream when they heard a loud splash. Looking in the direction from whence the sound came, the farmer saw the wake caused by a muskrat swimming under water. Running as fast as he could for twenty yards or so, cocking his old muzzle loader as he ran, the farmer caught sight of the rat and let blaze into the water, hoping to bring him up. But the water was too deep, and by the time the commotion in the water had cleared away, the rat was nowhere to be seen.

"Well the rascal got away that time," said the farmer, "but we'll look around and perhaps we'll be able to get him yet. He no doubt lives around here somewhere."

They searched the banks but found no further signs of rats until they came to an old cedar stump, from under which the spring freshets of many years had washed most of the bank, leaving a roomy cavity, guarded in front by a mesh of knarled old roots and brush. Here, there were signs in plenty. All about were innumerable broad footprints, and here and there could be seen a shallow furrow, made by a muskrat dragging his tail through the soft mud. Further back under the stump, was a goodly bed of grass and cress to which the rats gained access from the stream by diving deeply under the barricade of roots.

"H! h! h!" said the farmer "here's a place where we ought to get one or two if we are careful."

Sorting over the half dozen traps he had brought with him, the farmer picked out the one with the longest chain, explaining to the boy as he did so, that in making a set

under the stump it would be necessary to stake the trap securely in order that the rat when caught could not crawl away with the trap, and hide up in the roots and brush.

"But why the one with the longest chain," asked the boy.

"Oh! that's so the rat will be able to get where the trap will drown him. If the chain's too short the rat will twist it round the stake until tight, and then chew off his leg and escape," explained the farmer.

Having set the trap, the farmer placed it in a small corner away back under the stump where the water was just deep enough to cover it an inch or so. Behind it, and far enough back so that the animal would have to cross the trap to get it, he placed a few slices of parsnip—the bait he always used—and then staked the trap as near the deep water as the chain permitted.

"A likely looking set," said the farmer, surveying his work.

A little farther down the stream was a thick bed of water-cress, where from all appearances the rats made a feeding place, and through which they had made a clear runway. Here the farmer set another trap, baiting it as before with the parsnip, only in this case he put the bait on the end of a stick which he stuck in the banks suspending the parsnip about eighteen inches above the jaws of the trap so that the rat, in attempting to get the bait, would get caught by the hind foot, thereby lessening the danger of the animal chewing off its toes and getting away. He did not stake this one either, just made a loop in the chain through which he drew a good sized stick, explaining to the boy, that on small streams such as this where there was little danger of the water washing the trap and stick very far, it was best to just fasten the trap to a drag so that the rat could get to deep water where it would soon drown.

Musk rats seemed plentiful along the little stream—at any rate good places to set traps for them were—so by the time it was time to get home to do the night chores, the farmer had made six excellent sets for the boy.

Arrangements were made for Murray to visit the traps the following day, and on Monday night after school, then to report to the farmer, bringing with him the two days' catch for a lesson in skinning.

Sunday morning Murray was up bright and early, and after choking down a few mouthfuls of breakfast was off for his usual Sunday morning walk, which took the form this time of a visit to the traps.

The first two sets the boy visited were just the same as they had left them the day before. The third one which had been set at the foot of an old elm was nowhere to be seen. Wondering what had happened to it, he proceeded to hunt for it along the banks. He had not searched long however, when he saw the slab to which the trap had been fastened lying on the surface of the water a few feet from the bank. Reaching out as far as he could he grasped the end of the slab and hauled it ashore, bringing with it the trap with a good sized muskrat in it, which, having been able to reach deep water, had drowned.

Murray reset the trap in the same place as before, and then hurried on to the others, none of which had been molested.

Monday afternoon, as soon as school was out, the lad was off to the traps. He found everything as he had left it until he came to the one set in the cress. This one was pulled away out on the bank with a big live rat in it, which bit and tore fiercely at the trap, chattering all the while.

At first, Murray was a shade shy of the furious little chap, for every time he got close to it, it would dive viciously at him, snapping its teeth ready to take a piece out of him, if by any chance it should get a hold. Finally a well directed blow between the ears finished its activities, and Murray hastened on to the last trap—the one under the stump—which was sprung, but had nothing in it.

The farmer had stretching-boards ready, and when Murray arrived with the two rats, he had them skinned and stretched in short order. The pelts were prime and well furred and much was the lad's delight when the farmer told him they were worth at least sixty cents apiece.

At home that night, Murray told his parents all about the trapping, and how he hoped to make a lot of money that way. At first they laughed at him a little, but when he showed them the two dandy pelts he had already taken, and told them what the farmer said they were worth they became really interested, and encouraged the boy to go on and do the best he could.

Murray tended his traps very faithfully, and by the time winter set in with its deep snow and frozen streams, he had taken eighteen fine skins. These he sold to a passing trader for twelve dollars.

Trapping on the streams was now impossible, so upon the advice of the farmer Murray took his traps and set them around

the muskrat houses, of which there were dozens in the big marsh near his home. Here he worked them with fair success until the floods of early spring cleared the streams of ice.

The spring season passed all too soon for Murray, who was having better luck with his traps as he gained experience in their use. He had done very well however, and when at the end of the season he received a cheque for twenty dollars for his catch, he was more than satisfied.

Summer had come and gone, and it was trapping time again, Murray planned on doing big things this season. Weeks before the season opened he had gone over his territory studying the habits of the muskrat, and spotting out all likely places to catch him. The farmer had given him another dozen traps too; which with the ones he had from last year would set a line just long enough for him to look after nicely. Prices were good too, and everything pointed to a very successful season with the traps.

One evening, some three weeks after he had set his traps, Murray was sitting by the fire looking over the local paper, when an item of news caught his eye, which set him thinking. It ran somewhat as follows:

"The Jones Hardware Co. will give a Steven's twenty-two calibre rifle, to the person catching and placing on exhibit in their store, the largest mink. Contest to close December the twenty-fourth."

Now, a rifle was something Murray had wanted as long as he could remember, but money had always been too scarce for him even to think of getting one. Here, however, was a chance for someone.

Mink, he knew, were quite plentiful in the locality, but he had always heard that they were very cunning and hard to catch, so had never tried to trap them. Then, to set traps for mink, would mean that he would have to take some traps off his muskrat line, and they were paying so well just then that he hated to do that. Doubtless, too, there would be many after that prize who had trapped mink for many years, so it would be utter foolishness to risk the lessening of his catch of rats, on the chance of winning that rifle.

Thoughts of the rifle and mink trapping stuck in his mind all the same, and one night soon afterward he dreamed that he was walking along a little creek through a sparsely wooded lot not far from home, known as the half-bush, when a monster mink jumped out of the water and ran under

an old stump not far from the bank. Setting a trap just outside the hole where the mink had disappeared, he hid behind a tree and waited. In a few minutes out came the mink and walked right into the trap. My, but it was a big one, and thoughts of the rifle went dancing through his mind.

"Murray, it's breakfast time," called his mother, from the foot of the stairs, and Murray awoke from his dream.

Rubbing the sand from his eyes the lad hopped out of bed and looked out the window, and, lo! before him lay a world transformed. Snow had fallen during the night, and where but a few hours before, the landscape lay all brown and sere, now as far as eye could reach all lay mantled in a shroud of white.

"Don't suppose there'll be anything in the traps to-night" thought Murray, as he hurried home from school that afternoon. Nevertheless, he didn't feel right until he had visited them all.

It was getting late when he reached the last one and turned for home, so instead of following the creek back, as he usually did he took a short cut across the fields. The course he followed took him through the half-bush of his dream of the night before so just for curiosity he made a slight detour to visit the old stump; and would you believe it? Just as he was about to cross the stream, that ran between him and the stump, a great big mink, the biggest he had ever seen, sprang out of the water and ran under that very stump.

For a moment the boy stood paralyzed. Then remembering the happy finale of his dream, he hurried over and set a trap in the very hole that the mink went in, and then sat down to wait.

But, alas his dream came true just so far; and he waited, and waited, and waited, but no mink came out.

The next night when he visited the stump, Murray found that the mink had been out. Tracks were thick all around. The mink had gone in and out under the stump at a dozen places but at the same time it had kept mighty shy of the trap.

For two long weeks did Murray try to catch that mink. He tried every ruse he could think of to lure him into a trap, but all in vain. The mink would come out; run around; hop over the trap if he so chose; but never did he take the fatal step that would have landed his hide on a stretching-board. As day after day slipped by with no success, Murray saw his chances to win the much

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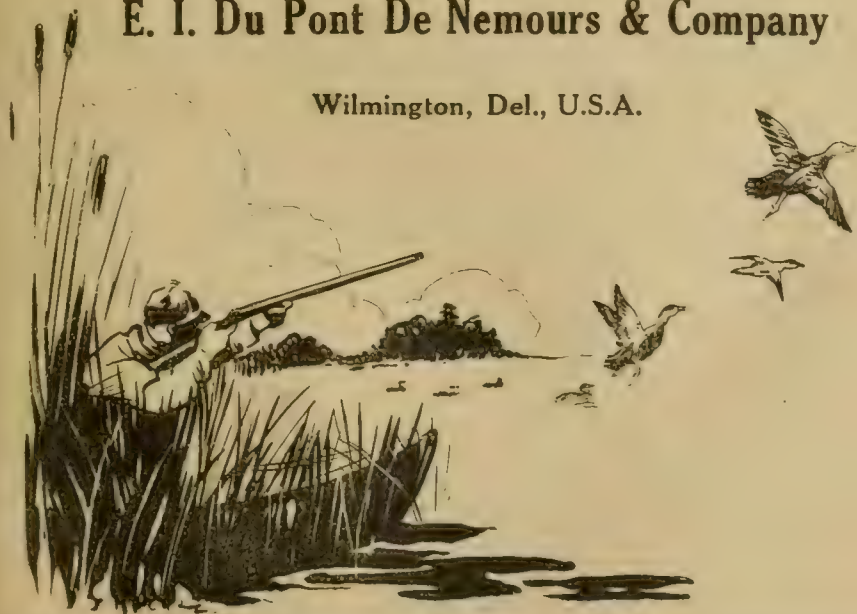
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coveted rifle grow less and less. At last but five days remained. Something must be done at once.

It was then Murray resolved to put into effect the very next night, a set he had had in mind for some time. This he made preparations to do by hunting a spade and fitting his old fishing pole with a snare.

He was home the next night in double-quick time and off with the spade and pole. First, he went to the old sucker hole, where after considerable hard work, he landed a good-sized fish. Taking the fish and the spade he hurried on to the stump, the home of the crafty old mink.

Some little distance up from the stump, the banks of the stream rose twelve inches or more from the surface of the water. Here Murray decided to make his set.

Taking the spade he dug a pocket from the edge of the stream back some eighteen inches. This he made about five inches wide, and just deep enough that the water would cover the bottom to the depth of an inch or so. Next, he took the fish, washed it thoroughly, and fastened it to a small stake. The stake and fish he placed at the very back of the pocket. Taking the trap, he set it at the mouth of the pocket, and staked it as far out in the stream as the chain would permit, making sure that the trap and chain were covered well with water. Next, he dug up a sod with which he roofed the pocket. The set was finished, yet just by way of precaution against any odors sticking about, that might put the cunning old rascal on his guard, the lad splashed water all about where he had been working.

Murray visited his new set each of the three following nights, and at each visit found it just as he had left it the time before.

Nor did he see any signs of the mink. It seemed to have left the stump altogether.

December the twenty-fourth was a holiday. Murray was up and had his chores done early, intending to make a hurried visit to the traps and then go to town. This was the day the contest closed and he wanted to be on hand to see who won.

The rat traps were nearest, so he went to them first, and then hustled on to the mink trap, with the sole intention of taking it home, seeing the contest closed that day. Nothing seemed disturbed around the set and Murray was just about to pull the stake, when something caught his eye that made him shout for joy. There, on a knoll about a yard from where the trap had been set, lay the mink, caught well up on the front leg and dead as a "nailer."

Realizing that there was still a chance to win the prize, he grasped mink, trap, stake and all, and rushed off as fast as his legs could carry him to Mr. Crone's.

The farmer was hitching up to go to town when Murray arrived; sweat streaming down his face and all excitement.

"Why what's the matter and where did you get that dandy mink?" asked the farmer, before the lad could get breath to explain.

Then Murray related the story of the contest, and of his dream, and how after many days of vain attempts he had at last beguiled the sly old mink into a trap.

There was much satisfaction in Murray's smile that afternoon as he and the farmer emerged from the Jones' Hardware Store with the greatly coveted prize, which the "Dream Mink," as Murray fondly called the beautiful pelt had won for him, over the finest bunch of skins the farmer had ever seen.

Fatty's Luck

JIM BLEA

SUNDAY, 9 a.m., Oct. 27th, 1918, when the Spanish "flu" was creating havoc in Toronto, Charles D., James G., the writer and his hound, "Dan," left the above mentioned metropolis in a flivver for Petit's Point, Lake Seugog, with the sole intention of murdering a few wild ducks. The dog was only taken as mascot, also to make it inconvenient for Charles D. in the back seat, who placed one arm around him, the other restraining

five guns, four valises, and three dunnage bags in their respective places. However, Charles D. manipulated this clever acrobatic stunt with only one exception, and that was when I turned the car on a sharp turn and sunk on a three foot hole going at twenty miles an hour without giving warning, result: Dan was gracefully discharged from our midst and stood on the road giving an illustration of a camel, howling "The last rose of

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summer." I was more than thankful he was not hurt after all, not only is he a good hunter but speaks two languages (his and mine).

We arrived at James G.'s chateau in less than three hours, and I must say here that James G.'s chateau has everything from a cake of ice to a real bed. After dinner prepared by James G., which was fit for the gods,—imagine, porterhouse steak, boiled potatoes, carrots and several of Heintz's 57, on a shooting expedition,—we then dressed up as "bums,"—old hats, boots large enough to accommodate five pairs of socks, and pants discarded several years before. After carrying three boots, two skiffs and one canoe down a steep hill we proceeded to sort out thirty decoys apiece, of course we knew what kind of ducks were going to fly so naturally we picked the wrong decoys as is often the case with the wise ones. This done, we sat on the shore and watched three lone divers a mile out from shore drifting in the calm lake all afternoon, which was not a very promising outlook for the next morning, but we coaxed ourselves into thinking that the wind might blow hard, and the North Pole freeze harder and drive the ducks south.

Monday a.m., one hour before daylight, James G. had us up. Breakfast over and the dog locked up, we made for the boats. As the wind was coming across the lake we chose the far shore for shooting. Just after I got my thirty decoys nicely spread out the rain started. They say the rougher the weather the better the luck, so I stuck to my guns. Now when I left camp I had no thoughts of rain (only ducks) and as it was cold when I got up I put on woollen socks, two woollen sweaters, woollen mitts, and tweed pants. Being a large man, 256 lbs. stripped, and 59 inches around the dining room I considered I absorbed enough rain in four hours to make Lake Skugog jealous. Three lone wild geese were the only feathered passengers that morning, and all we got from them was an imitation of an auto (honk! honk!) four hundred yards away. After drying my clothes we resolved to take Dan, the dog, to the swamps and see if rabbit shooting was any better. However, not a bunny was given a run, but Dan gave tongue in a language I did not understand, and as he did not get anything going, we went back to camp and prepared for the next morning.

Tuesday a.m. we were away to new points on the lake, the wind coming from a different direction, Charlie D. and James G. shot about a dozen ducks while all I got was the

flu (flew—English not Spanish), and judging by their straight course, they were making for General Villa's water resorts. After three hours trying to keep still, and warm at the same time, three ducks were actually making for my decoys. When about to pitch in they changed their minds, and on looking around I saw Dan tearing down the hill towards my decoys, he having deserted the camp to locate us. No duck shooting, and Dan on the job. I decided to take him alone to the swamps and see if he would give tongue as he did the day before. Sure enough he did and away he went at the rate of a mile a minute. To follow him up with my 256 pounds and excess baggage, I went first into low gear then on high. Pretty soon my cut-out started to puff. Ordinarily fifty yards run puts me to the mat, but there was blood in my eye and murder in my soul and was going to shoot that weasel or elephant or whatever it was. I cleared the first swamp like a rabbit. Midway through the next swamp I came to a stream. Stepping on a log to cross the miserable thing it took exception to my weight and refused to carry me only half way over. Dan, by this time had gained a long lead, his voice sounding many miles away. Picking myself out of the stream, I just strolled or wobbled until I came to the end of the swamp and in climbing over a snake-fence I discovered a nice seat right on top. There and then, I and myself agreed that the dog should bring this terrible creature he was chasing back to me, if I was to be the executioner. I sat there half an hour congratulating myself for losing a few pounds in weight, when Dan's voice came nearer to me. Between his swamp and myself was a ten acre field. I kept my eyes glued across this when—"Jumping Gee Whitackers"—if a large red fox didn't come out a head of him, he stopped and peeked around some brush at the swamp where Dan was, then turned and made for a fence to my right, jumped up this and took a few steps, down again, then for some unknown reason came straight for me. My 16 gauge gun had only number 6 shot shells, and I dare not move a muscle to change them. In a few seconds "bang" my gun went off, but it was in the proper place, I broke a hind leg first shot and the second shot finished him. Dan by this time was in the ten acre field going the same direction the fox had gone. I hollered to him that I had shot him but he didn't believe me, for he took no short cuts and followed the course right to me, where

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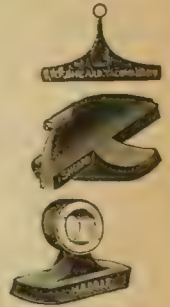
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after a good rub with his nose he allowed me to start for camp. Next day the same time Charlie D., James G., Dan and I tried to locate another fox. Sure enough the hound was off again on another run but did not get this one so turned back to us. While going home through the swamp we noticed in a small pool, two green winged teal. One of

these we shot; the other soon got lost in the trees. Ducks are not found very often in these places. We broke camp that night. I had the fox done up into a neck-piece for my little girl as a Christmas present. Now I have an order from her for the muff that goes with it.

Pacific Coast Hunters Secure Albino Bear

THE following descriptive account of a unique bear hunt resulting in the capture of an albino bear was kindly forwarded to *Rod and Gun in Canada* by Mrs. Manley Hedden of Seattle, who with her husband Mr. Manley Hedden, is spending a few months at Ocean Falls, British Columbia. Mr. Hedden is connected with the Pacific Paper Mills Limited which has a large mill at Ocean Falls.

June the twenty-fourth was a red letter day for three hunters from the Ocean Falls Paper Mill of Ocean Falls, British Columbia. The party consisting of Fred Seivers, one of the most successful amateur hunters of the Ocean Falls district, accompanied by two men Messrs Spear and Spurb, crossed Link Lake, which is approximately half way between

Vancouver and Prince Rupert, and after a short walk came to a large muskeg. Making a detour of a few hundred feet they were delighted to notice a splendid albino bear and two cubs in a tree. The albino was dispatched with a few well directed shots but not before she charged for a distance of fifty feet from the base of the tree. She died game like all members of the bear family.

Mr. Seivers made a lasso of a rope and a sapling and climbing a tree close by he succeeded in lassoing both of the cubs and lowered them unharmed to the ground. The mother was a beautiful golden color weighing in the neighborhood of two hundred and fifty pounds. Her cubs, one of which has an almost human look as can be seen by the photo, were ordinary black bear cubs except for tufts of golden hair in their ears.

It is not hard to imagine the females of the wild life of the Pacific coast muttering, "Drug store blonde" when her ladyship passed their way and now that she has been gathered into the great Forest we can imagine the relief of the jealous housewives in the dens of *Ursus americanus*.

From Darwin's time and even before that, breeders of animals both wild and tame have endeavored to breed true to type. They have met with a wonderful degree of success but just when they thought that it was possible to breed an animal true to color for time eternal, Nature stepped in and with a playful thrust, set at naught the work of years. It is not the albino itself that causes the damage to the color line breeding, as it is invariably a freak white or golden color that could easily be disposed of, but the trouble arises through the mongrel color of the albino's progeny.

Ed. Note.



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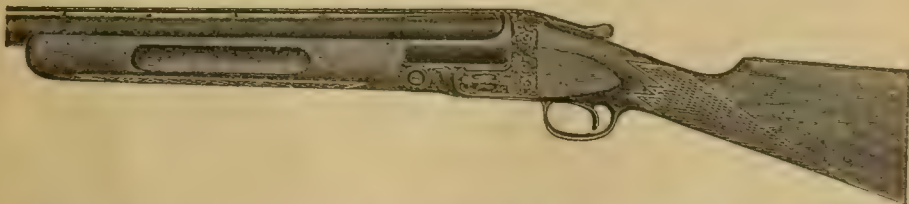
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Bird Dogs I Have Met

THOMAS HUBERT HUTTON

NO doubt you will be surprised to learn that one of the very best bud-dogs I ever met was nothing more nor less than an Airedale terrier. His name was "Blake's Laddie" and beyond the peradventure of a doubt he was the equal of any pointer or setter I ever hunted with.

Possibly right here it would not be amiss to describe the Airedale in brief. The Airedale is the largest and hardest terrier yet produced owing his great and growing popularity to his adaptability to every kind of sport. Singular as it may seem, he is the product of mere chance, having been evolved some sixty years ago, in the valley of the Aire river, between England and Scotland. In the region where he first appeared were sturdy out-of-doors Yorkshiremen, keen huntsmen by land and water, whom the local game wardens in all probability branded as poachers. These men owned all kinds of dogs including the big and aquatic otterhound, several species of the intelligent and aggressive terrier, the old reliable English sheep dog, and the indomitable bull dog. Out of this potpourri of dogs evolved the new type which combined the best qualities of all his motley forbears. He got his size and strength, trailing ability and love for water from the otterhound. He got from the terrier quick, keen wits, a bright alert eye and a swiftness of movement apparently incompatible with his weight. His adaptability for driving and guarding stock was his inheritance from the old English sheep dog. The bull dog gave him tenacity and courage to the death.

Naturally the Airedale terrier as we find him to-day is the most versatile, the most accomplished, and the most daring of dogs. He is a natural hunter, has a keen nose, and is easily broken to gun. He will do all the work of a spaniel. A capital water dog and retriever, he is a first rate workman on shore, and when hunting along the banks of a river there are few dogs that can equal him, for his close, wiry jacket enables him to withstand the effects of the wet, whilst being such a big dog he is more than a match for any sort of vermin he may fall across. Rats he will destroy as quickly as one can wink an eye, being almost as quick in his movements as a mongoose.

The Airedale will hunt rabbits with the zeal of a beagle or foxhound, tree a coon, and

kill him when he drops; as for muskrats, otter and mink, he is swift and certain death. No hole is too deep in the water for him to follow his quarry; for hours he will work indefatigably, and woe betide the object of his search when found. In addition to this, he is easily taught to retrieve ducks and geese, and on account of his size and strength no sea is too rough for him when in pursuit of wounded wild fowl.

The city fancier enjoys his companionship at home or in cross country tramps, at which times the Airedale is always busy and ready to find something of interest, whether chasing rabbits, yarmints, or shaking a mountain beaver, or treeing some noisy squirrel or grouse, or pointing a bevy of quail, all for the fun of it. If a swim is on hand, he is first to enjoy it and stands ready to retrieve anything or if at the shore handles himself dexterously in the surf, and in shoal waters an Airedale will fish for hours at a time, running up and down the flats, following the little darting fin bearers with head under water seemingly as often as out.

The farmer and rancher have found in the Airedale a dog that combines more than any other breed everything that is useful in a dog. He will drive cattle and sheep like a collie. He loves to continually hunt for and exterminate all vermin and pests to poultry. He is the one dog that can be depended upon at all times to quickly sound the alarm of molesting marauders being about, and he is a willing assistant in driving away the howling and mischievous coyotes and when it is possible to corner one, will single-handed kill it with neatness and dispatch. When the farmer finds his place visited only too early for his slumber by 'coons in the chicken coop or a visit from the destructive skunk, if he is without an Airedale on his place, he begins to think it's about time he had one; for nothing ever destroys bird or animal life on farm or ranch without an Airedale knowing it and he loses no time in dispensing the enemy instantly, and all so naturally and willingly, without guidance or suggestion.

Hunters and trappers have come to find in the Airedale a dog par excellence for their life. The slightest movement in an adjoining thicket, he hears and detects instantly, or he scents distant game long before one has any



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Wm. F. Nye, New Bedford, Mass.



1. Mrs. Stanley Blake's favorite dogs are Airedale terriers.

2. None are cuter than Airedale puppies.

3. Mr. Stanley Blake is also very fond of Airedales.

idea of its presence, leading his master still-hunting to it, or if allowed his freedom, going off with a bound and at a pace that no other dog can surpass, out of sight and hearing until he has rounded up his quarry and has a bear at bay in some recess, or cougar treed, or bobcat cornered, when, with unceasing and noisy tongue, he tells the tale to the otherwise peaceful hills and dales, that he is there to stay hours if needed, until his hunter-master comes to put an end to the wild prey of his finding. Instances are reported of Airedales staying with big game treed for two days' time and more before being found.

In point of disposition, no dog could be possessed of more qualities that would endear

him to his owner. He is far from quarrelsome with other dogs, is inclined to shun them at walk; but let another dog dispute his right to advance, he is up and at it in a moment. Then his opponent must look to himself, however, big and strong he may be. The Airedale's jaw, of wonderful length and punishing power, soon does its work, and he would sooner die than turn tail. At home he is docile in the extreme, fond of children, and a good guardian, also obedient to a wonderful degree, which coupled with an intelligence almost human makes him a most enjoyable and trustworthy companion. The Airedale, moreover, possesses another great recommendation in the eyes of many dog lovers, this being the possession of a very hardy constitution, which causes little trouble to his owners during the early stages of his career, and when grown he can stand an unlimited amount of rough and tear work. Altogether, he is one of the most useful dog's living, and has a personality all his own.

“Blake's Laddie,” combined all the qualities of the Airedale and possessed in addition all that goes to make up a perfect bird dog, being absolutely staunch on point, steady to wing and shot, and a careful, slow worker. I found this out one day last fall. Here is the way it came about:

Stanley Blake, the owner of “Laddie,” invited me to accompany him on one of his numerous hunting excursions. Of course, I gladly accepted the invitation, as he is a jolly fellow to be out with and a sportsman of the first water. Mr. Blake had frequently told me about his bird dog “Laddie,” but my big surprise came when I asked him whether “Laddie” was a pointer or setter and he startled me with the declaration that he was nothing more nor less than an Airedale terrier.

To me, it sounded most too incredible to believe and when I voiced my skepticism jokingly, friend Blake immediately threw down the gauntlet and accepted the challenge to prove his statement, to wit: That “Laddie,” the Airedale, was a sure enough thoroughly trained bird dog.

That was his impelling reason for extending the invitation to me to accompany him on the hunting trip, so on the morning of one delightful autumnal day we started out, “Laddie” and “Jingo” (one of Blake's fine string of Pointers) held firmly in leash, but not without difficulty, as “Laddie” especially appeared very ambitious to get loose. At the moment I did not attribute this quality to any desire on his part to get to work on quail,

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merely thinking his evident anxiety to be freed was nothing but pure wildness, and I remarked to Mr. Blake that when "Laddie" did get loose that would be the last we would see of him. I never saw a dog carry on so frantically in my life. He looked as though he'd die if he wasn't liberated right then and there. "Jingo," aside from wagging his tail and giving his master wistful and anxious glances every now and then, showed no inclination to be freed from the chain.

We were steadily tramping 'cross country and by this time had gotten well out of sight of the little town from which we had started and soon we would come to good bird country.

It wasn't long, therefore until the eager "Laddie" and "Jingo" were set at liberty, and as I had predicted "Laddie" made a wild rush and was soon clear out of sight while "Jingo" was more careful, hunting every bit of the ground thoroughly that he went over.

"Now," said I, to friend Blake, "Laddie's actions right from the start show he's no part of a bird dog and explode your claims completely."

"You just be a little bit patient," Blake retorted "and give the Airedale a chance. That first little initial dash of his is just to get his blood circulating right. He'll simmer down in a minute and then he'll work even slower and carefuller, than "Jingo" is workin' now."

"Maybe you're right," said I, "but you know I've adopted the "show-me" attitude. It's up to "Laddie" to redeem himself if he's got sense enough, which I begin to seriously doubt."

Considering this a pretty hot shot, I closed my chops and remained silent a spell, giving it plenty time to soak in.

But a moment of time proved that Blake was right and I was wrong, for "Laddie" did simmer down and got busy in a manner that immediately stamped him as a first-class bird dog. He out-hunted the pointer forty ways, and in no time at all, it seemed, was pointing a bevy of quail, one forefoot uplifted and his whole body held as rigid as a statue of stone.

The best "Jingo" could do was to back him, and a pretty picture it would have made, had a camera been handy, but that's nearly always the way of it, one never has his kodak ready at the right time.

When the smoke cleared away "Laddie" and "Jingo" retrieved the two birds Blake shot and I saw that "Laddie" was just as tender a retriever as any pointer or setter

dared be. My surprise melted into admiration and I forthwith congratulated my friend and assured him the smokes were on me the moment we got back to town.

The Airedale terrier as a breed has not only shown his sterling qualities as a sportsman's asset, but he has also proven his worth in the recent great European War.

Originally bred in England, in the Valley of the Aire river, developed with no end in view greater than utility, he is the ideal dog today for war duties. He has well been called "the most self-contained dog"—one of his most valuable traits when he is considered for purposes of war. He is never unduly excited or disturbed even under the greatest strains of terror. His sagacity, fidelity, nose and hardiness stand him in great stead. I was a long time realizing that the Airedale was something more than a "passing fad," and I was only convinced when I saw "Laddie" worked alongside a thoroughly trained and pedigreed pointer and saw that he was even superior to the pointer in bird dog qualities. I was just a Doubting Thomas, as no doubt many of those who scan this page still are, and to these I would say all you have to do is try one out and see for yourself their value as an all around utility dog, no matter what you want to use them for.

The Airedale was bred originally for a real working terrier—and he is actually all that has ever been expected of him, and more. By instinct and training his senses have been developed towards the end of value. He is without a peer in the world of dogdom for intelligence. No dog can boast greater gameness, none has a keener nose, he is supreme in the water, and his size, being the largest of all the terriers, stands him in good stead. He never seeks trouble—but is always ready for it when it comes.

The Airedale is almost universally healthy, and his heavy double coat enables him to stand even the most severe climate. He adapts himself anywhere, from the equator to the North-Pole, and from the home to the battle field.

From the Otter Hound the Airedale inherits a nose as keen as any of the hound family. This valuable nose is backed up by a sense of hearing that has no superior. In their native land experiments have been made at Scotland Yard which prove that the Airedale can detect sounds far away by hundreds of yards for the most acute ear. In the English army they put this faculty into practical use: The Airedales are trained not to bark at

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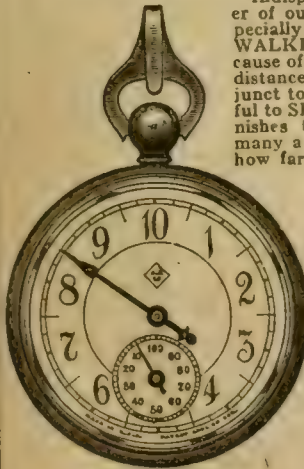
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strange sounds in trench warfare, especially at night, but to give low growls—and in this manner warning of the stealthy approach of the enemy. By both scent and hearing the Airedales can do this when the human ear would not enable the soldiers to detect the presence of danger. The degrees of the dog's growl indicate the nearness of the danger in these cases. They are trained to express themselves just a little more positively as the danger is greater, or otherwise. No other breed would lend itself to such subtle training.

In the ambulance service the Airedale is also most valuable; he can tell, better than can any human, whether or not life is extinct. The dogs are taught to go about the fields of slaughter and single out those of the wounded in whom there are yet signs of life—and many of these are thus saved who would otherwise perish. A noble work for a dog, as you will agree! But what animal has ever done nobler work than man's greatest friend—the dog?

The highest praise for the Airedale is given by those who have seen his work on the bloody fields of battle in Europe. He even thrives on the battlefield by reason of his gameness, quickness, and hardy constitution. He learns to actually love the sound of heavy gun firing. He can tell the English Tommy from the German Hun, and in many hand to hand trench conflicts he has lent his aid and proved himself a fearful assailant. No doubt now the great war is over many a soldier owes his life to the timely assistance of an Airedale, and I venture the prediction that there will be very few returning soldiers who will not be dog enthusiasts for the remainder of their lives. This will necessarily create renewed interest in man's greatest friend and assure the dog human sympathy for many

years to come. Here's hoping that one of the fruits of the war will be to evolve a better understanding on the part of the great mass of the people as to the value of the outdoor world in general, and the dog in particular.

"Laddie" was not only a well-trained bird dog, but he had the breeding to back him up and it would not surprise me one whit if some day he should slip up on the "dog world" and capture first-prize as the greatest BIRD DOG in America. In all probability, however, he will not do that, as the general run of bird dog judges would likely be somewhat prejudiced in favour of the setter and the pointer, even though the Airedale's work as a bird dog was superior—a decision in favour of the latter might be called "a comic mistake," or something like that, and work detriment to the offending judge. The successful judge knows that he must strive to please the majority and the setter and pointer men would assuredly resent having their dog bested by an Airedale terrier. It would submerge their pride to such a depth that it is doubtless if they'd ever be able to get their "periscopes" above the surface again. Any judge would know that. So I guess "Laddie" has a slim chance.

But that doesn't keep him from deserving the honors anyway and I'd sure love to gamble on him before an unbiased judge. "Laddie's" real name is "Haughty Lad of Ashborne," 167025 A.K.C., by Ch. Soudan Swiveller, ex Red Riot of Ashborne, so you see he is well fortified in the best Airedale bloodlines. I only wish he could get a chance to show his equality as a bird dog at some Field Trial event where the best setters and pointers in the country were participating. He'd sure make the wise ones sit up and take notice.

A Vision Realized

AN AMATEUR

*"Yarrow's stream unseen, unknown,
It must, or we shall rue it,
We have a vision of our own,
Ah! why should we undo it."*

Not being a poet, and when one's larder provider's theme is ducks, first, last, and all the time, one must inevitably yearn to see the vision realized, a vision which you will

perceive finally culminated, not like the vision of Yarrow, which failed miserably to measure up to the reality, but rather the reverse.

The afternoon we had planned for our journey proved ideal. The air was clear and just crisp enough to be exhilarating as we tramped along on slaughter bent.

Having soon left the town far behind, we

Vacation Days



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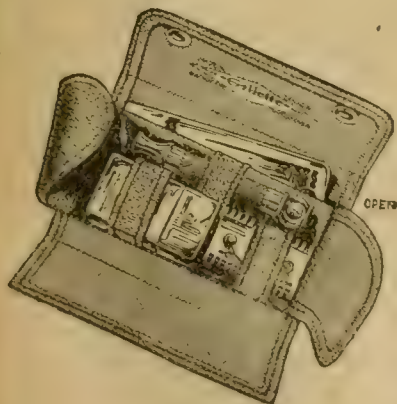


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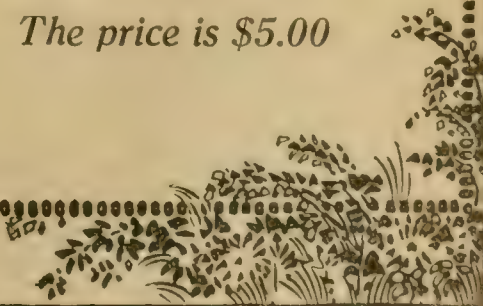
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took to the fields to shorten the distance. I don't know how many we crossed, but they included pasture, stubble and ploughed ground, and in spite of minutes lost in seeking means to avoid climbing the fences, we made quick work of them, arriving at our destination in less than an hour.

Running along the west side of the northern end of the marsh was a snake rail fence, and parallel with that and quite close, was a path, evidently worn by cattle. From this eastward, the ground overgrown with willows gradually sloped to a pond, at the edge of which earlier in the season a hide had been built.

My larder provider had been offered the loan of a punt, with which to retrieve the ducks. This, he had been informed, was hidden in the willows near the fence. Long afterwards he discovered that the reference had been to another fence stretching diagonally across. However, after he had spent about ten minutes in a vain endeavor to locate it, I thought I would have a try. The ground looked solid enough and I was anxious to get a glimpse of a muskrat house, but before I had proceeded far, I felt the water oozing through my boots. Needless to say, I lost no time in retreating and establishing a firmer position on the fence, leaving the boots unoccupied on the end of the top rail, as a target for the sun.

Ultimately abandoning all hope of finding the punt, he next decided to attempt wing-shooting at another smaller pond farther south where the water was shallow.

I watched him as he followed along the path until he came to where the fence turned directly westward. Southeast of this corner, a distance of perhaps forty yards, were several uprooted pine stumps standing in a row. This was his objective, as it was the only cover the place afforded and the pond lay just east of them.

He had not been there long before three came sailing over. I saw the gun spit fire and one drop. Then I saw him as he waded through the long grass after it, but just at that time my attention was directed to the willows, where I was sure I heard something moving. I climbed down from the fence and in doing so, jarred the boots off on the opposite side. Having managed to reach one through the rails, I tried to pull the other nearer with a stick but it refused to come. Meanwhile, the sound became more and more distinct until I could hear every step. Terrorized, I grabbed the one boot but in turn-

ing to flee, I beheld just emerging from the bushes, the head and shoulders of a big steer. My fears allayed, I resumed my vigil on the fence just in time to see the hunter, minus the hunted, disappear behind the stumps again.

By this time the sun was on the horizon and the tall trees scattered along the fence, cast long, dark shadows across the marsh. I didn't relish the idea of moving any farther south, as the walk home would be long enough but I eventually concluded I should, at least, feel more secure nearer the ammunition depot, so having slipped the fence and crawling under berry bushes, then climbing back, I trudged along the path.

On coming to the turn I sat down and made an effort with the inadequate aid of a hair-pin to button them, but after repeated exertions the buttons on the proper side resembled hen's teeth, which they say are few and far between.

Meanwhile away to the south I heard an occasional shot fired and after each one I looked up expecting to see some ducks but none came.

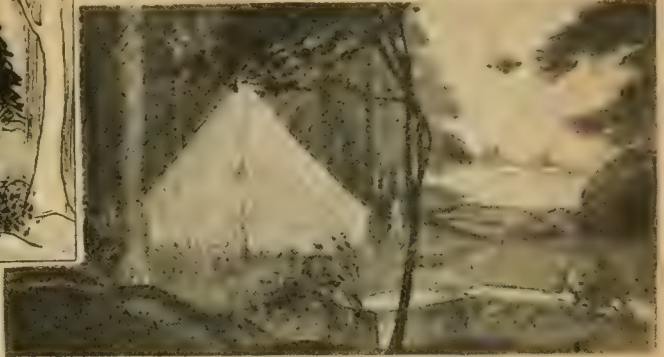
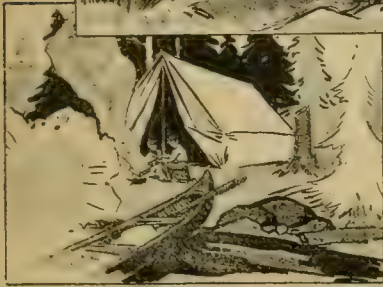
As I sat there musing, I recalled the words of the great poet who gave as a reason why men went hunting, "It's the lure of little voices; It's the mandate of the wild." Surely he didn't mean the mosquitoes, they were the only little voices I heard and to me they were rather more repelling than alluring.

My reverie was interrupted with "Bang! Bang!" followed by indistinct words. I was not sure whether he was trying to assure those two still unscathed but frightened ducks that all was well or whether it was a call for more to come, but I had grave suspicions that it was neither, and I resolved then and there to listen better to the next item.

As I gazed about to see if more were coming away to the south-west, I observed a black line looming up which proved to be ten ducks but just as they came within sight of the pond, they veered to the north as though disappointed in not seeing others of their kind feeding there.

Nothing followed, not even the report of the shot-gun, and my curiosity was aroused beyond restraint, so that after the ducks were out of sight, I called to him to know why he didn't shoot and after expressions of surprise he said that they were out of range.

I called myself stupid for spoiling my opportunity but it made no difference, for although we lingered some time longer no more came and when I ventured, as we



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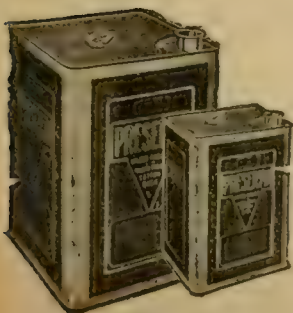
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wended our way homeward, to ask him why he didn't try a duck call again he said: "That is a secret and women can't keep a secret". Well if I was ruffled, there were no visible signs for it was then dark and I instinctively knew we were approaching a barbed wire entanglement in the shape of a fence and without assistance I might possibly be an unwilling picket there through the long night watches. Within an incredibly short period heavy black clouds had obscured

even the faint light of the stars, making the intervening fields, before we landed on the King's highway, seem so rough that they suggested the thought of No Man's Land and all that it implied and we invariably uttered something particularly impressive about Prussianism, whenever we unexpectedly fell over a stump or bumped into a fence. Weary and worn and sad, we reached home at last and our one regret was "We had a vision of our own, Ah! why did we undo it?"

A Camp Fire Reverie

W. MCCARDELL

THERE'S a valley over the White-Man's pass that's never been explored. I've heard strange tales from the Indians of things that have happened there and I'm going to make it a point to visit that valley. You can make it a safe bet that there's something mighty curious in a valley that an Indian won't explore; when he stands longingly at the entrance to a promising hunting ground and refuses to enter. Nothing less than something approaching the flaming sword at the entrance to the Garden of Eden can prevent him from entering. It has to be something very mysterious."

The speaker was a bronzed bearded giant in the centre of a party of men gathered about a camp fire in the hinterland of the world. They were part of the vanguard who are gradually extending the limit of their exploration until it encompasses the loneliest valleys and they are gradually pushing the world's frontiers out to the farthest out-posts of the unknown.

They were discussing what might be in this valley. The bright circle of flame lit up the quiet faces of the other men; around them was the darkness and eerie silence of the night. By the time each had speculated as to what might be in the lonely and undiscovered valley, one would have thought that it was the place where the God of Adventure sat on his twilight throne, under the canopied palace of sunset. Then I realized that the Camp-fire is a witch's cauldron in which is conjured up the strange tales of the woods.

I knew they were just romancing and were wishing for the perfect valley that only the explorer dreams of. I knew what sort of

scenery they required in this valley to which one could not get until they had crossed a rugged barrier of mountains where the lean blizzards swept the peaks and the mist constantly trailed across the scarred cliffs. Over the other side of this rugged barrier to which one was conducted by some Indian, who was loyal enough not to show any one else, one descended into a valley where summer lay eternally and the creeks ran with gold. There would be a long blue lake stretching through a deep forest and one day the quiet dip of the paddles would be heard over its surface and then a lovely dream girl would quietly run her light canoe ashore, step out and immediately fall in love with the daring explorer who had conquered the barrier.

If only one could gather all the strange tales that are whispered in low-voiced murmurs over the flickering campfire

The brotherhood of the camp-fire is the oldest institution in the world. It had its dim beginning in those days when the cave-men roamed the earth. The camp-fire was the first mother of literature. The cave-man gazing into its profound depths was stirred with visions that could not be expressed in words and his bosom throbbed with dim, eerie feelings. This was the dawn of thought for thought was born in the crucible of a camp-fire.

These men talking out in the depths of night are the glorified inheritors of the cave-man's first vision. They too, are just as profoundly stirred and as they look into the flames they are seeing visions that are carrying the cave-man's dream farther out into the timeless sea.

The camp-fire is the emblem of discovery

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and when through the myriad valleys of the world, the camp-fires flare up out of the darkness it seems like the hoisting of a signal, spelling out the day's march into the realm of distance.

I wonder when the day will come when the earth will have no more undiscovered hinterlands, when all the Eden-valleys that lie in the mysterious realm of the unknown shall be discovered. I wonder when all the brooding silences of lonely continents will at last echo to the sound of human voice.

I know that when that day comes the camp-fire brood will not rest and be sluggish.

From this they will turn to the master exploration; and the lonely planets gleaming out in space will be their goal. The 'Columbus' of the world's far places will pass on their spirit and it will live in the 'Columbus' of space. They will fare down to the dim regions beyond the farthest ebb of the twilight sea; down through the moonlit glory of the plains where Jupiter wheels in

his stately orb with his attendant train of seven moons to accompany him into the stellar halls down into the far away depths of the blue-gulf.

These men of the out-door world are carrying the dream of exploration to that day when the sea will be marked and charted like the currents of the ocean and man will venture down to the murky halls where flaring comets die. These men are the forbears of the superman whose members will belong to the 'Earth and Martian Aero-Graphical society.' And the wheeling planets and the lords of the outer marches of space at the edge of night shall be their stamping grounds.

Yes these men gathered about the camp-fire all of them dreamers, are opening the door for a greater and wider exploration, where man, Mahomet like, rides to the palace of creation.

The dream of the cave man is still soaring its way into the silence and will never end so long as there is space to conquer.

A Perfect Day

M. I. TAYLOR

"Maggie—oh, Maggie!—Maggie; do wake up."

At that whispered injunction I opened my eyes lazily, just to show that I had been awake for as long as—ten seconds—and stared at the eye which peered through the knot that by some oversight on the builder's part, graced the partition between my room and the girls' at our summer cottage. The eye blinked back accusingly at me and the whispered conversation continued, although we might just as well have shouted aloud at one another, for the nature of summer homes is to magnify the slightest rustle into a whole advancing army and a gentle breath into a megaphonic blast.

"Well, what do you want now, Nora?" I asked.

"It's going to be a perfectly 'scrumptious' day and Vee and I think it would be just the time for our walk to the Point. We can leave at ten, have lunch at the hotel or picnic outside with what we can buy at the stores; catch the noon boat up the Lake again and have a perfect day. Won't you persuade mother to let us go?"

The Point, I may explain, is a thriving

little hamlet at the junction of the Lakes. It had been our ambition always to row to the mainland and follow the road down to it, the tramp being approximately seven miles. Somehow, lack of energy had prevented the consummation of our plans, but to-day the inclinations of all three coinciding, we prevailed upon our fond parents to give us their permission. Forgetful of the fact that the average temperature for the last week had been 100 degrees F., oblivious of the headshakings of our advisors, and undeterred by the fact that none of us had been really walking for two months, we started off—and thus began the realization of our dreams.

Of course, it was very hot on the water, but that was to be expected and the cool shady roads would soon refresh us; and, too, walking shoes did feel rather uncomfortable after the running shoes in vogue on our rocky island, but our feet would soon become accustomed to them; and as for the smiling looks of incredulity among our friends at the wharf where we landed,—why they were naturally lazy, that was all.

As we struck off along the road, father called us back and gave us a little makeshift



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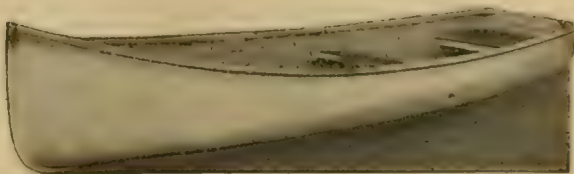
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lunch of cookies and apples which had been prepared for our use along the way, in case we should develop famishing appetites. In a rather superior fashion, we accepted the gift with thanks, but inwardly meditated dropping it at the first convenient place by the roadside. Having, however, a Scotch sense of economy, we deplored such waste, consumed what we could of it on the spot, and then resumed our way, leaving the remnant amongst the grass and thus automatically ruled out one chance for future happiness.

It was hot, and although there were "cool and shady" spots along the road, they were very few and far between. We could feel the mercury creeping up and up, and our own opinion was, that it had reached somewhere around 200 degrees before we had gone a mile. The meteorological report of the day belied our estimate and gave it conservatively at 98 degrees—but as I said before, it was hot.

For the first part of our pedestrian effort, we found the road running through the midst of a great raspberry patch, and inevitably we stopped to pick the fruit. Why, I wonder, does everyone feel it incumbent upon him to pick wild fruit when he sees it? We knew that the seeds of the raspberries are most unpleasant; that the sweet acidity of the berries would draw our mouths; and that the fruit still left on the bushes was of a most inferior quality as the season was late, but still we ate them, and regretted it immediately.

Finally we reached the spot where our crossroads joined the main thoroughfare and we felt sure that our objective lay just around the bend. Others were not so optimistic, as we found out, when we questioned a kindly old gentleman, who sat under the shade of the only tree in sight, consuming a supplementary breakfast or lunch of bread and cheese, with the all too apparent aid of his pen-knife.

"How far to the Point? Is the Falls near here?"

"Yes just three miles on."

"Um—well it must be six miles good to the Point. Warm to-day isn't it!"

With which bright and original remark the conversation closed but our informant looked as if he thought it was a distinct pity the Point did not boast a lunatic asylum.

The raspberries now gave way to chokecherries and every fence-corner had its great bush-like tree literally covered with the

rich luscious, deep red, almost black fruit. Again we illustrated the frailty of human kind by insisting upon sampling the product of every tree, until as a result of raspberries chokecherries, dust and heat, we felt that there might be something after all in the stories of the men who were willing to trade with Mephistopheles for a drink of cold water. The surrounding country was fertile farming land, but most uninteresting scenically. Thrashing operations at one establishment did something to enliven the landscape, but apart from that it was all equally monotonous. We tried to beguile the time by imagining that we were touring England, but that recalled poignant memories of cool green hedges and frequent villages, where one could procure an abundance of Devonshire cream, fresh fruit and muffins, and we knew, alas, from sad experience, that the gaunt, lonesome, farmhouses around us, would yield nothing more inviting than skimmed milk, unpalatable green tea, or water, the latter beverage being always chosen by the wily traveller in self-defence.

Miles further on, another bend in the road aroused our hopes anew. Alas! too sanguine were we, for they were dashed to the ground by the long, unblinking, dusty white ribbon that stretched ahead of us, when we reached it. Even water appealed to our no longer fastidious taste, and we decided to petition for some at the first farmhouse which we passed. Curiously enough not one building darkened the horizon, and it was not until a mile or more had been traversed, that we again saw the unlovely bulk of a Northern Ontario farm house ahead of us. A profusion of gaudy flowers cheered our drooping spirits as did the bright little bride who drew crystal clear and icy cold nectar for our delectation and of it you may be sure we partook liberally. At last the world looked rosy again and thinking of the lunch awaiting us at the hotel, we felt our pleasant anticipations re-asserting themselves, only to have our hostess, like a croaking raven, blight our hopes.

"Yes," she was saying, "I've had a rather busy day, for one of the boys from town has just left. He's on his way to see his brother who is dying, and, mind you, the doctor says it's from drinking very cold water when he was overheated."

She thereupon, proceeded to give us with commendable accuracy and realism, all the symptoms and lurid details of the illness, and as a result, queer uneasy sensations in the region of our digestive apparatus and a futile



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effort to remember whether the hamlet ahead of us had a resident doctor, disturbed our equanimity considerably. Ah, well, to-morrow we may ourselves be "with yesterday's seven thousand years," as our friend Omar says, so we decided to make the most of what yet remained to us, again thinking of the philosophy of the Eastern poet. At this point in our meditations we turned another corner.

Then there faced us a high hill—at the foot of which, one member of the party went on strike and insisted upon resting, so we called a halt and discussed the mathematical probability of our surviving the day. With a confidence that I did not altogether feel, I insisted that I remembered (although I had never been along the road before) that we could see the settlement from the top of the hill and again we walked. This time it did happen as I had foretold and the consciousness of a successful conclusion to our trials filled us with gleeful anticipations. There were hotels, two of them; stores, two of them; a park, the Lake, and best of all there would soon be the steamer and HOME. What more could one want?

We decided to see what the chances for a picnic were, before we entrusted ourselves to the tender mercies of the hotel proprietor, and entered the general store, with the modest request for some fresh fruit of any kind. To our amazement, we were told by the store-keeper that he had none, but so patent was our disappointment that the gentleman took pity upon us, searched more diligently and ultimately recovered three skinny little oranges, which we took most thankfully. Neither biscuits nor candies were to be had, there, and we were told to try the other store, while "pop" and ice-cream were to be procured next door.

"Next door" proved to be a disreputable looking hotel having in its windows a sign on which had been scrawled the legend "Ice-cream parlour." We were served in a dismantled sitting-room, which contained one rusty stove, two relics of the family portrait gallery, one oil-clothed topped table and five chairs. A rustic Ganymede in the shape of an ancient sailor, took our order and reappeared, bearing three diminutive glasses of lemon sour and cones that were even more limp than we ourselves. As I was endeavoring to prevent mine collapsing, he inquired solicitously, "Is it leaking, lady? Here wipe it with this," at the same time handing me an indescribably dirty pocket handkerchief. Fortunately our sense of the ridiculous came to our rescue, and we retired hastily to indulge in unrestrained merriment.

One hotel and one store still remained. A glance into the abyss-like interior of the former, led to its elimination and dismissal as a possible candidate for patronage, and we were forced to content ourselves with some very soft milk chocolate (sanitarily wrapped, however) for our last hope. Oh how good those cookies and apples would have tasted just then. With our hunger only partly appeased, we betook ourselves to the lock, which was being opened for the steamer. On board our buoyancy of the early morning again appeared and we amused and mystified the crew and passengers by talking very volubly in French, a language in which we all had some little proficiency.

On looking back over our outing, we found that the bright spots soon flooded out those that were gloomy, and when we disembarked at our "ain hame," we called out vociferously and in single voice (and we meant every word of it.)

"We've come to the end of a perfect day."

A Day's Tragedies

IAGO

EARLY that morning the eagle left his mate, who flew over the ridge in search of prey to feed the hungry eaglet in the eyrie on the rocky promontory.

For a time the mate kept on a straight course but finally began to circle. Far below him he saw the roads, mere lines at that height, joining the ranches to the settlement.

One of the ranches (if you could call it a ranch) he passed over was a sandy field of about two acres cleared land and three more in timber and stump land. At one corner of the cleared piece was a small log cabin and in the centre a ruined and dried up well which was the haunt of gophers. The land was planted in fruit trees and a mixture of

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thin timothy and clover was withering and turning yellow with the heat and drought all over the field.

Here and there was a mound of yellow sand made by the gophers that infested the place and sitting on one of these bolt upright was the maker of it scarcely discernible against the background. The eagle shut his wings and dropped perhaps a thousand feet. Still he was evidently unnoticed. He was about to swoop down upon the gopher when something in the brush caught his eye. It was merely a cock pheasant in a little patch of soapberry bushes. Instantly the eagle forgot the gopher and shut his wings. Down, down he swooped until almost on the bird.

The pheasant had been wandering round the bushes in search of food and at last had found a nest of black ants and was busily engaged gobbling them up when a sharp hissing sound overhead took its attention and it ran under the stump pile not two feet away, just as the eagle hit the ant nest. The eagle circled about two or three times and then flew toward the river. Far off down the river he saw a whitish streak plunge into the still water. It was a fish hawk diving after a large lake trout. Instantly the eagle flew towards it. Now the fish hawk was falling heavily with the trout clutched securely in its talons. The eagle took after it and soon caught up with it, whereupon the fish hawk dropped the trout and it went tumbling down, a gleaming shape, into the placid river. If the trout fell fast the eagle went faster and splashed into the water a couple of seconds after the fish, which was now heading towards the deep water.

Then the baffled bird flew inland about a mile seeing no game. Suddenly he stopped, hovered and suddenly shot downward.

The sharp crack of a twenty-two rifle split the silence and a woodchuck toppled over and began kicking. The boy was standing with his smoking rifle at the side of a willow bush when he heard a sharp hissing sound and like a flash down came the eagle and clutched the woodchuck and started away when again a sharp crack split the silence and he fell with a broken wing into the meadow.

Three more shots in quick succession echoed across the clearing and the eagle was no more. One of the bullets pierced its brain and now the bird adorns the wall of a certain farmhouse stuffed as it never was before.

The eagle's mate after flying over the main peak, flew down along the hogback at a height of perhaps a thousand feet.

She sent a piercing gaze down to earth,

taking in even a small chickadee chirping and hopping on the bushes. Suddenly she saw something that looked promising, so closing her wings hurtled downward straight as an arrow. A large brown snowshoe rabbit lay panting in the shade of a rock that harmonized with his coloring. A bunch of sage brush screened him on the other side, ten feet away. A brier bush grew at one side of the rock while overhanging the rock was a smaller slender birch tree.

But for the quick wiggling of his nose and heaving sides nothing seemed to be there.

A slight stirring in the sage brush attracted his attention and instantly he froze. Out stepped a large mountain blue grouse and strutted a few feet towards the rock then sat quite still its plumage blending with the ground to such an extent as to make it invisible.

A long gaunt mountain wolf loped along the slope and climbed up through the timber and presently emerged in a fairly open place among poplars and birches with little undergrowth. Through this he went quickly and silently, ever alert. Higher he climbed till he passed out of this and struck opener ground, a rocky and desolate area except for the mountain grouse, rabbits and small birds that inhabited it.

Just as he reached a large brown rock with brier bush growing beside it he heard a sharp crack as of a twig snapping under a heavy weight. Instantly he stiffened and sniffing suspiciously a smell of mingled rabbit, grouse and man smote his nostrils.

Joe, the poacher, and out of season killer plodded wearily down the mountain after an unsuccessful hunt for blue grouse. As he neared the brown rock he stepped cautiously for had he not shot more than one rabbit in the shelter of it. He watched intently, waiting for the least sign of game. A sharp hissing sound was heard over his head and looking up he was in time to see a black shape plunging downward toward the rock. Like a flash he brought his shot gun up. With an agonized squeal the rabbit sprang in great bounds towards the sage brush, colliding with the blue grouse just as the eagle clutched him. The wolf sprang in upon the eagle bearing him to the ground. There was a loud report, and a burst of shot hit the group one ball penetrating the eagle's neck close to the head, and killing him instantly. Another shot pierced the wolf's jugular vein inflicting a slow, but mortal wound, while others pierced his hide in various places. The



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grouse, unhurt, rose on thundering wings. The rabbit, more scared than injured, disappeared over the rise into the woods. The wolf sprang back over the rock, flattened to earth, and raced for the cover of the woods. The eagle lay whereshe had fallen. The man ran out from the trees and taking the eagle by its legs, raised it up and pulled out all its wings and tail feathers; then chucked it down again and walked on. The wolf having got clear

of the man began to feel sick from loss of blood so circled around and at length lay down under a stunted fir tree, not twenty feet from the dead eagle. A steady, if small, stream was trickling from the hole made by the B.B. shot in his throat. Soon his eyes lost their lustre and stretching out he kicked convulsively, then lay rigid. The wolf was dead and high over the hogback a raven croaked harshly.

Stick To It

"Bo"

Bad luck? No name for it! Here he'd been out after partridge two whole afternoons and not even a feather to show as a trophy. Jim, the farmer's boy, was certainly disappointed. He looked about as sad as the honorable Billhelm will when he orders his own funeral. But he didn't give up, not he. The never say die spirit was still dominant within him. "I'll get 'em yet" he muttered grimly and proceeded to finish the morning chores.

Dinner finished he left the table and took down his 20 gauge single shot shotgun, a present from an uncle who had gone out West. Breaking it he looked with pride down the inside of the barrel which was clean and shining. After putting some shells and a couple of big apples in his pocket he picked up his gun and left the house. Bill, the hired man, hailed him as he passed.

"Be careful you don't shoot anything" he said with a broad grin. Jim pretended not to hear him and strode on rapidly.

A walk of a few hundred yards brought the expectant hunter to the brush and he entered cautiously, picking his way to a small hill a short distance away. Once he stopped suddenly and looked up. He heard geese honking and presently saw the flock far above his head, coming from the north. After watching them for a few minutes he started forward again, being careful not to step on any twigs or pieces of bark that were on the ground.

Off to the left a chipmunk noisily proclaimed his presence but the boy did not stop for him. His .25 Stevens was better for that kind of game. Behind him he could hear the cow-bells tinkling softly as the cows moved about in the big pasture field behind the farmhouse.

Quit! quit! quit! Jim heard the warning note of the partridge and stood still. Again he heard the warning repeated and moved ahead, making not the least bit of noise.

"If I could just get to that little knoll I'd——"

Whirr-rr-rrr! The partridge flew away. Jim fumbled for a cartridge. Too late! A much surprised and startled partridge had disappeared among the trees.

"I'll be ready for him next time" he thought and put the shell back in his pocket. He went in the direction the partridge had taken but not seeing it went another way. Still he kept going, getting further into the bush all the time. When he came to a small rocky clearing, Jim sat down on a convenient log and ate one of the apples. Heading off to the right he went into the bush again.

Coming up to a small grove of evergreens he thought he saw a movement and stood still. He looked again. Yes sir! Not twenty yards away was a fine partridge! Quietly he inserted a shell in the gun, pulled back the trigger and raised the gun to his shoulder. The partridge strutting around proudly stopped for a moment.

The finger on the trigger tightened. Bang! The shot sped on its way, found its mark and the partridge toppled over dead.

Jim, proud, happy and excited, ran forward, picked up the bird and started for home. His feet were wet, and he was hungry, but he minded no such trivial things. "I should worry" he said to himself and hurried still faster.

His smiling face as he entered the door told his story even before the partridge was noticed.

And the partridge dinner—Yum! Yum!



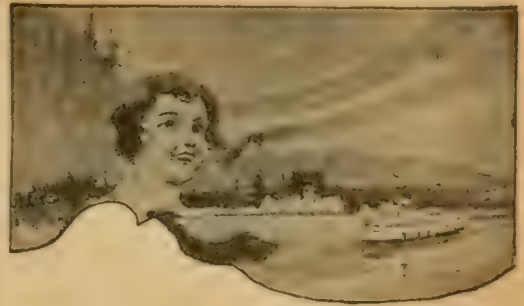
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Man, red-blooded man, is in his element, with a gun and a dog, and with the ducks a-flying. Keen eye, alert mind and quick muscles co-ordinate to bring down the 90-mile lightning express of feathers, flesh and bone that whizzes through the air forty or fifty yards away. That is, it is forty or fifty yards away for the fraction of a second. The next fraction, it is out of range.

But to get that brief shot the hunter will stand up to his waist in water—with waders on to be sure—for many hours. He will go without food, without drink, without sleep, and even without his beloved tobacco, to get that instant's chance to measure skill with the hurtling duck. Even if he does not dust a feather, he counts the duck-hunting day one of the finest of his existence, and lives it again and again in memory.

There is no sport like it. It broadens the mind, strengthens the muscles and gives zest to this old world such as few other things can give. A man in love feels pretty good, so it is said. He looks through rose-colored glasses, and is alleged to be, for a brief space, the happiest mortal under the sun. He says so himself. But lead him to a confirmed duck-hunter, Harry Ford or Frank Coyle, for instance, and they will smile tolerantly, and perhaps there will creep into their manner a shade of superiority, for, after all, what is the pleasure of being in love to that of hunting the festive duck in his favorite marshes and sloughs and nicking him at 40 or 50 yards with a well-timed shot? That is the life, and there's nothing to compare with it, say they and so says every other devotee of the sport.

Why, here in Calgary there are many men who look to the duck season all the rest of the year. They do not exactly live for it, for they are invariably the finest of our citizens—big-hearted chaps of the purple-blooded line of sportsmen who have varied big interests. Honestly, they feel sorry for the fellows who do not shoot, for the men who miss the gorgeous dawns when the ducks fly low and fast, and the twilight shadows when the big birds come tumbling in like black cannon balls from the north. And then thermos of coffee and the duck sandwiches which top off a perfect day.

They can talk about golf and the electric sensation of a strike by one of Larry Larmour's bull trout, or walloping that old baseball square on the beak for a homer or a raise in salary, but, oh man, they are flat, stale, tame and insipid alongside the sensation that comes from a nifty double on a pair of mallards burning the air at anything above 60 miles an hour.

"How much did you lead him?"

"Was that bird in range?"

"Dashed if I didn't strain my gun going after that old drake. Couldn't tell till he was 250 feet above me." (Remember the clear air of Alberta is deceiving, and leads many a shooter to take a crack at a duck that is nearly a quarter of a mile out of range.)

"Blamed if I was on today. Couldn't get the range. Shooting behind 'em all day till near night, and say, did you see me drop that brace? Some shooting there, boy, some shooting. I jumped my lead about two yards, and they just naturally walked into the shot. Clean kills."

"Say, I remember when Charley Stone up at Carstairs shot his gun off by the ear of that guy in the black suit who came over and sat in front of his choice blind. We certainly miss that boy."

"And believe me Col. Walker was a real shooting guy. Never missed the opening day, and brought them down, one-two, one-two, like he was learning the two-step."

"Tappy Frost is some artist with the gun too. Trouble with him is that he holds his little old firearm too loose, and it's like to kick him to pieces. He showed me his arm one night after bringing in a bag of 62, and he was black and blue from his wrist to the back of his neck. He declared to goodness

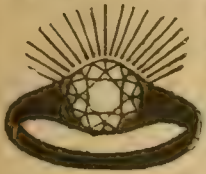


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that he never knew where that gun was going to hit him next."

And so the reminiscing goes on while the auto purrs homeward. It is indeed the life.

And now, a word of warning. Take plenty of ammunition. It is one of the saddest experiences in life to run out of shells just when the ducks are flying free.

Take your time on the bird, and get the lead right. It is far better to be too far ahead than too far behind. A leading shot may carry a few straggling pellets that will bring down your bird, even if the main charge is too far ahead, but when the shot is behind there is not even this remote chance. The best of our shots declare that their great mistakes are in not leading enough and in shooting too low. Give your bird a good lead and raise a little, and your bag will be heavier.

Respect the other fellow's rights. If you intend to shoot on a farmer's slough, go and ask his permission. Alberta farmers are the most reasonable chaps in the world, but they want to know who is shooting on their land.

They figure that the man who shoots without asking them is the careless chap who puts a charge into their cattle or horses, by mistake, of course, but the weapon is no less lethal because an error is made.

If another fellow is shooting on the slough, keep out of range and keep under cover.

Keep off the skyline, and wear a grass-colored suit. Khaki is the best color.

Remember that the duck can see a great deal further than you can, and keep under cover always.

Do not be impatient. Let the other fellow stalk from slough to slough. He will scare up the birds for you to shoot. Patience is 50 per cent. of duck shooting.

Keep your gun well oiled, and tighten up the screws before every trip and while you are out. Keep a little screw driver in your pocket.

There's nothing to beat a thermos for the end of the day or in the early morning.

And for advice, ask any of the men in the stores that handle sporting supplies.

They will give you the right information.

A Rabbit Hunt

K. LAWRENCE

BEFORE starting to tell you of one of my rabbit hunts I will describe what I consider necessary to successfully hunt rabbits. First thing is a good ferret, which must be trained to go in the rabbit hole and drive the rabbit out. If it kills the rabbits in the hole it should be muzzled. Some hunters break the tusks of the ferret. This is not a good plan, however, for it hurts the ferret's mouth.

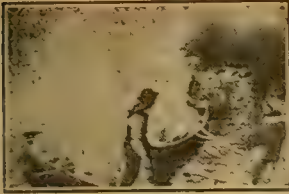
Then a good dog is necessary. My dog is part foxhound and part beagle. He is a very good hunter and once he gets on the track of a rabbit he is almost certain to catch it or chase it to a hole.

The last thing that is necessary is a shotgun. A double barreled gun is preferable because if the first shot misses another shot can be fired within a few seconds. A single barrel is also good but not so good as the double barreled weapon.

On one of the most enjoyable days I ever spent hunting I started out early in the forenoon with my dog, ferret and gun. A good fall of snow during the night had made an ideal day for tracking rabbits. About

a mile behind our farm is a large woods. As soon as we got into this, Bob, my dog, started on a track. I went a short distance into the woods and sat down on a log. Soon I heard Bob barking and knew he had run a rabbit in a burrow. I went in the direction of his barking and found him standing at the mouth of a rabbit burrow. I then called him back and placed my ferret in the hole. Soon I heard a rumbling in the hole and a rabbit jumped out, followed soon after by my ferret. I let it get about twenty yards away before firing. It was running so fast that I would not have been surprised if I had not hit it. But as luck would have it the first shot I fired killed the rabbit.

Cutting its head off I put it in my game bag and resumed my hunt. For about an hour I tramped around the woods without seeing a rabbit. I grew tired of hunting in this woods and decided to try my luck in a field covered with underbrush. Here tracks were very numerous and it wasn't long until I saw Bob chasing a rabbit. Evidently the rabbit had not seen me as it was running straight for me. I fired at it when it was about thirty yards



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away and missed. It then ran around through some underbrush and managed to make good its escape.

I knew where there were some rabbit holes in the field so I decided to try these. The third one I put the ferret in I heard a rumbling. I placed my hands over the hole and the rabbit jumped right into them. I grabbed him by the neck and cut his head off.

Just as I had finished I heard a whistle. I whistled back and soon a farmer's son whom I knew joined me. He had a dog with him and a ferret. We sat down for a short time

and talked. Soon we heard his dog barking and made haste to where he was, expecting to find him standing near a rabbit's burrow. Great was our surprise when we found him standing at the foot of a large tree. A large coon was sitting on a limb far up in the tree, but at the first shot from my shotgun he tumbled to the ground to be pounced upon by the two dogs. We hunted for the rest of the morning, my chum's dog catching one rabbit. As it was getting near noon I decided to go home. I skinned and stretched the coon before dinner.

Hunting Ducks in Bygone Days

ROBT. H. MACNAIR, M.D.

THERE was once a famous duck bagger named Wall, generally known among his associates as "that fellow Wall." Wall was quite an oddity but he brought in many wild ducks.

On a certain dreary, drizzly December morning I was invited to join him for a go at the "quackers," out toward a great flat country well stocked with feeding places for the wild mallards, etc., and at certain intervals there were wide pools of water fringed with wild rice and thick growths of the buttonball. The latter in many places afforded excellent stalking covers. The usual very effective hunting stunt practiced by Wall was to get in the first as a pot shot, when the ducks were well bunched on the water and then put in a wing shot as they arose. I had known this great greedy beggar to slay ten or a dozen duck with a big ten bore muzzle loader with the two shots.

Just as we were nearing the ponds one drizzly December day when it was necessary to keep the fowling pieces well covered about the percussion caps, we heard the lusty quacking of an old green head.

"Never mind, I'll be with you in a little while," was Wall's reply to the mallard drake. As we neared the first pond on our visiting list (there were about six in all) travelling very cautiously, a nice bunch of blue wing teal swooped down over us in beautiful range going straight to the pond. Involuntarily my gun went up but only to be stopped by Wall.

"You'll spoil the whole d— business by shooting now," he complained.

I had for the moment forgotten that I

was hunting with a typical "game hog" of the old days but for my own sport had far rather gotten in a double at the flying teal.

However, our stalking was very successful and there just within good range sat a fine bunch of mallards. Wall was just a little in the lead and as he turned his head to invite my participation in the murderous pot shot, my chicken heart and love for sport interfered. I motioned to the potter to shoot on the water and that I would come in a wing shot. We bagged nine ducks and I only succeeded in getting a double from the wing, but to anyone but a game hog the latter method should have been the most enjoyable, hence I was satisfied for that occasion. We hunted hard throughout most of a typical day for duck shooting. Our success was very good indeed but what rather spoiled the pleasure of the outing for me was that my friend, the G.H., seemed unable to get beyond the point when he could stop saying "just a couple of more shots."

Finally as we were nearing the last pond on our circuit—the day was very nearly done—down swung a handsome flock of mallards. Wall became excited, probably from the fact that he would not get the two more shots—and missed both barrels. However, the ducks circled and lit in the far end of the pond, affording an excellent stalking place.

"Golly man! I have used up every d— bit of my wadding. I haven't even a piece of paper and I haven't time to stop and cut off the end of my shirt. I didn't wear socks in these boots. What a fix!"

My gun was twelve gauge, besides I was out of wadding that was not ruined by the



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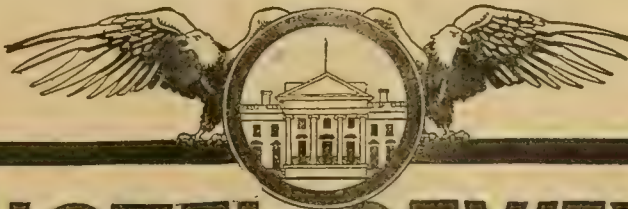
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constant rain. Diving thumb and index finger into a watch pocket, Wall suddenly exclaimed:

"Golly, I found the paper." The paper, however, proved to be an old two dollar bill. Without a second's hesitation the G.H. ripped the old green in half and used it for wadding.

With that expensive charge he bagged first four mallards that were sitting on the water just before the roosting hour. Expensive shot, some good sports may think. Well, not so very when Wall could count upon selling out his bag at one dollar a pair. Besides

he had enjoyed an immense day of duck-shooting sport and had some fifteen quackers about his person.

Not frequently during our present era of conservation laws I have had some amusement in recalling this episode of hunting with a somewhat interesting character. But in fairness to my partner I may say that these were the days when no restrictions were placed upon a day's bag nor the manner in which the shooting was done. Wall at the present day may have been a really ethical sportsman had he lived and learned.

A Prophecy Fulfilled

Fraser River Salmon Threatened With Extinction—A Fateful Rockslide—American Inactivity

"CONSERVATION, OTTAWA"

Although reports from British Columbia indicate that the salmon pack last year was the largest on record, it must not be inferred therefrom that the salmon industry is still

the utilization of, the "pinks" and "chums," varieties of the salmon, for which there was no sale until the sockeye became scarce. The run to the Fraser during 1918, was "very



as flourishing as ever. The facts are, as reported by J.P. Babcock, Asst. Commissioner of Fisheries for the province, that the large pack is due entirely to the increase from, and

much the smallest ever known. The river may be said to be fished out of sockeye, and the run of pink salmon, which was not used previous to the war, is fast disappearing."

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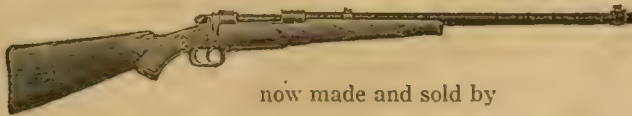
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The sockeye commands a higher price than any other Pacific salmon and it is the salmon that made the Fraser River fisheries famous. The destruction of this valuable fish is exactly in line with a prediction made by Mr. Babcock, before the Commission of Conservation in 1917.

In the year 1913, a big rockslide, incident to railway construction work, occurred in Hellgate canon on the Fraser river. This slide was nothing short of a calamity to the sockeye salmon-fishing industry in British Columbia. All familiar with the conditions there know that a phenomenon known as the "big run" takes place every four years. Big runs occurred in 1905, 1909 and again in 1913, the fateful year of the big slide. In

"big run" has been wiped out and, now, all years are lean years for sockeye, so far as that district is concerned.

Another factor enters into the situation. The fishery might be perpetuated and in some degree restored if conservative fishing were practised and if sufficient fish were permitted to pass up to the spawning grounds. Unfortunately, Canada cannot of herself limit the fishing, as the sockeye, in its course from the ocean, passes through waters under the jurisdiction of the state of Washington. Canada has repeatedly manifested her willingness to enforce remedial measures.

Following an investigation in 1905, by a joint Commission representing Canada and the state of Washington, the Dominion offered



each of these years the run of sockeye was very much larger than in the intervening years. The phenomenon of the "big year" is due to the fact that the sockeye takes four years to mature. Thus, the fish of 1913 were abundant because of the abundant spawning in the year 1909.

The slide above-mentioned unfortunately occurred during a "big run" year. It so narrowed the river (see illustration) that the force of the water was too great for even the sockeye to overcome and they were unable to reach their spawning beds. The other illustration gives a glimpse of the crowds of fish held back by the obstacle. Although the slide was removed before 1914, it was too late to allow many fish, of the 1913 run to ascend the river, and, in consequence, most of the sockeye of that year failed to spawn.

It was feared, therefore, that the run in 1917 would be seriously reduced. The fear was only too well-founded. The pack for that year in the Fraser River district was only about one-fifth of that in 1913, and there is little doubt that the pack for 1921 will be still less. In fact, the phenomenon of the

to suspend all sockeye fishing in the Fraser River district during 1906 and 1908 conditional upon identic action by that state. The State Legislature refused to take the desired action.

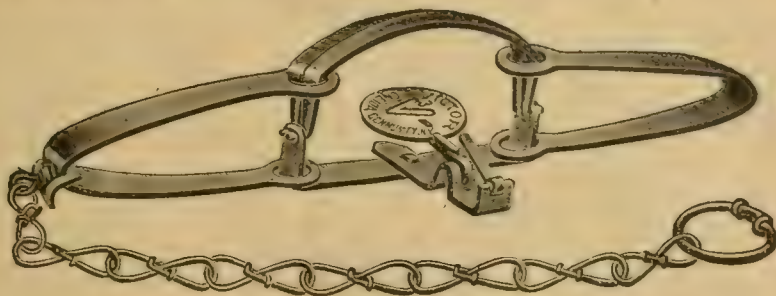
In 1908, Great Britain and the United States concluded a convention providing for the protection, preservation and propagation of the sockeye, but the United States Senate, after years of delay, refused to approve the treaty.

This year, a new treaty is awaiting action by the United States Senate. It provides for an international commission of two Canadians and two Americans to make investigations and to make such recommendations governing the fishing as may appear desirable.

It is earnestly to be hoped that this proposed treaty will go into effect and that the recommendations will be acted upon. Otherwise, the Fraser River sockeye is simply threatened with extermination. Canada has done and will do all she can to preserve this valuable food fish. The fate of the sockeye lies in the hands of the state of Washington.

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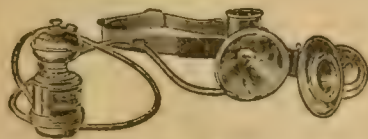
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Mr. J. WARD WINS OIL PAINTING

As intimated in our August issue we are pleased to be able to announce a winner in the ROD AND GUN MECHANICS CONTEST. This contest, which was open to all readers of *Rod and Gun in Canada* opened in June 1918 and closed in July 1919. A splendid oil painting was offered to the reader sending in the best kink for the Department. Mr. Robert Page Lincoln, a well-known staff correspondent and editor of the Fishing Notes Department, was asked to act as judge and we publish his award as follows:

"The Kink by Mr. J. Ward in the February Number I have selected as the winner in the contest started in *Rod and Gun* in the June 1918 issue. I have selected this one for the simple reason that there are thousands sleeping out every year who do not know how to make a balsam bough bed; or who do make beds of boughs and sleep uncomfortably for the reason that the branches are not arranged right. Mr. Ward's arrangement is good and makes for a fine, springy, comfortable bed. Since this is a kink that will cause thousands to enjoy healthy sleep I think it is well worth the painting that the Publishers are donating to the cause of kinkship.

Robert Page Lincoln."

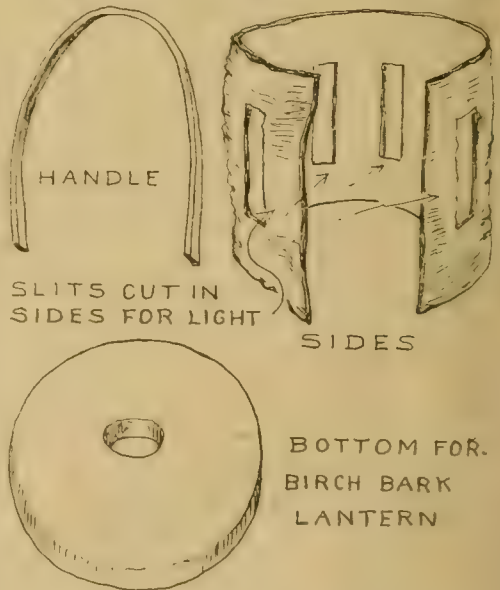
We would ask Mr. Ward to look over the covers of the past issues of *Rod and Gun* and make a choice of one of the cover paintings and we will be pleased to forward it to him.

USEFUL CAMP UTENSIL

Robert Hodgson.

The birch bark lantern shown in the illustration is very picturesque as well as serving

the purpose for which it is designed, that of light giving. First cut the bottom out of an inch board, boring a hole in same to hold the candle. Then cut the bark to fit well around



this bottom. Where the bark overlaps it should be sewed up, the sewed part being fastened on the bottom with tacks. Add a handle of leather, bark or other material and your lantern is ready for use around the camp.

NOTICE TO FRANK BICKNELL

Will Mr. Frank Bicknell, whose inquiry re a Winchester '95 appeared in the July issue of *Rod and Gun*, kindly send his address to the office of *Rod and Gun in Canada*, Woodstock, Ontario.

About Your Own Vigor Sent Free To Men

MR. READER:

Here is something I have to offer you absolutely for nothing—a little private book of special information about the legitimate uses and unnatural abuses of manly vigor; about the preservation of manly strength and its possible self-restoration; an illustrated pocket compendium of 8,000 words, 72 pages and 30 half-tone photographs, reproductions—which I am very pleased to send by mail, absolutely free of charge, in a plain, sealed envelope, to any man, young or elderly, single or married, who writes for it.

Over a million of these books have been thus sent to applicants all over the world since my free offer first appeared. Publishers are charging as much as \$2 for books on sex subjects, while my book is free. Therefore, reader, if you would like a great fund of inside information relating directly to the subject of manly vigor, all put in perfectly plain, easy-to-read language, with many hints that you can surely apply to your own self no matter how strong you may be, or how nervous or run-down you may be—if you want to know the facts about this particular subject, given to you without a single scare, then fill in the coupon below, send to me and receive my book, sealed, by return mail. In one part of this little publication I describe a mechanical invention of my own, which I call the SANDEN Vitalizer, something you wear at night as an aid to the restoration of lost or waning strength; but you are not expected to get one of these appliances unless you decide for yourself that you want one. The book is complete, and there is absolutely nothing you are required to buy or pay, either now or in the future. Therefore, please send your name and address to-day. SANDEN, Author.

MANHOOD! The quality which rules the world to-day. My friend, there never was a time in the history of the human race when real, sturdy manhood, manly vigor and manly courage counted for as much as they do now, this very minute. No matter what your years, whether you are 20 or 60, you must be either entirely in the race or entirely out of it. It is invariably the fellow who proves up the strongest in this human strength that forges to the front, while weaklings stand aside; it is he also who is in most demand and most sought after by women and men in his community, simply because he radiates that marvellous magnetic influence which only an abundant vigor and rugged manly health can radiate. I believe any man can hope to completely develop or restore this same vigor of manly strength, no matter what his past follies may have been, provided he is willing to **REALLY MAKE THE EFFORT**; and provided, of course, he is not weighed down by extreme old age or is not incurably diseased. To my mind, the road of the one who wants more vigor is perfectly plain,



Manhood Wins in All Walks of Life

but it is a road that any man **MUST** travel if he attains the highest ideals in respect to his own manhood. See information in my free book.

As to the SANDEN Vitalizer, previously mentioned, will say it is a little mechanical appliance, weighing but a few ounces, which you wear at night. This Vitalizer generates and sends forth a certain soft, penetrating force which I call Vitality. It apparently drives this Vitality into your nerves, blood, muscles and organs as you sleep. It is quieting to the nervous system—or, at least, so users say. Men write that it takes pain out of the back and restores vitality in 90 days. Remember the general information of the free book is independent of this Vitalizer, and you are not expected to get one of these little appliances unless you want to. You can write me later as to that if you so desire. With special attachments, my Vitalizer is used by women as well as men for rheumatism, kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders, etc. If you live in or near this city I should be most pleased to have you call in person at my office, where you may see and test the Vitalizer free of charge. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case. Or if inconvenient to call, do not fail to write for the free booklet.

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Irish Rifle Association

Annual Rifle Matches, August 4th

J. W. SMITH

THERE were over one hundred entries in the Annual Rifle Matches held by the Irish Rifle Association on August 4th at the Long Branch Ranges near Toronto, and the event was an unqualified success. The Match Committee, under the capable leadership of the popular president of the Association, Captain Dave Spence, had made perfect arrangements for carrying out the program, and the various events were shot off with a smoothness and precision which elicited favorable comments from both competitors and spectators. The weather was bright with a light east wind which remained fairly steady all day, creating ideal conditions for good shooting.

During the afternoon, General Gunn and General Mitchell watched the proceedings for a while, and were very favorably impressed with the manner in which the shoot was being conducted. Colonel F.W. Brown, the founder of the Association, was also an interested spectator, but did not take an active part in the matches. Several marksmen, whose names are famous in the annals of the sport of rifle-shooting were to be seen among the competitors. The duties of Range officers were efficiently carried out by Captain A. E. Gooderham, Captain E. H. Price, and Mr. W. J. Kingdom, and the success of the meet was largely due to the capable manner in which they did their work.

The General Match Aggregate was won by R. Storrar, a member of the 48th. Highlanders and the I.R.A., with a score of 101. R. Williams, of the Queen's Own Regiment was second, his score at 600 yards being one point less than that of Storrar. No less than five men made the creditable score of 100, the best being that of E. Edmond, who hails from Australia, and is a member of the 12th. York Rangers and the I.R.A. This is Mr. Edmond's first season in this country, and he is considered quite an acquisition to the sport in Canada. T. W. Younger, of the Grenadiers, and the I.R.A. was most unfortunate in making the splendid score of 102, which was ruled out by his failure to properly challenge a shot according to the O.R.A. rules, under which the meet was conducted.

The Extra Series Aggregate was won by

W. A. Hawkins, member of the 48th, Highlanders and the I.R.A., and well-known as the winner of the King's Prize at Bisley in 1913. J. E. Fitzgerald is one of the newer shots, and belongs to the 110th Irish Regiment and the I.R.A. G. W. Bull is also one of the newer marksmen, and has been shooting consistently well this season.

One of the features of the matches was the fine form shown by marksmen who will rank as tyros in the coming O.R.A. matches, and it is expected that these new men will carry off many of the honors at the matches in August. An account of this shoot would be incomplete without mentioning the invaluable work done by the captain of the Association, A. Emo, ably assisted by his lieutenant, S. Dean, and the two other members of the Match Committee, R. W. Murray, and J. Sharp. Credit is also due to the majority of the members of the Association who worked hard all day as register-keepers, and competed in the matches at the same time. The following shows a complete list of the prize-winners with their scores—

Match 1.	Extra Series.
	200 yds.
J. E. Fitzgerald.....	50
G. W. Bull.....	50
R. Edmond.....	50
J. Lonsdale.....	49
W. A. Hawkins.....	49
W. Dymond.....	49
R. Williams.....	49
A. Lowry.....	49
Match 2.	200 yds., Match.
W. Cowie.....	34
N. McLeod.....	34
T. W. Younger.....	31
J. E. Fitzgerald.....	31
W. A. Hawkins.....	31
G. Charles.....	33
A. H. Young.....	33
Match 3.	Extra Series.
	500 yds.
G. W. Bull.....	50
J. Slatter.....	50
A. Emo.....	50
J. E. Fitzgerald.....	50
A. R. Humphries.....	50
R. Edmond.....	50



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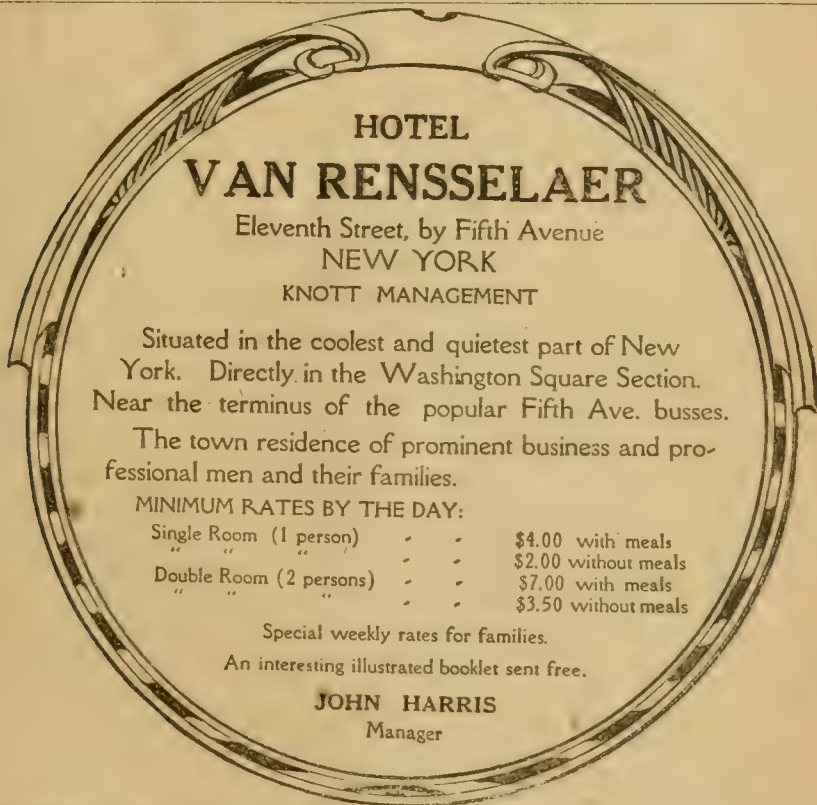
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J. K. RUSH

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G. Lambton.....	50	R. Williams.....	33	35	33	101
W. A. Hawkins.....	50	R. Edmond.....	31	34	35	100
W. Reid.....	50	J. W. Smith.....	32	33	35	100
Match 4.	500 yds., Match.	A. Emo.....	31	35	34	100
A. R. Humphreys.....	35	G. W. Bull.....	33	34	33	100
R. W. Murray.....	35	A. R. Humphreys.....	33	34	33	100
G. Charles.....	35	A. Lowry.....	32	33	34	99
R. Williams.....	35	R. Weir.....	33	33	33	99
W. Lennox.....	34	J. Slatter.....	32	31	35	99
R. Edmond.....	31					
W. Dymond.....	34					
R. Clarke.....	31					
Match 5.	Extra Series.					
	600 yds.					
W. A. Hawkins.....	50					
J. E. Fitzgerald.....	49					
J. W. Smith.....	49					
N. McLeod.....	49					
J. Slatter.....	49					
R. Edmond.....	49					
A. R. Humphreys.....	49					
R. Williams.....	49					
W. Leushner.....	49					
Match 6.	600 yds. Match.					
J. W. Smith.....	35					
J. Slatter.....	35					
R. Edmond.....	35					
Col. Elliott.....	34					
A. Lowry.....	34					
R. Storrar.....	34					
W. Buick.....	34					
Match 9—Extra Series Aggregate.						
	200 500 600 Total					
	yds yds yds					
W. A. Hawkins.....	49 50 50	149				
J. E. Fitzgerald.....	50 50 49	149				
R. Edmond.....	50 50 49	149				
G. W. Bull.....	50 50 48	148				
A. R. Humphreys.....	48 50 49	147				
J. W. Smith.....	48 49 49	146				
N. McLeod.....	48 49 49	146				
W. Dymond.....	49 49 48	146				
S. Dean.....	48 49 48	145				
W. Lonsdale.....	48 49 48	145				
Match 10.—General Match Aggregate.						
	200 500 600 Total					
	yds yds yds					
R. Storrar.....	33 31 34	101				

Match 11.—Team Match.**1st.—Irish 1st. Team.**

R. Storrar.....	101
J. W. Smith.....	100
A. Emo.....	100
S. Dean.....	97
W. A. Hawkins.....	96
J. E. Fitzgerald.....	96
Total.....	590

2nd.—Queen's Own Regt.

R. Williams.....	101
G. W. Bull.....	100
R. Weir.....	99
J. Sharp.....	98
W. Atkins.....	97
G. Brooks.....	92
Total.....	587

3rd.—Irish 2nd. Team.

A. R. Humphreys.....	100
W. Dymond.....	98
G. Lambton.....	97
R. Campbell.....	96
R. Oldfield.....	96
W. Brodie.....	94
Total.....	581

4th.—12th. York Rangers.

R. Edmond.....	100
J. Slatter.....	98
Col. Elliott.....	97
W. Lonsdale.....	95
J. Lonsdale.....	94
H. Carey.....	88
Total.....	572

FIRE DESTROYED GAME.

Writing from Midnight Lake, P.O. Sask. Mr. B. W. Broatch tells of the awful damage done during the recent holocaust. He says in part—

"I have just been over a few hundred square miles of the fire swept area trying to locate a good hunting ground for this Fall. Found a good sized tract (about 20 sections) that the

fire missed. Moose tracks were plentiful so I conclude there will be some moose left in the unburnt patches. I saw plenty of deer.—

The fire made an awful wreck of our northern woods, and must have wrought terrible havoc on the game too. One can ride for endless miles without seeing a living thing.

Sincerely yours,

B. W. Broatch.

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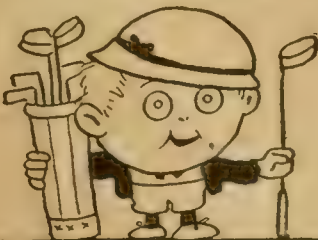
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Canadian Makes Good at Chicago

Joe Jennings, Second Place At Chicago.
Frank Troeh Makes World Record.

Chicago, Aug. 12.—New records for the American amateur trapshooting championship and the professional championship of the Grand American Handicap Tournament were established late to-day, when the winners in the respective events. Frank M. Troeh,

Vancouver, Wash., and Bart Lewis, Auburn, Ills., broke the entire 200 targets thrown.

Never before in competition from eighteen yards had the entire program been run without a miss. The best previous performance at 18 yards was by Troeh here two years ago, when he won the event with 199 out of 200.

J. E. Jennings of Todmorden, Canada, was second to Troeh, with 198. He ran 140, and then missed a pair, finishing out his string without a miss. W. Henderson of Lexington, Ky., champion of that State, and T. L. Edens, Phoenix, Ariz., Arizona champion, tied for third place with 197. Henderson won the place in three shoot-offs, hitting all twenty targets, after each had made 20 and 19 in the first two.

For the professionals, Charley Spencer of St. Louis, Mo., and Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Iowa, each broke 198 targets, with William Crosby, O'Fallon, Ills., next with 197.

The squad in which Troeh shot, composed of Mark and Nick Arie, Chas. Powers and E. V. Kirby, broke 977 of 1,000 targets thrown. That was also a new world's record for 18 yards. It also surpassed any shooting ever done from 18 yards by a squad of five.

Other Canadians who finished in the first flight in the South Shore Country Club event, with their scores, are as follows:

Norman Brownlee, Ottawa, 97; W. H. Gooderham, Toronto, 94; W. H. Hamilton, Winnipeg, 91; Ted Kerr, Crediton, 94; J. Vance, Tillsonburg, 85.

"MODEST" FRANK WRIGHT AMATEUR CHAMPION.

Winner at St. Thomas, Won Amateur Singles Championship.

Chicago, Aug. 13.—Frank S. Wright, champion of New York, won the American amateur trapshooting single targets championship to-day after a tie at 199 out of 200 with R. D. Morgan, of Washington, champion of the District of Columbia, and John William Akard of Fairplay, Mo.

On the shoot-off of 25 targets Akard missed the 13th and was eliminated. Morgan missed the first on the second shoot-off, while Wright ran his second 25 straight making a total of 249 out of a possible 250.

Nick Arie, Menard, Texas, won the American amateur championship at double targets with 91.

George Andrew Miller, a ten-year-old Brewton, Ala., lad, the youngest competitor, won the junior championship with 49 out of 50, and Andrew Mayer, Madison, Wis., 71 years old, won the three-score and ten championship.

Successful Shoot at Peterboro'.

The Port Hope and Lakefield Gun Clubs paid a visit to the local Gun Club's grounds.

There was a very high wind and it made the shooting difficult, but some very good scores were made.

H. Reynolds and R. S. Watson, of Port Hope, and Roy Hutchinson, of the home team, were high guns with scores of 41 each.

The Port Hope squad won the team shoot for the cigars with Peterborough two birds behind. Mr. Reynolds won the blind handicap with 22 and T. Curvin and Chris. Graham were tied for second with 21.

The Port Hope Club is shooting fine and sent up two squads. Lakefield had a nice turnout of gunners and are doing great work for a new club.

The executive of the Peterborough Club were delighted with the number of shooters who attended the evening's sport, there being twenty-seven.

Return visits will be made to Port Hope and Lakefield in the near future.

The Scores.

	Shot At.	Hit.
H. Reynolds.....	50	41
R. S. Watson....	50	41



JOE JENNINGS

of Todmorden, who finished second to Troeh in the American handicap trapshooting tournament at Chicago. Troeh established a new world's record by breaking the entire two hundred targets, while Jennings broke one hundred and ninety-eight.

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R. Hutchinson.....	50	41
C. G. Graham.....	50	38
J. Roper.....	50	37
Alf. Autram.....	50	36
J. Watson.....	50	36
A. Gordon.....	50	35
J. S. Coon.....	50	35
T. E. Curvin.....	50	35
W. H. Harmon.....	50	34
C. Gutterson.....	50	31
J. Strickland.....	50	28
F. G. Jackson.....	50	27
Dr. McClennan.....	50	27
C. Tanner.....	50	25
E. R. Tate.....	50	22
C. Mann.....	25	19
W. Spence.....	25	18
C. Mills.....	25	18
J. Hendren.....	25	17
H. Jackman.....	25	16
C. Wood.....	25	16
W. Symes.....	25	16
W. Bellegheem.....	25	15
C. Moncur.....	25	13
W. Rye.....	25	12

Hamilton Gun Club.

The regular shoot was held at the Hamilton Gun Club on July 9, and the cooler weather must have been conducive to good shooting, judging by the scores made. The main event of the afternoon was a 25-bird merchandise, and the scores in each class ran very close.

In A class H. Lennox and N. Long tied for the lead with 24, and, instead of shooting off the tie, the coin was flipped, H. Lennox coming out the lucky one. E. Harris and E. Sturt were both close up with 23, while Geo. Beattie, W. Barnes and C. Thompson all had 22 each.

J. Smith sprang a surprise in B class and put on a 25 straight, thereby winning the prize, but even then only nosed out Geo. Stroud, who broke 24. A. Parmenter and Dr. Greene each got 22.

In C class A. Smith came out the successful one with 20 out of 25, but was followed very closely by A. Glover with 19, and J. Moyer, who had 18.

H. Lennox shot only the one event, but had the high average with 24 out of 25. H. Barnes was in good form and broke 118 out of 125. Third high average honors were won easily by M. E. Fletcher with 92 out of 100, E. Harris with 46 out of 50, and N. Long, who also had a good run of 115 out of 125.

The scores were:

	Shot At.	Broke.
G. Beattie.....	75	68
M. E. Goodale.....	50	42
M. E. Fletcher.....	100	92
E. Harris.....	50	46
A. Glover.....	100	77
J. Hunter.....	100	86
W. J. Wark.....	50	38
J. Smith.....	50	42
A. Parmenter.....	50	36
J. Moyer.....	100	74
N. Long.....	125	115
W. W. Livingstone.....	125	104
H. Barnes.....	125	118
C. Thompson.....	125	111
B. Smith.....	75	60
A. Smith.....	50	36
H. Smith.....	50	36
G. West.....	100	82
G. Stroud.....	75	67
E. Sturt.....	75	65
Dr. Greene.....	100	90
H. Lennox.....	25	24
R. H. Kretchman.....	100	90
A. Lee.....	25	17

PETERBORO SHOOT.

The results of the recent gun shoot of the Lakefield Gun Club are as follows:

	Shot At.	Hit.
George Spence.....	25	9
Walter Nugent.....	25	17
George Jackman.....	25	20
Arthur Webster.....	50	27
K. Tate.....	10	6
J. C. Strickland.....	50	38
E. R. Tate.....	50	31
C. S. Tanner.....	50	40
C. Graham, Peterboro.....	50	31
T. E. Curvin, Peterboro.....	50	38
Dr. Smith.....	25	18
Percy Spence.....	25	18
J. B. Jarrell.....	25	15

RUNNERS UP FOR CANADIAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

Although not quite good enough to represent the Dominion at Chicago, the runners-up for Eastern and Western Canada displayed considerable class as shown by their scores:

Western Canada—J. A. Black, Winnipeg—282.

Eastern Canada—William Barnes, Hamilton—286.

CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVES AT CHICAGO.

Dominion Shooters were ably represented at Chicago by the champions of Eastern and Western Canada. Their scores which qualified them for entry as Canadian Champions compare favorably with those of the various state champions with whom they competed. Scores made in winning the title are—

Western Canada—W. M. Hamilton, Winnipeg—288.

Eastern Canada—S. G. Vance, Tillsonburg—290.

IN LEADING FIFTY AMATEURS

Included in the leading list of fifty amateur shooters of America, who have broken over 1000 targets is J. Wesley Hart of Dresden. Mr. Hart holds 31st place having broken 1104 out of 1150, giving him an average of .9513.

HAMILTON GUN CLUB

July 12th.—The first shoot of the season at Dynes Beach park, was run off on Saturday, and good scores were made. John Hunter won the prize in the first event with 25 straight, B. J. Pierce won the sweepstake with 24 out of 25. Watson, Choate and Jones taking second money with 23 each, Nelson Long, the local professional was high gun for the afternoon with 73 out of 75, smashing the last 61 straight.

	Shot at	Broke
Nelson Long.....	75	73
J. Jones.....	50	36
F. Watson.....	50	46
C. Choate.....	75	66
J. Hunter.....	50	46
Geo. Stroud.....	100	86
A. Porter.....	50	39
B. J. Pierce.....	50	48
George Beattie.....	25	23
J. Crooks.....	25	20
J. Moyer.....	25	22
W. Wark.....	25	20
H. V. Overholt.....	25	18
H. Kretchman.....	50	40
T. Crooks.....	25	18

July 19.—Some good scores were made at Dynes this afternoon. John Hunter was high gun with 96. Roy Metcalf and Bert Smyth were second with 47 each. In the 25 bird race for a box of cigars, Pearl Friend surprised the natives by smashing them all, but Tom Gardner also broke 25, and a shoot-off at 25 was in order, Pearl getting 21, while Tom missed three. The scores were:

	Shot at.	Broke.
G. Beattie.....	75	69
J. Hunter.....	100	96
W. Livingstone.....	125	109
H. Smyth.....	100	88
N. Long.....	150	141
R. Metcalf.....	50	47
A. Morningstar.....	50	32
W. Bradshaw.....	50	40
P. Friend.....	100	86
A. Smyth.....	25	17
J. Moyer.....	50	33
J. Gomph.....	100	91
E. Harris.....	75	65
H. Lennox.....	75	65
J. Groves.....	100	89
G. Stroud.....	100	82
A. Crumb.....	25	11
T. Gardner.....	75	68
B. Smyth.....	50	47
J. Cline.....	25	21

HIGH PROFESSIONAL SHOOTER

Nelson Long of Hamilton, the well-known target manufacturer was leading Canadian professional to July 1st according to Peter P. Carney, Editor of the National Sports Syndicate. Mr. Long had an average of .9291, having broken 1115 of 1200.

LADIES' DAY AT HAMILTON.

On Saturday afternoon, July 26, the Hamilton Gun Club held its annual ladies' day at the club grounds and



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this event proved to be the banner attraction of the year. The scores made by some of the ladies certainly set a mark for even the male members of the club to look up to.

In the first event of 5 birds Mrs. Lennox and Mrs. Harris tied with 5 straight, while right behind them were Mrs. Lutz, Miss Hunter, Miss Ecker, Mrs. Stockford and Mrs. Livingstone with 4 out of 5. In the shoot off Mrs. Lennox again broke 4 straight carrying away the first prize, while Mrs. Harrison took second prize, having gotten 2 out of 4. In the shoot off for third place Mrs. Lutz and Mrs. Livingstone again tied with 4 out of 5, Miss Ecker and Mrs. Stockford getting 2 and Miss Hunter 1. By this time the excitement was running high and Mrs. Lutz ended the battle by breaking 5 straight and Mrs. Livingstone got 4. Other scores were Mrs. Choate, Miss Harris 3 out of 5 and Mrs. Taylor, Miss Fletcher, Miss Long, Mrs. Fell, Miss Howsego and Miss Devine 2 out of 5.

One of the other pleasing features of the afternoon was a 25 bird race for the men, each lady present having drawn a ticket of the name of one of the contestants, two handsome prizes being given to the ladies holding the winning shooter's name. A surprise was sprung in this event when W. Livingstone put on a straight score of 25 and tied with G. Beattie for the lead and then went right back and in the shoot off scored another straight, while G. Beattie broke 24. Mrs. Dr. Groves held the winning ticket and Miss Ferguson received second prize.

There was also a consolation drawing for those ladies who had not won a prize in the other events, and in this Mrs. Shepherd proved the lucky one.

During the afternoon dainty refreshments were served by A.B. Crawford after which the prizes, consisting of beautiful cut glass were presented to the winners, everyone then leaving, pronouncing the afternoon a grand success.

The scores of the men were:

	Shot at	Broke.
M. Honsberger.....	50	39
W. Hunsberry.....	50	46
W. Root.....	125	112
C. Graham.....	125	107
R. E. Smithers.....	75	47
A. J. Thomson.....	75	60
W. W. Livingstone.....	100	92
E. Harris.....	100	80
Geo. Beattie.....	100	97
P. Friend.....	50	31
P. R. Dealtry.....	75	56
J. Moyer.....	50	34
A. Parmenter.....	50	43
H. Marshall.....	75	54
B. J. Pearce.....	100	92

H. Lennox.....	75	68
M. E. Goodale.....	75	67
A. Morningstar.....	50	38
A. Smith.....	50	37
I. Smith.....	50	47
H. Lutz.....	50	28
I. Bradshaw.....	50	37
J. Gomph.....	100	83
M. E. Fletcher.....	75	64
R. D. Metcalfe.....	50	43
J. P. Mantle.....	75	57
G. Brown.....	50	36
A. Glover.....	50	39
J. Hunter.....	50	47
E. Cliff.....	50	34
N. S. Braden.....	25	20
W. Wark.....	50	44
N. Long.....	100	87
R. A. Smithers.....	50	39
L. Long.....	50	41
F. W. Watson.....	75	69
J. J. Cline.....	50	39
C. Thomson.....	75	69
B. Smith.....	75	70
A. James.....	75	57
H. Smith.....	75	68
J. Lisson.....	75	46
C. Sver.....	50	44
M. Rasberry.....	50	43
J. Gardiner.....	100	88
Dr. Greene.....	75	67
G. Stroud.....	100	88
Norman Long.....	50	27
W. Barnes.....	125	116
E. Sturt.....	100	92

The Ithaca Gun Company have placed a splendid single barrel trap gun on the market. They have named it the Victory Grade and have produced a well made, 12 gauge gun at a remarkably low price. Standard specifications and quantity production allow them to offer the Ithaca Victory Grade at a figure that will allow the man of moderate means a chance to purchase a gun that will "bust 'em" with any of the higher grade guns. With a 34 inch barrel the Victory has racy lines that will appeal to all lovers of good firearms.

HELP PREVENT FIRES—FOLLOW THESE RULES.

1. *Matches*—Be sure your match is out. Pinch it before you throw it away.

2. *Tobacco*—Throw pipe ashes and cigar or cigarette stumps in the dust of the road and stamp or pinch out the fire before leaving them. Don't throw them into brush, leaves, or needles.

3. *Making Camp*—Build a small campfire. Build it in the open, not against a tree or log or near brush. Scrape away the trash from all around it.

4. *Leaving Camp*—Never leave a campfire, even for a short time, without quenching it with water and then covering it with earth.

5. *Bonfires*—Never build bonfires in windy weather or where there is the slightest danger of their escaping from control. Don't make them larger than you need.

6. *Fighting Fires*—If you find a fire, try to put it out. If you can't, get word of it to the nearest forest ranger at once.

The above rules for the prevention of fires, prepared by the United States Forest Service, are equally applicable to Canada. Their observance would go far toward lessening the tremendous toll taken each year by the forest fire fiend.

ENQUIRY CONCERNING THE LAKE OF THE WOODS.

Editor:—

I spent ten days on Lake of the Woods last year during the last two weeks of October. Business will take me to that region again this fall and I would like to time my visit so that I may take advantage of duck hunting. Perhaps you or some of your correspondents may be able to tell me the most favourable portion of the lake for hunting and the best time of the season to go there either for mallard or the late fall duck.

I shall greatly appreciate any information.

Yours very truly,

J. B. A.

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Open Seasons for Game in Canada and Newfoundland, 1919

Compiled by GEORGE A. LAWYER and FRANK L. EARNSHAW
U. S. Dept. of Agriculture

THE OPEN SEASONS HERE SHOWN ARE INCLUSIVE OF BOTH DATES. When the season is closed for a fixed period the date terminating the closed season is given.

The term rabbit includes "hare;" quail, the bird known as "partridge" in the South; grouse includes Canada grouse, sharp-tailed grouse, ruffed grouse (known as "partridge" in the North and "pheasant" in the South), and all other members of the family except prairie chickens, ptarmigan, and sage hens; introduced pheasant is restricted to the Old World pheasants.

PERSONS ARE ADVISED to secure from Provincial game commissioners full text of game laws in Provinces where hunting is contemplated, as provisions of minor importance are omitted.

Deer.

Alberta—Nov. 1—Dec. 14x
British Columbia—*a (a)
Manitoba—Nov. 20—Dec. 10x.
New Brunswick*—Sept. 15—Nov. 30a.
Northwest Territories—Sept. 1—Apr. 1xa.
Nova Scotia—Oct. 16—Oct. 31xa.
Ontario—Nov. 5—Nov. 20.
Quebec—Sep.—Dec. 31a.
Saskatchewan—Nov. 15—Dec. 14xa.
Yukon*—Sept. 1—Mar. 1x.

Moose.

Alberta—Nov. 1—Dec. 14x.
British Columbia*a—(a)
Manitoba—Nov. 20—Dec. 10x.
New Brunswick*—Sept. 15—Nov. 30x.
Northwest Territories—Sept. 1—Apr. 1xa.
Nova Scotia—Oct. 1—Nov. 30xa.
Ontario—Oct. 1—Nov. 30xa.
Quebec—Sept. 1—Dec. 31xa.
Saskatchewan—Nov. 15—Dec. 14xa.
Yukon*—Sept. 1—Mar. 1x.
Newfoundland*—No open season.

Rabbit.

Nova Scotia—Dec. 1—Feb. 1.
Ontario—Oct. 15—Nov. 15a.
Prince Edward Island*—Nov. 1—Feb. 1.
Quebec—Oct. 15—Jan. 31.
Newfoundland*—Sept. 20—Jan. 1.

Squirrel.

Ontario—Nov. 1—Nov. 15a.

Quail.

British Columbia*a—(a).
Manitoba—Sept. 14, 1927.
Ontario—Oct. 14, 1920.

Grouse.

Alberta—Oct. 1—Nov. 14.
British Columbia*a—(a).
Manitoba—No open season.
New Brunswick*—1921.
Northwest Territories—Sept. 1—Jan. 1a.
Nova Scotia—No open season.
Ontario—Oct. 15, 1920.
Prince Edward Island*—Oct. 15—Nov. 15.
Quebec—Sept. 1—Dec. 14.
Saskatchewan—No open season.
Yukon*—Sept. 1—Mar. 15.
Newfoundland*—Sept. 20—Jan. 1.

Prairie Chicken.

Alberta—Oct. 1—Nov. 14.
Manitoba—No open season.
Northwest Territories—Sept. 1—Jan. 1a.
Ontario—Oct. 15, 1920.
Saskatchewan—No open season.
Yukon*—Sept. 1—Mar. 15.

Introduced Pheasant.

Alberta—Oct. 1, 1920.
British Columbia*a—(a).
Manitoba—Sept. 15, 1927.
Nova Scotia—No open season.
Ontario—Oct. 14, 1920.
Quebec—Sept. 1, 1920.

Wild Turkey.

Ontario—Nov. 1—Nov. 15.

MIGRATORY GAME BIRDS.**

(The seasons here shown are the times when migratory game birds may be hunted without violating either Dominion regulations or Provincial laws.)

Ducks, Geese, Brant, Coot, Gallinules.

Alberta—Sept. 1—Dec. 14.
Br. Columbia—(a).
Manitoba—Sept. 15—Nov. 30.
New Brunswick—Sept. 1—Dec. 14.
Northwest Ter.—Sept. 1—Dec. 14.
Nova Scotia—Sept. 15—Dec. 31.
Ontario—Sept. 1—Dec. 14.
Pr. Edward Isl.—Sept. 1—Dec. 14.
Quebec—Sept. 1—Dec. 14.
Saskatchewan—Sept. 15—Dec. 31.
Yukon—Sept. 1—Dec. 14.
Newfoundland*—Sept. 20—Jan. 1a.

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A Landing Net manufactured by Allcock, Laight & Westwood; A Line Drying Reel, A Pair of Elliott's Ear Protectors for Trap-Shooters and Sportsmen; Three Crow Decoys, A New Wonder Flashlight, manufactured by Canadian Electric Novelty Co., Toronto. Case made of metal covered with leatherette; One half dozen Stag Brand Rubber Frogs or Froggies; One of Walter's hand-made axes, handled. Length of handle, 14 inches; A copy of Camp Kits and Camp Life.

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A Minnow Pail manufactured by Allcock, Laight & Westwood; A Thermos Bottle.

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For Eight New Subscriptions

A Conklin Fountain Pen.

For Thirteen New Subscriptions

A Bait Casting Rod.

For Fifteen New Subscriptions

A Marvel Petit Camera.

For Seventeen New Subscriptions

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 Manitoba—Sept. 15-Nov. 30.
 New Brunswick—Aug. 15-Nov. 30.
 Northwest Ter.—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 Nova Scotia—Aug. 15-Nov. 30.
 Ontario—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 Pr. Edward Isl.—Aug. 15-Nov. 30.
 Quebec—Sept. 1-Dec. 14a.
 Saskatchewan—Sept. 15-Dec. 31.
 Yukon—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 Newfoundland*—Sept. 20-Jan. 1.

Wilson Snipe or Jacksnipe.

Alberta—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 Br. Columbia—(a).
 Manitoba—Sept. 15-Nov. 30.
 New Brunswick—Sept. 15-Nov. 30.
 Northwest Ter.—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 Nova Scotia—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 Ontario—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 Pr. Edward Isl.—Sept. 15-Nov. 30.
 Quebec—Sept. 1-Dec. 14a.
 Saskatchewan—Sept. 15-Dec. 31.
 Yukon—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 Newfoundland*—Sept. 20-Jan. 1.

Woodcock.

Manitoba—Sept. 15-Nov. 30.
 New Brunswick—Sept. 15-Nov. 30.
 Nova Scotia—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 Ontario—Oct. 15-Nov. 14.
 Pr. Edward Isl.—Sept. 15-Nov. 30.
 Quebec—Sept. 1-Dec. 14a.

Rails.

Alberta—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 Br. Columbia—(a).
 Manitoba—Sept. 15-Nov. 30.
 New Brunswick—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 Northwest Ter.—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 Nova Scotia—Sept. 15-Dec. 31.
 Ontario—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 Pr. Edward Isl.—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 Quebec—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 Saskatchewan—Sept. 15-Dec. 31.
 Yukon—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.

Dove.

Manitoba—Sept. 15, 1927.
 Ontario—No open season.

OTHER GAME.

(Season closed in Provinces not mentioned.)

BIG GAME.**Antelope.**

Manitoba—Nov. 20-Dec. 10r.

Bear.

(Unprotected in other Provinces.)
 Quebec*—Aug. 20-June 30.

Caribou.

Alberta—Nov. 1-Dec. 14.
 Br. Columbia*—(a).
 Manitoba—Nov. 20-Dec. 10x.
 Northwest Ter.—Dec. 1-Apr. 1a.
 Nova Scotia—Sept. 16-Oct. 15xa.
 Ontario—Oct. 1-Nov. 30xa.
 Quebec—Sept. 1-Jan. 31.
 Saskatchewan—Nov. 15-Dec. 14xa.
 Yukon*—Sept. 1-Mar. 1x.
 Newfoundland*—Oct. 21-Jan. 31a.

Elk.

Yukon*—Sept. 1-Mar. 1x.

Goat.

Alberta—Sept. 1-Oct. 31.
 Br. Columbia*—(a).
 Northwest Ter.—Sept. 1-Apr. 1.
 Yukon*—Sept. 1-Mar. 1x.

Sheep.

Alberta—Sept. 1-Oct. 31x.
 Br. Columbia*—(a).
 Northwest Ter.—Dec. 1-Apr. 1a.
 Yukon*—Sept. 1-Mar. 1x.

GAME BIRDS.**Ptarmigan.**

Alberta—Oct. 1-Nov. 14.
 Manitoba—Oct. 1-Oct. 20.
 Northwest Ter.—Sept. 1-Jan. 1.
 Nova Scotia—Aug. 15-Nov. 30.
 Quebec—Nov. 1-Jan. 31.
 Yukon*—Sept. 1-Mar. 15.
 Newfoundland*—Sept. 20-Jan. 1.

DAYS EXCEPTED.

All hunting prohibited on:

Sundays.—In all Provinces east of the 105th meridian, except Quebec.

***Laws of 1919 not received.**

†**Local exceptions.**

‡**Certain species.**

x **Males only.**

**Under the regulations for the protection of migratory birds the season is closed on swans, wood duck, cranes, curlew, willet, godwits, upland plover, and all the smaller shore birds in the United States and Canada, and on band-tailed pigeons in the United States.

ADDITIONAL PROVISIONS AND EXCEPTIONS.

British Columbia.—Open seasons on game fixed annually by Order-in-Council which will be available from Secretary, Game Conservation Board, Victoria, B. C., after August 15, 1919.

New Brunswick.—*Deer*, on Grand Manan and Campobello Islands, no open season.



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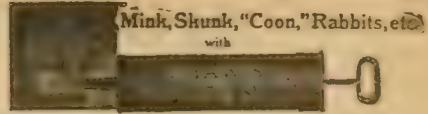
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Editor *Field and Stream*

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Has also chapters on the motorboat, besides many on canoeing, canoe cruising, how to build a decked canvas sailing canoe; boat-building and rigging for sail batteaux, dories, skiffs, duckboats, catboats and knockabouts. 350 pp., 127 illustrations. Cloth, \$1.25; with a year's subscription to Rod and Gun, \$2.00.

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By R. B. and L. V. Croft, B.A., M.D.

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No. 2---Canadian Natural History Photos

BONNYCASTLE DALE

Female Virginia Rail entering nest. This robin-sized bird has a booming note like a great horn as well as many low, sweet calls. It is too alert to be caught napping by a shooter unless in a wind or either early or late in the day when its flight makes it an easy shot for gunners.



Dredging Within the One Hundred Fathom Line

Written and Illustrated by BONNYCASTLE DALE

WE were off the lonely and isolated island called Forester, due north west of the big Queen Charlotte group in the Pacific. This is the most southerly of the group of islands lying just north of British Columbia. There was much confusion hereabouts. The Alaska Award line was being pushed north rapidly—and too far west we all thought for Canada's good. All the riff raff of the beachcombers of the Coast were flapping along under tattered and mildewed canvas, in homemade craft; of divers and weird shapes—and we felt and knew we would be "good picking" for any of these gentry—just a naturalist and a boy, unarmed at that. So I bought, for specimen work—and the pot work too, a Winchester Special, using .22 Special Long; and hung it on the wall of the shack—we went for a walk—so evidently did someone else for when we returned the rifle had walked off too. We at once tracked and traced a passer-by and off we set for the nearest "Il-la-hie" or "summer grounds" of a wandering fishing tribe. One member I knew slightly and it had been he who had passed my shack.

"I-lost-rifle-this-morning-stolen. If its not laid down by twelve I bring police in." I told him. I knew they were in great fear of the deep sea patrol that was hunting some desperadoes along this coast—still he could have popped us both over and it is a question if our bodies would ever have been found—still the bluff work-

ed, and he was at my shack almost as soon as we were.

"What side you look?" I asked him in Chinook, still pretending to find a lost rifle.

"O-koke" ("this" he answered) then I knew it was on the *other* and started to look.

"Wake Kloshe" ("no good"), he said after a long hunt and changed sides. Pretty soon he grunted in surprise and I went over; and there was the innocent little rifle hiding there in the ferns. I praised him for "finding" it, told him I would put a man in Skookum House (jail) next thing I lost. Then he slyly asked me "If I missed anything else," "No" I told him and off he slouched.

Laddie, Jr., a short time after, went over to the pile of boxes of shells—too light—all emptied and put carefully back in place. We had bought a few hundred, as we kill our geese and brant with the rifle; and Tzum, as he was called—had Tzumed the whole pile.

"Here comes the Nan-itsh!" said Laddie, Jr, and the new boat we had hired came puffing into the wee harbour. Translated she is "To-Seek" —I hope she does. All the boats we had used before seemed to just glide from the arrival to "Pay-me-Now," from the Jap, or Dane or Swede skipper. I guess they had had uncertainlessees before, as they always looked relieved when I promptly paid them. The Captain belonged to the "I ban do it" tribe I think, as he always used these words. I explained



The Dredgers

several times that we just wanted to dredge for a few days in fifty fathoms and he always figured—"One day-ban twenty-five"—"two ban two twenty-fives," and so on and so on. He couldn't get far away from that daily price of his Seeker.

So behold, Laddie and I and "Ban" as the boy called him and "Chew-it-all" as Laddie called the other tobacco devouring individual. He was actually polite, always pushing me carefully aside so that he might spit to leeward.

"I ban starting!" said the Norseman "Ting-a-ling" goes the bell—no start.

"Ole--le! Ole--le!" he yelled. "You stay mit the engine." and off we puffed.

Now it needed both the men to get our big heavy drag-purse over, a net bag twenty by ten; with a ten by two iron frame open mouth. A "splash!" down she sinks and we are at last really dredging again. I just want to remark that dear as the opening day of shooting or fishing is to the devotee of gun and rod, so is the first appearance of the dredge above water on our first day to us.

There was a dull oily roll in from the restless Pacific, just enough to make one sleepy this bright young summer day, the soft coal smoke blew all about us and half drowsed us too when "bump!" went the "gate" far below and "Ollie" rushed up and back. "She got stuck!" he yelled. Away he darted like a madman, put the engine backing against the run

of the tide and soon the big purse mouth rode the boulder and on we went—at about a mile an hour gait.

"Stop!" signalled the Captain—and the drag rope was put on to the winch and up came the purse—bellying out behind—now the men seized the slack and hauled out—and we fell on our knees examining. Evidently we had struck a mass of great polyps and gone right through their peaceful sea villa and scooped them all. There was a mass of sea pumpkins as big as toy balloons, almost transparent and coloured as fantastically as the lanterns about a Chinese Joss-house, great trembling masses of green and gold and purple and wondrous varicoloured jelly—with their stomachs and interior departments plainly in view of their neighbors. You would wonder how they eat and breathe. What a sight of magnificence they must be in their deep homes when I tell you that some are illuminated by a wonderful phosphorescence and others—I suppose—use the Gen. Seabottom Electric Light Co's radiance supplied away down there by countless millions of diatoms; each golden blue in its glow.

"Look out—bite," warned Ollie.

The lad was taking out a green and white beauty of a well shaped fish. "Rat-fish," again. "Lookout!" warned the Swede. I stripped the jaws open. No wonder they called it Rat-fish. Its teeth were fully an inch long; and wide white cutting chisels they were. We were long on Ratfish, must have had a thousand so we dumped them forthwith.



A netful from the ocean.

"Keep him!" both men burst out when I pushed many flapping Red Rock fish into the sea.

"Sell him—Prince Rupert," they told me—and I guess we confirmed their opinion of our madness when sea bass and cod, herring and oulicans, skate and flounder, halibut and rare mackerel followed suit—and we both loudly exulted over a strange thing called a Pompino, or dollar fish and speedily pictured the small, round fat fish.

"Here's a devil-fish," squealed the boy. "Oh I wish we had that fellow who wrote about them eating men here, we'd make him eat this, and he lifted out of the foot deep mess of squirming Marine Zoology—an octopus, a nice five foot long bunch of eight grisly arms hung down like so much gristle from the boy's landing net, the Nature Fakirs stretch the arms wide out and call this a "ten-foot-terror-of-the-seas." This one weighed fifty pounds.

"I want him," said Ollie, appearing with a big butcher knife, so we handed it over and he cut off the eight tentacles and it appeared at dinner that day—just a tasteless mass much like the thicker muscles of an oyster or clam—simply not worth eating.



Laddie Jr. burying a crab



A ninety-foot-long sea weed strong enough to moor a boat

"Sharks," cried the boy, a pair evidently of little fellows, delicately gray as Milady's gloves, all finned in wondrous manner from gillarch to tail, "snappy little brutes," quoth the lad, as one neatly engulfed a too inquisitive finger.

"Keep it in your own mouth now," he says I told him.

"Goot many tings!" said Ollie as we lifted out a mass of most excellent shrimps. I found three kinds here and we got a true shrimp later, the first three were prawns.

"Say! look at the live knitting needles," called Laddie Jr., as he picked up a group of polyps—each one almost forty inches long—just like a bone needle—Yes! white animal bone; and on the top a head as big as your finger and all luminous at night. "I'll bet they have a regular illuminated field of growing wheat down there when all the knitting needles are in position—and just think of a fish swimming through this phosphorescent mass down there and them all waving away as it passed. Oh! Joy," said Laddie, "And these are the things the Chinks eat," he said as he pulled out a ladle net full of sea cucumber, these long jelly-like, grisly things were most beautifully coloured—but excuse me from eating them please—I once had "blird nestee soup" and sea cucumber, and pressed oily duck served in a Chinese restaurant—and I guess they are there yet as I made a nice full meal off plain crackers. Thank you very kindly

I guess they didn't name this one," said the boy as he picked up a thing that looked like a Japanese puzzle made out of bone—another polyp,

a regular beautiful little bone basket, a real embroidery of bone.

The ooze, as you might call it of that first drag was a thing of wonder; we had animals so like sea weeds that we could not tell them apart—and sea weeds so like animals that no man may discover the dividing line—each a thing of wondrous beauty set away down where no man's eye should see it.—What is this scheme of things we call Life, anyway?

Day after day, hour after hour, so long as we could afford that "one-day ban-twenty-five-dollar-boat" we took of the treasures of the deep—and re-deposited them to the amazement of the wondering Norsemen. We could not have kept the perishable eatable part had we wished to do so.

"Throw him all out," lamented the loquacious Ollie—as net full after net full was carefully liberated. We were getting into deeper water now and odd anemone and rare sea whips and strange jellylike masses came in hourly—and at times dark strange shapes devoured them as soon as we liberated them, ground or basking sharks and some odd fluted tailed sharks. Yes! and the big mouthed cod were not averse to filling their stomachs with their late fellow captives.

"Whoop!" screamed the boy once as a great black shape suddenly rose near the dragging rope of the net astern, and a killer whale reared for a moment to sight. Once we ran into a stream of passing salmon with their attendant sea lions, long dim

shapes that swam just outside the school—and ate one every time they got hungry enough. We took one wolf-eel, he snapped and rolled and displayed his terrible mouth and crunched to fragments every mussel or giant cockle shell which the boy threw into his awful maw; he was fully six feet of weird sea life. We got tons of the rarest sea weeds, but alas! we were not preserving, only picturing.

We lived like lords on any and all the know dainties of the sea, but most carefully refused to serve any unknown bit of horribleness. At times, in the shallows, we took rare abalone and moonfish. These last were big shellfish as big as base-balls.

They can exude enough stick-em-tight to make any sea glue manufacturer die of envy—and they roll up and fashion out a nest that exactly resemble gray felt hats with the crown cut out.

At nights when we slept in the man nests made by those Norsemen, too short where they were long and too narrow where they were wide. I used to poke my head out for air, and all the tragedy of the sea was enacted in the moonlit waters down beside me—it seemed as if each chap ate the next smaller one with intense energy—and they literally smacked their lips over it. When one big ground shark came finning slowly along past the little Nan-itsh, and rolled and fixed me with its bright green little eye I withdrew in haste—you see I had not lost any sharks.

Squab Raising

In the present post war-time days, there is, of necessity, an ever-growing scarcity of meat, inasmuch as we are called upon not only to feed our own nation, but European countries as well. Therefore, any pursuits that will add to the fresh meat supply will be at once patriotic and profitable.

In view of this, squab raising should receive new impetus. At present most of the large squab-producing plants of the United States are found

near the larger cities of the Northeastern States and on the Pacific coast. However, pigeons are quite generally distributed all over the country. Many of them are kept on farms in the Middle West as a sort of side issue, also in the South, but the average value of pigeons in these sections is only slightly in excess of 15 to 25 cents apiece, compared to 40 to 55 cents and up, in New York and New Jersey.—T.H.H.



"We caught all the law allowed"

Under Canvas With Moses

or Luring Shigan, the Fighting Bass, in the Timagami Forest Reserve

J. LIVINGSTON

WE called him "Mose" but his name was Moses Missabi.

Mose was a full-blooded, blue-blooded aristocrat among the Ojibways who summered around Bear Island and wintered on the many lakes and rivers throughout the Timagami Forest Reserve in their quest for furs, which furnished them with the necessities of life, but in none too generous quantities.

Just how many summers Mose had to his credit we did not find out for he was as bashful as a maiden of sixteen years when it came to furnishing information, especially personal information. But we know that his father, Peter Missabi, was one of the most active guides around the Hudson Bay post, and as further evidence that Mose was far from being past his usefulness, that his grand-father, Daniel Missabi, a gray-haired old warrior of over one hundred summers, still tended to his potato patch on Obabika lake and paddled his own canoe to get there.

Mose was wife, guide, handy man, bull cook, wood chopper, pack-wrangler, canoe-carrier, piscatorial adviser, center piece for our pictures, fish-cleaner, general assistant, and all around companion of Bert Jackson and Mrs. Bert Jackson, who hailed from Akron, the rubber-town of Ohio, and myself, a humble, hard-working member of the fourth estate.

In addition to all this, Mose was my bed-mate and lying under canvas, with Wasa Te Bicon,—the northern lights—running through the skies like fingers of fire or again marshalling in serried array like soldiers preparing for the attack, we talked of many things, of life as observed from the view-point of a dweller of the silent north, and under the mystic spell of the lure of the out-doors struck many a responsive chord.

Mose told me how Pegigwani—the fish hawk—snatched his dinner from the placid-blue waters of Lake Timagami; how Ammek—the beaver—built his dams and floated his

fallen trees; how Keewadin Coocoo-coo—the great northern owl—whose “coo-coo-coo” often boomed down the lakes in the still of the night, terrorized the smaller animal kingdom; how Ma Quoit—the bear—was enticed to his doom by log-falls; and how Ojik—the fisher—fought to the death even when grips of steel were slowing pinching out life.

Grim tales of the trapping line, when starvation and cold were fought off at every step, when the grub was down and the spirit was low and every breath burned the lungs, were related in an unemotional vein as lying on our backs under the canvas, Mose blew out vast clouds of smoke from a well-burned pipe and I followed suit with “coffin nails.” Without knowing it, Mose painted word pictures of his world that defied the power of the brush or pen to reproduce.

But it was in the canoe that Mose reigned supreme. As he swung his paddle—silently but powerfully—through the water and applied the kick at the end of the stroke which fairly lifted one over the surface and left little rippling swells for a wake, it could be seen that he was on his native heath. With a deft stroke here and there, Mose guided his little craft scientifically.



Mose poses for the camera

To Moses the water was an open book and as we would set out from our camp at the foot of the southwest arm of Lake Timagami and cross one portage into Olier lake, where we were in the habit of enjoying the king of sport with Shigan—the fighting bass—he would read from the blue depths nature's story. He would point out the favorite rock-ribbed nest of Ogoishe—the rock bass; where Kenonja—the northern pike—would lie in wait before hurling himself on unsuspecting brethren of the deep; how Oganse—the pickerel—preferred to wallow in a certain swift current that tumbled into the larger waters; and holes many hundreds of feet deep in whose dark and unknown depths Namaqus—the lake trout—sulked during the day, but left in the shades of the night to roll and splash in the surface sun-beams.

The portage would be taken and if only Bert and I were along—occasionally the “Lady” would remain behind in camp and steal a few hours extra sleep—Mose would slip the canoe easily on his shoulders and balancing it with his right hand would take the axe, bait pails and perhaps an odd sweater and silently glide away over the slip of land separating us from our fishing beds.

In the still of the morning or the calm of the evening, Bert and I carrying our beloved tackle and cameras, would following slowly over the well-worn portage path that could have told us so many tales, strange and weird, if it could have only given tongue. It might have taken us back to the time of the first Ojibway brave, as he made his way to the Hudson Bay post, which in the early days was back of Timagami Island, with his bale or furs; or again to the days when painted bucks, with their squaws left safely behind in their wigwams, stole through the woods and over the waters to partake of the harvest of scalps that were reaped in the early Indian wars around Georgian Bay.

Coming to more modern periods the portage path could have spoken of the first surveyor, the lonely prospector, and the latter-day green-

horn, who insisted upon carrying his canoe by the thwarts or dumping the hot ashes of his pipe into the woods and leaving behind a raging inferno that blazed and scorched and killed until it died out from lack of fodder.

In tender tongue it might have spoken of the honeymoon couples, who hand in hand had walked over its stony path in the wake of the guide and commenced their life of love and sacrifice under a roof of stars and hemmed in with nature's walls, a criterion for them to follow through life's journey.

Once on the water and over the fishing bed of reeds, Mose became possessed of a pair of eyes that could see bass where Bert and I could only see water.

"No bass there," he would say, after a careful look into the blue depths and on the canoe would go until another reed bed was sighted.

"Good place," Mose would grunt and when he said that, Bert and I would brace our feet and begin to look anxious. It always meant fish and big, black gamey fighting bass at that.

Then the hooks would be carefully baited with live minnows, during which Mose would be dropping the anchor, which consisted of a huge rock tied to a piece of clothes-line for the purpose of keeping us over the bass bed. The canoe safely tied, Mose would also bait his hook and then the sport, which has no equal in the world, would commence.

I remember vividly on one occasion I had no sooner dropped in my hook than a three-pound black demon shot from out of the reeds, grabbed the minnow and started to walk away with it.

"You got him. You got him," shouted Mose, and as I jerked the sharp barbs into the scaly mouth, there was a zip of the line and with a flash of spray a darn shiny body broke the surface of the water, spun in the air for a few seconds and then returned to the depths, determined to fight to the last to rid himself of his tormentor.

"Keep him on until I get one,"



The father of the father of Mose

shouted Mose, and while the trick was a new one to me, I played with my catch until Mose had also got one on from the horde of fish that were following my victim, for what reason I don't know, unless it was simply curiosity or greediness to partake of what the hooked one was trying not to partake of.

Bert then threw in, and while I endeavored to land mine, he struck and succeeded in getting another beauty on. As a result, the three of us all had fish and it certainly was pleasant, but no fun trying to land them and only have the canoe to work from.

Eventually the three fish were landed, but Mose had his in, despite the fact that he was second in the water, minutes before Bert and I. The secret of Mose's success was that he scorned the use of the reel and as long as the line and hook held he simply pulled, hauled and yanked until that fish came into the boat or sailed away with the best part of his tackle.

On that occasion we caught all the law allowed and it was a memorable two hour's fishing. Mose worked the same tactics from reed bed to deep rocky holes and very seldom made a mistake on his selection of bass nests. But no matter how big or small the fish, Mose did not take to the reel.

Mose was in the habit of trailing his minnow in the water while moving from the different holes, while Bert and I scorned such fishing methods and always carefully drew in our lines and re-baited our hooks. It turned out that Mose had the right idea in attaching a trailer.

The first time a big bass broke the water and after grabbing the minnow was yanked into the boat so fast by Mose that it must have got out of breath.

"That's the way to catch them. Make them come after you," remarked Mose, amid broad grins, as he unhooked his victim.

Another time when he left his bait overboard, Mose pulled in a bass that run along the top of the water for almost ten feet in its efforts to grab the wiggling and bouncing minnow. Despite the fact that we considered it an unorthodox method of fishing, Mose was more pleased than if he had landing the biggest bass ever caught in the Timagami Forest Reserve. Accomplishing the unusual gave Mose the keenest pleasure and enjoyment.

One afternoon the "Lady" and myself were fishing in one canoe and Bert and Mose in another. For once, Mose was unable to locate the fish and wandered all around the little rock-bound Lake in an aimless manner, while the "Lady" and myself were enjoying the best of sport. We were catching them—big black fellows—and did not go out of our way to give Bert and Mose the laugh anytime they paddled by.

Finally we became separated and after catching three under the shadow of a steep bluff and being pestered to death by little rock bass, which insisted upon swallowing a bait almost as large as themselves, we rounded a corner and beheld an exhibition of bass fishing that



The Lady, but not fishing

will always be remembered as long as bass-are bass.

Bert and Mose were casting alongside of a dead tree, buried about a yard beneath the surface of the water, and as fast as they threw in, their bait was eagerly and voraciously snapped up by a huge school of bass of all sizes that had been basking under the log. For five minutes there was a confusion of shouts, splashes, ejaculations, flopping fish in the water, on the water, and in the canoe, hurrahs from Bert and grunts from Mose. When the smoke finally cleared away ten fat black bass twisted and flopped on the now scaly and bloody floor of the canoe. Bert was wearing a triumphant grim that extended from ear to ear, and Mose, his face wreathed in smiles, chuckled and said: "Some fishing."

It was the most extraordinary bit of bass fishing that had ever been my good fortune to witness and that night, while Mose and I were having our smoke before pulling up the blankets, I asked him what was the reason for the bass taking the bait so savagely, considering the fact that it was during the hottest hours of the afternoon.

"Fish mad and want to fight" was his explanation, and I guess he knew what he was talking about, because I have never witnessed such an occurrence since and as a matter of record, never had before.

As we spent day after day with Mose he continually turned over new leaves from the book of nature. One day it was a new method of baiting and the next a novel way in which to string our catch. He fitted into his surroundings without the least trouble and proved a guide among guides.

Breaking camp was not as pleasant as setting up, though a heavy rain fell, and when we pulled away from the rock-ribbed point where Mose

had erected our home of a few days, it was with sincere regret. We wrapped the "Lady" well up in a rubber coat, Bert threw on a heavy sweater and I donned the pack-sack, but Mose scorned the rain and with his pipe alight and bowl upside down in order that the drops would not put out his tobacco, sent the canoe humming through the water at such a rate that Bert and I had to exert ourselves to keep in the going.

A few hours stiff paddling against a head wind-landed our little party at Turner's. All of us were soaked through, but thoroughly convinced that Mose had lived up to his reputation of being the last word in guides.



ALBERT E. JAY

NEARLY every body of water of any magnitude has at some period of its existence, been credited with harboring beneath its calm and placid surface some species of the denizens of the deep. Even the Grand River, which flows so serenely and peacefully from its source through the beautiful agricultural districts, cities, and towns of southern Ontario, eventually pouring its large volume of fresh water into the turbid waters of Lake Erie at Port Maitland was at one time supposed to be the

abiding place of some unnamed species of the deep sea tribe. Just how the gentleman had managed to navigate the dam at Dunnville was not explained. He probably landed and skirted the dam while the night watchman at "slabtown" slept. Be that as it may, there were several reputable people who had heard from a very reliable source that Mr. So and So talked to a man who told him positively he had met a fellow, whose father knew a man, who had seen this scaly monster rise out of

the water anywhere from twenty to fifty feet, snap its jaws like a clap of thunder, survey the surface of the river for a few seconds, and disappear again beneath the water. Once a rumor gets a real running start a prairie fire, or a spread of chicken pox has nothing on it for getting around, and like an avalanche it gathers size, and momentum equally. The big fish as some referred to it was reported to be anywhere from twenty to one hundred feet in length, and from the size of a man's thigh to that of a sugar barrel. To be sure no one gave the rumor the least credence, not any at all, but certain of the boys between the ages of short trousers, and their first manipulation of Dad's razor, herded in pairs or squads, and gave the river bank a wide berth after the twilight shadows began to fall. The story had about died out for lack of fuel, and the kids were once more taking an afternoon dip, with a sentry posted, when four boys ranging in years from sixteen to twenty, planned a little fishing party to take place that night. Notwithstanding the fact that it was a violation of the game laws it was not unfrequent for the boys along the river to load up the old flat bottom boat with pitch pine, set the light-jack up in its socket in the front of the boat, push off quietly and when in the middle of the stream light up and let her go. Game laws were less stringent then, and fish more plentiful, therefore some of the first families' sons were fish bandits without their conscience clamoring a very violent protest. Arrangements were about completed when Tom, the wag of the party, wondered aloud if the sea serpent would be prowling around that night. The joke did not bring forth much hilarity, and from the man in the tree's standpoint it looked as if the wonderworks of the other three boys ran about parallel with Tom's. However, as soon as the big world was shrouded in darkness, there being no moon, the boys secured their spears, paddles, etc., and silently made their way to the boat landing. It was the work of a few moments for them to load

the wood, adjust the lightjack, and with Jim, who acted as master of ceremonies, taking his place in the front with Bert beside him, and Tom and George acting as propellers the boat was pushed out into the creek which leads out into the river proper. Without a word, and scarcely a ripple the boys paddled along until the mouth of the creek was reached. "Whoa," said Jim, and the paddling ceased. There was the flare of a lucifer, and shading it with his hat Jim applied it to the fine wood in the bottom of the jack. There was a little flame at first which was soon fanned into a bright blaze and in less than no time the wood was crackling, and a great glare of light was thrown over the water for some distance. This light has the effect of either dazzling the fish, or making them curious; in either case it is very often their undoing. "I guess we better run up to shore, and swing around inside the island first," said Jim, and the boat swung smoothly to the right, and ahead. It was scarcely under way when, zip, Jim's spear cut the water like a knife, the handle slipping smoothly through his hands. With a chug, it stopped, and a three pound pike, (up here we call them pickerel) was brought into the boat. A little further on Bert shifted his body slightly, and his spear shot out, nearly to the edge of the circle of light, and was retrieved empty. A large fish went tearing through the shallow water making a sousing noise every time his rudder went wrong and brought him too near the surface.

"Wha's th' matter, loosin your eyesight," asked Tom sarcastically.

"No he was afraid of hurtin' his feelins' or breaking the hide," chimed in George. "He's waitin for 'em to jump in the boat."

Bert said nothing. These boys were real experts with the spear and paddle and while they got very little praise or encouragement no matter how many fancy shots they might make they got plenty of roasting no matter what kind of a difficult shot they happened to miss. They were there to get fish and results were expected of

them, not excuses. They had been out nearly an hour and the bottom of the boat was rapidly covered with various sizes and nationalities of fish. The party had arrived at the eastern end of the Island, and Jim opined it would be a grand night to run up the other side of the Island, and down the long mud bar. This trip would require the replenishing of the wood supply from a pile on the creek shore. The boat was headed across the stretch of intervening water. The spearers assisting, the craft was soon pushed through the weeds and soft mud to the shore. Stepping ashore Jim hooked the spear over the edge of the bow platform, and hauled the boat up far enough to enable them to load the wood. Bert then climbed out and gathering up an armful of wood was about to retrace his steps with his burden. Suddenly he stopped short his eyes popping out and his jaw sagging.

"My Gawd, look there," he roared, and flinging down the wood bolted up the hill, and was lost in the darkness. Jim was just getting to his feet with his load when he caught sight of what had alarmed Bert and scattering wood all over the shore followed Bert up the bank and into the gloaming. At Bert's yell of alarm, Tom gave one fleeting glance over his shoulder and yelled "Holy Jumpin' Jackrabbits! It's the snake," and cleared the woodpile in the first bound. His intentions were to clear the boat at the next. He did, but not exactly as expected. When alighting from his starting leap, his foot lit squarely on a big mullet. "Gawkl!" went the fish. Tom's feet went up in the air. He pirouetted like a whirling dervish and landed kerplunk in the soft ooze at the boatside. He landed on all fours, and probably thinking this would be an admirable position for the charging reptile, gathered himself up like a measuring worm - and with a mighty heave extricated himself from the mire. He tarried not, but with a clatter of cowhides disappeared in the general direction taken by the other two. Poor George! He had not seen the

cause of the disturbance at the first look backward, but at Tom's departure he took a second look and saw coming straight for him two gleaming orbits that looked as large as the headlights on a twelve cylinder Cadillac to his terror-stricken eyes. There was a sort of whistling noise coming from the direction of two balls of living fire. George who was an agile youngster, let out a war-whoop that would have struck terror to the heart of a dog ribbed Indian, or a Moro headhunter. He touched the top of the woodpile with one foot, the deck of the boat with the other, and the next spring landed him on terra firma. "Wait for me boys," he called, and proceeded to clip several seconds from Mel Shepherd's best record. On came the monster, George could hear it leaving the water on his trail, and his cowhide boots frisked the oat stubble until the sparks flew like stroking a cat the wrong way in the dark. "Jim," he roared, but received no answer. Stepping on the human accelerator of his system he tore along with his pursuer gaining rapidly, and almost upon him. On it came. Was this moment to be his last! Would he be swallowed whole, and never found? He thought of all the mean tricks he had ever played on his little sister, and the number of times he had disobeyed his mother, of the times he had shirked school and gone fishing, and other horrible crimes.

All these thoughts passed through his terror-stricken mind like Charlie Chaplin's best thriller. On came the reptile, skimming ever the ground with wonderful rapidity. It was now upon the heels of the fleeing boy. Why did it not seize him? Now it was at his side. He could hear its deep breathing as it ran. He felt the hot froth from its jaws on his hands. But listen. What caused the pattering of feet when it ran? Surely those feet were not attached to the body of a serpent. And that skunklike odor, was not the aroma of a reptile. "Bow-wow," went the snake, and at this terrifying moment George recognized his pursuer as Bert's old crossbred shepherd dog,

who made it his business to patrol the shore when the boys were fishing. Becoming lonesome, he had swam the creek when the boys put in for wood, and was coming to pay his respects and perhaps inform the boys that he had enjoyed a little mix-up with a skunk. Had Old Bounce's carcass stopped George's No. 8 brogan, his skunk-hunting career would have terminated then and there.

But he ducked nimbly to one side, and George nearly dislocated his hip joint retrieving his foot. The other boys came sneaking back, and Bounce's ancestry was slightly referred to, and his popularity was at low tide for the remainder of the night. There was no more fishing that night, and the Sea Serpent was never seen again.



EDWARD T. MARTIN

THE ruling has gone forth and the treaties been signed between Canada and the United States protecting migratory game, and its sale has been forbidden, which is good if the law be enforced and bad if only the well disposed who wouldn't sell game under any conditions are affected and the pot hunters and market shooters go on as before only using a little more care as to customers and places of marketing their wares.

The law should go further than it does. It should cover certain upland birds, prairie chickens for example, as well as water fowl, and bay and marsh birds.

Pinnated grouse unquestionably migrate. I myself have seen them going south across the Canadian line. And I have known of others,

presumably birds from Canada, keeping on through Dakota, Minnesota, and Iowa in great droves until they reached southwestern Missouri, Arkansas and other states where winter food is abundant and winter snow largely noticeable by its absence.

This migration has been commented on by many experienced hunters of upland game but was much more talked of forty years ago than now when the chickens are rarely seen going south or anywhere else.

Said Colonel Bob Crockett, a nephew of old Davy, to me one November day when in the White River country of Arkansas we were watching thousands of prairie chickens work in ahead of a coming northerly storm, "These chickens are not local birds, those raised here that passed the summer with us. They are from

the stubbles of the grain raising states and it would not surprise me if some were visitors from as far away as Canada."

Said an old time Minnesota gunner on another November day as from the summit of a little rise of ground we watched great droves of grouse flying from the north, straight south, never slackening their speed, making no attempt to light, "Our summer birds have gone. The ones we are watching are mostly "sharp-tails" from Canada. Some will keep on and some will stay in the neighborhood. Later in the day they will begin to light. I have seen them do this for many years."

It was not necessary to tell me this. I already knew, for on at least one other occasion I had seen a migration from a point near the boundary, of pinnated and sharp-tailed grouse from Canada to the States and if any returned, I feel certain it was not that year but the next.

If any birds need protection it is these same grouse. So why not help them a little more by classing them where they really belong—as migrators, although there are so few now that the migration is of tens and twenties instead of in thousands.

If the non-sale of game is to be enforced, why not include in it the renting of fresh water ponds and marshes that by baiting are made into shooting preserves for the gun clubs? When a land owner rents his duck pond for several times more than the same area of good land close by is worth to crop, what is he doing but selling his ducks at wholesale to the gun club men? What is it but rank commercialism? And if game is to be conserved, commercialism must first be driven out, there being no difference so far as I can see, whether it is a land owner selling by wholesale on the wing, or the market gunner trying to sneak one over on the law except that the first should be judged as the more guilty and fined the heavier.

If the love of money is the root of all evil with man, the desire for a

craw full of good grain is the same with all game.

Waterfowl in spite of constant shooting will hang around a baited pond for the love of the wheat, the barley or the corn that has been placed to lure them there when the common sense with which all are endowed tells them, "danger! danger!" Notwithstanding they take chances and stay.

The mere use of the bait whether it is grain, cull beans or tomato pulp, cuts not nearly the figure as does the desire to kill and keep killing and the mercenary feeling the renting the ponds engenders.

Said a club member to me at the close of the past season, "We shooters have paid old Blank something like two dollars apiece for every duck taken off his two ponds this year. He was paid eleven hundred dollars for the use of those, less than ten acres, while better land near the highway and not 300 yards distant from the ponds, he considers well rented at thirty dollars the acre. He does not need the money, and he had a fifteen year old boy pinched because he sneaked through a hole in the fence, killed two teal on one of the ponds and sold them for a half a dollar. I wonder what he has been doing but selling us ducks all the fall and wish there was some way we could get back at him."

So do I.

There are few people living who have seen game at high water mark and know from their own observation exactly what that mark was, and I am one of the number.

Taking the published records of the top notch market shooter as a guide, there seems to have been but a trifle more game in the late fifties and through the sixties than there was twenty years later. Prairie chickens, I am quite sure, held their own up almost until 1880. They might be termed birds of civilization following the plow, the breaking of the prairies and the planting of grain, doing better on their gleanings of the stubbles than on the insects of the prairies. All they seemed to ask was a reasonable amount of

food and plenty of cover in which to hide and build their nests.

I am told that while in 1850 there were but few grouse in the far North-western states, then territories, and almost none across the line in Canada, in the more thickly settled western and near western states they were very abundant and pioneers in Minnesota, the Dakotas and Canada have often said to me, "We got here before the chickens."

They grew less in Kentucky, Ohio and Illinois. They were never plentiful along the Atlantic seaboard and as they became less in certain locations, they increased in others when hitherto untilled lands were cultivated and bore golden crops of grain, there being fully as many chickens, so I judge, in existence in 1880 as there were in 1850, something like fifty or sixty a day being the average kill of a skilled market hunter in the fifties, while I know of one shooter who in 1880 averaged close to sixty, and another a year later, a farmer too and not a professional, who did nearly as well. This, mind you, for the season and not for isolated days.

It was like pulling a blanket from over one's feet to keep his head warm—the same amount of blanket only in a different position, or at least such is my idea.

All of the grouse family are prolific layers and but for the attack on them being a combined effort by the gun, the mowing machine and reaper as well as the plow, there is no reason why the blanket has shrunk until now the entire body is bare, nor why, under improved conditions, there cannot be a come back.

It is a good thing that a considerable part of the prairie chickens yet in existence are in Canada where game laws are enforced and they receive all the protection that is coming to them, but my! how much better if the powers that would be—class them with rail, with plover, with shore birds and say, "Yes, these also are migratory. They need increased protection and are going to have it.

Don't point your guns in their direction."

Captain Bogardus, king of market shooters in his time, dates his activities ten years further back than my records go. He was at least consistent in what he did and said. He insisted, "No amount of fair shooting makes much difference to game in a good game country" but he urged, "leave them spots of slough grass to nest in and there will be no decrease." I wonder what he would think to come back to earth at the present time, to see things as they are, to hunt as I have hunted this past December, to spend parts of three days in what was a good game country only as far back as 1910, to kill every bird within range for a total bag of one pintail, one snipe and eight "blue mallards." (mud hens.) Still it must be remembered that in the Captain's time there were no autos to multiply the distance where a hunter could go after game, nor automatic pump guns and smokeless powder to aid in its killing.

There is little doubt that market shooter though he was, the Captain would agree the time had come to put on the brakes, to stop the renting of ponds at prices which mean the selling of water-fowl at wholesale, to fine the pond owner as well as the boy who sneaks through the fence. Also to make the fine fit the crime, to put into the migratory class everything that may belong there and if there is a doubt, let the other fellow prove it.

Let us be honest with ourselves and with the game. If "dwarf domestic duck, baked prairie owl, or broiled snowbirds" appear on the menu of any exclusive club or restaurant, investigate and find what it really is, then if every sportsman does his part, it will be easier to obtain the proper enforcement of game laws by others but until all sportsmen show a proper spirit in game conservation and are willing to do their share instead of wishing it onto someone else, well I am sorry for the game.

It Often Happens

HARRY M. MOORE

HE was the King of Buck Mountain!

His four-pronged antlers surmounted a proud, defiant head; a head that set off the thickness and roundness of his sleek neck. (Old Bill saw him once. Old Bill.....).

He was the King of Buck Mountain.

He was the King Buck of the hills, with the speed of the wind, the cunning of the fox, and the courage in battle, of the lion.

Three, four, maybe five years before he tried to steady himself on his wobbly legs while viewing Mother Earth for the first time. That was in the Big Park. There in that eighty-five mile square breeding grounds, he grew to maturity and to wander. One day he wandered outside the limits defined by The Law. And—he never went back.

By day he slept in one of the soft beds in the big swamp back of the river. By night he climbed the slopes of the hills for the tender shoots of the sumach, or to bury his antlers into the sides of any young buck that dared come between him and his does.

He was the King of Buck Mountain. Ah, the king has not the gift of prophesy. He has not the power to say how long he shall reign.

Occasionally he crossed the hills, descended the steppes, and drank from the rapidly running river. Or he would stand in the water and study his moon-made reflection. He was a big deer then—a super-buck in a super-land. Once he came to the river, and—

Unannounced The Kid breezed in on the "mixed" at noon and leaned his old .38-55 against the tent. He poked his face into the door.

Big Brother, just back from France, where he had been killing Huns for The Big Brotherhood of Man, jerked the pan of sizzling bacon from the hot coals, and swore.

"What the h.....l brings you here?"

Big Brother's brow wrinkled with undisguised disgust. Old Bill sat on the bed, setting the table. The

hunting season had been a rotten failure. Neither Big Brother nor Old Bill had carried home a liver. And now—

"Guess I've as much right here as you," The Kid pouted.

"You never saw a live deer in your life," Big Brother stormed. "You'll get buck fever——"

"You got it, too, the first time you were out." The Kid drove home the thrust.

"Let The Kid stay," butted in Old Bill, wiping a knife. "He might change our luck!"

"Luck, h.....l!" yelled Big Brother, turning the bacon. "Why, he's as deaf as a mute." He jerked around to The Kid. "You may stay, but—you'll never go into the bush with me."

Old Bill grabbed the loaf of bread and sawed off a slice as thick as a plank.

"I'll fix it, Kid," he announced kindly. "You'll do as I say tomorrow morning, and we shall see what we shall see."

In early morning The Kid sat on a log beside the rapids. Old Bill and Big Brother had crossed The Dam and were somewhere up over the hills. Old Bill had told The Kid that if he let a deer cross the rapids——

The Kid raised his eyes. Something had moved in the saplings across the water. There had been no sound, the noisy rapids would account for that. The Kid brought his rifle up tremblingly and slowly. And then—

Just then a four-pronged buck stepped out of the saplings and stared across the rapids. For a moment the deer studied the other bank, and then—

He straightened up suddenly and turned tail.

The Kid sprang to his feet and played the lead on the white flag, the while his heart beat in his throat.

The deer leaped over the first ridge and disappeared. Cursing his luck, The Kid jumped into the icy waters

and plunged across. He scrambled up the slope.

Rotten!

He had missed his first deer. And Old Bill had told him if he let a deer cross the rapids—

The Kid raised himself on his toes. On the other side of a log, a few feet distant, a patch of grey appeared.

Along about noon, Big Brother and Old Bill, silent-tongued, crossed The Dam. At the rapids they stopped to enquire for The Kid. He wasn't there. But—

Across on the hill, dragging a deer by the hindquarters, apparently unaware that the animal's horns were catching on log and stump and tree was The Kid who had never seen a live deer before.

"And he would have split that old

four-prong down the back, if I hadn't stopped him," commented Old Bill afterwards. "And just fancy, two old hunters like us to be outdone by a pup of a kid who never hunted before. Well, don't it beat all?"

And that night, beneath the myriad starred November sky a daring young buck picked his steps up the slopes of Buck Mountain and challenged The King for combat. But The King—

The King hung on a white birch down by the river.

And the daring young buck, having challenged and not being taken up, became The King by right of his boldness. And the does without any further recommendation accepted him. For lo, the King is dead; long live the King!

Some Fireside Yarns

As Related by Yukon Dan

E. DALTON TIPPING

I HAD just returned to the City after spending six weeks up north, and as timber cruising in winter is by no means an enjoyable occupation, was more than pleased to get back.

After supper I struck a bee line for the club knowing that I would find my chums there. On reaching the door, it being partly open, I glanced in. Ed. who had recently returned from a big game hunt, held the floor, armed with a billard-que representing his Winchester automatic, he was showing the bunch how he brought down his moose. This being his first moose he was naturally proud of his achievement.

They met me with the same old greetings, "Hello frontiersman, how long since you left the blazed trails? etc." After learning the latest news of the outside world, I was called upon to give an account of my trip, which took me as far as the Pelician Mountain, situated sixty miles north of Athabaska Landing.

On October the eighth I left Edmonton with Pete (my guide) and

packtrain, four in number, including our two saddle horses.

It took us four days to make the Landing, where we forded the Athabaska, it being very low.

We then followed the river, going down stream for fifteen miles where our trail turned due north to Calling Lake about twenty miles from the Athabaska.

I asked my guide if we had left all humanity behind, as we had been travelling a whole day and had not seen a soul.

He told me that we would reach Old Yukon Dan's cabin that night, which is located at the south end of Calling Lake. Dan spends the winter months trapping while the summer is devoted to prospecting.

Just before sundown we got the first glimpse of Calling Lake, where the trail followed along a high ridge, in the distance we could hear the cry of the loon and occasionally would see a flock of ducks testing their wings preparatory to their long southern flight.

We travelled for some distance in silence save for the incessant cries of the waterfowl, when suddenly there came to my ears the clear ringing blows of an axe.

I glanced at my guide who just nodded and said, "Dan cutting his night's wood."

On rounding a bend we came in sight of the cabin and on seeing us Dan dropped his axe and came to meet us.

He gave me such a hearty welcome and hand shake that all formality seemed to vanish.

Leaving my guide to attend to the horses, Dan took me to the cabin, where I met his young partner Ed, who with his sleeves rolled up was busy preparing their evening meal. The cabin was built of hewn logs, the floor of poles hewed flat on the upper surface, at one end was a massive stone fireplace, above which hung a fine pair of moose antlers and across these lay two rifles.

The walls were decorated with the skins of birds and animals including two large bear skins, a cinnamon and a black. All this I took in at a glance while Dan was helping me off with my coat; he then pulled up a homemade chair covered with a wolf skin before the fireplace and told me to make myself comfortable while he helped Ed. prepare supper. By the time supper was announced Pete had got the horses picketed, and told me under his breath he was near starved, which (after the meal) I was perfectly willing to vouch for, and with perfect modesty can say I did justice to it myself. Roast ducks were most acceptable after several meals of bacon and beans.

After supper we got comfortably seated around the glowing fireplace, enjoying our pipes.

I drew Pete's attention to the two fine bear skins, at which Dan got up and brought down the big cinnamon, I then noticed that the head was hacked and cut in long gashes presumably by a knife, after I had examined these, Dan sat down and told his story.

"I had quite a time getting the best of that fellow. Had broken the

stock of my rifle, and Ed was out for supplies taking his with him, so my only weapon was the old Hudson's Bay muzzle loader you see standing in the corner there.

"Well I started out one morning early last winter just after a fresh fall of snow to get a little venison.

Had got down to the north end of the lake when I came upon a fresh bear track, of course I took after him, he followed along the lake shore for a short distance and then hit up into the hills. I figured he might go to his den so I went mighty easy. Well I guessed right, for on working around a windfall I came to his den and there were the fresh tracks going right in, he had a hole dug at the foot of an upturned root about three feet across.

"As my old muzzle loader was only good for one shot at a time I hitched my big knife around on my belt where it was handy." (At this stage of the story Dan got up and took down a big knife in a heavy leather sheath that was hanging on the wall,) "This is my pet," he said, as he drew it out and handed it to me, the blade was about twelve inches long, three inches wide and as heavy as a small belt axe.

As Dan replaced the knife in its sheath he continued, "The bear had dug himself in a good six feet, and had there made his nest, I picked up a chunk of rotten wood and tossed it into the den, and then with my gun ready cocked, I stood a couple paces from the entrance; presently I saw the old fellow's nose through the semi-darkness and then made out the outline of his head; I took aim and fired and at the same moment grabbed my knife in case my shot had not proved fatal; he went to rush out but using a trick I had learned from an old Cree Indian I slashed him across the nose which caused him to instantly draw back. I tried to reload my gun and had got the powder in when again he made the rush, I gave him another slash which had the desired effect. My next move was to reach into my pocket for a lead bullet, moisten it in my mouth and drop down the barrel onto the powder.

"At this moment I noticed a short log laying to one side, I rolled it against the mouth of the den just as the bear made the third attempt. He was bent on getting out and I slashed with all my might till he again backed in, I think if it had not been for the log I had rolled into the opening, he would have gotten the best of me. My final task was the hardest of all, namely, to get the cap on the nipple, as my fingers were getting stiff with the cold. However after dropping several in the snow, I managed it, and then waited for the final rush which was to either be the end of Mr. Bear, or myself, as by this time, naturally his anger was properly aroused.

"I stood waiting, but not for long, when out he came; the log obstruction I had placed at the mouth of the den impeded his progress long enough for me to take good aim; I fired, and down went the bear, so that is the story of the big cinnamon."

I looked at Dan as he gazed into the glowing fire, his face tanned and wrinkled by sixty odd summers of strenuous frontier life; presently I asked, "Didn't you realize what chances you were running?" He just smiled and said. "We who follow this life don't think of that, to us it's a big game of bluff, if you can't play your bluff why you just lose.

"While our conversation is dealing with bear, I'll relate a little experience I had which will show you how far one can carry a bluff with a bear.

"I was prospecting up on the Liard with a partner in the summer of '94. We had an old flat bottom boat that we were lining up the river with our outfit.

"One evening while my partner was getting supper ready I took the old Winchester that we kept for shooting partridge and walked over to a small poplar and spruce grove in search of some birds.

"I was working quietly through the bush when presently I spied what looked to be a porcupine in one of the trees; on drawing nearer I discovered it to be a little cub bear and on the ground at the foot of the tree was another. On seeing me they made a

frightened noise, which brought the old bear on the bound full of fear for her offspring. At the instant she spotted me I was endeavoring to throw a shell into the breech of my rifle, but the blamed thing had got wet somehow and had rusted, making it useless. She hesitated a moment and then charged right for me. I thought and thought quickly; to turn and run would have been foolhardy, to climb a tree would be just as useless, as they were all small, even if I had time. I remembered reading of animal trainers cowering wild animals by the steady gaze of the eye; it was a scanty bluff but I tried it.

"She came within ten feet of me and reared on her hind legs, her ears flat and her eyes blazing like fire, her paws held in midair ready to lay me out, her jaws snapping showing her big white teeth.

"There we stood each holding our ground, if she had only known how scared I was, the game would have been all up with me.

"I can't say how long we stood that way, but presently the cubs started their frightened whining again, at this the old bear turned and ran back to them.

"I took this opportunity and backed away about twenty feet, when she glanced back I stopped. On finding that the cubs were not being molested from that quarter, she again turned upon me. This time she stopped twenty feet from me, and did not raise up, but kept snapping her jaws.

"I held my gaze steadily upon her, I could see my bluff was working as she seemed unable to stand my steady stare. She would watch me for a minute and then let her eyes shift for a second, only to blaze back at me.

"She couldn't quite make up her mind to attack, and yet was loath to let me get away. Presently she thought of her cubs and back she went to the tree, by this time my legs got the best of my nerves, I dropped the old Winchester and headed for camp, and the way I covered that stretch of ground was marvellous. My partner wanted to go right back with our good rifles and land her, but

I said 'No,' I felt I at least owed her her life for sparing me mine, but I maintain to this day it was my bluff that did it."

Next morning again found us in the saddles on the last lapse of our journey. While riding along in silence I thought of Dan's bear stories, and wondered what I would do under similar circumstances, and sincerely hoped that I would never have occasion to play, what Dan called, "His game of bluff." But a trip up in that country would not be complete without a thrill of some kind, but mine was of a nature entirely different to Dan's.

I was coming back to camp one evening, keeping clear of the standing dead timber as there was a regular hurricane blowing and trees falling in every direction. Presently I heard an unearthly bellow and squeal, then a terrific crashing just to one side of me, the brush being

very thick prevented me from seeing what it was. I stood perfectly still with creepy chills running up my spine into the very roots of my hair. Then presently out there came, not forty yards from me, two big bull moose, and then I witnessed a fight I'll never forget. With hair all on end and heads lowered they would charge, their huge horns coming together with a clatter, then they would turn and separate only to come together again. As my only weapon was a 38 cal. revolver, I felt far from comfortable, and was greatly relieved to see the vanquisher in rapid pursuit of the vanquished disappearing in the opposite direction to the one I wished to take.

Then Ed let out a hoop, "I've got it, next fall we'll get up a party and go up there for a big game hunt. I'll bet one of those fellows is a fifteen pointer, with a sixty inch spread." This suggestion was followed by hearty approval from all.

Various Species of Deer

"Reader," Saskatchewan, asks for a description of the different species of deer, including the mule, the black and the white-tailed. The following are quotations from an article entitled "The Larger North American Mammals" by E. W. Nelson in a former issue of the Geographic Magazine.

Mule Deer.

Mule deer are larger than the common white-tails, with a heavier, stockier form. Their strongest characteristics lie in the large doubly branching antlers, large broad ears, and rounded whitish tail with a brushlike black tip. Their antlers vary much in size but in some examples are almost intermediate between those of the white-tail and the elk. Antlers of the mule deer and of the black tail agree in having the tines all pronged, in contrast with the single spikes of the white-tails. In summer these deer have a rich rusty red coat which is exchanged in winter for one of grayish brown.

Black Tailed Deer.

In general appearance the black-tails have a close resemblance to the mule deer. They have the same large ears, forked tines to the antlers and rather "stocky" body; but the brushy all-black tail distinguishes them from any other American deer. In color they have

much the same shade of brown as the Virginia deer. They have the usual cycle of annual changes common to most American deer—assuming a dull coat in fall and losing their horns in winter, followed by the resumption of a brighter coat in spring and the renewal of their horns in summer.

Virginia or White-Tailed Deer

The aptness of the name "white-tail" for the Virginia deer is obvious to any one who has startled one in the forest and seen it dash away with the tail upright and flashing vivid white signals at every leap. The adults have two strongly contrasted coats each year: brownish gray in winter and rusty red in summer. The fawns, usually two in number, are dull rusty brown, marked with a series of large white spots which remain until the gray winter coat is assumed in the fall. Large bucks sometimes attain a weight of more than 300 pounds.

He also asks what kind are found in Saskatchewan. The species of deer found in Saskatchewan are as follows: caribou, elk, deer and moose. At the last session of the Legislature the elk was removed from the list of big game animals that may be hunted in that province.

Coyoteo and Coy



A Tale of the Prairie Foothills

H. MORTIMER BATTEN

I.

THE Love Moon was long since past. Coyoteo and Coy had reared their cubs in the rocky fastness overlooking the Silvertrail River, and now had sent them out into the world, wise in the wisdom of the trails. But with the coming of the first frosts a new restlessness fell upon the jackals of the Silvertrail, a vague desire to wander southwards with the sun to quite a distant range, for at this season their ancestors had wandered southwards at the heels of the great buffalo herds.

Only in one way did these vague promptings have a definite effect upon the resident jackals of the Silvertrail. High on the skyline, at the crown of some grassless butte, Coyoteo and Coy would sit together under the Harvest Moon, pointing their noses to the sky, and howling their lone, sad wander lust. Other jackals would hear and trot to the skyline, over-

looking the wide valley flats, to answer echo for echo, till their thin wavering calls spread north and south, over every range for a score of leagues, dying and fading till lonely ranchers covered their ears and shuddered. Sometimes the song would set the dogs barking at a neighboring farm, whereupon the nearest jackals would change their tune to a sharp "yap-yap" of mockery and defiance, for between the jackals and the farm dogs there existed a deadly feud.

There was, for instance, that blundering old fool of Bethman's down at Prairie End Ranch, part collie, part mastiff, with quite a smattering of bloodhound. Bethman spoke of the dog as "the best prairie wolf and fox hound along the range," but little he knew of the night side of Monarch's affairs.

Monarch was left loose at night to keep the prowling wolves and coyotes from the homestead yard, and

each quavering echo of the jackals' Harvest song called his bellowing roars in fierce response. Coyoteo and Coy would listen with shining eyes, then "yap-yap" in answer till the big hound roared and pranced in rage.

Then one night the two coyotes descended from the buttes, yapping as they came—down across the Silvertrail by Bethman's log bridge, to the very verge of the homestead. Here on the skyline Coyoteo sat and yapped; and the big hound, seeing him, bounded forth in fierce pursuit, to be led across the prairie ridges in a panting tally-ho, down to the Silvertrail again following each twist and turn of the line of scent. Occasionally he lost it, whereupon Coyoteo would appear on a neighboring ridge to yap and lead him on.

Six miles from home the little coyote chased his tail a round or two, then got rid of the dog by paddling down the shallow margin of the Silvertrail.

In the meantime Coy had fully explored Bethman's ranch buildings—had dined sumptuously on Monarch's untouched bowl of biscuits, and having emptied it, had filled the bowl with sand. This done she departed, carrying in her jaws a slab of-fat bacon Bethman had kept in an outhouse for restoring leather goods.

II.

Never before, since the departure of the buffalo, had the Silvertrail known so many wolves and coyotes. The wolves were the direct offspring of the ancient buffalo-runner strain, big husky cattle-killers, schooled in the knowledge of the steel trap and the poisoned bait, and on the head of every wolf and jackal there rested a liberal bounty. Yet there was no professional wolver in the Silvertrail, so this year the local ranchers put their heads together, deciding to supplement the Government bounty by ten dollars per wolf and five dollars per coyote. Thus Wolver Wells appeared upon the scene, gaunt, restless and sun-tanned—took up his abode in the deserted survey shanty north of Bethman's and prepared to settle for the winter. With him he

brought only two ponies, piled high with steel traps and baggage. This man was a veritable wolf himself. He could run from dawn to sunset at a swinging lope, carrying forty pounds in traps, pelts and his rifle—sleeping happily where the night found him, and off again at dawn to follow the circuit of the huge range he habitually covered.

Coyoteo and Coy marked his coming, knew, in that mysterious way the wild folk have of knowing such things, that he was a creature to be watched, and watched him—peering now over a ridge to mark his coming and his going till soon they knew his runways and his habits every bit as well as the wolver knew theirs.

One day Wells made a trip to Prairie End Ranch, returning at dusk with a cart load of manure, which he led across the open plateau to a bare place in the sage bush. Here he emptied his load, forming a lofty mound, and at the top of that mound he placed four steel traps, each exerting a spring pressure of 200 lbs. He knew the weakness of wolves and jackals for ascending such mounds to howl and view the landscape, especially when the hillock be of some material of distinguished scent, and feeling well content, for he had never known the trick to fail, he turned home with the dusk.

But Coyoteo and Coy had watched him through the golden haze, and when the sun sank behind the buttes in a sea of crimson they came nearer to investigate. This human creature with his mysterious way kindled their curiosity, and their very suspicions as to his good will bade them keep close count of his movements. The faint breeze which fans the prairie at dusk and dawn was in their favour, and sniffing here from the scent of a ridge, padding nearer, circling, sniffing, they approached the unaccustomed mound.

No warning scent as yet reached them, and Coyoteo became bolder, trotting out into the open, glancing around at Coy to back him up. He trotted to the hillock, circled again, then prepared to mount it.

Beware, little Coyoteo! This is an hour of deadly peril so beware! The man knows your curious ways, how you must watch and pry and investigate in your striving for a better understanding, and sooner or later he will profit thereby—beware!

Scarcely had he set his feet to mount when Coyoteo shrank back, bristling from head to tail, and muttering a warning “girr-r” to Coy. He began to scratch in the sand with all fours, growling deeply in his throat, for there on the mound he had found the scent of steel!

Now that the jackals knew where the traps were their suspicions of the place vanished, and becoming bold and boastful Coyoteo deliberately sprung two of the traps by scratching earth on to the springplates, while the other two he sprung by rolling on them. Then in the glory of the harvest moon he and Coy scattered the dunghill far and wide, and left the Wolver’s instruments of war marked with the signs of their contempt and mockery.

No longer was there any shadow of doubt left in the minds of the coyotes as to the man’s intentions here. He was there to hunt them—their deadliest foe in all the range, his wits to theirs, their cunning for their lives. Hitherto they had moved in unrestrained freedom about the range, hunting in daylight, viewing the broad panoramas of the Silvertrail from the skyline ridges but now all that was changed. Never did Wolver Wells see the strings of coyotes on the hilltops, as he had been told he would see them, though sometimes when he crossed a ridge, he found freshly made tracks leading up the other side and down again, and he knew that, a minute ago, a coyote had watched him approach from this very spot—as it was watching him now from the ridge over yonder! Sometimes he caught a fleeting glimpse of two pointed ears peering above some near by buttress, but always, if he turned his eyes that way, the points would vanish and he would see no more.

Coyoteo and Coy became creatures of the shadows, keeping always to the

hollows and crossing the skyline only where the sage grew dense. Other mysterious habits they developed, such as making long trips to a neighboring spring where a strong and sickly species of cactus grew. Here they would roll and wallow in the sickly scent, till their coats became impregnated with it, killing the scent of coyote till no dog would have followed their trails with any degree of certainty. Similarly they rolled in filthy carrion till their body scent was overwhelmed, and though they had no knowledge as to why they did these things it was all part of their campaign of self defence against the human hunter. Not that they feared him—O no!—for each night when Wells was at home they yapped derision from a near-by ridge, mocking the man and his cabin and above all the streak of foreign white smoke that rose straight upwards from his chimney pipe.

One morning Bethman and the trapper met on the range. “You want to keep that dog of yours chained at night time, Mr. Bethman,” said Wells. “I ain’t using poisoned baits, but I’ve got a heap of steel traps down, and if he falls foul of a bunch—”

“My dog never leaves the property,” replied Bethman shortly, turning on his heel.

“That so.” drawled Wells. “Then I’m mistaken, I fancied I saw his tracks eight miles up the creek, and it seemed to me the coyotes was calling him out every night to make fun of him. But perhaps you know!”

Bethman turned angrily in his saddle. “That dog knows what he’s about,” he said. “There ain’t no coyote along this range will fool him, so you get around with your trapping and leave the dog to me.”

In the glaring heat of that afternoon Wells set out to lay a long scent trail across the wind away up the foothills plateau, and Coyoteo, peering over the ridge, saw a sight which stirred his curiosity as never before. It consisted of a horseman, riding a small pony whose hoofs were smeared with wolf muck to kill all suspicious scent, and behind the pony drawn by

a long rope, there followed a grotesque, sprawling something that bumped across the hollows in ever-changing postures. Coyoteo stared and stared, and then he went for Coy to come and look and together they watched and sniffed and wondered. Down wind there came a potent and seductive whiff—a whiff of dead calf in just that stage of advance every dog, whether wild or tame, delights in.

Far across the wolf infested region Wells laid his scent trail, so that any prowling wolf or coyote, hunting up wind, would inevitably strike the line, then on a high point he left the carcass, placing around it a wide and scattered line of traps. Each trap was steeped in fat or smeared with musk, and Wells himself wore gloves so impregnated with savory scents that they left no tell-tale sign. Finally, walking backwards, he brushed out his tracks around the bait with the tail of a freshly killed wolf, and rode home by a different route.

No jackal could have resisted following that scent trail, and when the twinkling stars came out Coyoteo took it boldly at a run, while Coy ranged wide, watching him from the shadows. Up to the naked ridge it led them, and there, full in the open, diffusing its enticing invitation on the night wind as it lay with legs aspiring stiffly skywards, was the calf!

The jackals hung back, circling, sniffing, crossing and criss-crossing on the windward side, but slowly drawing in. Each foot of land they quartered with their nostrils, but there was no scent of steel. Coyoteo bellied down and began to creep, eyes shining, licking his chops. Something whispered "Keep way! Keep away!" But a stronger voice urged—"Come on! Come on! It is all for you!"

Then across the plateau, following the very trail they themselves had followed, there came the sound of heavy breathing, of clumsy footsteps in the sand and pebbles. A figure showed on the skyline and disappeared—a heavy body crashed through the sage bush, bounding fearlessly towards them. No wolf this, for a wolf comes like a coyote,

zig-zagging up wind, or if there is no wind he comes in ever-narrowing circles.

The coyotes slunk away, then full into the starlight there plunged, red-eyed, saliva dripping from his massive jaws — Bethman's hound. He roared at the coyotes and plunged on, eager to claim undivided possession of the feast, when—ping! The steel jaws of a trap closed upon his foreleg, throwing him heavily. With a roar of rage and pain he turned, his yellow fangs slashing at the trap, when—ping! A vice-like grip closed upon one of his hind legs, pinning him down in a helpless attitude, and there sounded the whine of a dog in fear and despair.

"Yap-yap! Yap-yap-yap!" Coyoteo and Coy came out from the sage bush, wagging their tails and parading round in a wide circle. The hound bounded in their direction, but now there was a new note in his bellowing roars. The jackals pointed their muzzles to the stars and yapped, but slowly the yaps became longer, less sharp, till they merged into the long ringing cadences of the rally call.

But across the eerie quietude there came another sound, a deep, base, "boo-ooo," palpitating and fierce, but tailing off into a murmur. If filled the hills with multitudinous voices, swelling upwards to the buttes, echoing and re-echoing across the valley indescribably sinister and sad. The hound grovelled down with a shudder of fear, Coyoteo and Coy, with a final mocking "yap," slunk into the sage, then full into the starlight across the plateau there surged a crowd of timber wolves!

It was a large pack for the time of the year, five in number, and they too broke up, circled and zig-zagged, scratching with all fours and peering with cold yellow eyes at the grovelling, trembling hound. Like ghosts of death they came and went—dim grey figures and glowing points of light, but rapidly the circle narrowed, narrowed, then closed in. For a moment there was a bristling, devilish heap, a confusion of ghastly sounds, then silence fell once more, to be broken suddenly by the "yap-

yap" of a coyote at the crown of a distant ridge.

When Wells came up with the first grey glimmering of dawn he found two wolves fast in his sets. Two other traps had been sprung, but the only indication as to what had sprung them were a few scattered remnants of what had once evidently been a dog.

III.

The great silence of the Snow moon came, bringing its biting frosts and its dead clear, hungry nights. Vague and vast lay the plateaux of the Silvertrail under their first fall of snow, tinted each dawn and sunrise with colours beautiful beyond belief. But the awful loneliness of the place was crushing in its magnitude. There was no sound, save the short, sharp croak of the ravens. The laughing Silvertrail was frozen from bank to bank, from surface to bed, and likewise the thousand laughing creeks that fed it. The very buttes were festooned and pillared with ice, flashing in prism colors, and it seemed to Wells that he was the one lone, living thing amidst the abandonment.

Yet there *was* life, and when Wells came to take the census of the range he saw that a rich harvest was yet in store for him. His hunting now took on a different form, he became even more alert and watchful, and always, now, he carried a rifle.

One day, as he trudged alone through the silence, the trapper caught a momentary glimpse of pointed ears protruding above a neighboring ridge. He did not turn and look that way, but presently he stopped, drew the silk shelter from his pack, and erected it roughly in the centre of the plateau. This done he grovelled a hole in the ground with his hand pick, laid something inside it, scratched back the dust, and lit a small fire over the spot. Soon he had coffee boiling, while the savory scent of frizzling bacon filled the air, then, as he sat over his pipe and the fire burnt low, he carelessly tossed a few scraps of fat bacon into the red embers.

Within an hour Wells had broken camp and was under way again, and

no sooner was he out of sight than Coyoteo and Coy came trotting over the ridge, to explore the old camping ground and see what the man had done—incidentally to nose to its origin that delightful sniff of bacon. There are but two things can hide the scent of steel, fire and water, and when the two jackals came trotting up the embers were cold—cold but seductive with the scent of frizzling bacon. Such dainties were for Coy, and seated on his haunches Coyoteo watched her scratching among the ashes for the tempting morsels. But suddenly there was a thud, and a little cloud of ashes rose into the air. Coy started back then grovelled down, whining, frightened, for she was a prisoner in the wolver's trap!

Yes, now at the time when they had least suspected danger—for had they not, hitherto, exploring the camping grounds of every traveller in these hills?—their curiosity had proved their undoing, and Coy, firmly held by a forepaw, knew that the dreaded hour had come at last. She rose, and backed away, dragging the trap from among the ashes, but to it was attached, by a length of chain, a heavy log of wood.

Coyoteo bristled as he watched, then he fell upon the trap in a fury of rage and fear, gnawing at the jaws, tearing at the springs, but still Coy remained a prisoner. He trotted off a few paces, whining to her to follow, and dragging the trap with her she limped a few paces till the heavy log hitched up in the sage bush, then she crouched and sobbed—long, pitiful moaning sobs that shook her whole slim body.

Again Coyoteo was at her side, rubbing his flank to hers, showering his kisses upon her muzzle, then he fell and attacked the log, holding it between his forepaws and gnawing it in a frenzy of hate. But the log was of well seasoned ash, and soon the splinters were stained with blood from the coyote's jaws, yet he had taught that log a lesson, taught it not to interfere, and triumphantly now he trotted off, looking back, and whining for Coy to follow.

Again she tried, but again the hateful log jerked her back, and she sank whimpering in the snow.

Coyoteo bellied up to her, grovelling, entreating, soothing her heated muzzle with his soft, warm tongue, peering up into her face, seeming to say to her—"Come away with me come! O leave this hateful thing behind!"

But he did not understand—he did not understand! Diligently now he began to scratch beside the log, but the ground was ice hard and he made no progress. He attacked the sage scrub, tearing at the roots and twigs, scattering the ground with them, then he scooped up roots and twigs, swept up little mounds of snow on and about the log, trying to bury it, trampling it in, then scooping more and more till the hateful thing was covered. Full of confidence now, assured that the chief hindrance was effectively done away with, he whined for Coy to follow, but as she did so the log was jerked from its covering and she sank trembling in the snow again.

"Coy -- Coy, what can I do for you? I know only that some great misfortune has befallen us, but I know not how to contend with it! I do not understand—I *cannot* understand!" He lay panting at her side, at times caressing her, snapping at the trap, the chain, the log, covering one then the other with snow, hiding them with infinite care, trampling them in, but always, when she rose to follow, the hateful things were there.

Over the brow and across the plateau there came a "tramp—tramp—tramp." Wells, looking back from a distant ridge, had seen the two coyotes, one fast in the trap, and so was returning home. As he drew near Coy lay very still, watching, watching, but Coyoteo fell in a frenzy upon the trap, the chain, the log, tearing at one then the other, while across the stillness rang the sound of his frenzied yaps and whines.

Only two hundred yards separated them now, and Wells dropped to one knee and fired. The bullet cast up a cloud of stinging snow at Coyoteo's

very muzzle, he stole back into the scrub, whining—calling, calling, for Coy to follow, but she did not answer. She looked up into the man's face with great, pleading, sorrowful eyes, while Coyoteo circled round watching—dreading—waiting.

IV.

Wells did not kill the little vixen, for he knew that he now possessed a certain bait whereby he could bring about the fall of Coyoteo, and that night found the little jackal chained by a heavy chain under the wall of his drying-out shed. She knew she was a hopeless captive, and having learnt the extent of her liberty she crouched in the snow, and made no further attempt to break away.

Long after darkness, when there was no sound in all the frosty land, there came a soft "gurr-woff" from among the boulders near. Coy answered it by a little soft note of similar kind, then full into the starlight opposite her, whining as he came, appeared Coyoteo. He carried something in his jaws, but for a long time he circled and sniffed, testing every foot of ground ahead, till at length, gaining her side, he dropped a dead bird at her feet and licked her muzzle. With little soft love sounds they nosed each other, Coyoteo licked and caressed her wounded paw, but he did not try to lead her away, for he knew now that it could not be so.

He came every night after that, appearing like a ghost from among the shadows with little cautious sounds of greeting, braving the man with his traps and guns, trespassing on his very threshold. Each night he brought her food, a storm-stayed bird or something picked up on a distant ranch, while he himself became gaunt and thin, for food was scarce. Little Coy ate nothing from the man's hand; Coyoteo supplied her needs, faithfully, lovingly, yet as he knew in mortal peril of his life.

And so Wells allowed the coyote to grow used to coming to and fro quite undisturbed, and then one evening he surrounded the little vixen with an impassable barrier of buried traps.

Coyoteo came as before, but he did not fall. Perhaps some warning from his little captive mate, perhaps his own quick senses, conveyed the hint, for at midnight the trapper heard the pitter-pat of paws across his very roof, then over the roof of the drying shed to a point directly above the imprisoned vixen. Here Coyoteo dropped to earth, and an hour later Wells heard the returning pitter-pat of paws.

Next day Wells extended his barrier of traps around the building, then betook himself to his trapping line.

It was a dull day and windy, and it happened that towards noon Bethman, passing that way, bethought himself to call on Wolver Wells. The disappearance of his dog had caused him much speculation, and though he had scorned the condescension of making a special errand of enquiry from the trapper special errand of enquiry from the trapper whose pointed warning he had ignored, this seemed a favourable opportunity of gleaning, perhaps, a little information.

But he found the door closed and the outlook bleak and lonely, so

spurring his cayuse he turned across the ridge.

Wait! Was that a coyote playing 'possum under the very wall of the outhouse? Without turning his head Bethman drew his rifle from his stirrup, swung round and fired at the crouching form.

The bullet grazed Coy's neck, cut the hair in a clean line down her flank, and she leapt and darted aside. As she did so the choking collar fell from her neck, cleanly severed by the bullet. She leapt again, but the chain did not jerk her back. Hesitating, uncertain, unable to believe, she leapt again—into and over the line of traps, then fleet as a deer among the boulders! In vain Bethman strove to bring the sights to bear, but his cayuse, started by the first shot would not stand, and Coy was free!

Away over the ridge and through the sage scrub, on three legs now but lighter than ever before, loped Coy, and by the frozen creek Coyoteo awaited her. Gaily he chased his tail, eagerly he licked her muzzle, then over the river flats and through the birch grove, heading now for quite a distant range, they ran flank to flank as in their honeymoon days.

English Partridges in British Columbia

ED. S. SHRAPNEL, R.C.A.

These fine game birds were imported into this Island several years ago and have increased very rapidly, the climate being very similar to that of England. They were placed on several districts of Vancouver Island. Last year for the first time sportsmen were allowed to shoot at them for the last two days of the season, in the District of North Saanach. Having experienced splendid sport at these birds over half a century ago, both in England and Ireland I was anxious to have another few shots at them. But it so happened that the days appointed so very late in the season turned out very wet, in fact, raining heavily all of both days, making trudging through the muddy fields and rotten stubble, anything but pleasant. The birds under such circumstances were very wild, making it almost impossible to approach

near enough to take a shot, large coveys gathered together and when started put a good mile between themselves and danger before settling again, greatly to the disgust of sportsmen generally, whose energy and enthusiasm was completely ruined. The opening of the shooting season for nearly all the species of wing game on this Island is far too late, as the weather is generally very wet in October which turns an outing for a few days with a gun, into wet misery and naughty cuss words at the framers of the game laws. The English game laws for all game would suit this Island perfectly in my opinion, and I have hunted here without missing a season for over twenty-eight years. There is a great necessity for really sensible and reasonable game laws for B. C. to be enacted in the writer's opinion.

The Kejimikijuk Monster

PHIL. H. MOORE

AS far back as 1902, stories began to drift into the settlement about him. Some fishermen claimed to have seen him and several claimed they had hooked him, and lost their fly or leader as a result. Some wise old fishermen on their first trip had the temerity to infer that it wasn't a trout at all but a mud-turtle or an enormous eel. For the next few years stories about him were consistently sprinkled through a great number of narratives told by various peregrinating fishermen from all parts of the world. Since all true lovers of the rod and reel, sooner or later, drop their fly in Nova Scotia trout streams, tales of the monster were naturally spread from coast to coast. Talking one day in Vancouver with the editor of a sporting magazine published in Chicago, I heard again the yarn with expected variations. This was in the winter of 1908. I remember the date well as it was the year our camp was built near the mouth of the Kejimikijuk River, on Lake Rossignol. The Chicago editor's story so impressed me, that I resolved to make some careful inquiries of the Indians and guides in the Rossignol district, as soon as we could get out to camp for the spring fishing.

Upon my arrival in Caledonia, I asked Old Joe and Darce, Frank, Tom, and others what they knew about it. They had all had experiences with him, or had guided "sports" who had either hooked or raised him. Although generally speaking guides are notorious fabulists these men seemed to be perfectly sincere in their belief that there was a monster trout in the lower waters of the Kejimikijuk River, ranging between Arthur's Ledges and the mouth. From their accounts there was a perfectly reasonable inference to be drawn that there might be a number of "him."

There was a peculiar similarity about the ending of all these fish stories. It seems that although the

fish had been authentically hooked a number of times, and played for some minutes, he would never come out of water but only show his enormous black back or broad square tail, at the time he took the fly; but after that would keep well submerged in the deep pools. No city fisherman had yet been equipped with sufficiently strong tackle to pull or "pump" the fish enough to take in any line after the first downstream rush of this powerful outlaw. He took line sometimes with a rush and sometimes with slow, persistent tugging jerks; then he would go into a deep hole, sound and sulk. Failing in his attempt to dislodge him, the angler, finding himself hooked to the trout instead of vice versa, would have the canoe dropped down stream so he could take in line and prepare for another rush. After navigating as close to the chosen lair of the big scrapper as was thought prudent the fisherman would increase the strain on his tackle to the limit, with the object of starting the fish. Finding no response to these manoeuvres, he'd try jerking and pulling and end by breaking his leader and losing it, or would give up the fight, slack his line, paddle right into the pool, pulling in the line hand over hand, only to find it securely wound around a submerged log or a wind-fall. Almost every story ended with the leader fast to a sunken log.

Ma-tee-o, an old Micmac Indian was sitting in front of his tent making pack-baskets when we arrived at our new camp at Lowes Landing, on Lake Rossignol, in the memorable spring of 1908. After partially getting our house in order, we wandered over, after supper, to sit with Ma-tee-o in front of his little Indian fire.

I asked him what he knew about the big fish. In the usual contemplative Indian way, he said:

"Him there."

"Just where, Ma-tee-o," I ventured.

"Sometime big eddy..... Trout Rock. Sometime Boom Rock, where

waters get mad." (He meant where the waters divide and run in separate streams to the mouth of the river.) "Mostly first big eddy.....dark side below Arthur's Ledges."

"Do you think there is more than one big fish in this part of the river?" I asked.

"Not like him," he replied quickly.

"Did you ever see him?" again I questioned.

"Three.....four time," said Ma-tee-o.

"Did you ever try to catch him?" I persisted.

Old Ma-tee-o's eyes twinkled.

"Me spear him once."

"You speared him!" We both exclaimed together, "How'd he get away?"

Before answering Ma-tee-o knocked the ashes out of his old pipe, and indicating a lack of both matches and tobacco by feeling in all his ragged pockets for them, he exercised the prerogative of the Indian race in its dealings with the intrusive white man and accepted my tender of both as his just due. Ceremoniously filling his pipe and tossing a pinch of tobacco over his shoulder to his friend the Wind, he lit up and courteously handed back my pouch. After a few quiet puffs he gravely proffered the pipe to the lady burdened with a portion of my (up to this time) good name. Outside of a humorous twinkle in his eyes, one would have thought his surprise at her confused refusal was genuine. Patiently waiting for Ma-tee-o to take up the thread of the tale of his experience with the big trout, I smoked and did not urge him.

"Wigumi," he muttered as to himself. Then "Adookse."

"It was this way, Camp-builder. I was young man trapping on Kejimikijuk River and Big Lake. Big and strong, then. (At this time Ma-tee-o was seventy odd years old, small and wizened.) "Plenty moose-meat, new squaw, two.....three.....papoose, wigwam on tenting ground at Trout Rock. New ice come quick. Had many steel traps set 'long the river. Had to chop 'em out. Found mush-rat in trap.....big eddy Ar-

thur's Ledges, I tole you 'bout. Ice just strong enough bear me up, and clear like house-glass. Mush-rat was drowned, but big fish under water smelling 'em,—maybe tryin' bite 'em. Made smash at fish with ax through ice. Missed him. By time get back to wickiup with hides and traps, tired but still think 'bout big fish. After dark take bark torch and fish-spear in kwedun and pole up river in swift water, and land on thin ice in pool where big trout live. The hole made to chop out trap had thin skin over it. So make li'l hole, tie piece moose-meat on fish line with sinker, put it down through ice. Then stick torch right long side on bank. It make big blaze. Wait with fish-spear to stick 'em. Wait maybe long time. By'm by, he come nosing 'long, easy, careful, like fox. He meskek fish. When he close to moose-meat-near-nough-Wiskoodaga! Hard! So." He indicated his spearing motion by a sharp downward thrust of the arm.

"Matee-o paused. We waited breathlessly. His pipe had gone out, so he "borrowed" another match and lit it. The old Indian's dramatic sense was acute. He had been engrossed in his tale. His sombre old eyes glowed, and as he sat there puffing his pipe, he was evidently picturing to himself again the wonderful moment when his spear struck true and fair the back of his monster trout. We knew it was best not to hurry the old fellow into what was to us, the important climax of the tale. Finally, exasperated at his silence, we impatiently urged:

"Did you get him, Ma-tee-o?"

"Spear him alright, Camp-builder. When try pull him out of hole in ice, couldn't lift him. Too big."

Again he paused.

"Did he break your spear?" "Did he wiggle much?" "Did he get away?" "What did you do then?" were the alternate exclamatory questions of his auditors. But Ma-tee-o couldn't be hurried. After puffing some more, exasperatingly, and poking his fire, he closed the matter up as follows:

"Pulled and pulled on spear. It won't come 'way; so take ax, and chop big hole in ice. Then build

nice bright fire on bank, so could see plain." He repeated the performance of pausing and teasing us at this particular place.

"Well?"

"Well?"

"Found spear sticking up over barbs in oak log."

We breathed again.

"How did you happen to miss him?" we asked, after we had digested this last bit of puzzling information.

"No miss 'um," replied Ma-tee-o. "Kespeadooksit."

And that was all we could get out of the old fellow about the big trout.

As we sauntered back through the moonlight to the new log-house, we decided to make a serious attempt to have an adventure with this mysterious and rapidly-getting-famous fish. I made up my mind if I hooked a fish that had the power of turning himself at will into a windfall, I would at least pull it out of water and burn it in the new fire-place and get a great deal of satisfaction out of giving the old rascal a brand new experience.

Next day, we made ready for the tournament with the crafty and legendary Salvelinus Fontinalis Mastodonus. I put together my five and one-half ounce, nine foot rod, and rigged it with a salmon reel, salmon line and leader. We took with us a split-ash pack-basket having a canvas cover, as a creel, and a book of salmon flies. Paddling across the overflowed meadows to the mouth of the Kejimikijuk River, a distance of half a mile, we assiduously fished all the pools in which this monster trout had been reported. We caught a number of big fish. As I was using a fly something over two inches long with a silver tinsel body, decorated with a pheasant and jungle-cock wing, (which I had tied myself) only a big trout could get the lure in his mouth. After sundown, we gave it up and paddled back to camp.

That evening I wandered over to discuss the subject once more with old Ma-tee-o. He was taciturn and moody, but finally volunteered this cryptic prophecy:

"No man catch 'um and kill 'um till all white men go 'way."

"Where will they go, Ma-tee-o?" I amusedly asked.

"Back to Boston," he grunted.

That ended the interview.

For four days following we tried each of the pools in turn. It was fine fun, fine weather and great fishing, but no monster trout showed up. On the fifth day the sun was so hot by ten o'clock that we quit fishing and, the black-flies not being yet much in evidence, we went ashore with our lunch basket at the old tenting ground below Arthur's Ledges. We lazed around till lunch time in such shade as the budding birches meagrely tendered.

As I idly lay on the moss, my eye caught a slight movement among the leaves near the lunch basket, and in a second or two a little kangaroo mouse hopped curiously toward it. I cautiously reached for the dip-net which was leaning against a nearby tree, and the next instant had Mr. Mouse all tangled up in it. A few seconds more and he was wiggling alluringly with the big hook of my salmon fly under his backbone. Playing our hunch for all it was worth, we stepped into the canoe, pushed out into the stream just above the big eddy and dropped the kelick and the wiggling, squeaking bait almost simultaneously into the water.

With fifteen feet of line hardly straightened out in the current, there was a splash, a tug at the line, a glimpse of an enormous square tail, and the reel sang "Home, Sweet Home." We had him! He ran straight down with the current making for the middle of the river. With 150 yards of real salmon line, a leader of the best gut, and a hook made for handling a twenty pound Nova Scotia winter salmon, I wasn't worrying much about that fish getting away, providing I could keep him from snagging the line. With seventy five yards of line out, I put on the brake. In ten minutes I had him quiet and gaping within reach of my dip-net. In another instant he was in the canoe, apparently drowned. He was a monster. The mouse was

gone. My hook was driven completely through the hard cartilage of his upper jaw. Two other small but much worn trout flies stuck beligerently from either side of his cavernous mouth, like Prussian mustachios. Many a ragged scar decorated his lips. Holding him up with a grin of glee to my canoe-mate who had greatly assisted with much advice whilst I was landing the historic warrior, she took his picture with the kodak set at a six foot focus, and the fine light of high noon at her back. Then I weighed him. Six and three-quarter pounds! I laid the now limp and quiet fish along the after thwart of the canoe and he just reached from rail to rail. By doubling him up in a half circle I put him in the pack-basket creel, ostensibly his last resting place—but one. Reeling up my slack line and making my tackle snug, I took hold of the kelick rope which passed through a pulley on the bow of the canoe and aft to a cleet on the thwart just ahead of the stern seat, and tried to pull it up, so that we could go ashore and have our delayed lunch. The kelick, which was a five prong grab-hook, was snagged and would not come up. After trying to dislodge it by all conservative and traditional methods, my partner, in this plot against our finny antagonist, made the fatal error, (I regret to say at my direction), of moving up into the bow of the canoe to take the anchor rope in her hands. The current was very swift. This action of hers made the canoe bow heavy, and it immediately began to switch back and forth with darts of increasing length, while she was tugging frantically at the obstinate hook. I did my best to hold the craft steady and pointed up stream. The next instant it gave a lurch and we both leaned to the high

side. Immediately this was the low side, so low that the water poured over the gunwale. We swamped and tipped over. Assuring my breathless and spouting partner that there was no danger, a few strokes brought us both to shallow water. With the lady safe and some of the water out of our eyes, we spotted the creel floating downstream half submerged but upright.

"The fish!" we both exclaimed, horror-struck.

Unsheathing my hunting knife I made for the canoe. Cutting the entangled anchor rope and towing it ashore was the work of a moment. Rod and dip-net, and one of the paddles were caught under the thwarts. The camera was gone. I had dumped the water out of the craft, jumped in and was paddling frantically after the big creel, almost in one continuous motion. When within a few feet of it, and perhaps 100 yards below the scene of the accident, the basket gave a lurch and tipped on its side. The cover floated partly open; and as I shot alongside and made a desperate lunge for it, our big fish, with others, floated out on his side. He quivered, gave a sluggish wriggle, righted himself, and with a disdainful flap of the big tail darted into an eddy behind a big rock.

Perhaps Old Ma-tee-o was right.

But the big fish is still there ready to break a lance, (or bamboo), with any doughty knight of the rod that comes along.

Key to Micmac words:

Wigumi—"I am fond of smoking."

Adookse—"I will tell a story."

Meskek—"Great, enormous."

Wiskoodaga—"I stab him."

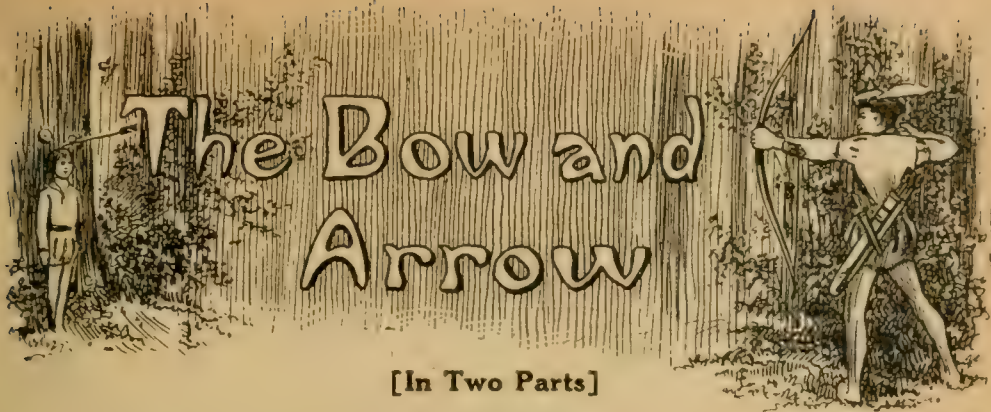
Kwedun—"Canoe."

Kespeadooksit—"The story is ended."

THE MUCH RENOWNED TURKEY

The North American wild turkey is the original species of the Eastern United States, known scientifically as *Meleagris Americana*, whose colors are black, beautifully shaded with a rich bronze, the breast plumage being

dark bronze, illuminated with a lustrous finish of coppery gold. This finish of bronze and gold emblazons the entire plumage throughout as if burnished into brightness. In the rays of the sun it shows a most beautiful combination of bronze, black, copper, and gold.—T.H.H.



The Bow and Arrow

[In Two Parts]

Part I.

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

THE bow is a weapon with rather a brilliant history. Perhaps it found birth with the stone age gentlemen and gentle women, for stories of those hunts of yore, in quest of the giant mammoth have been found carved on the walls of known caves. The bow played a prominent part in wars that have decided the fate of nations. The long bow and the cross bow were used by the English in actual service as late as 1585 when they participated in the freeing of the Netherlands. The bow, no doubt was a dangerous weapon when in the hands of a strong man: and some of the deeds of the early archers still go the rounds: though the majority of these are fairy tales pure and simple. Figures in history such as Robin Hood and William Tell stand out prominent, of course and will always be remembered for their exploits; but their deeds have now, properly taken their place among the narrations of mythology. In savage countries today we find the natives using the bow and arrow with deadly effect. The bow is to these natives not only a weapon of defense against their enemies but is a means of providing them with their daily meat. Travellers into the interior of South America often fall under poisoned arrows. The method of poisoning these arrow tips is explained thus: The liver of some large animal is suspended to the end of a stick. A rattlesnake is then hunted out and is made angry, when properly incensed the liver is thrust at him. He sinks his fangs into the liver and exudes his deadly poison into it. The native carries this liver about, allowing three or four snakes to thus exude their poison into the bait and then it is taken away. After the

poison has thoroughly soaked into every portion of the liver the arrow tips are thrust into it—thus covered with the vicious liquid and when dried they are ready to be used. Needless to state the arrow thus becomes a menace of the worst stripe: sure death to the one hit with it in a vital spot!

No doubt in the early days there were men so proficient in the art of archery that, were they living today, our wonder would be aroused. However a veil has fallen upon the past and we have no detailed accounts coming up through history to direct us right on this score. The Cossacks of Russia were brought up to be horsemen from their very youth; and naturally they have been the most daring and efficient horsemen and cavalymen in the world. In the early days in England men were reared and taught archery from the cradle, one might say: the ultimate goal of every archer trained being his position on the battlefield. The bows of the early archers in England were made of the famous yew: but so persistent was the demand for this wood, and so little was it grown, or cultured that today it is hard to obtain, if it is obtainable at all. No doubt the yew-wood makes for the best wood obtainable, when it is dressed into a bow-stick.

There are societies of Scottish archers who occasionally shoot at marks set up 220 yards away: but the bow used is the war-bow, or the bow of the chase. The mark at 220 yards is sometimes hit—most of the time not. Flight shooting with the bow is not practiced to any great extent in our day: although flight shots up to 300 yards and over have been made with the ordinary wooden bow. However with the Turkish composite bow

greater flight shots have been made. This combination bow is made of sinew or raw-hide wood and horn. In the year 1795 the secretary of the Turkish Embassy in London shot an arrow 482 yards, so the story goes. Some years ago at a meeting of archers at the *Société des Sports du Touquet*, in France, one Ingo Simon, with a bow of 80-lb. pull, shot an arrow 459 yards, 8 inches. The distance was later measured by a professional surveyor and one Mr. Nesham, a leading English archer.

In the United States the leading archers have always had their meets: and tournaments have been staged. Edward Weston and Will Thompson have been the high lights in this unique sport and through their efforts, and through the efforts of other enthusiasts, archery has taken a fairly prominent place among the outdoorsmen: although it is doubtful if it will ever get beyond the minority it now has to its credit. In more recent years a great deal of interest has been added to the sport by the fact that a number of archers have gone on hunting trips and have not only killed small game, but also deer and bear. Last year, I believe Arthur Young and Saxton Pope of California attained to the record height as archers in this country by killing a bear: but I understand that they fairly riddled the animal. These two gentlemen, by reason of their hunting experiences are worthy of special attention. To kill bear and deer with a hunting bow is indeed something that is far and beyond out of the ordinary. Let me quote from Saxton Pope, for what he says is singularly interesting:

"For the past three years," says Pope, "W. J. Compton, Arthur Young and myself have been hunting with the long bow. We make our own weapons of Oregon yew. They are the height of a man and pull fifty to eighty pounds. The string is made of Irish linen, one strand of Barbour's, No. 12 for every pound of pull. This is well waxed and twisted. The arrows used for hunting are made of birch dowels five-sixteenths or three-eighths of an inch in diameter and twenty-eight inches long. Some arrows for shooting small game are blunt-pointed. They are made by inserting a round-headed screw in the shaft and binding the end with fine wire. Arrows for killing large game have a steel head, shaped in the classic triangle, an inch and a half long and one inch broad. These are kept very sharp by filing them. We carry about three dozen on a hunting trip and shoot some many times. We have hunted all sorts of game, bagging scores of quail, rabbits and squirrels. Foxes,

coons, skunks, and other predatory varmints have been taken into camp. These have been shot at distances ranging from ten to fifty yards. In one afternoon Arthur Young killed seventeen ground squirrels with the bow. The last five of these animals he killed with five successive arrows. In the line of big game in the last three years we have killed half a dozen deer. Two years ago Compton shot a running buck at 75 yards and drove an arrow through his shoulder, up to the feather. This deer dropped after plunging down the canyon a couple of hundred yards. One season Young got a three pointer at sixty yards by a shot in the flank. The deer jumped a ravine and sought shelter in a bunch of bay trees. Young landed a second arrow through the breast and put him out of commission. On the same trip I, myself, shot a forked horn at 65 yards, *driving an arrow clean through him, the arrow flying twenty yards beyond.* The deer ran some thirty more yards, staggered and was killed by a shot through the heart. He dropped without a struggle."

The shooting of an arrow through a deer at 65 yards, the arrow going clear through the deer and twenty yards beyond surely points to one thing—the man that pulled the bow that sent that arrow on its mission of death is a powerful man operating a powerful bow. Step off 65 yards and then you will know what a feat such as this means and you will know that shooting with the long bow is far from child's play. It is an art that should appeal to black-smiths on vacation.

When Young and Pope killed the bear previously spoken of, they were using bows with a pull of 70 pounds; that is to say one is forced to pull 70 pounds to bring the 28-inch arrow back to the head before it is released. Now I have operated smaller bows up to forty pounds pull and I know therefore what one pulling to 70 pounds is capable of, and I know it takes a man with strength to do it and I know that he must be a perfect bow-man to make a successful hit with a bow of that calibre. Therefore one marvels when Saxton Pope tells of shooting a deer at 65 yards, the arrow going through the deer and 20 yards beyond. And furthermore I believe every word of it as true, for I do know what power there is in the right kind of a bow when you bring the arrow back to the head and let it go.

A recent writer in commenting upon the above bow-work of Young and Pope, says:

"The best living archer in America or England would probably hit a target four feet in

diameter with about two-thirds of his shots at 100 yards. In a long string of shots it is barely possible that he might hit such a target with ten shots in succession. His chance of hitting a man at 100 yards would probably not be better than one in two. A man who is a good shot but not a champion would consider that he did excellent work if he hit the four-foot target with half his shots. Of course either man might hit a blackbird at that range at the first shot, but the chances of doing so are very small. At 60 yards our champion archer would seldom miss the four-foot target and the great majority of his shots would hit the size of a man. Our good archer, not a champion, would occasionally miss the four-foot target at 60 yards, but would frequently hit it with thirty or more shots in succession. The champion might hit a duck or a prairie chicken with one shot in three or four at this range, while the ordinary good archer would do well to hit it with one shot in ten. At 40 yards the champion archer by great good luck and much skill might hit a ten-inch circle with ten successive shots and in the same manner he might hit a four-inch circle with ten successive shots at 20 yards. The ordinary good man at archery may perhaps shoot a lifetime without hitting the 9.6 inch bullseye of the target with five successive shots at 40 yards. Only the slightest comparison of these records with those made every day with the revolver is necessary to show how immensely difficult archery is as compared to the work of any firearm. I am a fairly proficient rifleman, but it is my deliberate opinion that at least twenty times more practice is required to make a good archer than is required to make a good rifleman."

If one is able to purchase a yew-wood bow or make one of that wood he is fortunate, for, no doubt that is one of the best materials to be had in the world outside, of course, the composite bow which is made of a combination of materials as before stated. Yew wood is of the species of *Taxus*, a genus of conifers. Here is some data I have picked up:

"The yew is distributed throughout the northern temperate regions. The most noticeable peculiarity of the genus is the development of a fleshy (usually scarlet) cup (*aril*), about the naked seed, making the fruit look like an open berry. The common yew of Europe (*T. baccata*), very often cultivated, especially in cemeteries, is a tree of sombre aspect. Veneration and superstition have long clung about it. It lives to a great age in the

Old World. The America (*T. Canadensis*) is a more or less prostrate form, which is especially abundant northward; a stunted shrub with very tough wood."

It is no doubt of this American yew that Saxton, Young and Pope make their strong bow; they mention "Oregon yew" I see. Lemonwood is said to make for a fine bow. I have never laid eyes on one and have never tried one. I have, off and on from youth up, made bows of various materials—and have had good success with the ironwood. Other woods that may be tried out are young oak, birch, hickory and ash, all of which are more or less easily obtainable, depending of course what part of the world you happen to be in. As stated, when selecting a piece of bow-wood the idea is to get a stick that is as free of knots as possible. Second growth wood is by far the best as it is of the toughest fiber. Try to get a piece that is five inches through, if possible. You may have to search a while but it will pay you. Obviously a bow of green wood is useless as it has little or no force; at least it is not powerful enough to send an arrow any distance, and when it dries out it is liable to acquire a "set" that spoils it all. Many young fellows who have always wanted to make a good bow, (but have always failed from start to finish) will read these directions with care and then try again.

The piece of bow-wood, in the crude is shaped down with a draw-shave, knife and large plane; when the bow is to be finished off a small block plane is used and after that some medium or fine sandpaper. However now that you have the piece squared down in the crude form the next thing that must be done before it is seasoned is to harden it. This is done by boiling the wood in a strong solution of salt water; a regular brine. Thus after the piece has been thoroughly boiled it is taken out and while it is seasoning either up in the attic, in the hayloft, or by subdued stove-heat (though not too close to the heat) it is whipped into shape by bending it often and it is examined for cracks and splinters. If the piece cracks throughout (as is often the case if you have allowed it to be in the sun or if you have had it too close to the stove) it is useless. The piece should be without splinters and cracks. When it is well seasoned, work is begun on it by shaving it down. Some have the piece cut down very close to the thickness of the bow before boiling it in the salt water but as between the two methods I cannot say that one is better than the other, although I do know that the seasoning of the

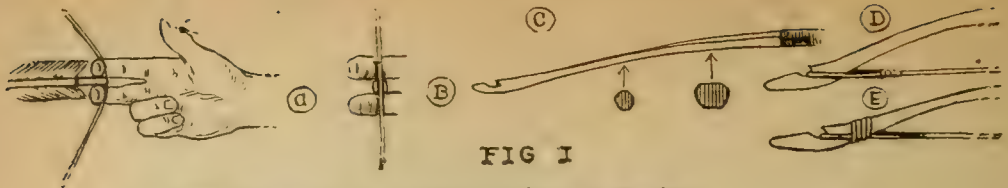


FIG 1

- A. Shows how to draw the bow cord by means of the finger tips.
 B. Shows the fingers on the cord; looking at them from in back.
 C. One of the limbs of a bow, a shape at two vital points.
 D. The bow cord at the upper notch on the bow, same being readily slipped off
 E. The cord in the lower notch, tied across to dull the "twang" or vibration.

piece is the main thing to use care about. As you work the piece down to the bow size whip it into shape by bending it often and working it back and forth. By so doing you will note if there are any defects in the curvature in either of the limbs. The limbs, as we call them, are the two sections one on either side of the given centre. The centre of the bow it should be remembered is not drawn upon for the greater energy; but the limbs, one and one half to two feet back from either end of the bow contains the power, the spring; this is a point that should be remembered in the construction of the bow. When you draw the bow back, held as it is at arm's length, the string under the chin, the two limbs must answer perfectly—a perfect sweep, one limb not out of curve, while the other is perfect in curve. If one is out of curve, it must be trimmed a little to remedy the condition. As you work the piece and test it by drawing it back have someone study the curves of the limbs or, better yet, have someone draw the bow back from at arm's length and you, yourself study the curves. This is the best way.

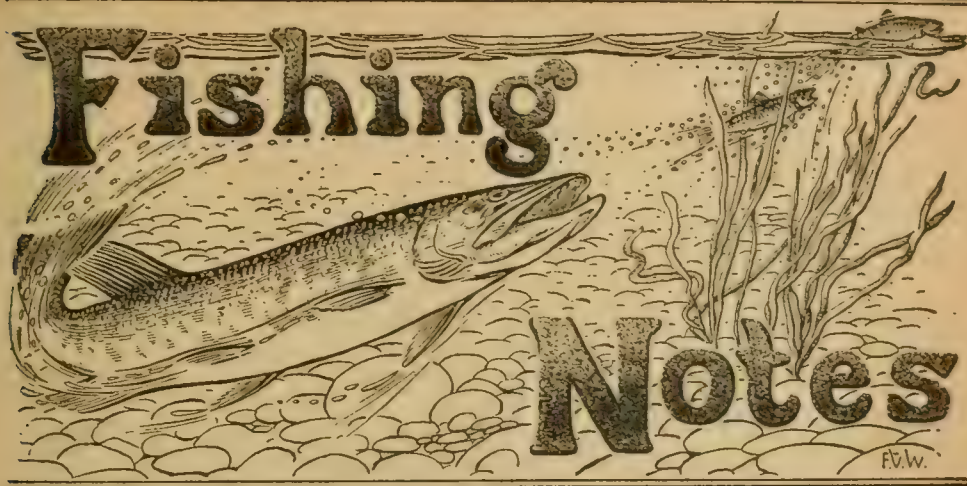
A short bow I find will have a sharp force to it; while the longer bow will give a more uniform force, and, as a rule is the more

powerful. Nevertheless, the Indians had bows as short as four feet reinforced with sinew that, having a pull of forty pounds to them were certainly dangerous weapons. It will be remembered that the Indians would ride in amongst a herd of buffaloes and drive their arrows very nearly through these gigantic animals. But of course they were "right on top of them" when delivering the barbed shot. In the short bow there is produced an uncomfortable "twang" when the string is let go that produces a vibration that I for my part have never been able to remedy, even by reinforcing the ends with cord and by whipping the bow-string to stay at the lower end of the bow. You will have more or less failure with the small bow so talk of it is dropped.

The average bow in use is the height of a man; thus bows of five and one half to six feet are the most common. This bow when finished should have a perfect balance; that is to say when you place the bow across your fore-finger to balance it, at the centre, it should balance even. If one limb out-weighs the other there is something wrong in its construction.

(Concluded in November.)





Valuable Insect Foods for Pond Fishes and How Obtained

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

THE feeding of fishes reared in ponds is, often as not, a troublesome matter with many amateur culturists and entails a vast amount of labor, not to say expense. It can surely be said that a food supply for fishes during the summer and autumn is easily obtainable if one is but put on the right track and by a little care he will be able to feed vast numbers of pond fishes at little or no expense. No doubt pond culturists look upon the feeding of the fishes as one of the great stumbling blocks in such enjoyable and profitable enterprises, for the fishes must be fed regular, and of a food that is nourishing and at the same time eagerly taken by the fish without wasting it in the water. In early feeding the fish before they have attained to a fingerling or approaching fingerling stage, liver is used which is grated through a wire netting and is fed in that manner or is mixed with cereals thus forming a very desirable material. In a like manner rough fish are killed and the flesh grated or rubbed through a wire netting, the same being fed to the trout or the bass. But as the fishes grow they become all the more ravenous and they must be fed in proportion to their increasing growth. Therefore such flesh, liver and chopped fish that is fed into the pond must be hacked into small bits instead of grated. In the case of the basses; carp minnows, chubs and shiners are released alive in the ponds and these the basses, etc., chase down and feed upon. It will be noted that in all writ-

ings on fish culture it is mentioned that releasing minnows alive in the ponds is a good thing to do, in that the fish get a great deal of energy in chasing and hunting these minnows down. Minnows, on the other hand are hard to obtain. There are just certain times while the rough fish and others of the minnow family are breeding and produce and during such times these minnows may be netted and used. In cases where a fish pond is big, or where the establishment is run on a large scale of many ponds in connection then it is a good idea to spawn out carp in ponds especially to obtain the myriads of minnows that are thus produced for feeding purposes. But as I have said before one should be very careful not to feed in too many of these minnows but so that it is certain that the fish in the pond obtain them all. Chubs are known to be able to hide away from the basses and when this happens they do a great deal of havoc in killing young bass minnows. Carp fingerlings also take to feeding on bass fry if they are able to escape the basses in shallow water which is always the case where such fry is released into a pond in undue numbers.

Naturally rough fish as a food for pond fishes are the easiest to obtain,—but of course this entirely depends upon the section of the continent you happen to be in. In some places rough fish are not obtainable; in other places they are found in extreme abundance. Where rough fish for food is not readily ob-

tainable other fare, including cereals, must be fed to the fishes. Yet, in the main some of the best foods to be had are over-looked, or are near to hand but cannot be taken principally through lack of knowing how this is done.

Insect life of the earth and the air form a means to a food supply for pond fishes that is usually passed by but which should be introduced everywhere. I personally know of no fare for pond fishes so very desirable and so cheap to obtain as that afforded by the grasshoppers, that, through the summer and autumn teem in the fields and the pastures; and the flies which are such a nuisance about the barns and the house.

We have seen that the pond fishes, whether basses or trout, desire, most of all the insect fare that is offered them. This is natural. They rise to the surface to take it. In a native life, or primitive state in the wild waters they live almost entirely upon winged food coming to the water—especially is this true about the trout. In the case of the trout ponds it has been a rule to hang up parts of the entrails or carcass of an animal over points frequented by the trout. The flies lay their eggs on this carcass and the resulting maggots fall to water and are seized by the trout. Personally I think that this could well be discarded if the flies themselves could be captured and fed to the fish.

Whatever may be said about the house fly a trout would tell you if he could speak that that same house fly has a generous amount of protein stored up in his body that goes all the way to construct a square meal. All the trout desires is to obtain a few of these and he will consider it a full meal, even as, in a wild state he considers the few flies that he catches sufficient for the meal he makes two or three times each summer day.

Fly traps have now been in use for many

years, but it is highly doubtful if one person out of a hundred knows how to make one for himself to catch, practically all the flies on the place. Yet the fact remains: fly-traps are easily made and the style I am going to mention further on is so simple and so very effective that it becomes an "instrument" that should be in every barn and in, or on the porch of every home. At the same time such flies as are taken can be utilized as food for fish ponds in a very unique manner. Let me mention an incident. The town of Pomona, California is liberally set with fly traps. Naturally the fly population live long enough to enter the traps on one corner of the town or another *and so cease to function as disease-carriers*. This year a large fish-rearing establishment in the neighborhood has contracted for the entire fly harvest, the flies to be collected once every two days or so. These flies are then fed to the trout, the result being a wonderful food supply hardly to be equalled. When you consider that a handful of flies will go a long way in feeding a young trout you will realize that a fly trap or two around the house will help out a great deal. Throughout the summer and autumn seeming millions of flies may be harvested in and made use of in a profitable manner as can be seen.

In Figure 1, we show a simple type of a fly trap that is easily made by anyone who has an hour to spare and the material with which same is constructed. What I call the regulation size is exactly one foot square as to bottom and top, and eighteen inches high. You can obtain the material for this top and bottom out of the ends of boxes to fit you out to a T. Having two ends cut one foot square, the next thing to do is to cut holes in the centre of each six inches in diameter. This is done by making a pencil-ring, then boring a hole at the edge of the line and then

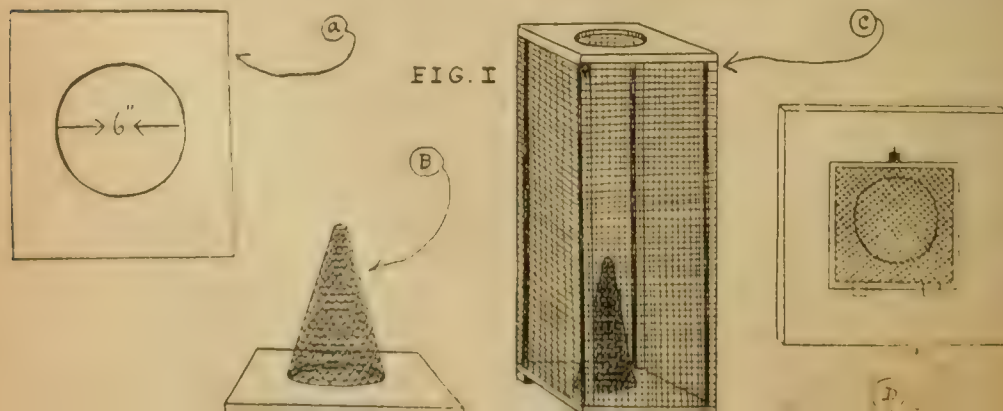
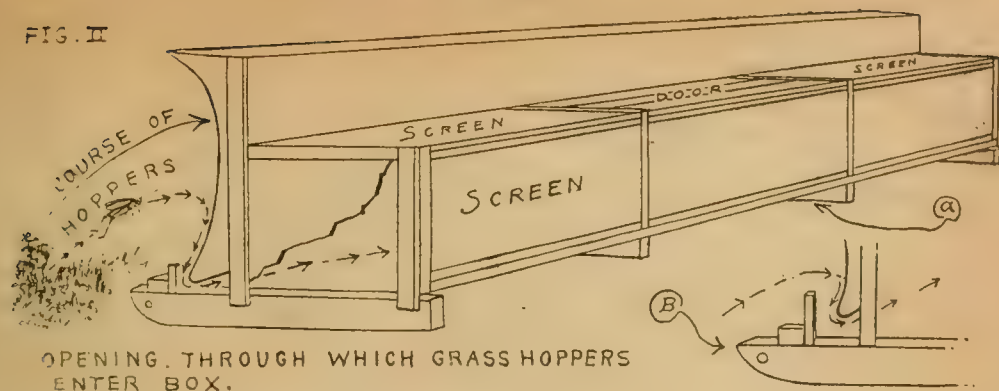


FIG. II



cutting out the same by means of a key-hole saw. In (A) of Figure 1, we give an idea of this. When you have completed this you next turn to your screen material; and this screen should be of the white sort as this is much better than the dark porch wire netting. You now take a part of this screen and roll a cone out of it, fastening the sides of the screen together carefully but leaving a hole at the top of this cone about the size of a pencil. The bottom of this cone should answer exactly with the hole you have cut in the bottom; and when this is fitted in it is tacked around the edges. When the cone with its pencil-like hole at the top is fitted in place it will look about like (B) of Figure 1. This cone stands seven or eight inches high. It is in the centre of the circle.

In (C) we show the fly-trap completed. The up-rights, one on each corner are of one inch material and should be eighteen inches high. These up-rights are nailed to the bottom having the cone of wire; then the top is nailed on in the same manner. You now have the whole ready to be screened in. This is very simply done, care being taken to get the screen tight over all. As stated the top has a round hole to it too. In (D) of Figure 1 we show a door made of screen, in a square style that can be fastened to the top with small hinges, same to open at ease to be hooked again tight when the flies have been taken out. Little bits of wood, three eighths of an inch thick are now nailed to the bottom of the cage, one on each corner as shown in the drawings—and the trap is ready to be used.

The bait is sugar water mixed up with bran, a new portion being filled in as needed. In hot weather it rapidly evaporates, and what with the amount sipped up by the flies it goes fast. Place the trap in a doorway of the barn for instance, sweeping the floor clear all around. Take the cover of a small baking

powder can and place the sugar water and bran in that and place the whole on the floor in the centre of the cone, the cone thus being directly above it. Sprinkle a few drops of sugar water on the floor around and the trap is ready. The flies in going in to the pan on the floor creep under the trap by means of the space offered by reason of the three eighths inch blocks of wood on the four corners. Instead of creeping out by the way it came in it is in the nature of a fly to go for the light, so it rises and a-lights inside the cone, and then travelling up the side of the cone it passes through the pencil-like hole at the top and into the interior of the trap. The result is imprisonment. In hot weather quarts of flies may be taken out of these traps, and through the season millions of flies are speedily eliminated thus preventing a spread of disease and in the case of the fish culturist aiding him in producing food for his fishes. After a day in the trap these flies are dyed and creep around on the bottom. They may then be taken out by hand and thrown to the water where the fish will take them.

We have now pointed out how a fly-trap may be made. Now we will give an idea on how grass-hoppers may be harvested in the infested fields and pastures and so brought to use. Everyone is cognizant of the fact that grasshoppers are exceedingly high in protein. Many Indians in the West trap grasshoppers in ditches, dry them and then grind them up for bread. Men who have eaten of grasshopper bread state that it is of a fine flavor and very nourishing.

On the other hand there is nothing a thriving bass colony loves so much as a feast once a day of grasshoppers. Fact to tell they can live on a few grasshoppers alone, such is the high value of the jumpers as a food. During grasshopper time in Minnesota the lakes along the shores are crowded with these jumpers and the bass glut themselves; they

are then hard to connect with *via* the hook and line. At the same time the bass are then in their choicest condition. Amateur fish culturists often dig holes in the fields and so catch the hoppers, for sooner or later they find their way into the hole. However, there is a more efficient manner of catching them wholesale and the trap to do it with is illustrated in Figure II. This affair (see A) is sixteen feet in length though it may of course be made shorter to suit your needs. If you are in the real grasshopper infested country a trap of sixteen feet is what you want, the same to be drawn by two horses, one hitched to either end. Note that the trap sits on four sled-like runners. Along the whole front of this trap extends a curved piece of tin; and this tin drops down into an opening something like two inches in width as shown in (A) and more clearly in (B). Now when this trap is drawn through the fields or short grass where the earth seems fairly alive with the jumpers they hop up and in doing so they strike the side or the curve of tin, as shown in (A). When the hopper hits the tin he slides down and falls into the gutter, thus striking the bottom. He then goes through the opening into the cage and is there imprisoned. The sides of this trap are covered with screen and there is a place in the centre where there is a door, at the top, and through this door the hoppers are shovelled out and fed to the fish alive. In the case of chickens the hoppers are often dried in sacks and mixed up with common feed. This makes one of the most

nutritious foods that one could possibly offer to fowl, and, as a rule all this supply of insects goes to waste by reason of man not utilizing what he has at his very back door one might say. Of course the grasshopper trap may be made in a large style to be pulled by horses or it may be made in a smaller style to be drawn by hand. A few turns of an infested piece of land will yield a vast supply of food for the chickens or the fish in your ponds. Grasshoppers and flies are trapped all through the summer and into the fall. Usually when a hopper trap is drawn around a field the outer turns are made first, thus working toward a common centre. In this manner a field is pretty well covered.

Man should always look around him and make use of what Nature sows with such a prodigal hand to right and left. There are foods that generally go to waste that otherwise will make man a profitable entry. As you walk out among the oak groves in the autumn and you see the ground fairly littered with acorns did it ever occur to you that this contains a food for chickens that is beyond equal. When I say that I know it to be the truth. Gather up all the acorns you can lay hands on, grind them up and mix this with some other chicken feed and you will be surprised what benefit will come of the experiment. After all this is merely making use of what we find at our very door. The food value of an acorn may be well understood when one understands that each holds a potential oak tree within itself.





GUNS & AMMUNITION

Methods Used in Testing Shotgun Powders for Pressure

C. S. LANDIS

RIFLE and revolver cartridges have three principal variables: the bullet, the powder, and the primer. Shotgun shells have four: the primer, the shot charge, the powder and the wads. At least four wads, usually all different in thickness, hardness, and strength, are required and yet many men consider the loading of shotgun ammunition a very easy matter. I suppose that this idea is brought about by the fact that shotgun pressures are comparatively low and the lack of accidents resulting from mistakes in loading is likely to convey the impression that the loading of shotgun shells is not a very important matter.

The shot and primers are generally overlooked by the sportsman who considers the usual variables as the wads and the powder. The wads are usually selected for their durability and cheapness. This leaves us the powder, which is the life of the cartridge.

How Powder is Made and Tested.

Smokeless shotgun powder is usually manufactured in ten thousand-pound lots. Each of these lots is blended until every portion of it is identical. While the lot of powder is being packed into containers, a one-pound sample is taken from it at intervals until fifty samples are secured. The gravimetric density of each of these samples is determined, to show whether the lot throughout is uniform.

From each of these fifty samples, a quantity is taken and subjected to complete and exact physical, chemical, and ballistic tests.

After the powder passes these tests, the canisters or drums are scaled for shipment.

The two general classes of shotgun powders

are bulk powders, which measure bulk for bulk with black powder, and dense powders, which require a smaller charge to produce the same ballistic results.

The Pressure Gun.

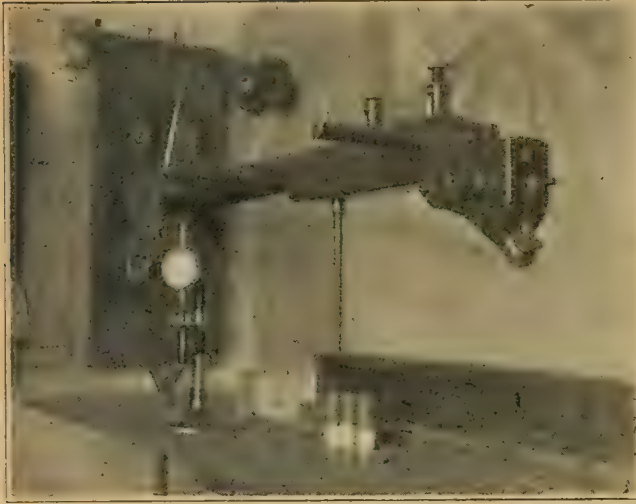
The pressure gun for testing shotgun powders has a barrel drilled out in one or more places for the insertion of plungers. The plungers fit the holes very closely to prevent gas leakage. Large screws are provided opposite these holes, so that the lead pressure gauges may be held in place during the explosion. When the shells are loaded, they are first drilled as shown in the photographs and then the drilled holes are pasted over by paper stickers to prevent the powder from being spilled after loading.

When the shells are loaded, a lead crusher is inserted between the plunger and the screw. The screw is turned down onto the plunger until the lead pressure gauge is firmly held in place. The loaded shell is then inserted into the chamber of the pressure gun and the charge is fired.

The explosion drives the plunger against the end of the lead crusher, which naturally compresses it. This lead slug is then measured and the new measurement gives the amount of compression. These measurements when compared with the table for that set of crushers give the pressure per square inch. The pressure gun is usually known as the V.P. (velocity pressure) gun, as the velocity and pressure can both be determined from it by the use of a chronograph.

Types of Pressure Guns.

There are two general types of pressure guns in use in this country. One is the



The Webley V. P. Gun

Webley gun, a photograph of which is reproduced herewith, which weighs fifty pounds. The other is the Baker pressure gun.

Both types are suspended on wires as shown in the photographs. With them, pressure can be taken at two or more places in the barrel, the points at which the barrels are drilled. The time necessary for any load to travel the length of the barrel of the gun can be determined, as well as that which elapses between the blow of the hammer and the time the shot emerges from the muzzle. This gives the degree of quickness of different powder loads, and the chronograph also measures the velocity (average velocity) over any given range. In addition, the patterning sheet will give the pattern and the evenness of a shot charge at any necessary range.

One of the things a pattern sheet will show is that a gun with a three-inch chamber that will pattern 70 to 75 per cent. with three-inch shells will sometimes average about 55 to 60 per cent. with 2 5/8 inch shells. So, therefore, the shooter who has his gun chambered for any length of shells should stick to this length unless he finds by actual tests his gun handles others equally well. Oddly enough, a long chambered gun will frequently shoot a 3 1/2 dram load in a

a 3-dram load in a shell of the same length. I have seen this actually tried out on an indoor forty-yard range.

Shotgun powders are made to burn at lower pressures than rifle powders, and therefore lead crushers are used to test these pressures, while copper crushers are used to test the rifle powders that burn under higher pressure.

When any set of pressures is taken to test a powder or a given load of any lot of powder, a series of ten or more shots is fired and the results compared to determine the maximum and mean pressures developed, which show whether the lot under test is satisfactory from the standpoint of

pressure. Testing for pattern and also for velocity, as well as for pressure, is always done before any lot of powder is passed as suitable for the market.

The ideal that the ballistic engineer or chemist who designs the powders, works for is low, *even* pressures, dense, *even* patterns, and *even* velocities.

The chronograph gives the velocities exactly over any given range or any number of ranges, the pressure gun gives the pressure at any point in the barrel that it may be designed to obtain, and the pattern sheet tells its own story at any given range; therefore the ballistic engineer can determine exactly what results he has secured. He can tell by



previous chemical tests whether the powder in use will satisfactorily withstand climatic and temperature changes. All powders are tested for excess of moisture and for durability.

Bulk powders and dense powders are both tested in exactly the same manner as, also, are all gauges of shells from 10 gauge to 410 gauge. The ballistic engineers employed by the large powder companies and by the cartridge loading companies test and re-test each combination of powder, shot, primers and wads in so many pressure guns and chronographs and under so many conditions that their results have naturally averaged themselves, so that the standard loads for the different calibers have been developed.

Whenever some experimenter comes out with a new combination of powder, shot, and

shells that he claims gives results that are from 50 to 100 per cent. better than those secured from the so-called standard loads, it is well to take these statements with a certain degree of reserve, because if they were tested in a velocity pressure gun, they would likely show some striking results regarding pressures and velocities of which the experimenter had very little knowledge. There is nothing dark or mysterious about testing powders or ammunition. Each combination will tell its own story if given the opportunity.

The photographs reproduced herewith were taken at the Ballistic Station of the Hercules Powder Company, the manufacturers of Infallible shotgun powder, and will show the kind of equipment that is used by the large concerns in testing their products for American sportsmen.

A New Job for the Lead Bullet

J. R. MATTERN

A GUN-LESS or at least a rifle-less or shoot-less country is not exactly the average man's ideal of a desirable condition to wake up some morning and find North America in, but for the hunter that is what the war almost brought. The trouble was principally with ammunition. It was getting scarce last year when the war ended. How scarce it was—how completely the factories had been turned from hunting and target stuff to war materials by their owners and by the Government—few realize, and only another year or two of war would have shown to shooters in general.

Now it may be urged that in war time hunting and target shooting by the stay-at-homes is not exactly in good taste, like dance music at a funeral. But modern fighting has peculiar ways of calling up this man and leaving that one behind without much regard to their knowledge of shooting, and there are little matters of training the oncoming youth in shooting, of recreation for the workers, and of game as an addition to the food supply, that make weighty arguments in favor of some home shooting being a graceful and handy thing after all.

Every genuine rifleman knows that he needs his shooting during an emergency just as much as during the piping and balmy times, of peace, even if certain good but thin-blooded individuals think otherwise. And yet there

was a time when the needs of the Government cut down the cartridge and shell supply almost to the vanishing point. Perhaps the desire of the thin-blooded pacifists above mentioned to disarm all private citizens, helped too, a little. There are many who would like to see us all living under Sullivan laws that applied to rifles and shotguns as well as to short guns. Maybe scarcity of metals and other materials contributed, along with limited factory capacity and a lack of enough skilled cartridge makers. The sum of the matter is that individual shooting would have been almost impossible within a few months, and the particular point to be emphasized is that it was through our dependence on factory ammunition that the calamity almost happened.

Until the nineties or a few years later the annual factory output had no such stranglehold on the activities of shooters, for the rifles of those days handled bullets of lead that could be cast at home. Most owners of rifles also owned reloading tools and knew how to use them so well that the factory product had hardly an even break with the home-made. Twenty years of progress in the shooting world has changed all that. The .303, the .30-40 and the .30-30 arrived, and then in succession all that brood of high-powers that shoot hard and straight and flat, and that require their lead encased in a skin of nickel or copper. Throughout Canada and the

United States it is the very, very exceptional man who appears on the range or in the woods with a lead bullet rifle any more. There are such, of course, but there are ten who use metal-cased bullets to every one of him.

To go back for a minute to the war condition, it has been proved that any one of several influence can choke off the flow of ammunition from the factories for a number of years at least. It would appear, then, that the man with the rifle that used only metal cased bullets is depending on a spring that may go dry. Suppose another war happens along. Suppose there are scarcities of metals, or powders. Suppose there are strikes. Or suppose some fanatical politician, unable to achieve his dream of a gunless country by direct means, should succeed for a time in throwing so many restrictions round the sale of ammunition as practically to make new cartridges inaccessible. It is easy to see how any of these four causes, or of a dozen others not named, might again produce the same condition that the war nearly brought about last year.

With these possibilities in mind, therefore, a good many riflemen are backing up their modern shooting equipment with one or more smokesticks that are more independent of the modern factory for seed. These reserves may not be used every month or even every year, but they are on the job. Rifles

of .250 and the 30-1906 caliber, to take two of the best examples of the newer cartridges, have advantages over any strictly lead bullet rifles, big advantages that make them worth the preference of every hunter and target shooter. And yet a 45-70 or a 38-40 provided with cartridges beats the best Savage or Model '95 Winchester that ever came out when it is without ammunition. It is the metal cased bullet that chiefly causes the trouble. Powder, primers, empty shells and lead can be stocked at home or can be obtained from many sources even during emergencies, but to keep on hand several year's supply of metal cased bullets would require a mint of money, and to get them after the clouds gather is impossible.

One old hunter who has used a .30-06 Winchester carbine for years has lately bought himself a .38-55 Winchester to keep in reserve for this reason. Another fellow who has a flock of high power rifles keeps a .45-70 Light weight Winchester and a .32-20 Marlin back in a corner of the cabinet. A third man owns and shoots a .22 High Power, but has a .38-40 back at home that could be useful in an emergency. Even the Editor of the Gun and Ammunition Department hangs on to his old .25-21. Still others adapt a plan that will be mentioned farther along. It is an idea in preparedness worth keeping in mind. The crank is using it joy-

fully as an excuse to add a couple more guns to his collection without blushing. The one-gun man, with his .30-30 carbine or his automatic, is grimacing a little over the new tax, but is wisely coming across in numbers. He usually is the very individual who should be in a position to shoot at all times, and who would give up his church or his vote as soon as his shooting.

Although many of the lead bullet rifles are old fashioned coal-burners, or were originally, it has been so long since their chief points have been discussed freely or compared with the high power rifles that it pays to take another look over their score card. They are by no means as dead or obsolete as much of the talk in the magazines during late years would have us believe. In average accuracy a lead bullet will not compare with a jacketed bullet, especially at long range, and yet the scores that may



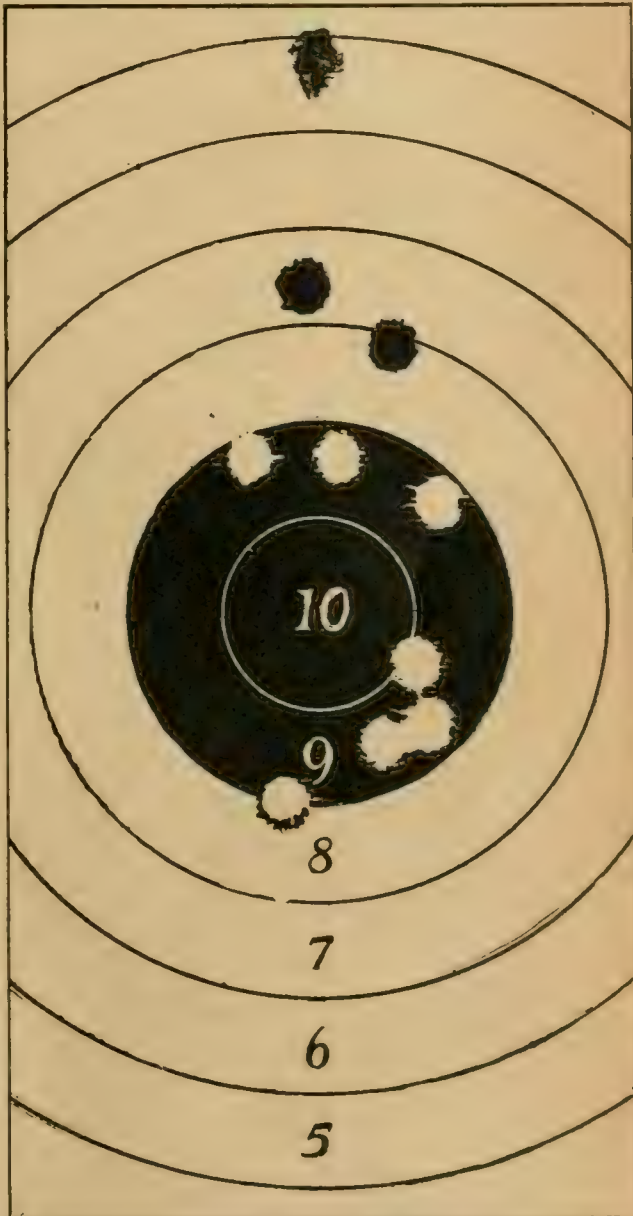
Five 405-grain slugs from a 45-70 light weight Winchester passed this way during 30 seconds—distance 40 yards. The coal-burners have "a black eye" on general principles, but one overlooks their shortcomings in favor of their effectiveness in the woods. It is refreshing to see so much daylight through a bullet hole after looking at the pin-pricks made by the 22s and 25s so much of late years.

be cracked out at 100, 200, and 500 yards with ammunition largely put together over the kitchen stove and table when necessary, are astonishing. In the woods it is a frank toss-up, from the efficiency standpoint, between the old and the new types of cartridges and rifles, though the newer rifles have other advantages that make them better as a whole so long as they are available.

Take killing power. Whelen, in his wonderful book, "The American Rifle," has this to say: (Page 366)....."sportsmen gradually came of the opinion that such rifles, and particularly the .30-40, exceeded in killing power and of the larger calibers, even the .45-70-500. I cannot say that I personally share this opinion. I have killed many head of game.....in late years with the small caliber, high velocity arms, and have never gotten the large proportion of clean kills that I used to get with the heavy black powder rifles. With these latter rifles the game has dropped so quickly to the shot that I did not see it go down on account of the view being momentarily blotted out by the recoil. In this opinion I am backed up by quite a few sportsmen of extended experience, and particularly by Mr. James N. Kidder of the Boone and Crockett Club, the first sportsman to hunt Alaska brown bear extensively. On these bear Mr. Kidder used both a .30-40 Winchester Model 1895 rifle and a 45-70-405 Winchester Model 1886 rifle. Mr. Kidder's experience was so extensive and so fortunately comparative as to leave no doubt whatever that on large bear the 45-70-405 with a muzzle energy of 1560 foot pounds was a much more killing cartridge than the .30-40 which has a muzzle energy of 1950 foot pounds."

Each of the other lead bullet rifles shares this ability of the .45-70 to drop its proper game. One of the features that helps to make them deadly is that they are

what is often termed "easy to shoot" which means that their balance and hang and conformation make it easy to place their bullets well and do it quickly. The targets printed here show three five-shot groups fired in 30 seconds each. None of them are remarkable for the actual size of the groups, and yet they represent the deadliest kind of woods accuracy.



The old black powder repeaters are easy to shoot. Made with a 32-20 Marlin. Two groups on this target, one made with the sight a notch above the adjustment for the other. Almost any of the bullets would have hit the head of a squirrel, while each group as a whole, represents a kill on anything the string might be fired at. Each group of five shots was fired in 30 seconds at 30 yards.

On game any of the three groups would have meant clean kills. Other advantages are that these bullets are not easily deflected by brush, they usually pass right through the animals hit, and leave blood trails from both sides, they penetrate into the chest cavities and the vitals of heavy animals, and they hog up less meat than high velocity bullets. Altogether the lead bullet rifle is a reserve that no one should scorn to fall back on, though it does lack many of the advantages of the wonderful weapons we are privileged to use when the Germans or the Bolsheviks are not troubling us. If you see some fellow going out after game with a lead bullet rifle, it is safer to avoid betting against him getting what he goes after. Your high power might improve his chances, and yet—well it is wisest to save any pity for some hunter with a returning tale of woes about a fancy gun.

The best of the coal-burners are the .45-70 the .38-55, the .32-40, and the .44-40, .38-40 and .32-20. In addition, for special references, the .25-20, .25-21, .38-56, .40-72 may be chosen occasionally, though the latter two of these rifles will have to be bought second hand. Factories have stopped making them. Some fine light weight repeaters are available for the first seven cartridges named, as well as the regular weights. For instance the .45-70 light weight Winchester Model of 1886 weighs only six and a quarter pounds, and carries on your shoulder all day like a toy, though it shoots about as well as the heavy gun, especially in the brush. The Savage .38-55 and .32-40 featherweight also is another rifle easy to carry. Winchester or Remingtons for the .44-40, .38-40, .32-20 can be secured as light as five or six pounds—thoroughly efficient rifles, too, built for business. In case the shooting will be mainly small game, birds and target, a heavy single shot rifle may be more satisfactory than a repeater. That is the shape the .25-21 should be purchased in.

Certain of the high power rifles intended for nothing but metal cased bullets can be reloaded with powerful lead bullet ammunition that will give clean kills and good accuracy. For instance the 35 Remington, the 35 Winchester, the 33 Winchester, the 405 Winchester and a few others work well even with black powder. The bullet molds to buy are those for bullets without copper gas check cups, although if second molds can be bought for each caliber, they should be the ones for bullets designed to use the gas checks. One wants to be independent of the gas check

cup makers, though in a position to take advantage of their benefits so long as they may be available. The 35 Remington can be loaded with a lead bullet in a way that makes it fully as powerful as the .38-55, and the 405 Winchester can be made to about duplicate the .45-70. If a man really must confine his arsenal to one rifle, it had better be one of this class.

It is a mistake to buy too light a cartridge. The .25-20, for instance, is mighty fine for squirrel shooting and for the trap line, but it is out of place whenever one works on turkeys or the medium and large game animals. A lot of men go after deer with .32-20s that should be ashamed of themselves, as they wound and waste more game than they bring to camp. In this connection it is well to remember that the heavier calibers can be loaded with reduced charges that are very accurate and serviceable. Much has been done of late years in developing reduced charges for high power rifles, and almost as much forgotten about reduced charges formerly perfected for the coal-burners. There is, for instance, the 210 grain bullet for the .45-70, and even the 144 grain collar button bullet for the same rifle, the real worth of which will surprise anyone who has never shot them. It is one thing to use a big caliber rifle whose only voice is a tremendous bellow and that kicks like a steer, and another to have the big noise for the time when it is needed, but at other times to make use of a rather soft "plop" that slings a half-inch section of lead about to where you want it with a recoil that is a mere throb.

To be properly independent of the cartridge factories, one should have several hundred empties on hand, which are kept free from corrosion. A couple of thousand of primers should be kept, which all should be of the smokeless type. These will ignite black powder and smokeless both, while black powder primers will not ignite smokeless unless one loads a good-sized pinch of black powder between the primer and the smokeless. Lead usually is available and cheap at any time. It can be kept on hand or not, as desired. Tin for hardening the bullets (or metal antimony if used) should be kept without fail. Two or three pounds usually is enough for use in several years' supply of bullets.

The powder supply will offer no difficulties. Some black rifle powder should be on hand, but it seldom will be needed. Smokeless powders have been designed of late years for the coal-burners and lead bullets that are

superior, and they should be used in preference to black as long as they can be secured. In most places there is no great amount of trouble getting all one wants of them if he goes about it right. The manufacturers of the powder will help to make its purchase and transportation easy in case local dealers do not have it on hand. The standard smokeless for .25-20, .32-20, .38-40 and .44-40, and for .45-70 lead has been considered Hercules Sharpshooter, and for .32-40, .38-55, the 35 and 405 lead Hercules Lightning. These are absolutely reliable and a can of either goes a long way, though by some they are considered a little hard on the barrels. Du Pont No. 1 and Scheutzen are excellent, though must be kept very dry and will deteriorate quicker than Sharpshooter and Lightning. Du Pont No. 80 is excellent for light and medium loads, but swells the heads of the shells and is otherwise not satisfactory for full power ammunition, in spite of recommendations to the contrary. DuPont No. 18 is used by some in full loads for the larger calibers. Other brands may be on the market before long which will be better than any named. Smokeless ammunition is particularly of advantage over black in the woods on foggy days and during morning and evening, and it is the proper use of smokeless powder that makes a reduced load in big rifle as good as a full power load in a smaller rifle.

The details of loading are given in the handbooks and catalogs better than this article could hope to describe them. Here it is only desirable to mention maximum lead bullet velocity and proper temper or alloy. Soft pure lead makes the most killing missile, every time, yet a little of the softness must be sacrificed to make the lead flow into the molds better and to make it cling to the lands of the rifles stronger. One part tin to thirty of lead is soft enough. If one part tin to twenty of lead is used, or any harder alloy, the bullet will not deform much even when going through bones. The smokeless powder is capable of increasing the speed of the bullets a great deal over black powder, yet the load of it should be kept down to give about the same velocity as black powder gives, or the bullets may fly wild and may strip and lead the barrel. A velocity of 1200 to 1400 feet is very serviceable with a lead

bullet; a velocity of 1600 feet is not. This statement applies to the coal-burners and to the high powers mentioned when loaded with lead.

These suggestions would not be complete without reference to a feature of the 30 caliber, which perhaps are the most numerous of the strictly metal cased bullet rifles. The man who knows how to load them need not lay them away entirely in times of scarcity of the jacketed bullets, so long as Lightning, No. 75 or No. 80 or some better smokeless powder can be secured. One man with a .30-40 rifle regularly uses a reduced load made up of a soft lead bullet (about 1 in 25) weighing about 200 grains and about 11 or 12 grains of No. 75 powder. It is almost a duplicate of the .32-40 black powder cartridge in power, range and accuracy, hence in an emergency is an excellent turkey and small-game load, and is not to be sneezed at for deer and bear. Black powder can not be used with any satisfaction whatever in 30 and 303 caliber high power rifles.

Ease and speed in reloading depend on having the materials and the tools handy. One should have the regular tool with adjustable chamber, and should not overlook proper resizing dies for shells and bullets, shell indenters and the odds and ends of equipment. Their cost is money well spent. The tools and materials should be kept handy, in a box or boxes, as a carpenter keeps his tools. Every few months a batch of bullets can be made. It is then no trick to open the box and to load a dozen or a hundred shells whenever they are needed, while they will be sure to fit into the rifle and to shoot accurately if the tools are used with care.

One can get a lot of shooting for a little bit of money with these rifles. Even the big cartridges cost only a small amount. For instance, 25-20s can be loaded for what 22 long rifle factory ammunition now costs, and the 45-70s, and 38-55s and 405s total only a couple of cents each at the outside. Anyone can afford all he needs of such ammunition. There is solid satisfaction in knowing one has the means under his own roof of shooting for years to come though almost all sources of supply beyond his own sky-line were to fail.

An American Division's Experience With a British Rifle

ALFRED B. GEIKIE

(Formerly Editor of Guns and Ammunition Department)

BACK in the good old U. S. A. once more with an honorable discharge from Uncle Sam's army in my pocket, the writer, who has been in O. D. for three years with the exception of a few months' breathing spell in "civvies" is able to turn his thoughts along old grooves and in my case very pleasant grooves they are. As I explained in a previous article, written while I was at Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, South Carolina, with the 108th Infantry, the outbreak of hostilities found us with an entirely inadequate supply of Springfield rifles on our hands and the output even under pressure of war needs equally insufficient for the huge army to be raised. Therefore the majority of the doughboys who left overseas were supplied with the hybrid Enfield, not the true British arm but as I have intimated a "hybrid" no more and no less. A description of the arm is hardly necessary. Most of *Rod and Gun's* readers have seen cuts of the rifle in Mr. E. C. Crossman's excellent article in a former number of *Outers Book*, I believe it was, and my article covered the matter pretty well. Suffice it that the arm had a one-piece stock, one point of excellence over the Lee-Enfield's two-piece stock, Springfield Magazine, Lee-Enfield pistol grip (so-called) and fair rear peep sight not graduated for windage.

The entire 27th New York Division turned in their Springfields and were issued these make-shift military rifles. I remember well the feeling of regret with which I gave my own 1903 up to the supply sergeant. It was a new rifle with a bore shining like a diamond and I had tended to it as though it had been a baby. We were then lined up and issued the Enfields, said rifles were coated with cosmoline and we used up considerable gasoline cleaning them. We drilled with these heavy arms the rest of our stay in Spartanburg and when the division sailed from Newport News, Virginia, in the spring of 1918 the hybrids went with us. After twelve days comparatively smooth sailing and I might add two encounters with subs. and one case of Boche intrigue on board to make things interesting, we arrived at Brest, France.

To make a long story short, we were finally brigaded with the Fourth British Army, Second American Army Corps and again turned in our rifles and were issued the Short .303 Lee-Enfield used by the entire British

forces. The readers are so familiar with this rifle that I will not attempt to describe it. This is simply a lone doughboy's opinion of this rifle as he found it. My rifle was a brand new one. The barrel, after I had removed the heavy grease from the bore, was shiny and beautiful to gaze upon. The stock was open to criticism as to grain and I have already intimated that the misfit pistol grip of the U. S. Enfield did not appeal to me. However, the little arm was all to the velvet when it came to the manual of arms. The little piece snapped up to the right shoulder to "port" and from "port" to the "left shoulder" with a pep that was pleasant. As I remarked in my previous article we carry our rifle when marching at attention with the piece carried at the right and left shoulder, with the arm resting squarely upon the shoulder, not tilted as is the custom in the British forces. The magazine protruding as it does after the fashion of the Remington Auto-Loader and Winchester Model 1895 and also the Self Loaders, gives the arm a rather undesirably insecure feeling when carried "a la doughboy" but with usage this tendency of the rifle to flop over to the British slope became less marked and we began to rather admire the little arm for its lightness, handiness in performing the manual and ease of removing the bolt for cleaning.

On the range the arm showed fine accuracy though handicapped by inferior sights. In rapid fire, I was usually out of the running as my rifle must have had Mr. Crossman's "Jinx" along as it jammed devilishly usually on the fourth or fifth shell from the magazine. In fairness I may say that this trouble was not so apparent when using but one clip of five shells, it was when using the two clips with one cartridge in the chamber that the trouble was greatest. The recoil of this rifle was not in the least troublesome as we still retained our old slings in preference to the web sling issued with the British rifle. In rapid fire I usually "borrowed" a rifle belonging to one of our cooks. The tendency of this rifle to jam was not so marked though it too would "show off" occasionally. This jamming tendency is not present with either our Springfield or Enfield, from now on to avoid confusion I will refer to the later arm as the Model 1917.

In the lines I found sand or dirt a source of annoyance as the action would jam if the

action were not kept absolutely free from Flanders mud and I leave it to you fellows who have been in the lines before Mount Kemmel whether it was an easy job to always do this. At the Hindenburg Line, September 29th, just before going over the top which we did behind tanks, I was knocked down by the wind of a shell which burst close by on the opposite side of the trench. My rifle of course fell from my hand and though I did not at the time notice it some dirt managed to work its way into the action. A few minutes more we went over and it seemed as though every machine gunner and artilleryman in the German army were trying to annihilate L Company of the 108th though of course other companies on our right and left were catching it as badly. German planes flew overhead bombing us and being engaged by allied planes. A squad of Yankee doughboys actually brought a Boche machine down with the rifle. We steadily advanced, rifles slung over our shoulders, bayonets fixed. The fire became so hot, the advancing line was forced to flop in the old Yankee way on the belly for a respite from the scathing fire. It was not far from the Hindenburg line after hitting the dirt and placing our Lewis gun that a machine gun bullet caught me through the foot as a result of which I limp today. Here where I had a chance to use my rifle the all-cussed little brute refused to operate and there out in No Man's Land, I swore off anything but fool-proof, dirt-proof, rust-proof and doughboy-proof rifles. To make a long story short, the Division gained its objective at heavy cost. For the benefit of overseas men who saw the country with the C. E. F. I would say our objective was mid-way between Cambrai and St. Quentin.

These rifles of course were chambered for the regular .303 British ammunition. The fact that the 29th New York Division was with the British and not in close contact with the American troops holding their own fronts made it necessary for us to use this rifle and ammunition. On the American sector proper the Springfields and Model 1917 rifles were used with excellent results. The Springfield made good on all occasions and the only complaint regarding the 1917 was its weight which seems excessive for a military arm. The short Lee-Enfield would make an ideal cavalry arm as regards weight and length. The magazine system as it stands today from my somewhat limited experience with the piece I would say is decidedly inferior to the Springfield system while this rifle's lightweight and shortness makes it popular with the doughboy who must needs carry it for many a weary kilometer in all kinds of weather.

Those days I am thankful to say are a thing of the past, not that I regret the experience nor the fact that at the time of my country's need I volunteered, but any returned soldier who reads this will agree with me when I say it is not the bullets and shrapnel music which is always the hardest to bear. The cold, the exposure, the hikes, all these tend to make war what Sherman justly called it, and our Sherman was never in the trenches at Albert, East Poperinghe or Dickebusch where we spent days and nights of hell.

The old 27th Division is now only a memory mustered out of the United States service but if praise from such men as Pershing, Haig, Rawlinson, Gellibrand, etc., carry any weight, it is a fact that the record of this division on Service was an enviable one.

Rifle and Revolver Dope

J. E. HENRY

I notice that some of the readers of this department are interested in the use of "Spitzer" (pointed) bullets in the .30-30 class of cartridges, and especially in the Model 99 Savage rifle, as they can be used in the magazine of this gun. Therefore the writer believes it would not be amiss to state what can be done with "Spitzers" and other "lighter than standard" bullets in these, as well as some of the more powerful cartridges.

In the .25-35 Savage the 87 gr. Spitzer bullet (as used in the .250 Savage) can be

loaded to a muzzle velocity of 2850 f.s., which far out-classes the .22 High Power, and as a killer is about equal to the .250 Savage. This is on account of the bullet not flying to pieces so readily but penetrating much deeper, which is due to the lower velocity. The small amount of drift to the right will not be noticed at deer shooting ranges, and for target shooting it can be corrected by the wind gauge.

The 86 gr. metal cased bullets (as used in the .25-20 Cartridge) can be used in the .25-35 and .25-36 at a muzzle velocity of 2575 f.s.

That is about the limit for these bullets as the jackets are not strong enough for higher velocities.

Now here is a little warning. Maybe the reader has noticed that the Editor of another magazine has been freely recommending a charge of 25 grs. Hercules Lightning Powder with the 86 gr. M. C. bullet for the use in the .25-35 cartridge. The writer had the Hercules Powder Company test this charge, with the result that pressures went high, yes, 55,000 lbs. per sq. inch for the first shot. Needless to say the charge was reduced right there to 22 grs. which gave an average pressure on 10 shots of 37,910 lbs. with a maximum individual pressure of 43,200 lbs. with an average velocity for 10 shots at 53 feet from the muzzle of 2524 f. s.

Now for constant use it is not advisable to use a pressure much above 39,000 lbs. in the Model '94 Winchester and the Model '93 Marlin. Therefore if the reader happens to be using this 25 gr. Lightning charge, it is advisable to drop it to 22 grs. or he can use 28 grs. Dupont Improved Military Rifle Powder No. 16, which will give you 2575 f. s. with a pressure of 37,540 lbs. per sq. inch. These same 86 gr. soft point bullets are fine for reloading your fired shells. Fill the shell with Dupont No. 1 Rifle or 17 grs. Sporting Rifle No. 80. Yes, if you can shoot at all, these reloads will stop that mowitch very nicely.

There has been much interest displayed in having the .25 Remington Auto Loader chambered for the .250 Savage cartridge. This means considerable expense, and does not alter that 10 inch twist, and the .250 Savage cartridge develops a pressure of 50,000 lbs. for which the Auto Loader was never intended.

The simplest way to get that coveted .250 Automatic is to use the 87 gr. Savage bullet in the .25 Remington shell and speed it up to 3000 f. s. Yes, it can be done.

I am not giving these extreme velocity charges, as it may lead to a case of "shrapnel in the dome" of some of the inexperienced who may attempt to load them.

The .250 Savage can be speeded up to 3250 f. s., and the .280 Ross to 3,300 f. s. The 7MM 143 gr. expanding Spitzer can be pushed very close to 3,000 f. s.

The .30-30 and .303 Savage can be loaded with the 150 gr. expanding Spitzer to 2500 f. s. and they will work through the Savage magazine, but be careful, don't monkey here, as these charges were primarily intended by the DuPont People for single shot purposes.

.30-30's can be carried in the chamber for the first shot followed by the standard 170 gr. bullet at 2275 f. s.

The writer personally considers the .32 Special as the best game killing cartridge in the .30-30 class, and when that flat nose 170 gr. bullet is speeded up to 2275 f. s., it does fearful execution, but when loaded to 2400 f. s. it is one of the very best cartridges for "short range in the woods" that we have to-day bar none.

There is a 140 gr. expanding Spitzer for the 6.5 MM Mannlicher, which can be pushed along at 2700 f. s. In speaking of the .30-40 and Springfield cartridges, did the question ever rise in your mind as to why the American Government went to the trouble of designing the Springfield cartridges when the same ballistics were obtainable in the .30-40 or Krag cartridge with much lower pressures, with the same brand of powder, and about 4½ grains less of it, which means considerable powder economy when millions of cartridges are loaded in war time.

The difference in weight of powder charge, and in the Krag and Springfield cases are factors to be considered when cartridges by the hundreds of thousands are to be transported over rough roads at the front. Maybe some of the American Military men could throw some light on this question.

The .30-40 will handle the 150 gr. Spitzer up to 2825 f. s. and the 175 gr. Newton bullet at 2500 f. s. The .30-1906 will push the 150 gr. bullet up to 3000 f. s. and the Newton bullet at 2730 f. s. There are some special bullets which can be used in some cases in the 8 and 9 M M which far exceed the factory loading in velocity. There is a 175 gr. soft point Spitzer that can be used in the .303 British, and when loaded to the same velocity as the Mark VII ammunition makes a nice hunting load. In the .303 Ross this same bullet can be speeded close to 2600 f. s. The 195 soft nose bullet (as used in the .303 Savage) can be loaded in the .303 Ross to 2580 f. s. Of course, the crimp groove is some distance out of the shell, and is not very pleasing to the eye, but it is powerful medicine, and one pill is sufficient for that charging bull moose. There is a 200 gr. copper jacket bullet that can be used in the .35 Ross and Winchester. Model 95, the charge has not yet been chronographed, but the velocity exceeds 2500 f. s. The .33 Winchester can be speeded up to 2350 f. s. and the .35 Remington to 2225 f. s. Now I suppose somebody will want to speed up the "fat man" to 2500 f. s. 45.00.200 to 2250

f. s. and it shoots fine in the 20 inch twist of the '95 Marlin, but if it "must" be an '86 Winchester then buy the .45-70 and have it chambered for the .45-90 cartridge and you get the 20 inch twist, with the more powerful cartridge, and accuracy equal to the .45-70.

Did I hear somebody say .405? Nothing doing! Better get a 12 inch Naval gun, weight 53 tons, length 44.5 feet, bullet Spitzer, 42 inches long, 870 lbs. powder, 310 lbs. (No, it's not "Bulls Eye" or "Pistol No. 3") muzzle velocity 2700 f. s. If this is not power enough ask Newton to build you something special.

By the way, we are going to have some new Bolt Actions soon, of Winchester, Savage, and Remington make. The Savage People will discontinue their model 1899 rifle in .25-35, .32-40 and 38-55 calibers. The Winchester Company will drop the Single Shot falling block model and also the '86 Model in

all calibers but .33. Mr. Charles Newton is going to give us some new guns, one of which is a .22 caliber repeating pistol, which uses a 70 gr. bullet at 2,000 f. s. that should be "some gun."

Guess there are some users of the revolver who are interested in speed too. Well, there is not much doing with the ordinary revolver, but that "Single Action Army" and "Bisley Model" Colt in .32-20 and .38 Special calibers are vastly different than the ordinary six shooter. Using the regular 100 gr. M. C. bullet in the .32-20 and the 130 gr. M. C. bullet (38 Auto Colt) in the .38 Special they can be speeded close to 1400 f. s. which will give striking energy equal to the .38-40, .44-40 and .45 Colt factory Cartridges, and with about half their recoil. You have the advantage of the flatter trajectory, and the higher velocity gives more shock to animal tissue, consequently they equal the big calibers in killing power. Nuff Sed!

Another .22 Bolt Action

FRANK ELWELL

(Reprinted from *The Arms and The Man*)

A RECENT issue of *The Arms and The Man* commented editorially on the .22 caliber bolt action, and made the statement that the time was ripe for the development of such an arm.

A couple of years ago the writer conceived the idea of remodeling a Springfield 1903 by putting on a barrel chambered for 22-15-60 center-fire Stevens ammunition. We are giving you a photograph of this gun, the story of which is about like this—

A model 1903 Springfield was purchased from a neighbor boy for \$1.00. The gun had gone through the Dayton flood of 1913 and

as a useful gun, it looked like a total wreck. The object in buying the gun was to cut down the stock, which was badly warped and split, to get patterns from which to remodel the stock of my military Springfield to a sporting stock. After some of the rust was removed and the mud sandpapered off it developed that the gun had considerable possibilities yet, and the more it was manicured the more enthusiastic the manicurist became.

Finally it was decided that on account of the history of the gun, it having survived the flood, it would be a good proposition as a souvenir. This necessitated fixing up the



stock by putting in a plug here and a Dutchman there to stop the cracks, and a block of wood back of the trigger guard to be cut down as a pistol grip, the comb to be built up and various other wood surgery stunts, such as checking, to be accomplished. This was done quite to the owner's satisfaction.

Then the action of the gun was cleaned up, polished and reblued and found to be in excellent working condition. The next thing was the barrel. We have two local gun sharks, who bore out barrels, put in a tube and re-rifle them, and strange to relate each of them modestly admits that the other is the better workman of the two. One of said sharks put in a nickel steel tube in my barrel, rebored it for .22 with a twist of 1 in 12 and chambered the breach for 22-15-60.

Then came the ammunition. The factory ammunition did not group its shots quite as well as an ordinary sling shot. If we had not had quite as much confidence in the gunsmith we would have been inclined to blame the barrel, but decided to stay with it a while before doing so at least. Bullet moulds and re-loading equipment were secured. A number of bullet swages were made for sizing and swaging the bullets, and we started out with a program as follows:

Bullets would be made of pure lead, of 30 lead to 1 of tin, 20 to 1, and 10 to 1. Then of each mixture some bullets would be used as cast, some sized to .228, some to .227, also, two diameter bullets (a la Dr. Mann) and bore diameter bullets. Each of these mixtures and sizes would be tried out with King's semi-smokeless powder. Du Pont No. 80, No. 1, No. 18 and No. 21 and 75, Schutzen and several others. The program as mapped out was not followed entirely but wherever a promising lead appeared it was followed to the bitter end.

At first, charges of powder recommended by the manufacturers were used, careful measuring done with the powder measure, and in some cases the charges were weighed. Groups obtained averaged anywhere from 2

to 10 inches in diameter, at 100 yards, some of which were encouraging and some were not. We have now found a load which will give 2-inch groups at 100 yards. We have even gotten one or two lucky 1½-inch groups. The best bullet mixture seemed to be 10 to 1 and we are sizing our bullets all to .22.

This test shooting was done with muzzle and elbow rest and telescope sight to eliminate the personal equation as far as possible. We have about completed our experimental work with the gun and believe we have worked up a gun and load which will be fine as a semi-sporting rifle to knock over crows and ground hogs at unknown distances up to 100 yards.

Some difficulties have developed in making the gun a repeater. At present it is working as a single shot. We have some patterns made up and believe we will be able to cut down the magazine so that the gun will function properly and repeat for at least two or three shots. If any company manufacturing reloading tools gets into shape to take care of the trade, we hope to continue some experiments with a barrel on a Springfield action chambered for Savage 250-3000 shell. It appears that this ammunition will function in the Springfield action without alterations and this gives opportunity for unlimited experimenting because of range of weights and types of .25 calibre bullet available from 25-30 up to 25-35 in lead, gas check and metal patched.

We understand that one or two of the big gun manufacturers are going to bring out bolt action rifles and one is already taking orders for a .22-bolt action which looks good. We do believe that to be a success as a target gun as well as an outside gun, the .22 as well as any other calibre must be a real gun in weight and strength, with a heavy barrel nearly straight instead of tapered to small diameter at the end.

If any of the other cranks have had any similar experiences we would like to hear their discussion.

Queries and Answers

The .25-20 Winchester

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

I would like a little information regarding the reloading of shells for the .25-20 model 1893 Winchester rifle.

Where can I get black powder primers and

Would 17 grains of F. F. G. black powder be a satisfactory load for this cartridge and where can I get this powder?

What is the proper portions of lead and tin for the .25-20 bullet? Why is a pure lead bullet not used? (Because it is too soft. Ed.)

have asked the publishers but they have no more in stock.

One more question and I will close. Is there any difference between the shooting qualities of the 6 and 8 inch type Stevens pistol?

A Reader.

Brantford, Ont.

Reply.—For the loading of the .25-20 Winchester cartridge in U. M. C. shells use the No. 1 U. M. C. Primer. Your load of 17 grains F. F. G. black powder would be perfectly satisfactory for use in this cartridge. Either the Sales Department of the Hercules Powder Company, Wilmington, Delaware or the Rifle Smokeless Division of the E. I. Du Pont De Nemours Company, Wilmington, Delaware can supply you with F. F. G. black rifle powder. For the .25-20 using black powder, cast your bullets about one part tin to 30 or 40 parts of lead.

I do not know where you could secure a copy of the Ideal Hand-book; if you cannot secure one from the Ideal Manufacturing Company.

In regard to the difference between shooting qualities of the Stevens pistol with 6 and 8 inch barrels, the 8 inch barrel will prove the more accurate.—Editor.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

What rifles are the best to have, for small and large game shooting?

In January issue, W. A. Mason stated that small bore, high power rifles were not suitable for large game, having stated that many hunters have followed the blood trails for days, and not getting their game.

What would you suggest as a proper rifle? I would prefer a Savage .250 for deer, .35 Remington Automatic for moose and a .256 Newton also for moose.

Hoping you will pick the most suitable, all round rifle for Moose, Bear, Deer, out of the following and if yours is not included, please let me know as soon as there is room in your valuable magazine.

.22 H. Power Savage.

.250-3000 H. Power Savage.

.303 Savage.

.30-30 Winchester or Rem.

.35 Remington Auto.

.256 Newton.

What do you think about .32 Colt Auto for belt gun when on trap line?

Thanking you in advance, I remain,

Yours,

W. J. V.

Toronto.

Reply.—I would select the .35 Remington or the .256 Newton for Moose and the .250-3000 or .256 for deer out of those you have named.

I would prefer a .22 S. & W. pistol or a .22 Colt Auto to the .32 Colt Auto for a trap live sidearm.—Editor.

The Shotgun on Woodchucks.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

My May copy arrived today, and I looked it over tonight. I read the article on "Woodchucks" first, as these are animals everyone around here are very familiar with. Some farms are alive with these little animals and, no doubt, the proprietors would give quite a lot to get rid of them. However, if they would spend a few evenings in May or June shooting them, they would soon clear them out. I shot sixty-five last summer on my own place with sixty-five shots and only one was able to get in his burrow. The whole thing is to have a little patience, a good gun, and ammunition. My gun is a full choke Model 10 A Remington Pump Gun, 12 gauge, and the best load I have found for woodchucks is 25 grs. Ballistite, 1¼ oz. of 7½ chilled shot. At 30 yards with this outfit, it's a poor shooter that allows any groundhog to escape.

If the groundhog has its burrow around the face of a hill, any kind of a hunter can get within 30 yards before the groundhog will discover him, and I have on different occasions got within 10 feet before Mr. Woodchuck saw me. If you happen to strike a wise old woodchuck out in a big open field where he can see you coming, take off your hat, put the gun to your shoulder, and covering the groundhog advance till you are within range. If the groundhog has never been shot at, he will very seldom retreat below ground till you are twenty yards from him. However, if he does walk up near his burrow, sit down, and covering the mouth of the burrow you will only have to wait a few minutes till he will appear. Of course, you want to sit still and continually watch the hole, or he may show his head and seeing you, get back before you know he has seen you.

I have a neighbor near me who has a 20 acre sand field on his place, and I think on that 20 acre field there were 200 woodchucks. We had been shooting at them with a .303 Savage Carbine, but didn't hurt them much. Then he tried a shotgun loaded with buckshot with not much luck. He laughed at me when I told him to use 7½ shot. So to prove to him one day at noon we went back, I took my gun and I walked across 40 rods and back, and

with 18 shots I killed 17 right where they stood and the other one was hit hard, as we could hear him gasping for breath in the hole. I got twelve on my place this year, and I am glad to say I have not noticed any more around for three weeks. Though my neighbors have so many, I expect an odd one along now and then.

Perhaps this letter will help some other farmer to get rid of these chaps who do so much damage to our crops, and at the same time afford them a fine evening's sport.

C. V. B. McRitchie.

Muirkirk, Ontario.

A Few Hours Crow Shooting.

So much has been written about crow shooting in your magazine, that I hope you will permit me to relate some experiences I had with this kind of sport.

During the month of October 1915 I was domiciled on a farm about 3 miles from the St. Lawrence river.

I had plenty of time on my hands for the first 3 or 4 days, until I secured my favorite companion, my double barreled hammerless shot gun, and a good supply of shells loaded with No. 4 and 5 shot.

There were large numbers of crows in this vicinity, but they were very wild. Perhaps you have seen the autumn flight of crows, which usually starts about 10 o'clock each day and continues until dusk. They all seem to travel in the same direction and it is my opinion that they congregate in some large swamp where it would be warm during the night. It seemed to me a pity not to be able to have any sport, when there were so many of them around, but they would be out of range when flying over fields or cleared land. So I thought of another plan for securing good shooting.

Selecting a small thickly-wooded maple grove right in the line of flight, I walked into the grove about 100 yards and found an opening about 20 yards in diameter, where I could plainly see them flying over. I had not waited long when a large one flew over and a quick shot brought it down with a broken wing. This bird was immediately retrieved and I tied a stone to his leg to act as an anchor.

Crows do not like to see one of their number in distress and when I placed this one in the open field at the edge of the grove, I waited for them. When they came over the edge I had plenty of shooting.

As soon as they sighted the decoy they would call and receiving no answer, they

would circle back over my head and I will say that I had some splendid sport.

When the time arrived for me to leave for the house, for early supper, I counted 19 crows that would never pull up any more farmer's corn, nor kill any more beautiful song birds, nor rob any more nests.

The next afternoon I killed eight more. My reason for telling this is that it may help some shot gun enthusiast to rid us of a few more of these nuisances as well as provide a means of securing some splendid wing shooting.

A Scatter Gun Enthusiast.

Information on the .303 Savage.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

I would like some information on the .303 Savage. Is this rifle heavy enough for moose?

Is there any difference in the accuracy and speed of the feather weight model and the regular rifle?

Would you kindly give me the trajectory and velocity of this cartridge?

A Reader.

Detroit, Mich.

Reply.—You will find the .303 Savage a very satisfactory big game rifle. Mr. W. G. C. Manson, Lillooet, B. C. used this rifle for many years for big game hunting and upon one occasion he was reported to have killed 18 head of large game with 20 cartridges. This included two grizzlies.

The muzzle velocity of this cartridge is 1950 ft. per second, and the muzzle energy is 1650 foot pounds. The 200 yard trajectory height is 6 inches and the 300 yard trajectory height is 16 inches.—Editor.

The .303 Ross Rifle.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

Would you mind giving me a few tips on the .303 Ross rifle? What I wish to know is;

1. Will it use the .303 British cartridge, as I have heard that the rifle is chambered only for their make of .303 Ross cartridges? Can you tell me positively whether it does or not?

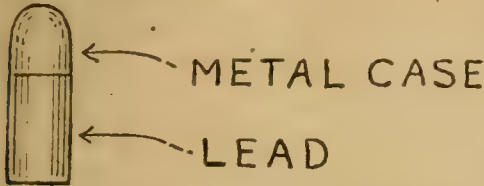
2. Will the magazine feed properly? A couple of years ago, I owned one Army Ross rifle and the magazine of same would not function properly, about one shell would come up, out of ten.

3. Do they put out different grades of .303 rifles, and if so, which is the best model, I mean which will stand the tear and wear best?

I use a .30-1906 and use only the 220 grain bullet, in it which gives 2198 F. S. and that is plenty good enough for me.

P.S.—I read once in *Rod and Gun*, I believe,

an article about the reloading of the .30-1906. The party in question was complaining that the shells could not be made to fit again, on account of stretching, after being fired in a Winchester rifle. I have never reloaded one myself. Is this true? Have you ever seen or used a bullet like this:



I did in the old country. I think they do more damage than a soft point. If they strike a bone or any hard substance the steel point keeps driving, but the lead part of the bullet deforms and mushrooms itself something awful. I have seen deer shot with it, through and through, and believe me, where the bullet came out, it made a hole bigger than your two fists. The rifle using those was a Mauser straight pull 7.50 m.m. If you have any facility in making bullets, do try some, you would be surprised at the result. These bullets are like those of the 220 gr. .30-1906 cartridge.

E. B. Cornaz,
Glenora Park.

Brockville, Ont.

Reply.—In reply to your request, the .303 Ross Rifle uses the .303 British Cartridge.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Company, the Dominion Cartridge Company, and the various other Cartridges Companies make this ammunition.

In answer to your second question, I have not heard of any trouble in regard to the proper feeding of the cartridges from magazine to the barrel.

In answer to your third question, the Ross Rifle Company put out several grades of .303 Rifles, the best one of which had a checkered stock with full pistol grip, but I do not remember what the model number was, and do not have the Ross Rifle catalog at hand as this letter is being answered.

In regard to the difficulty of reloading shells, that were shot in the model 1895, .30-1906 Rifle catching in the chamber. This is due to the fact that the action of this rifle is such that the shells stretch sufficiently in firing to cause this difficulty. This trouble is found in the Lever Action Rifles, that use high intensity cartridges. It is not found in Bolt Action Rifles.

I have not used the type of bullet that you

speak of, but I do not see how this bullet could be used satisfactorily in the high power rifles, for a full charge load, as apparently the base of the bullet is lead, which precludes the use of this bullet at velocities in excess of about 1550 foot seconds, due to gas cutting.

I suppose that the bullet you mention was used in the large caliber low velocity rifles.—Editor.

Cleaning a .30-30.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

I own a .30-30 Winchester Carbine, model 1894; and if I clean it I will have to clean it from the muzzle, or, I will have to remove the breach-block. Is it easily removed? I have a Marble's brass rod and would it be safe to clean the rifle from the muzzle with it?

Does a pull-through clean a rifle as well as a cleaning rod? When cleaning a rifle, is it all right to use the wire brush? Is it all right to use ammonia when cleaning a .30-30 Winchester Carbine?

Thanking you for your information.

Yours truly,
Vivian Bartram, Jr.,

10 Lonsdale Road, Toronto, Canada.

Reply.—In reply to your request, you will have no trouble in cleaning your rifle from the muzzle, if you use a brass rod.

A pull-through does not clean a rifle as well as a regular cleaning rod. You will not injure the rifle by using a brass cleaning brush. To use ammonia in cleaning your rifle you will need to use a steel rod instead of a brass rod.

You can secure very good results in cleaning the .30-30 rifles by using "Hoppe's number 9" Marble's Nitro Solvent Oil, "Winchester Crystal Cleaner," or some other similar preparation.

I would not recommend that you would try to remove the breech-block from your rifle. In cleaning rifles of this type, these Nitro cleaning fluids will do practically as good work as ammonia. However, you will need to clean the rifle for two or three days in succession to keep it in perfect condition. Editor.

The Hill Revolver.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

Is the Hill Revolver an (English made weapon) with a three inch barrel, an accurate fire arm?

Donald Laing.

Reply.—I have never heard any reports concerning this weapon.—Editor.

The 7.65 M. M. Mauser.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

I appreciated the answers you gave me sometime ago in regard to the .250-3000 Savage, so I thought I would ask your opinion about the 7.65 M. M. Mauser Rifle.

I desire to know the weight of the bullet, the trajectory height, the velocity, and the striking energy of this cartridge, and its recoil as it compares to the .35 caliber Remington.

What is the weight of the rifle, where can it be purchased, and what would it cost and what is your opinion of it as a big game rifle?

I do quite a lot of coyote shooting, and have been using a .30-30 Winchester, but the trajectory is too high for shooting over unknown ranges. Then I tried the .250-3000, but for some reason it does not always shoot to the same place. Sometimes it shoots higher than it does at others, and that rather destroys a man's confidence, when one tries for two hours to get a shot at a coyote, and then puts the bullet over him, when it should have gone through him. To say the least it is hard to look pleasant for a couple of days thereafter.

E. S. Meiklejohn,

Wilkie, Sask.

Reply.—In reply to your inquiry the 7.65 M. M. Mauser is loaded in several ways. It is loaded with a 154 grain metal cased Spitzer bullet, that gives a muzzle velocity of 2790 foot seconds and a muzzle energy of 2660 foot pounds. The 200 yard trajectory height is 2¾ inches and the 500 yard trajectory is 21 inches, which is less than Springfield. This cartridge is also loaded with a soft point round nose bullet weighing 216 grains which has a muzzle velocity of 1980 foot seconds, and a muzzle energy of 1877 foot pounds. It has a 200 yard trajectory height of 5¾ inches and a 500 yard trajectory height of 53 inches.

Both of these cartridges are more powerful than the .35 Remington, and the longer the range, the greater the difference becomes.

To obtain the 7.65 M. M. Mauser, I would suggest that you try Schoverling, Daly & Gales, Broadway, New York City, and Abercrombie & Fitch, New York City, who may be able to supply this rifle. This weapon with the Spitzer load will certainly take care of your coyote shooting. The reason that your Savage does not shoot consistently is mostly because it is a take down rifle and taking it apart and putting it together, would naturally change the sighting somewhat.

Any rifle will show a daily variation in elevation, but the high power rifles will show less than the low power ones.

If you screw it up tightly and don't take it apart in cleaning, you will find that your elevations will remain more constant.—Editor.

.22 Caliber Center Fire Rifles.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

In beginning my letter to you, I wish to express my appreciation of your excellent magazine. It certainly contains more for the man who loves his rifle than any other publication that I have seen.

Will you kindly give me some information on the .22 Caliber center fire low power cartridges? How do they compare in accuracy to rim fire .22's at ranges under 125 yards, and to the .25-20 and the .25-21 at ranges over 125 yards. Would a Maxim silencer affect their accuracy? Are they hard to re-load?

I hope you will advertise any books you have for sale. I buy any books I can on shooting.

James Askew,

Georgetown, Ky.

Reply.—The two rifles that you refer to are the .22-13-45 Winchester, single shot, and the .22-15-60 Stevens. These cartridges are slightly harder to re-load than the .25 calibers, as the bullets are harder to make exactly round, as they are smaller. They are not generally considered to be as accurate as the .22 rim fire rifles, but possibly this is due to the fact that very little attention has been paid to these two calibers in late years, since the later smokeless powders have been developed. They are both splendid small game cartridges, and are better for small game shooting, than any of the rim fire cartridges, due to their flatter trajectory and greater striking energy.

The Maxim silencer would not affect the accuracy of the rifle if it was put on correctly and kept clean, but it would not entirely eliminate the noise of the discharge, as the bullet leaves the barrel at greater velocity than the velocity of sound.

The American Rifle, by Lieut. Col. Townsend Whelen, is the best book on rifle shooting that is published. It is for sale by W. J. Taylor, Ltd. Woodstock, Ontario, (publishers of this magazine) at the price of \$5.00.—Editor.

Various Answers.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

I have a Marlin Model 1893, .38-55 Cal. Rifle with a Special Smokeless Steel Barrel, 26 inches long. Could this barrel be cut off to 23 or 24 inches in length, and who could do this for me in Ontario?

How would a sight be attached to this cut-

off barrel? Would a band sight like the Newton be put on or would a slot be filed? Could a regular steel sight be inserted? Could this work be done by someone who is not a gunsmith?

Would this rifle with Lyman peep and Vickers Maxim front sight be satisfactory?

Is this rifle powerful enough for moose if it is shot with high power cartridges?

How could a Ross Military Rifle be remodeled to a sporting rifle? Would these military sights be satisfactory for hunting? How could this rifle be cleaned of nickle fouling?

Is Camp Perry Rifle Paste that is advertised by P. J. O'Hare, 33 Bruce St., Newark, N. J. as good to remove nickle fouling as is ammonia? If not what would I use to remove nickle fouling?

Is it safe to use the .303 Savage Cartridge in a rifle chambered for the .303 British? When they shoot, they burst around the neck. Is the resulting accuracy good?

What is the .35 Ross Rifle like in power? I have seen it mentioned in an old number of *Rod and Gun*.

Where and at what price may Col. Whelen's Book "The American Rifle" be purchased?

Are the U. S. Cartridge Company's, "N. R. A. Cartridges" accurate up to 250 yards?

J. L. K.

Reply.—You could have this rifle cut off to 22 or 24 inches but I would not advise you to try it as you will spoil the balance of the rifle. Mr. James Brock, London, Ont. can do this work for you. He would very likely attach the front sight by filing a slot in the barrel and attaching the sight the same way as the present sight is attached.

Lyman peep and Vickers Maxim front sights would make a very good set of hunting and target sights.

This rifle is powerful enough for moose at short range.

I have never seen a remodeled Ross Military Rifle but do not see why it cannot be remodeled. You would require a new front sight and you should also have a new rear sight. For removal of nickle fouling from a high power rifle, the best method is the use of the ammonia metal fouling solution. To do this take a fired shell, plug the mouth of the shell with a rubber cork. Place the shell in the chamber and close the breech. Place two or three inches of rubber hose over the

muzzle. Let the steel cleaning rod down the barrel on to the cork. Then pour your barrel full of ammonia fouling solution. Allow it to stand in the barrel about 20 minutes and then pour it out and dry the barrel and oil it. This will remove the nickle fouling. You can also remove most of it by scrubbing the barrel with Camp Perry Rifle Paste or Motte's Paste or with Hoppe's No. 9 and a brass brush.

It is not satisfactory to use a .303 Savage Cartridge in a rifle chambered for a .303 British Cartridge.

The .35 Cal. Ross Rifle shoots the .35-250 Cal. Cartridge that is used in the Model 1895 Winchester Rifle.

Col. Whelen's Book may be secured from Mr. W. J. Taylor, Ltd., Woodstock, Ont. at the price of \$5.00.

U. S. Cartridge Company's N. R. A. .22 Cal. long rifle cartridges are fairly accurate at 250 yards if there is no wind blowing and if they are shot out of a very accurate rifle. This is also true of the more accurate batches of .22 Cal. long rifle Cal. Cartridges, manufactured by the other concerns.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

Comparisons.

Editor Guns & Ammunition Dept.

I note in several issues of *Rod and Gun* that you recommend the .33 Winchester as being a very good moose and deer rifle, and I would like to ask a few questions about this rifle. Could Ammunition be readily obtained for it?

Is the recoil as heavy or heavier, than the .32 Special or the .303 Savage, and how does it compare in accuracy with these two cartridges?

Which sights would be the best for use on the .32 Special for hunting?

J. Broult.

Reply.—The .33 Winchester has slightly more recoil than the other two rifles. However, it handles better than either one of the others. I consider that it has the best action placed on the lever action rifles. It balances perfectly and the trigger pull is splendid. Of the other cartridges, I would consider the .303 Savage as being slightly more accurate than the other two but there is very little difference. The three are very fine rifles.

My choice of sights for the .32 Special would be a No. 1A Lyman peep sight and a medium sized gold bead front. —Editor.



F. V. WILLIAMS

THE first frosts had come and with them the glorious tints of autumn. Everywhere the blaze of color was a picture that held the eye of even the pleasure satiated party up at the old camp. No taste had they for the long trail and the scattered shots that were to be had at the few partridge about this season.

The man of the party plainly told the guide—much to that chap's disgust—that he had at least expected

to get his full number, all the law allowed—when he went out after ruffed grouse.

To break even, the guide had remarked that he surely ought to get all that came within sight, judging from the size of the artillery the gentleman carried, referring to the big twelve gauge automatic that the man from the city was using.

A walk of five miles over the trail with but three shots at partridge

settled the question as far as the man was concerned. He would take no more tramps like that. The place had been misrepresented to him. He didn't believe there ever had been birds in that particular section and when the guide had respectfully suggested that they try for some of the big muskinonge or bass, he met with a grouchy refusal.

As the gentleman said, the fishing was probably as bad as the hunting and he gave it up without a trial and for the next few days this man sat around camp pooh-poohing everything connected with it, varying this form of amusement by sitting on the veranda of the dining house smoking black cigars and dreaming of the gay cabarets and midnight carousals that he had left behind in town. The others in the camp noticing his state of mind gradually left him to himself so much that he finally decided on getting even with the 'whole outfit' and the next morning after making this decision he struck out after breakfast and walked seven miles over a much worse road than he had hunted over, to a place where they kept 'loggers whisky.'

Now this gentleman was accustomed to good whisky, also various other forms of 'joy water,' and in the city you could not have paid him to drink a glass of this stuff that had been made to jolt the sensibilities of the husky loggers, when they came to town for their monthly spree. However, this was all there was to be had and he purchased two pint flasks and departed. Even the proprietor smiled to himself as he saw the gentleman "legging it" back toward camp without so much as taking a drink at the bar, and wondered what the game was.

Not a drop did the gentleman touch that day. He arrived at camp late in the afternoon, sat around as usual and scowled at everybody that came near him. The ladies of his party went away for the afternoon, with some others from a nearby camp on a little canoeing excursion and when they came back the grouchy one had gone to bed.

The dawn of another day saw him

flying about with an energy that made the early risers about the camp wonder what had come over him. Now in his loafing about the camp he had heard of 'The Big Drummer' the wise old partridge that had fooled the dog and his master last season, that you read of in *Rod and Gun* 1918?"

Now he, the man with more money than any of these other fellows in camp, more money than any two of them, yes, any three of them put together, why he could buy out the whole place, and this sentimental bunch of wood lovers who came up here season after season "just to be in the woods." He grinned to himself as he took in the landscape from the front of the little log cabin he occupied with his party.

There was the lake, and yes, there was lots of trees with yellow and red leaves on them. There was also some green trees "Christmas Trees" as he had heard one of his witty lady friends remark one time in looking at a famous painting that was attracting more attention than herself at an art exhibit. How astonished some of the people looked as they heard the remark, and how this "splendid girl" had turned to him and asked so innocently "Are all the trees up in Canada Christmas Trees, like those in the painting?" Really, it was the smartest thing he had heard at the exhibit. If she were only here now! Well things would be different, they'd just take the first train back to town and let this camping business go hang and they'd have a 'real time.' Bah! that mist rising off the lake disgusted him. What people could see in this sort of stuff to admire was beyond him and he wanted none of it. He came up here with the full intention of carrying back some forty or fifty partridge and as he could not, he would fool the crazy molly-coddle of a nature lover that he had heard talking about the "Big Drummer." He had refused to drink with him, and he'd fix it so that "guy" would not get the "Big Drummer" or his name was spelled differently than he thought.

He knew the trail the other would

take that very morning, and he also knew a shorter one that crossed the other before coming to the range that was said to be "pre-empted" by the big partridge and his families.

He turned and re-entered the cosy little log-cabin and going to his bed he fumbled beneath his pillow and drew forth one of the flasks he had purchased the day before. Drawing the cork he took a long "pull" at the bottle and accustomed as he was to "powerful medicine" it half strangled him. He made a wry face

and remarked as he replaced the bottle in its hiding place, that it *was* wonderful what these loggers could stand in the way of drink. "Well, it has the 'kick' anyhow, and that's the first real 'live' stuff I've seen up here," and as the whisky warmed him up he began to actually feel full of 'pep.'

The early ones at the breakfast table were astonished to have him greet them with a smile and he even forgot his dignity so far as to joke with the waitress, and she became so excited that this great man should notice her, that she spilled part of a cup of hot coffee in his lap and he roared with laughter at an accident, that the day before would have sent him off into a towering rage.

Half way through this morning meal he saw the young fellow who was out after "The Big Drummer" finish his breakfast and hustle off to his cabin to get ready for his start, and as he watched he saw the fellow and his wife both with their guns pass the window on the way to the woods. They were evidently off for the day as they had a camera and a light knapsack along with them.

It came pretty nearly spoiling the effects of his "eye-opener" that sight of man and his wife starting out on a shooting trip together, *his* wife stayed at home when he went on a trip. Why shouldn't all women, and he even started to ridicule the parties that had just left, but the flat silence that followed this attempt warned him that he was on the wrong track and he changed the subject.

Finishing the last of his breakfast in a hurry he rushed to his cabin, filled his shell vest with ammunition, donned his velvet shooting coat and with both bottles of his medicine in the side pockets of his coat he started out. For the first half mile or so he travelled at an ordinary walk, from that time on until he reached the cross roads he fairly ran, and after arriving here and satisfying himself that no one had passed that way ahead of him he took a couple of good drinks from one of the bottles of "Courage" and looking to see that his automatic was full of shells he



proceeded to hunt as he had not hunted before in his life. Every brush heap and fallen log was carefully gone over for the possible sight of a partridge, or sign of partridge, and at the end of an hour's hunt he came to a place where a small stream wound through moss covered banks toward a big swamp some miles below.

Now it had been a wet spring, dozens of young partridge chicks had died and then there were others taken by "wild domestic" cats that had a "hang out" in a nearby thicket. Altogether it had been a rough season for ruffed grouse.

The Old Drummer as usual had chosen well, his harem of some three or four females had located their nests on a high ridge along the swamp and as a result the chicks had had a fighting chance and they had pulled through the wet weather, avoided, thanks to the old hen partridges' cunning, the cats. Now there were three conveys of from five to eight plump birds feeding and gaining their full growth on the banks of the little stream.

The Old Drummer himself was on guard as the fat man with the automatic shotgun in the velvet hunting suit turned the bend in the little woodland trail perhaps thirty feet away. He had been walking as noiselessly as any cat, thanks not to his condition, which was bordering on drunk,—as one of the flasks was nearly empty now,—but the roadway here was a mess of moss and damp leaves, making ideal stalking for the still hunter, even in the condition of our friend.

Up went the barrel of the automatic, but the flash that followed was not quite quick enough to catch the old sentinel, splintered twigs scattered as the charge of No. 8 shot struck the brush below where the big fellow had been perched, and then followed a regular circus of excitement as twelve partridge, one after the other, burst from surrounding cover and tore away in as many different directions. The automatic was a good gun, but in the hands of this fellow crazed now with the logger's whisky that he had been absorbing

all morning, it was merely an instrument to make a noise with, one grouse going straight away, a dead easy shot even for an ordinary marksman—and he of the velvet suit did not consider himself ordinary in anything, was he not a "crack" at the traps? Why this was easy and as he tried to line up on this living catapult he felt sure of him. Three times in as many seconds he pressed the trigger and at the third shot his gun was empty and he saw the partridge make a whirl to the



right a hundred and fifty yards away among the tall timber and disappear.

With a curse he shoved in six more shells and forgetting to put the safety on, he pulled the gun off accidentally and at the seventh report of this big twelve gauge a young grouse that had been lying close during the fusilade got up and made a break for cover, two more shots from the "sportsman" greeted him as he hurried away, two more misses and then the man with the gun sat down on a log, shoved the 'safety' on his weapon onto safe with trembling fingers. Then weakly cursing his own shooting, the gun, the Big Drummer, and everything in sight, he reached for his second flash. He got the cork out, took a drink, tried to replace the cork, dropped it, and in reaching for it fell backward over the log he was sitting on, and after a few feeble attempts to regain his seat he lay still.

The man and his wife had had bad luck. Not one shot had they had all forenoon. They ate their lunch, took a few pictures and in the afternoon, decided to return by way of the big swamp.. They had heard the volley of shots over there in the forenoon but never guessed they were fired by anyone from their camp. Thinking that perhaps it was some new camping party out trying out a new gun, judging from the speed the shots were delivered at, they could not be shooting at partridge.

The little lady had the lead and was going slowly, watching both sides of the trail, and of a sudden about forty yards away sitting on a log in the shadows she could discern the shadowy form of a huge partridge evidently watching her. Slowly, as she had been coached to do when drawing a bead on standing game, she swung around and the slim barrels of the little twenty gauge lined up on the shadowy fowl under the branches of the old cedar. There was a flash, and the shadow fell off the log, and rushing through the brush as quickly as possible the lady with the little twenty gun picked up the most

wonderful wild grouse she had ever beheld. Truly he was a beauty, and as she regained the trail her husband came up and together they sat down and admired in detail the proportions and plumage of the most beautiful partridge they had ever seen.

A half mile further on the man emptied three shells of his sixteen gauge at two partridges that got up in front of him and bagged them both, but that was all they saw to shoot at. Other "birds" got up but they seemed extra wary and wild and kept out of range, unlike the old cock that the twenty gauge had dropped when he sat presumably thinking he was hidden in the shadows. There was no other birds close enough to try a shot at.

The two "pals" crossed the little stream on a fallen log, a natural footbridge, and the man in the lead ascended a little rise in the bank and topping a log a short distance away was what the hunter mistook at first glance to be an animal. With gun all ready he watched for it to move and then the *things* gradually took shape. It surely, or they surely did look like a man's feet encased in heavy laced boots. With dread clutching at his heart the man ran forward. He remembered the shots of the morning, surely, surely it couldn't have been an accident, and as the man and woman lifted the head of the man by the log and saw and heard his heavy breathing and discovered the empty flask they both were relieved to find it was more comedy than tragedy. The man of millions, *drunk*, lying in his velvet suit drunk, fallen over a log with his three hundred dollar gun beside him and a cheap whiskey flask.

Rouse him they could not, so they took off his coat, made a pillow for him and hurried back to camp. Three hours later the guides brought in the "drunken grouse" and put him to bed as his party were out on a three day trip to another lake.

Two days later, waiting for the train at the little station the man and his wife were approached by the "gentleman" who with a snarl on his

fate informed the husband that if it hadn't been for the d---d loggers whisky he'd never have gotten so much as a look at that "Big Drummer."

Well their ways parted in the big city. The millionaire is having a *real time* now and he is getting horribly fat, but that's his affair. What we want to say is that two lovers of the big outdoors often sit and look at a wonderful big partridge mounted on a natural birch branch that cost them quite a bit to have mounted, but is always with them as a reminder

of one wonderful day in October, the "color" month in the big North Woods.

And in those same woods over by the big swamp you'll find the offspring of the "Big Drummer" to this day. The finest game bird of the woods. Yes and we'll go so far as to say he's away ahead of any importations from Europe or anywhere else. He gives you fine sport, is great eating and has got tricks up his sleeve that makes others look cheap. Let's protect him a bit and keep him with us. He's sure a grand bird, hey?

Prince Will Use Grand Trunk Lines in Ontario

His Royal Highness Will Be Accompanied by Mr. H. R. Charlton Representing the Railway

The Prince of Wales on his visits to the principal Ontario cities will use the lines of the Grand Trunk Railway System. His Royal

Highness will arrive at Hamilton from Toronto on October 18th, and, after being welcomed there, will proceed to Niagara Falls, where he will stay from the night of the 18th until noon of the 20th when he will journey to Brantford.

Guelph and Stratford will be visited on the 21st and Woodstock, Chatham and London on the 22nd. His Royal Highness leaves London on the afternoon of the 23rd for Windsor, and his visit to the Border Cities will conclude his tour of Western Ontario.

The Prince will leave Toronto, again traveling by the Grand Trunk, on the night of Friday, October 24th, and will spend the week-end at Kingston, in the Thousand Islands region, leaving that point on Monday, October 27th for Brockville and Montreal. The Royal train will be hauled by the big pacific type of locomotives of the Grand Trunk.

Mr. H. R. Charlton of the Grand Trunk has been designated to accompany his Royal Highness while on the lines of that System. Mr. Charlton has been the representative of the Company on the various Canadian tours of important personages during the past twenty years. The Emperor of Japan conferred on him the Order of the Sacred Treasure following the visit of Prince Fushimi to Canada.



Mr. H. R. Charlton

Shooting Upland and Yellow Leg Plover

REGINALD GOURLAY

THE pursuit of these birds (especially the former) though not a dangerous sport, has its moments of excitement, and requires better shooting often than the comparatively tame sport of duck shooting over decoys.

Let us take the case of the upland plover first. He is a bird of the wide open spaces, not necessarily near water. On the contrary he is often found on downs, and high fallow pastures and uplands, hence his name Upland plover.

It is remarkable that this bird, though common in the Central and Western prairie states, has only, like the Arizona dove, made his appearance in Ontario within the past few years. He comes in late April and departs in the middle of September, which limits the time during which he can be shot to a few days. He is a fine bird, very good to eat and generally very hard to catch; being for the most part, as cunning and wary as a wild goose, while on some rare occasions he displays an imbecility almost as great as a country "know it all." Though hard, almost impossible to stalk, on the barren pastures where it is chiefly found, I have known an upland plover to come sailing up, and calmly perch himself on the top of a tree, a barn or telegraph pole within easy range of me, looking as satisfied with himself as a new made knight or bride. He is the only species of plover as far as I am aware that does this stunt. His cry is loud and peculiar, rising to crescendo and then gradually diminishing. It sounds like, "Widder, Widder, widder" as if the bird like some men, had been deceived by that proverbially fickle and uncertain portion of the fair (and unfair) sex. This frequently gives him away, as it does in the case of a man similarly afflicted.

The best way to hunt Upland plover on foot is as follows:—I might explain that I am writing of hunting

in Ontario and not the prairies where they go out with buckboards.

Suppose two men go out and sight a flock of Upland plover on one of those large open spaces which they frequent. A dog trained and accustomed to plover hunting is most valuable. An untrained dog is worse than useless. A young friend and myself along with a good dog hunted plover after this fashion. We found a flock of plover, so we separated and went on the opposite sides of the flock and then sent our dog who was well trained to hunt them up. As we had taken good cover we were sure that one of us would get a shot, sometimes we both managed it. Then we followed up another flock and went through the same process. If we had followed the usual way and had tried to stalk them we might have taken from then to the day of Judgment to get a shot at them. My Irish Spaniel Rex, (now deceased) was the dog we used for this game. Rex was a very versatile and talented dog, and was at his best, intellectually speaking, at this unusual kind of hunting. When hunting partridge, woodcock, or snipe, Rex displayed the usual points of a well-broken, steady Irish water spaniel, hunting close to the gun, quartering carefully and retrieving beautifully. When after Upland plover, he employed different means altogether, which clearly showed that he possessed brains. Quartering carefully, sometimes almost crawling like a cat, sometimes galloping wildly, Rex would gradually shepherd a flock of plover till he brought it within range, and sent it over or past either my friend or myself in such a way as to give us easy shots.

The Yellow Leg or Yellow Legged Plover, larger and smaller is found, in rapidly decreasing numbers I fear, all over Ontario wherever there are lakes, marshes or even ponds. He must always be near water, in which respect he differs from the Upland

SAVAGE

the rifle you asked for —

The New .22 Savage N. R. A. Rifle

WE take pleasure in presenting to our friends the latest product of the Savage Arms Corporation, Utica Works—the new Model 1919 Bolt Action Rifle.

This rifle is the result of years of experimental work, guided and checked by the ablest military and civilian experts.

It is the most serious instrument of precision that has ever been manufactured to shoot .22 rim-fire ammunition. Designed especially to fill the exacting requirements of National Rifle Association small bore match shooting.

The .22 Savage N.R.A. is a genuine miniature military rifle. It is a bolt-action, five-shot repeater, with full length military pistol-grip stock and swivels for sling. It can be used in every position, with every time-limit and for every kind of fire that the .30 Service rifle can. The only match condition that need be changed is length of range. And it will beat the Service rifle at 100 yards.

A new rifling system makes the barrel more accurate than other .22 caliber models used in this work—and Savage reputation for accuracy made the experts select us to build this rifle.

A new firing-mechanism—lightened moving parts with less than half-inch travel, long, husky mainspring and two-point firing-pin—make ignition instantaneous.

The Marine Corps type front sight defines clearly in any light, and the simple, strong aperture rear sight has click adjustment for elevation and windage—one click moves shot one-quarter inch on target at 25 yards.

25-inch round barrel, full military stock, oil finish, pistol grip, sling swivels, Marine Corps type front, and wind-gauge aperture, rear sights. 5-shot detachable box magazine, Chambered for .22 Long Rifle cartridge only. Supplied in .22 Short on special order only.

And remember—it's as good for small game shooting as for target work.



25 Yards—10 Shots, ½-in. bull, by Marine Gunner J. L. Renew, U. S. M. C.



50 Yards—9 Shots, 1 inch bull, by Marine Gunner J. L. Renew, U. S. M. C.

SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION

Executive Offices:

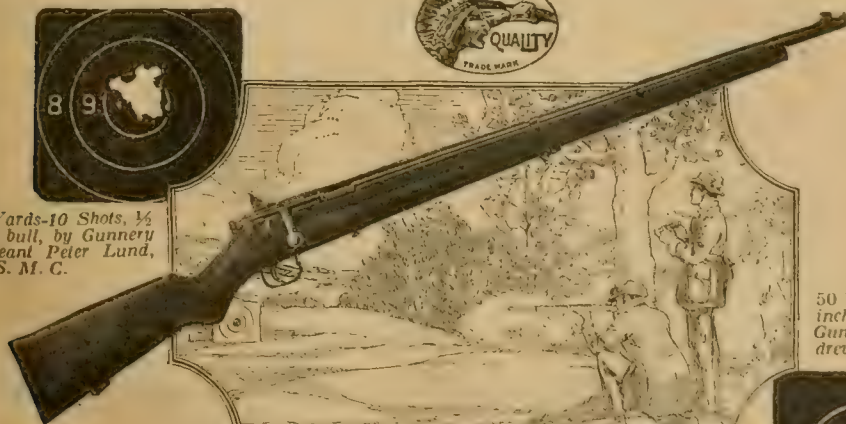
50 Church Street, New York

UTICA, N. Y.

Sharon, Pa. Detroit, Mich.
Philadelphia, Pa.



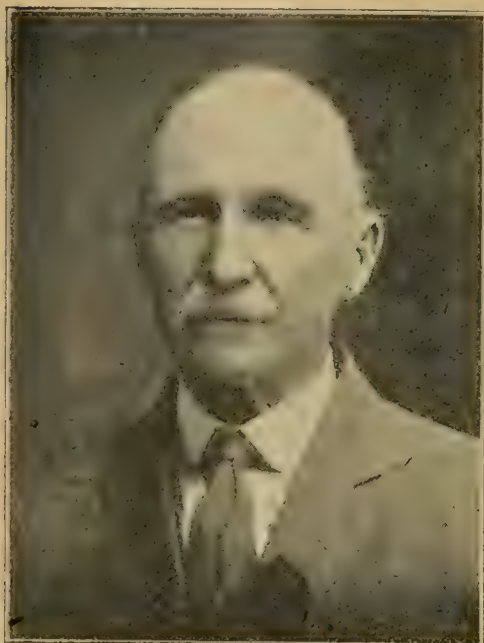
25 Yards—10 Shots, ½ inch bull, by Gunner Sergeant Peter Lund, U. S. M. C.



50 Yards—10 Shots, 1 inch bull, by Marine Gunner John J. Andrews, U. S. M. C.



The New .22 Savage N. R. A. Rifle, Model 1919.



Mr. Reginald Gourlay, Picton, Ont.

plover. He will also decoy, whereas the Upland plover will see you to a place where sleigh bells never jingle; first.

The larger variety of the Yellow Leg is about the size of the Upland plover, but has much longer legs and is as good tasting. He has a beautiful resonant note, which some people can imitate. I can't so I naturally call the people who employ it to get the birds within range—beastly poachers. He is not nearly as wild as the upland plover, though of course hard to approach in places where he has been much hunted. I will give an instance of how tame the yellow leg plover can be at times. One day last fall I had been snipe shooting with pretty poor success until about three in the afternoon. I was about to turn homewards when my eagle eye caught a gleam of water in the middle distance, through a belt of poplar and willows. "I directed my steps thither" as the novelists say and found a fairly large pond of clear

water surrounded by shallow marsh and just the place for plover. It turned out to be so, for I had not gone far into it when I came on a row of seven yellow legs standing up as stiff as ten pins, and just as motionless. I had to walk up right up to them before they would fly. There were over forty of them in that little marsh and they all acted as tired and dozey as a food controller when he is asked to do something for the consumer. Not being a game butcher I only shot six. When I came a day or two later with a friend there was not a bird in the marsh. The birds I had encountered had evidently belonged to a tired flight migrating that had stopped at the view of what looked like a suitable feeding place.

Both of these species are fine birds and have the advantage of being on hand early in the game season, the Upland plover a good deal too early as he leaves Ontario about the fifteenth of September.

In speaking of the Upland plover and the Yellow Leg, I am sorry that Mr. Gourlay did not tell us how to protect the few remaining, instead of how to shoot them.

Mr. Gourlay states that the Upland plover, like the Arizona Dove, has only made its appearance in Ontario within the last few years. As a matter of fact that Upland plover or better known as the Bartramian Sandpiper, was fairly common all over western Ontario forty years ago, but for the last twenty years is seldom seen. I suppose Mr. Gourlay has reference to the common mourning dove when he makes mention of the Arizona dove. There are at least four different species of dove found in Arizona. The mourning dove is the only one found in Ontario and it has always been here although never in large numbers. Fifty years ago it was much more numerous than now.

W. D. Hobson.



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October Days

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

FOR the man who loves angling the autumnal season has witcheries and pleasures galore. Nature in this season is arrayed in her most lovely garments: every bush and tree seeming to rival its mate in displaying a coloration that is as diversified as it is splendid. Let not the waters, lakes and streams be forgotten in the month of October. Not every person is able to take two or three weeks off in the autumn; yet one could wish for no better time in which to camp at some secluded lake and enjoy not only a peaceful sojourn into the heart of Nature, but one can obtain the best of fishing under admirable conditions. The days of October are never too warm, nor yet too cool. They are just right, agreeable, "appetizing to the brain" as my friend, the doctor has said. There are many who combine a hunting trip with fishing during these days. If one has a motor craft and has a series of waterways and lakes "at one's finger-tips," he surely can attain to some ideal sport. Instead of arranging a temporary camp he can shift from place to place as fancy decides, enjoying good fishing, and also a chance to drop a few ducks. The true sportsman and angler is always content with the small bag. A few ducks, a few fish, and the feasting of the mind upon natural surroundings—all these things go to make the October autumnal days the sweetest in the year. Above all I love the autumnal days for the reason that to the angler, at least, they are days of contemplation. The sweat and enterprise is out of the air. The wilted collars are no more: the beads of perspiration are things of the past. One views his surroundings with a mind that is content to take things as they come. Peace—that is it. The fretfulness, is for a time at least, faded into the beyond.

Sadly, not all are able to make prolonged trips into the quiet places, in the autumn least of all. One should not lose track of nearby lakes. In fact in lakes where in the summer season little or no luck has been the result, the autumn sees a change in things—usually for the better. This is especially true in lakes near to, or within the confines of civilization. During all the summer season the waters may have been littered with boats and canoes; and all the so-called gay crowds, titling inanities, and the "pomp and glory" that goes with a cheap civilization.

Sincere anglers and otherwise have fished the waters but have had little or no success. The reason may be plain as the nose on your face. The fish have steered shy of the crowds and have kept themselves in the places in the lake where some quiet at least reigned. I know of just such a lake. In late August the crowds begin to melt away. In September the lake is quite left to itself—no one seems to care to go out and fish, because, they believe, the fishing being poor in the summer it certainly cannot be any better (and can only be worse) in the autumn. I went to this lake last autumn in the early part of October, and there was not a boat on the lake. By practicing all the angling craft that I have garnered through years of study of the fishing game and especially of fishing in waters within civilization, I was able to garner in all the fish I could make use of. It seems that as the crowds leave the lakes the fish gradually become more active, for the sensation of peace again upon the waters is a strange one to them, as we may suspect. Lakes that are abundantly fished need to be fished in the autumn even as shyly as at any time. In this lake in question, in early days we were wont to go out off of a certain sand-bar and catch any number of large copper-bellied sun-fishes, fully as large as two hands, fishing in twenty or thirty feet of water. But in late years, in the summer this has proven impossible. The reason? The gay crowds have done it for off of that same sand-bar, in the summer one might fish a week and not have a nibble, though the fish are there. I have seen them on clear days down there by the thousands.

True to my expectations I fished off of that same sand-bar in the early morning and in the early evening and had good luck. I also found that the fish would strike well around the shore. I used a fly-rod and for bait used grasshoppers attached to the hook by means of a small druggist snap which is an unfailing method of connecting a lure to a hook. No doubt my success off of the bars may be laid to one thing in special. I used a nine foot leader, which, being practically invisible in the water no doubt served to foil the fish. If I would have had the same success with just the ordinary twelve pound test soft-braided silk line I do not know, but I am forced to admit that the fish in this lake had seemed to have acquired a pretty good notion as to what a

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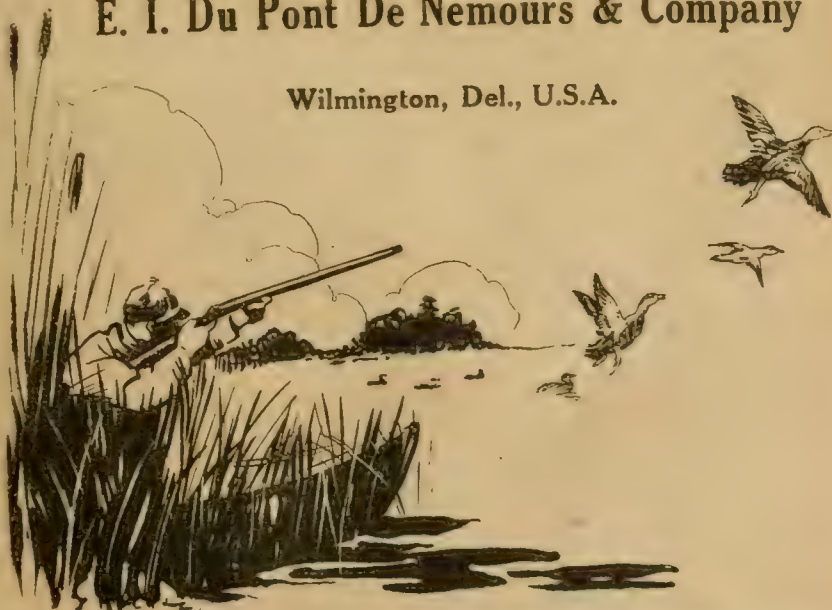
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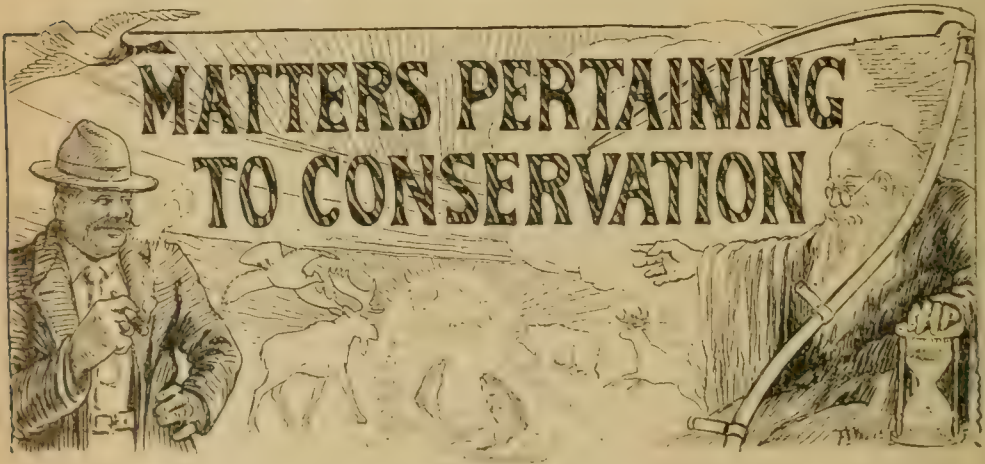
line was. It does seem queer too. Here were common fishes, sunfishes, and one must needs fish for them as craftily as for some trout. I often get letters from anglers stating that they have trouble in still-fishing by making no catches. If still-fishermen will use an invisible leader of six or nine feet to the line they may be surprised at some of the catches they will make.

Still-fishing has a strange fascination, though in any other month than October or late September the true angler may pass it by. Still-fishing, using a light bamboo rod, a reel and light tackle has all the earmarks of the sportsmanlike. To play a large croppie, rock bass or sun-fish up from a twenty or thirty foot depth is a sensation comparable with the best the angling pastime has to offer. The October angler who comes home with ten or fifteen sun-fishes in his basket, or perhaps a bass or two, is certainly lucky. This will appear as a poor showing to the man who is

not content unless he garners in enough to fertilize his garden with, but the sane angler knows that a few are enough and plenty.

October is a month of many surprises to the angler. I have known autumnal days when the fish have seemed utterly to have left the lake, and then on another day they will strike with all the avidity they have displayed in June. On one October day I caught fifteen bass, allowing the certain set number have their freedom. The sun-fishes, too, were striking good as the catch of my partner showed. In the case of the bass they took practically any bait that was offered them. Something had seemed on that day to have planted, in all the finny life of the lake, a feverish energy. The angler instinctively knows when these days occur: years of knowledge, of study of the game is sure to bring about this condition.

Nevertheless caution is a demand in autumnal fishing: caution and a great deal of it.



Wild Life Sanctuaries

J. B. HARKIN

Commissioner of Dominion Parks

IT is assumed that the subject of wild life sanctuaries was assigned to the Dominion Parks Branch because the Dominion Parks in the West, which aggregate about 10,000 square miles in area, are maintained as game sanctuaries. They have been maintained as such for a period of about ten years and if an exceedingly great increase in wild life is the test of their success then there can be no possibility of doubt that sanctuaries

properly and fearlessly administered would inevitably result, not only in the preservation, but in the very great increase of all forms of wild life.

In the Parks to-day, the casual visitor does not need to be told that wildlife is abundant. He constantly has the best evidence of this fact because wherever he goes his own eyes show him that this is a fact.

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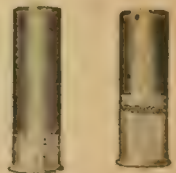
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obtained in Rocky Mountains Park, of which Banff is the centre. Even in the town evidence of the results can be seen from day to day. At the most unexpected moments walking along the streets and paths of the town a person will meet deer. It is a common practice among residents to have deer eat bread and other articles of food from their hands. In fact, the deer have become so plentiful that last year some of the residents actually started in circulation a petition to the government protesting against the depredations of the deer in flower gardens and back yards and demanding a remedy. I may say that this petition for some reason or other was dropped, but no better evidence could be submitted of the success of the Rocky Mountains Park as a sanctuary.

Ten years ago in all the districts within easy access of the railway big game had practically disappeared. Although there had been regulations forbidding the taking, killing or wounding of any wild bird or animal since 1890, it was not until about 1909 that an effective warden service was established. At that time, deer were rarely seen near Banff and sheep and goats were to be met with only in the outlying portions of the park.

To-day a person can sit on the piazzas of the Canadian Pacific Hotel at Banff and with a pair of glasses pick out mountain goat along the slopes of Mt. Rundle, the jagged saw-tooth mountain that lies directly opposite the hotel.

I have seen people at the golf links repeatedly stop in their play and watch mountain goat on this mountain. The golf links lie immediately at its base.

The black bear has become so plentiful that from time to time a good many of them have to be shot by the wardens because they have developed a liking for the larders of the citizens. In fact, only a few days ago a letter came in from the Alpine Club stating that, unless some special means of protection of their property against black bear was provided, it was considered that the club could not open its club house for guests.

If a person will walk or ride along the main automobile road west of Banff for a few miles, he is sure to see mountain sheep. He may see a few or he may see a couple of hundred. Often when an automobile proceeds up this roadway it has to slow up in order to let the sheep walk off the road. Photographs of mountain sheep, which as you all know, is ordinarily one of the shyest of animals, can be taken from the seat of an automobile.

The conditions which I have recited with respect to wild life in the vicinity of Banff prevail throughout the Park.

In this connection, I beg to draw your attention to a few extracts from diaries of the game wardens. These extracts have been picked at random and cover all our Alberta Parks:

"Sawback District, saw about 150 sheep; Government Ranch and Panther River, counted 35 deer; Ranch to James River, saw about 70 deer in my day's travel; Banff from Lake Louise, saw about 40 deer, 60 sheep and 14 goats; N. End Park Hay River, there are quite a lot of moose along the north end of Park and caribou is plentiful north of Hay river."

The facts which have been given you demonstrate, I think, clearly that a game sanctuary efficiently protected invariably delivers the goods.

One of the main reasons of the success of sanctuaries is the fact that wild life very quickly learn that they need have no fear of molestation by man. The deer on the streets of Banff, the mountain sheep in the immediate vicinity of Banff bear this out.

The fact that animals very quickly learn that a sanctuary is a sanctuary was forcefully brought to the attention of the Department a few years ago by conditions that developed at Buffalo Park at Wainwright. The development came in the form of a protest from the residents in the vicinity of the Park that the Park was becoming a sanctuary for coyotes. As you know, at certain periods of the year, a good many of the farmers in the West go out coyote hunting for the specific purpose of reducing the numbers of this predatory animal. The farmers in the vicinity of Buffalo Park came to the Department with a complaint that as soon as they started coyote hunting all the coyotes made a "bee" line for the Park where they evidently knew they were safe. There was no doubt about the facts of the case and the result was the Department itself had to go into coyote hunting with dogs and traps within the Park.

The eastern portion of Jasper Park and the contiguous country outside the Park has a large wild life population. Wardens who patrol that area report that as soon as the hunting season arrives all the wild life which they see is inevitably headed in one direction and that direction is towards the Park.

These facts are recited to emphasize one of the fundamental justifications for wild life protection by sanctuaries, namely that wild

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life very readily realizes where the areas are, that they are free from molestation, and as such invariably do take advantage of them.

There is another matter in connection with sanctuaries which experience in connection with the Park sanctuaries has brought out and that is the public are very readily educated as to the sanctity of the Parks from the wild life standpoint. Of course a preliminary and necessity in connection with this education is administration with a firm hand. Despite the huge area of the Parks there is very little poaching. I think that the great majority of people after a very few years become thoroughly sympathetic with the efforts of the administration to protect the sanctuary and have no desire to go out to kill. The small element who fail to develop such sympathy, on the other hand develop a wholesome respect for the strong arm of the law.

Indians have a bad reputation in the eyes of most of the public in regard to the matter of game slaughter but even the Indians appear to have been educated to at least respect Park boundaries. We practically have no trouble whatever with the Indians in the matter of the protection of wild life in the Parks.

A few years ago there was an incident which illustrates how completely even the Indians have accepted the idea that there must be no game slaughtered within Parks Boundaries. A prominent provincial game warden had just completed a patrol through a large mountain area not within a park and found that the Indians had been through some time previous and had carried on the most reckless slaughter. He travelled for several days without seeing fur or feather. The previous year he had patrolled the same area and knew that at that time the district contained a fair proportion of wild life. As he proceeded homeward with this lesson fresh in his mind he came onto a camp of Indians close to the boundaries of one of the parks. There had been a suggestion that this Park should be reduced in area and the portion along which the Indians were camping should be thrown open. The first question these Indians asked the warden was as to the date when this area was to be thrown open because they desired on that date to begin a big hunt. The warden was so impressed with what he had seen in the devastated area and what he saw would happen in the other area, that, though he himself had expressed himself favourable to the reduction of the area of this Park, he

promptly went to a long distance telephone and reached me at Edmonton where I happened to be, to urge that under no consideration should this Park be reduced in area. It is scarcely necessary to add that the reduction did not take place. It seems to me that this incident when it shows that even the Indians have a wholesome respect for Park boundaries, that there is every reason to believe that white men who may be inclined to slaughter wild life can all the more readily be educated to the fact that a game sanctuary must be respected.

In connection with the protection of the game sanctuaries, the first essential is a policy of absolute unrelentless pursuit of all offenders and this policy has probably been one of the main reasons for the success of our sanctuaries.

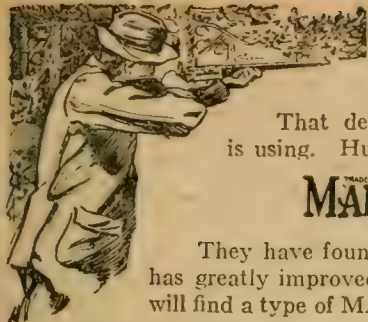
Game wardens are born not made. They must have above all things a very strong natural love for wild life. With such officers the rest is simple. A few years ago in one of our parks we had a case where a game officer prosecuted his own brother.

When the public, Indian or white, recognizes that an offence will be followed up no matter what the cost or what the effort they evidently make up their minds that any hunting they do shall be done elsewhere than in a sanctuary.

With respect to regulations, one of the most important is that there shall be an offence for a person to have an unsealed firearm in his possession. Under the regulations the moment a firearm is brought into a Park it must be presented to the warden for sealing and it must remain sealed so long as it is within the Park.

Another important regulation is that any parties which outfit within a Park for hunting purposes outside a Park or which go out on trail trips with guides must be registered. The failure to do so constitutes an offence. With registration the chief warden knows at all times how many parties are out on the trail and the routes they are following and with a system of criss-cross trails it is comparatively easy for the wardens to keep in touch with such parties. Of course the telephone system in use in connection with fire protection is also a great aid in this connection. Under the system which I have described it is comparatively easy for a small body of wardens to efficiently patrol and protect the large area.

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our warden force consists of only eleven, in Jasper Park the warden staff is fourteen, in Waterton Lakes Park the warden staff is six. This is a very small force when you consider the large areas to be protected, Rocky Mountains Park covers approximately 3,000 square miles, Waterton Lakes park, almost 500 and Jasper Park nearly 5,000 square miles.

You will notice that the points I have endeavoured to make are in the first place, that sanctuaries do result in a very great increase in wild life and that these results are obtained primarily through the following causes;— that the animals themselves readily recognize and take advantage of sanctuaries: that the public, including Indians, can

be very readily educated as to the sanctity of sanctuaries and that energetic, fearless and unrelenting pursuit of offenders, together with intelligent patrol work and the insistence of the sealing of firearms practically eliminates any destruction of wild life within sanctuaries by man.

Results in the Dominion Parks sanctuaries have been so successful that it seems to me it would be good policy for a careful survey to be made in each province of the Dominion, before it is too late, with a view to the setting aside of areas for sanctuary purposes in order that there may be an absolute assurance that for all time there shall be no danger of the disappearance of the characteristic wild life of the Dominion.

Points on Migratory Game

Editor, *Rod and Gun in Canada*.

One of the topics among sportsmen at the present time appears to be "How can the shooting of game be extended, and all share on an equal basis, in a fair quantity, for years to come?"

This may be answered intelligently and positively in a few words,—Stop the killing of it. Just so long as these inviting opportunities are nursed by the law, and the wanton game killers respected,—that period, long or short, will give lean returns, dwindling into insignificance.

The apparent cause of game scarcity undoubtedly may be charged to the enemies of wild life, of which there are many, and naturally these must be eliminated or curbed so strongly, that they exist in the minority.

We are now confronting a future for gain or loss, and the former demands drastic laws, regardless of whom it may bar against the ethics that conform for more game, and the over use of the shot gun.

I wish to speak mainly in reference to our migratory water fowl, in which the "Federal Law" plays the big hand universally in the game.

Over the line in Canada, the great hive of the ducks and geese, there is much to be considered, for it is there that four-fifths of these migrants colonize, grouped within the recuperating zone that Nature has designed especially for the deep feeders, including the envied "Canvas Back."

The ducks may never increase again to the numbers of the days when the muzzle loaders were used, but if enumerated today, the

census will total numbers upholding the Migratory Bird Law, to which every sportsman, American or Canadian, may well pay his tribute.

From my viewpoint, considering the impediments along the lines of the breeding areas in the zone, and as well the vast increase yearly in the number of gunners, naturally forbids, the long open seasons, the over liberal bag limits, and in many states the use of the floating battery, machine guns and dummy environments, assisted by wholesale grain feeding, depleted wild rice areas, that are being neglected, all are among the agencies that are suppressing our wild fowl colony.

If every gunner that wages a day, and as well the open season's bag limit, kills his allowance, how then can the game increase, all else being considered? As it is may hundreds of sportsmen are being disappointed, not bagging a bird in the entire day, while those in the battery and baited feeding beds and envied shooting points, kill the day's allowance and that of the open season as well.

Tell me why at the present time any gunner should kill more than fifteen ducks per day, or more than one hundred for the open season? He should shoot for his family only, and not for his neighbors as well. I have known men who have shot for sport mainly, and have given away their ducks to unappreciative people,—then shielding their disgraceful ethics, complain of not having a sufficiency for the larder.

They may also complain of having one day

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only in the open season, and not getting more than fifteen birds, when the opportunity was ripe for twenty-five or forty, and this is right where the shoe pinches on the game hog who is killing the goose that lays the golden egg. He will ask a farmer for an apple from the inviting fruit burdened tree, and in response fill his pockets and blouse and tote the balance to a cache like a red squirrel.

These are among the big links in the chain of destruction that is rounding up our waterfowl, and if it were not for a few of the ducks that escape the full day's bag limit and that of the open season as well, we would have only mounted specimens to gaze upon.

Already there are far too many pursuers of the envied game birds, who should devote a period in the open season to the extermination of their enemies, both for sport and beneficial results throughout, and restraint from the pounds of meat.

The time is coming soon, to fish or cut bait in one universal closed season in America. In fact, I would personally forgo the pleasure of one season's outing for the realization of fifty years ago. Sportsmen's organizations in the Province of Ontario, Canada, are contemplating the daily bag limit of fifteen ducks, and the open season limit of one hundred,

providing that corresponding restrictions be assured in the United States.

Hundreds of duck nests and their contents of eggs were destroyed this season in the north and in southern Canada, by over normal rainfall, and the ambitious gunner this season may not be gratified with too full a realization.

It should be the ambition of every sportsman and conservationist to seek laws that will suppress the destruction of our wild game, from the ice-bound shores of Cape Nome to the tropics of the South, and that hot-bed of slaughter, Mexico.

There is only one straight and narrow way to save migration,—i.e., stop killing it to excess. Take a light toll,—do your duty manfully,—stand by the Migratory Bird Treaty,—and let the rest go.

F. H. Conover,

Honourable Superintendent,
Point Pelee Dominion Park.

Leamington, Ontario, August 14, 1919.

The above timely letter appears simultaneously in the American Field of Chicago and *Rod and Gun in Canada*. It is noticed that Mr. Conover mentions Battery shooting. This mode of killing is forbidden in Canada. —Editor, *Rod and Gun*.

The Passing of the Prairie Chicken

Editor, Rod and Gun.

I have read with great interest the various letters of the readers of *Rod and Gun* on the subject of game conservation; of how the different species are disappearing especially the prairie chickens of the west. Then the many agencies that are to blame in the estimation of the writers, such as crows, game hogs, magpies, coyotes and etc., but I think there is still another that is more destructive and far reaching than any of the ones mentioned. It strikes at the foundation of the species so to speak, as it destroys the birds that have passed through the hardships of winter and are about to take up the home duties of spring. The killing of a pair of these birds means the passing of an entire flock at the beginning of the hunting season.

The agency I have in mind is the various poisons set for the gopher, or more strictly speaking, the lax methods of its use.

Since coming to the west I have seen the passing of the numbers; and the few that now remain will follow unless the handlers of dan-

gerous poisons are brought to a full understanding of the destructiveness of the mixtures they handle.

I have in mind three instances of farmers putting out poison with a spoon from a pail, and none of the three took the trouble to stoop down and put it in the gopher's hole out of the reach of the birds; but just stood up and threw it at the rodents doorway and passed out to the next sometimes without stopping to see where it landed.

Having occasion to visit a drug store in one of the larger towns of the Province of Saskatchewan I noticed a poster announcing the advent of "Our own Gopherscide." Being interested I asked the man in charge if it would do all that was claimed for it and he said "Yes it will, for I have a farm and put out some for gophers and they are scarce down there now; I also found a crow that had passed in his number. I expect he got some too." I asked him about the chances of our other birds and he seemed surprised at my question. I believe most of us can recall the poisoning of valuable farm stock as



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GUT CASTS—The Anglo-American tapered mist color No. 1 medium, No. 2 fine, as made for Mr. Halford.

Stout to 4X Ditto, Ditto to 3X, Stout Lake to fine, Ditto to medium, Ex-stout to MEDIUM, Ex-stout to stout, 6 ft.

We will be pleased to quote prices on receipt of inquiry.

Hardy Bros., Manufactory Alnwick, England

THE GREAT ENGLISH FIELD says, "We must never forget that it is to HARDY Bros. of Alnwick we owe the supremacy we have achieved as Rod makers."

reported by the papers, due to careless handling of such agents of destruction.

As to a remedy I suggest that our different game protective societies take up with speakers at the meetings of the U.F.A. and the instructors at Better Farming Schools held

each year by the Provincial Governments, the necessity of a proper method of handling poisons: and they could do a great work in the educating of good but careless citizens.

Medicine Hat, Alta.

M. S. Tracy.

More About the Skunk

Editor, *Rod and Gun in Canada*.

In your August number I read an article about the value of a skunk. Now I can tell you a different story, in the spring of 1918 I was working for a farmer about a mile from Waterloo, who kept some geese and he set two of them with 15 eggs a piece. When they had been setting about two weeks one of them would not go on her nest. About two days later the other goose would not go on her nest, and the farmer looked and there was not an egg to be found. He came to me and said:

"Somebody stole our two nests of goose eggs."

We had been missing about 15 hens and he was quite put out about it, and as we knew we had rats in the barn I thought of rats or skunks, so I set a trap at a hole, under a log, that I thought was a big rat hole. I live in town and about two days afterwards I met the boss and he said:

"Well, Ted, I caught the thief."

I said "Did you?" And at the same time

took a step back from the buggy and said, "I can smell him." He said;

"He was in the trap under the log in the barn and I set another trap about 50 feet from the barn and I caught a big black male, the first was a female. While scuffling potatoes I happened to lead the horse into some berry bushes near the hen house and a hen flew out and there was a nest with about 12 eggs and in about three days not an egg was left."

That same fall I caught four more skunks within 200 yards from the barn.

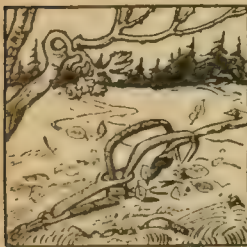
Now I think some of those biologists don't know how our Canadian skunks act. Now if this letter is not too big for you Mr. Editor I will tell you a story later about a snake.

P.S.—After I had caught those skunks our hens came down to their proper place to roost; before they would perch on the highest place they could find.

Waterloo.

Theo. Sackenbauer.

Editor.—Send along the snake story.



ALONG THE TRAP LINE

EDITED BY

H. C. HADDON



Notes of An Old Trapper

P. O. REILLY

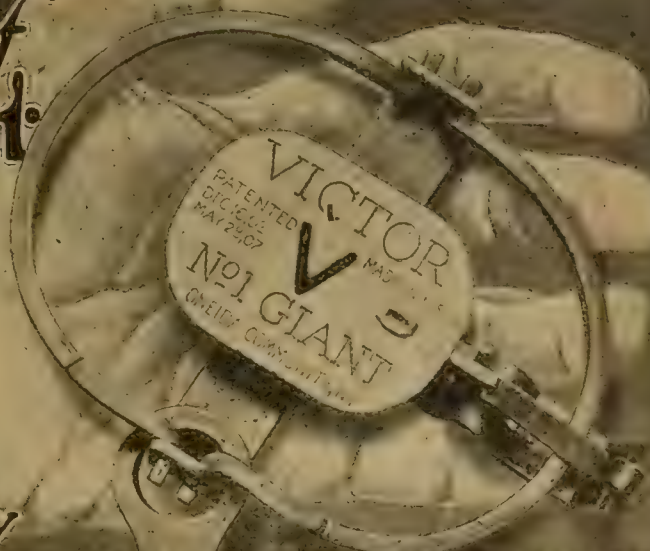
AS an interesting comparison with the high prices being paid today for all kinds of raw furs the following are some of the prices I obtained in days gone by. In the fall of 1862 mink, No. 1, were worth \$5., No. 2, \$4., beaver \$1.50 a pound, red fox 75 cents to \$1.25, lynx from \$2. to \$2.50., marten from \$1. to \$1.25., otter \$5. and \$6., fisher \$4.50 to \$6.00.

From fall of 1862 and winter of 1863 I did

not trap any more till 1876 as I was buying fur on speculation. Since 1876 I have worked in lumber camps and trapped on Sundays, as that was all the spare time I had. The winter of 1886 I poisoned 73 red fox for which I received from \$1.25 to \$1.75 a skin. That same winter I sold beaver for \$4.50 a pound, marten \$1., otter \$8.00 to \$12.00, fisher \$9.00, mink \$1.00, one lynx \$2.50.

The winter of 1888 I was at Lake of the

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a Giant*



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Jaws Catch Far Up On the Animal's Leg ---Spring Rises High

Right here is where giant size counts, as the spring and other parts of the trap are built proportionately larger to take care of the additional height of jaw.

The pan and dog are wider and heavier, the chain is larger and the spring faster. The trap is also equipped with an improved swivel at the point where the chain connects with the spring, and possesses all of the regular Victor improvements, such as non-freeze, non-clog, "humped cross" and direct pan fastening.

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Woods and caught or rather poisoned three silver foxes. For two of them I got \$65.00 each and for the other I received \$75.00, also a cross fox for which I got \$25.00. Had I known the proper value of the silver foxes I should have received \$300 each for them as I saw one sold in Seattle for \$800, not nearly as good as mine, two years ago. During all my time trapping I never got \$3.00 for marten, \$2.00 was the outside limit, and \$9.00 for fisher. The highest I received for otter was \$16.00, they being very large and dark.

In poisoning I use strychnine for either foxes or wolves. I will give you my plan of the way which I used to set it out, and if not taken would lift it every morning. In the first place I had a bait set out such as a cow's head or offal from cattle killed at the lumber depot, farm or camp. These I had scattered round the fields, or if near a lake had them taken to the lake when frozen, then the ravens would tackle it and then the foxes would after the ravens had first tried it, as a fox or wolf does not like to touch anything until some other animal begins first.

I then made myself a wooden knife of maple, also a small skewer of the same wood and had these two boiled in the lard I was going to use as a pill and had the lard rendered into a bowl. Then with the wooden knife I would cut a piece of lard about the size of a thimble or a hazel nut. In this I would insert the skewer or fork, lift out the lard and turn back a slice of lard with the knife, drop in my strychnine and cover it with the lard I had pared back. In the evenings when the ravens had gone off I would take my pill of lard on the point of this skewer and go to where my bait was in the fields or on the lake. I would always have a rock or end of a log say two or three feet away from the bait where I could lay my pill and I would do this with a long rod like a fish pole, about eight or ten feet long so as to drop my pill on the log or stone then my tracks would not be near either the bait or pill. I would go straight on, never turning back, and would take a wide circle back to home or camp. Never handle or leave any scent of your hands on anything around. Should you not happen to have enough strychnine in the pill to kill the animal he will never touch lard again. This happened once with me with one fox, but I fooled him by rolling the lard in honey and got Mr. Fox next morning. He was the last I saw, or rather the last and only track I saw of a fox for two years—I cleaned them all out.

In trapping foxes your trap should be

soaked in warm dog fish oil, not too hot or it will take the temper out of the springs.

With lynx the easiest way of getting them is to snare them. Use copper wire set on a trail used by rabbits with loop big enough for the rabbit to get through or high enough to go under. The snare should be fixed to a pole about six feet long with the limbs cut off to about six inches long from the body of the pole so as to make a drag. I have snared three lynx in one night in a cedar swamp by this method.

The cross fox has a dark stripe running from the root of the tail to the head with another one over the shoulders which forms a cross. The tail is usually very dark, with a white tip, of course. Legs black or very dark brown. I have poisoned two cross foxes and four silvers. The first silver was perfectly black with two yellow spots, one in each flank, about the size of a big old fashioned penny which my fur buyer said spoilt its value. I only received \$30.00 for it and it was really worth \$200.00 at that time, but I did not know its real value. I also got two at Ignace on the C. P. R., for one I got \$75, for the other \$65, also a cross for which I received \$20.00. I poisoned another in Algonquin Park but the ravens tore it pretty badly, however I skinned it and sewed it up to look almost perfect but only got ten dollars for the tail. I was told afterwards that the Hudson's Bay agent paid \$300, for the same skin.

The silver fox is generally larger than the red and some are very black on the back, while others are mixed with white and black hairs on tip of hairs 300 per cent. more black than white hairs. The under part of the hair is usually black and the belly black or almost so. Legs black, ears black and tail black with a white tip. The larger the white tip the better the value.

There is a man working in this camp who says he caught a white skunk with a dark cream colored stripe up the back and down the centre of the tail. He tells me he got ten dollars for it from a fur buyer, more as a curiosity than the value of it. There are a few men doing very well trapping on this island, (north B.C. coast). I hear one has caught 21 mink, 44 beaver, 26 coons, 14 marten and one cougar. I fancy he caught his mink and marten too early to be of much value as they were caught in November which is too early in the season for the coast.

Now I guess I had better close or you will tire of my foolish letter, but you will have to excuse an old man in his eightieth year.



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Trapping, you know, is very much a matter of what you use to attract the animals. All fur-bearing animals are very sensitive to certain odors, especially in the running season and if you have good decoys and a little knowledge of trapping you can make the capture of any animal almost sure.

Never-Fail Decoys are the culmination of years of work and study by Indian and White trappers from all parts of North America. They are compounded according to natural laws and not one ingredient is used in their composition that is foreign to Nature's products. By using these formulae you can increase your catch beyond your fondest expectations.

Never-Fail Decoys

are the old formulae of professional Indian and white trappers, brought to their highest state of perfection; as perfect as human ingenuity can suggest.

Certain odors are very attractive to people; likewise certain odors are very attractive to fur-bearing animals, but to a much more noticeable extent. The difficulty in making decoy is this: all fur-bearing animals are attracted by the odor of grain musk. This musk is very scarce; its price prohibitive; and it is therefore out of the question to use it. But there are certain ingredients, easily and cheaply secured, having identically the same attractive power, that can be used. It is only thro' the combined life study of many trappers do we find these out; and few know them. Again two ingredients, when separate, may be attractive; yet when combined they lose their appeal and are worthless. Decoys, to be successful, must appeal to the animals' food and hunger instincts; the ingredients must be Nature's own and perfectly blended. They must be freeze-proof and proof against deterioration. This is the basic principle of Never-Fail Decoys. You can secure them with detailed instructions for all animals, the ingredients for which are easily secured and readily compounded, for only \$2.00.

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ROBERT G. HODGSON, Raglan, Ontario

The Demand and Supply of Furs

GEORGE ROBERT HUNT

BASED on the London fur sales the increase in the price of pelts during the last twenty years has been general, averaging about 25 per cent for the staple fur bearers of Canada. All pelts excepting those of skunks have decreased in numbers during the past ten years. An increase in numbers of skins secured was recorded fifteen years ago, but this was caused by keener hunting and more competition, this being inspired by rising values. Pelts considered of little value twenty years ago are now being hunted and trapped to the verge of extinction, i.e. mink, marten, lynx, fisher, cross fox; and even muskrat the most prolific fur bearer we have shows signs of failing. In general it might be stated that this is due to less fur being produced and more is being used than ever before and this, aided by several other causes is rapidly decreasing our supply. The population of the country is growing and as it grows the number of wealthy people increases. Dame Fashion, whose influence is predominant everywhere, is responsible for a very heavy demand for certain kinds and only the best and scarcest, therefore the highest priced are in favour with her. The growing number of automobiles and other means of travel also increases the demand for furs.

Strange as it may seem the catch of furs today is greater and more valuable than when the country was a wilderness, and while the professional trapper has to a great extent engaged in other and more valuable pursuits, the most of the furs captured in this age are by farmers and their sons. The ever-expanding area of human settlement has caused some kinds of fur bearers to retreat further into the woods. The clearing away of the forests and the grazing of the natural covers by domestic animals have destroyed the fur bearer's haunts and exposed them to their enemies; while the draining of swampy areas has destroyed the homes of the beaver and the muskrat. The fisher and the marten never seem to remain long near the territory inhabited by man, and even the fox, which seems to increase near human settlements, will decrease if the forests are wholly burnt or removed.

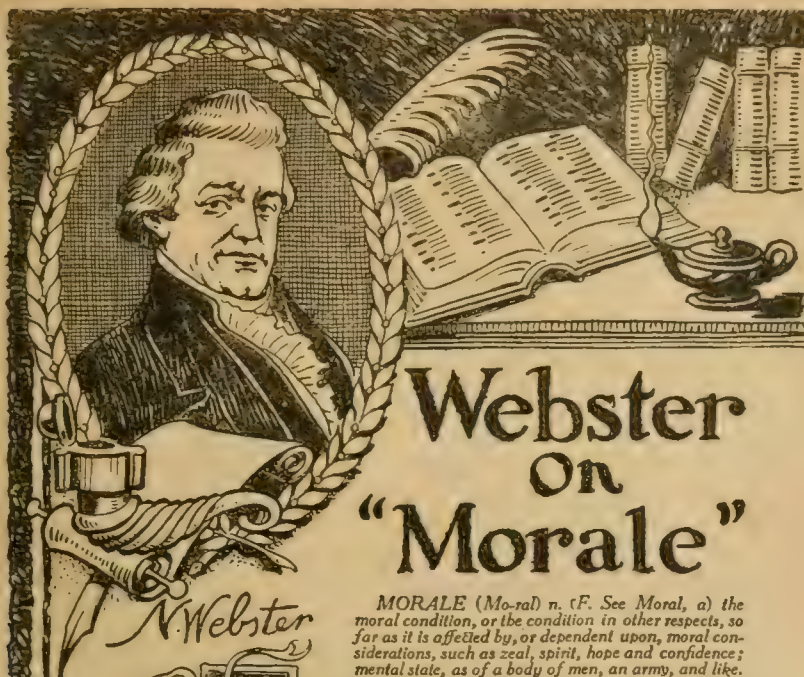
If conditions remain as they are with high prices for fur and the utilization of every weapon of destruction to ensure the animal's

capture some species of animals must soon be exterminated. The usual method employed to prevent the complete extinction of a certain species is to establish a close season, and favourable results have been attained as in the case of the beaver, but we still have much opportunity for improving our game laws for there are still certain fur bearers that can be lawfully killed at any time—provided you have a license.

Confronted with this condition of a decreasing supply and an increasing demand, the fur trade has sought to prevent high prices by making popular the use of furs which formerly were considered of slight value. A large part of this work now devolves on the fur dressers and dyers who can render stiff pelts more supple and change the colour of the fur to resemble that of more valuable animals. Ponies, kids, lambs and even pups are killed in large numbers to supply the increasing demand for furs. The great vogue of Russian lamb skins, of which about three million are used annually, emphasizes the importance of achieving production of fur from domestic animals. If the marten and the mink had been domesticated a score or more of years ago they might now be supplying fur in the same way as the karakule sheep and with the modern addition of the fox, would have served as a counterpoise in Canada to the monopoly enjoyed by Russia in the production of domestic furs.

Mink from its lower rank as a coat lining at fifty cents a skin has been adopted into the select family of valuable furs, closely preceded by marten and latterly followed by fisher and cross fox. To take the place of mink as a coat lining, muskrat was chosen, sharing this promotion with some less valuable European furs. To supply the demand for a medium priced black fur of beauty, the skunk has been chosen and named Alaskan sable. The black domestic cat is also utilized to meet the demand for black furs, while Northern hares are extensively utilized as "Baltic fox", "White fox", "Black lynx" or "electric seal."

And so all this brings us down to present day conditions and fur farming. As far as I can see the editors of the financial weeklies and dailies have always been anything but favourable to fur farming. Whether this is because they really believe fur farming is not safe, or for some other reason, I am not



Webster On "Morale"

MORALE (*Mo-ral*) *n.* (F. See *Moral*, a) the moral condition, or the condition in other respects, so far as it is affected by, or dependent upon, moral considerations, such as zeal, spirit, hope and confidence; mental state, as of a body of men, an army, and like.



HAT is Dr. Webster's definition. Many of us know the word only in its war-time application.

Webster dwells firstly upon the usage of the word "morale" as applied to the common-place happenings of every-day life. His allusion to its reference to an army comes later. And Webster is correct—meticulously so.

It was their private-life morale that made such splendid soldiers of our boys when the time came for them to don the khaki. It was that, and that alone, that made them take the first step, and it was that which carried them through to victory. If their every-day morale had been neglected, the Army could have done little with them and success would not have crowned their efforts.

It is the many little incidents of your daily routine that make up your morale—the morning shave, your clean linen, polished shoes, brushed clothes. Webster speaks of zeal, spirit, hope and confidence. It is by attention to the small details of your personal appearance that these may be attained.

The Gillette Safety Razor enters as much into the morale of every-day life as it did into that of the trenches. It helped our soldiers to maintain their confidence and bearing. It will do the same for you. The Gillette Safety Razor makes the daily shave come easy—there is no pulling or scraping—no honing, or stropping—just five minutes of perfect shaving comfort. And, afterwards, a chin that tells of morale and self-respect.

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prepared to say, but believe in most cases it is the former. Very few people understand the fur business and trapping, and everyone who does, I will venture to say, believes fur farming when properly conducted will make money for those who undertake it. The author of this article has hunted and trapped as well as bought and sold furs for years and I really believe the fur farming business in Canada will in the near future develop into a large and profitable industry. We must understand, to begin with, the habits, likes and dislikes and in fact the general characteristics of the animals which are not yet thoroughly understood except by old trappers. Moreover much of the stock is wild and it must be semi-domesticated before results begin to show, or if not this, produce on a large scale along natural lines and not have the animals domesticated at all. In the beginning of the fur farming era, thousands of dollars were made as well as lost, but these were the days of exorbitant prices and speculation and now having passed, the industry is on a firmer foundation.

Any enterprise that can pass through a trying time such as this war has caused and remain on its feet shows signs of a rosy future.

I know several fur farms that are not only on their feet, so to speak, but have paid good sound dividends as well.

Editor's Note—In connection with the demand for furs it is interesting to note that while beaver was the principal fur first exported, yet bear, otter, wolf, marten, lynx, fox, mink, raccoon and muskrat were all used in considerable quantities as early as 1750. The South American chinchilla and the domestic house cat were added to the list around 1843, and opossum and fur seal in 1849. Skunk were not exported until 1858. Even then the supply of the other and more valuable furs was beginning to diminish and at the present time every animal with any fur value at all is being used. Rabbits, ferrets and brown weasels with a small value are all marketed in huge quantities. Groundhogs and the American squirrel are not fur bearers, growing hair only, but the chances are that there will be a demand for them also within a few years. With no new species to draw upon and the most inaccessible portions of North America being rapidly penetrated fur farming offers the only solution of the problem of supplying the ever growing demand.—H. C. H.

A Winter in New Ontario

FRED A. CLARKE

AFTER twenty-two months spent in a military hospital I left London, Ontario, on the twenty-eighth of September last, arriving at Savoff, New Ont., on the second of October, and as there was no one there to show me my duties of running the gasoline engine that pumps water into the railroad tank, I took a good look around to see if there were any signs of game or fur bearers. There were, I found, a few tracks of fox, fisher and lynx, but of muskrat, beaver, otter, skunk, coon and mink there was never a sign.

Moose seemed to be fairly plentiful according to the trails and fresh tracks I saw every time I went out. However as I had only a Baker shotgun, moose meat was out of the question. About the end of October I heard that game and fur were plentiful at English River, so I asked to be moved to Ogahalla some three miles from it.

Arriving there I found that I had jumped out of the frying pan into the fire as there was

not a sign of any fur at all, though moose were in fair numbers. However, MacDonald, a trapper well-known around these parts, had made some very good catches so I had hopes of pinching some stragglers. The snowshoe rabbit is sure a scarce article. It is claimed that some kind of a mite eats into their ears annoying the rabbits so much that they soon die.

In looking the place over I found that all around the bush had been wiped out by a bush fire, however, there was a ravine some three hundred yards back of the station that had odd trees here and there that were still green. This ravine connected two fairly large strips of timber some distance each side of the station so I planted a dozen number one and a half Victors for any animal that might use the ravine.

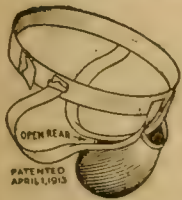
Having set and baited on the fifteenth I did not catch anything until the twenty-fifth. That morning I found two mink and two weasels handcuffed and patiently waiting. I

The three words that tell the whole story of a perfect cup of coffee, from plantation to breakfast table—— “SEAL BRAND” COFFEE.

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also learned that I was up against a fox that knew what a trap was, but as he would take bait things looked hopeful. Some three days later I caught a fair sized red fox, but it proved not to be the trap robber.

After trying every set that I had ever tried before or ever read about I finally went after him this way. Taking up one of my other traps I placed it about two feet back and to the left of the hole I had dug in the bank, then placing a number O Victor tight to the other side of the hole in plain view I tossed a fish back in and awaited results.

Two days later I had the fox. He had gone in and secured the bait, but was caught by a hind foot as he backed out. This was on the fifteenth of December and catching nothing but the so-called whisky-jacks, the remainder of the month I sort of lost interest.

On New Year's Day not having any pumping to do I took a stroll out to the trap line and found that two fur animals had gone west through the ravine, but the traps were too deep under the snow for a catch. Having no bait but canned salmon I used a can of it, then on the sixth of the month in going the rounds I came to the last trap and there dangling on the end of the balance pole was a marten. Marten look as though they might

be tamed, and if so it would certainly be very interesting trying. About ten days later I came around the side hill to this trap and was trying to think how many cursed whisky-jacks I had caught when I noticed that there was something doing. There was a fisher caught by the hind foot and as the pole wasn't heavy enough to lift him up it kept him going around wheel-barrow fashion. This animal was just the opposite from the marten and I don't think the devil himself could tame a fisher. The pen was flat and some farmer will have about ten square feet of cleared land to start on. He often bit at his front feet while he was moving around. I stretched him on the fox board and he was fifty-five from tip to tip, thirty-eight in the hide, seven and a half at the hips and six and a half at the shoulders. I shipped to Shubert and received \$45 for it, \$23 for the marten, \$21 for the large fox and the rest were bought by a traveller for \$36. I received \$90 per month on the tank job so my winter in the north for the good of my health proved profitable in other ways as well.

Perhaps the editor will put this contribution in the waste paper basket, but we trappers have to take chances.

(Perhaps he won't!—H. C. H.)

Queries and Answers

Query—I want a complete trapper's guide in book form, showing a variety of methods of setting traps, also deadfalls, snarls and general information in regard to trapping. Will you please let me know if you have such a book and also the price.

C. A. L.

Toronto, Ont.

Answer—I think either Science of Trapping or Steel Traps would suit you, or both, if you can manage it. You can secure them from the offices of *Rod and Gun*, Woodstock Ont., price \$1. each.

H. C. H.

Query—Please tell me of some kind of scent to use to draw coyotes to bait where I have my traps set. They will come within ten feet of the traps, but no closer.

T. F. J.

Juanita, Sask.

Answer—Frankly I do not think there is any scent that will do this. If there is I have never met it, and I have tried them nearly all.

Without realising it you have discovered the chief characteristic of the coyote, namely the intense wariness that is the great drawback to successful trapping. Let us examine the query again. The coyotes come within ten feet of the trap, but no closer. Now, believe me, that is all that any scent could be expected to do. If we are to believe the advertisements of some of the scent manufacturers their lures will cause the animals to lose all their natural cunning and to throw discretion to the winds by going crazy over the scent. As any man will tell you who has given the matter a thorough trying out, this is absolutely misleading. In very cold weather when the bait is frozen it gives off very little smell, and at such a time an animal can pass by without finding it. Under such circumstances a non-evaporating, non-freezing scent will help attract the animal's attention to the bait. Generally speaking that is all that a scent is expected to do. In a few cases a scent can be used *without* bait in such a way that the animal gets caught while trying to locate the scent.



What Every Sportsman Should Know About Canvas

Every man who enjoys outdoor life—camping, hunting, fishing, etc., should know about the greater protection and increased service that may be had by using PRESERVO-treated canvas. For experience has shown that untreated canvas does not provide economical weather protection because it is not waterproof against any but the slightest rains.

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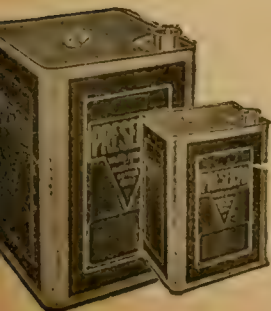
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If the coyotes come within ten feet of the trap it is obvious that they have already discovered the bait, and we are then faced with two alternatives. Either they are not hungry or else, which is more likely, they are suspicious or the set. If this is the case scent will not help matters.

Bait should be used very sparingly in coyote trapping. While they are always on the lookout for odd scraps, yet a chunk of skinned meat will always arouse their suspicions and it is then an easy matter for them to locate the traps.

Try setting your traps twenty or fifteen feet from the bait, if possible between two clumps of grass so that the coyote has to cross them to reach the bait. If you examine their tracks you will find that they will circle the bait several times before approaching it, and a trap some distance from the bait is jammed close up against the bait, which is just where the coyote is looking for it to be.

The most successful way of trapping them is at a carcass, but be sure that they have started to feed there for a night or two before setting your traps. Around such a carcass there are always trails that they use and these furnish good places to set traps. Also you will find tufts of grass, a rock or bone or something similar where they leave their body scent in the same way a dog does, and here again a trap will usually make a catch. Sets like these are blind, that is set without bait and carefully concealed.

Where you have no carcass and can find no trails that the animals are using it becomes necessary to use bait and at once the animal's suspicions are aroused. Try setting your traps in the form of a square about six to ten feet each way. Bed them down solidly, putting a little piece of wool under the pan, and cover lightly with the natural surroundings. Then go away for a week before putting the bait in the centre of the square. If you can ride up to the spot on horseback and drop the bait on the required spot without dismounting you increase your chances of success. Coyotes are not impossible to trap if you can eliminate the human scent and sign.

When using bait avoid having one too big. A few feathers, a chicken wing buried in the earth with the tip protruding are more potent as lures as they arouse the animal's curiosity without awakening its suspicions.

There are a number of scents more or less attractive. One is to chop up half a pound of

beef during warm weather and place it in a sealer until it has become thoroughly decayed and the odor as offensive as possible. When this has taken place add a quart of some liquid animal oil, half an ounce of asafoetida dissolved in alcohol and one ounce of tincture of Siberian-musk. If you cannot get this the common musk used for perfume can be substituted, or an ounce of beaver castor. Mix thoroughly and bottle securely.

This scent was introduced into Michigan by the U.S. government, and has been very successful.

If you can shoot a coyote or catch one always save the urine. A few drops of this on a tuft of grass in the centre of a square of traps will often prove more deadly than a meat bait.

H. C. H.

Query—As I am a reader of Rod and Gun I wish to ask a favour of you, as to whether or not the Hudson Bay Co., hires men to trap for them, and will, if you guarantee to give your furs to them, furnish the traps and pay you a good day's wage (please state the wages). As an old trapper told me this, I wish to find out if it is true or not. I have done some trapping here but fur is very scarce and as I am a lover of the wild I wish you could help me out. Have been discharged from service and wish to start good on the old game.

A. L. N.

Leominster, Mass.

Answer—I am afraid that the old trapper that told you this has been "putting one over you." I have never heard of the conditions of which you speak. Actually what the Hudson Bay Company does in the north with the Indians is to advance them an outfit—food, traps, ammunition, clothes, etc., up to a certain amount. This is called the Indian's "debt" and he is given so much, depending on his reliability, skill and so on. He is bound to bring his furs to the post that outfitted him, else the Company blacklists him. Whatever furs he catches of course are credited to him at the usual rates and after he has paid off his debt the balance of his credit can be used in any manner he likes. Stewart Edward White, the American novelist wrote a very interesting book "The Silent Places" that dealt with an Indian that jumped his debt and the lengths that the Company went to catch him.

As far as I know the only trapping that is done on a day-wages basis is on some of the muskrat marshes of the Eastern States. Here



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some of the owners of the marshes will sometimes hire men to trap the rats which are very numerous and strictly preserved against trespassers. The trapping game is more of a gamble than a cinch at the best of times, and to offer a man wages for all the fur he could

catch would be a very risky proposition.

Fur is getting scarce all over now compared to a few years ago, but there are still some good vacant districts if a man is rustler enough to get out and look for them. There is no other way of finding them.—H. C. H.

Champion Cadet Corps Team Wins Dominion Championship

(Dominion Marksmen's Review)

THE New Glasgow Cadet Corps led all other teams in the Dominion Championship with the magnificent score of 2729 out of a possible 2800, or a team average of 97.4 per cent. During the match 12 possibles were made. Ernest Williams was responsible for three of these, only dropping two points out of 280, or 99.2 per cent. Five members of the team shot over 98 per cent. and eight over 97 per cent. Calgary, as usual, shot very well—their total being only two points below that made in the Provincial Match and 56 points behind New Glasgow. But evidently the New Glasgow boys were determined that the team winning the Dominion championship would have to set a higher standard, and the record they have established in this match is likely to stand for some time.

As was expected, nearly all the teams showed a general improvement in their scores—possibly the shorter range made it easier for some—but undoubtedly good, hard practice and less nervousness had a great deal to do with it. A letter was received from Fraser MacDonald of New Glasgow, a few weeks before the match, stating that his boys were working hard and intimating that they would give the teams from the other provinces a good run for the championship; but truthfully speaking, we did not think they would better Calgary's previous record.

These championship matches have been a decided success, and have been the means of creating a much wider interest in our marksmen scheme.

It is unfortunate that Ontario was not represented in this competition on account of so many of the London team being away.

1st Nova Scotia, New Glasgow Cadet Corps.....	2729
2nd Alberta, Calgary High School C.C....	2673
3rd Saskatchewan, Regina Coll. Inst.....	2657
4th New Brunswick, Rothesay Cadet Corps.....	2601
5th British Columbia, Victoria High School.....	2531

6th Quebec, Westmount Boy Scouts..... 2319
Ontario defaulted.

Dominion Marksmen have certainly proved by their records in the Provincial and Dominion Championship matches that they can hold their own with anyone with a .22 rifle at 20 or 25 yards. Better scores have been made with telescopic sights, but we firmly believe that the New Glasgow Cadets have established a record for boys of their age under the conditions of these matches.

Next year it is hoped that the Championship of Dominion Marksmen will more truly represent the championship of Canada. We believe it does now, but there are surely a lot of Cadet Corps and Rifle Clubs in Canada that should be shooting with Dominion Marksmen. Do your best to interest your friends in this organization. Every boy has the desire to shoot, but some have not had Dominion Marksmen explained to them. We want a hundred new clubs next year. Canada is the hunting ground of this continent, and if we are to enjoy the woods, lakes and mountains that nature gave us to hunt in we should learn the game young. If every Canadian boy took advantage of the opportunities that he has to hunt we would be a better nation, physically and morally.

CH. SHANNON BANDIT A.K.C. 163108.

Attention is drawn to the advertisement of the Haig Kennels of Kitchener, Ont. in which they announce that Ch. Shannon Bandit the beautiful "combination" beagle is offered at stud. This dog is one of the most successful on the circuit and breeders are fortunate in being able to secure his services. Bred from the greatest producing families on both sides of the house Bandit is bound to produce that strain that delights the beagle fan. He stands fourteen inches, has a rich tan head and possesses the good qualities of a beagle of the famous Johnson blood. Bandit commenced his career as an eight months puppy and completed his championship at fourteen months. He was whelped January 8, 1912.



BIG GAME WAITING FOR YOU

Along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. From Nova Scotia to British Columbia.
Here's the catalogue—Make your choice.

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Caribou.
Moose
Deer.
Bear.

Season Opens.
Sept. 16th.
Oct. 1st.
Oct. 16th.
All year.

New Brunswick.

Moose and Deer.
Bear.

Sept. 15th.
All year.

Quebec.

Moose, Caribou, Deer.
Bear.

Sept. 1st.
Aug. 20th.

Ontario.

Moose, Caribou, Reindeer.

Oct. 1st.
in certain territory.
Nov. 5th.
All year.

Deer.
Bear.

Manitoba.

Moose, Caribou, Reindeer, Deer.

Nov. 20th.

Saskatchewan.

Moose, Caribou, Deer.

Nov. 15th.

Alberta.

Mountain Sheep, Mountain Goat.
Moose, Caribou, Deer.

Sept. 1st.
Nov. 1st.

British Columbia.

Mountain Sheep, Mountain Goat, Moose, Elk (Wapiti), Caribou and Deer.

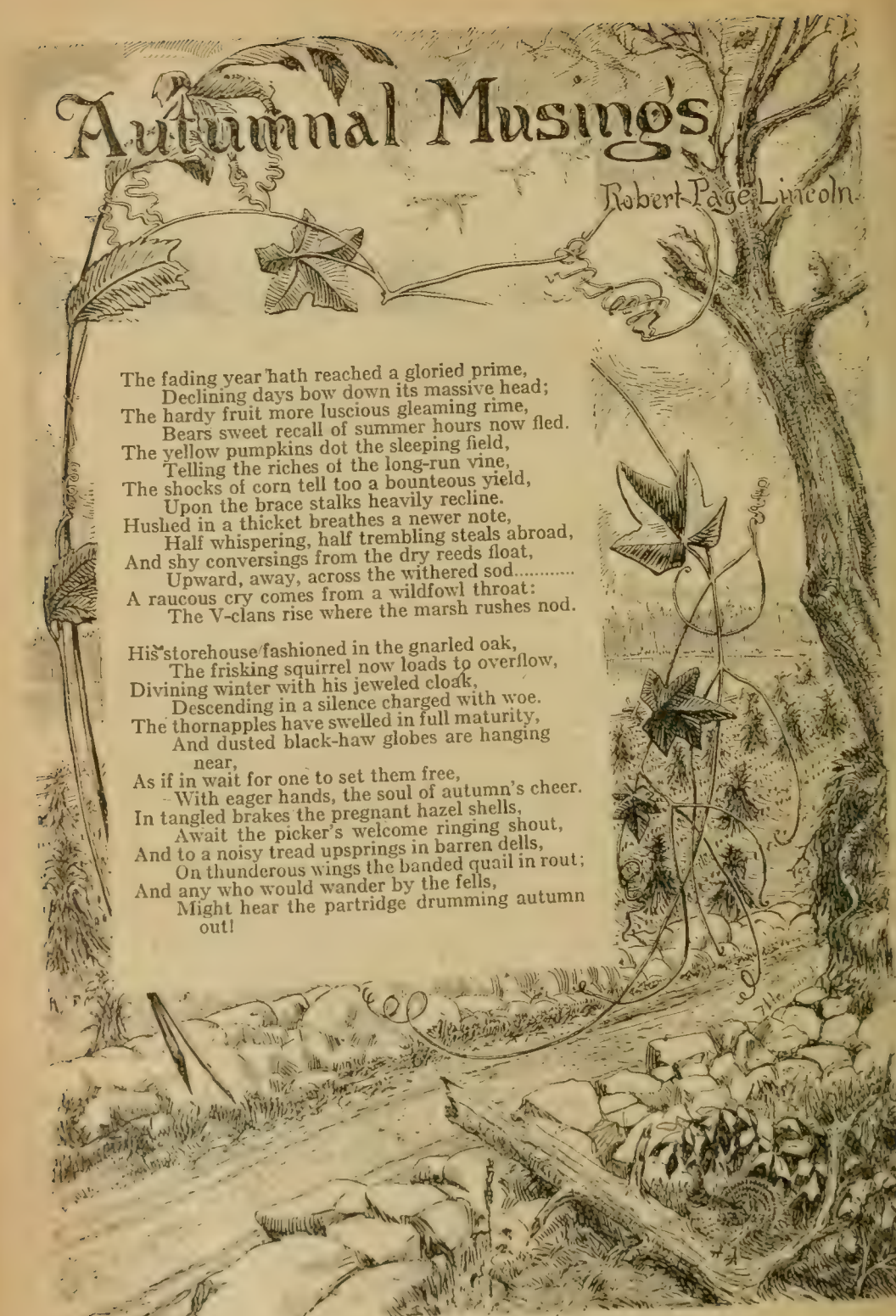
Season for big game generally opens Sept. 1st.
Oct. 1st.

Bear.

Reliable guides and outfits available at various points.

Ask for copy of folder "Open Seasons For Fish and Game" and full particulars from any Canadian Pacific Agent, or A. O. Seymour, General Tourist Agent, Montreal.





Autumnal Musings

Robert Page Lincoln

The fading year hath reached a gloried prime,
Declining days bow down its massive head;
The hardy fruit more luscious gleaming rime,
Bears sweet recall of summer hours now fled.
The yellow pumpkins dot the sleeping field,
Telling the riches of the long-run vine,
The shocks of corn tell too a bounteous yield,
Upon the brace stalks heavily recline.
Hushed in a thicket breathes a newer note,
Half whispering, half trembling steals abroad,
And shy conversings from the dry reeds float,
Upward, away, across the withered sod.....
A raucous cry comes from a wildfowl throat:
The V-clans rise where the marsh rushes nod.

His storehouse fashioned in the gnarled oak,
The frisking squirrel now loads to overflow,
Divining winter with his jeweled cloak,
Descending in a silence charged with woe.
The thornapples have swelled in full maturity,
And dusted black-haw globes are hanging
near,
As if in wait for one to set them free,
With eager hands, the soul of autumn's cheer.
In tangled brakes the pregnant hazel shells,
Await the picker's welcome ringing shout,
And to a noisy tread upsprings in barren dells,
On thunderous wings the banded quail in rout;
And any who would wander by the fells,
Might hear the partridge drumming autumn
out!



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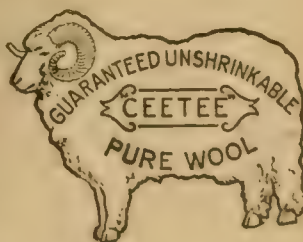
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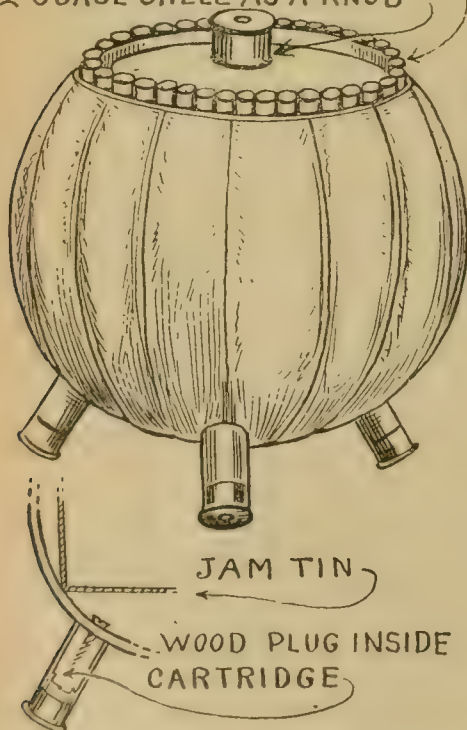




HOW TO MAKE A TOBACCO JAR

Get a small pumpkin with a very hard skin. Cut off the top and scoop out the inside, taking care, however, to leave it about $\frac{3}{8}$ "

22 CALIBRE CARTRIDGES
12 GAUGE SHELL AS A KNOB



thick as it will shrink a lot. Leave it to dry for at least a month.

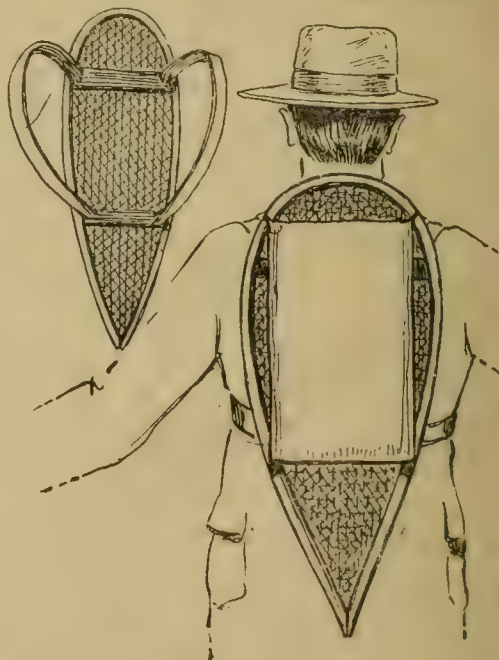
For the legs use empty cartridges, I used three .410.

Cut them so that they fit the sides and glue a piece of wood inside each, then screw them into place, as shown in the illustration. Next get a tin or a jam carton (as I did) that fits

inside and will come flush with the top, then shave the top of the pumpkin until there is room between the tin and the outside skin to squeeze .22 cartridge cases in all round. The lid can be made of a piece of tin cut to fit the rim of the jam tin, with the brass end of a 12 bore cartridge soldered on for a knob.

A HANDY PACKSACK

The first sketch shows a snowshoe with arm loops attached. The second drawing shows a back view with gunny sack attached.



This handy pack sack is made out of an old snowshoe and a gunny sack. It is a handy pack for the trap line, as when taken off, the heel of the snowshoe can be stuck in the snow and it will remain upright.

The **Why?** of Another Victory Loan

The answer to the question "Why does Canada need another Victory Loan?" divides itself into two parts.
(a) To finish paying the expenses of demobilization, and the obligations we still owe to our soldiers.
(b) To provide national working capital.

Obligations to Soldiers The obligations to soldiers include:
That already incurred cost of bringing home troops from overseas.

The payment of all soldiers still undemobilized. This includes more than 20,000 sick and wounded who are still in hospital.

The upkeep of hospitals, and their medical and nursing staffs, until the need for them is ended.

These three items alone will use up at least \$200,000,000 of the Victory Loan 1919.

Gratuities The gratuity to assist soldiers to tide over the period between discharge and their re-adjustment to civil life, calls for \$61,000,000 in addition to the \$59,000,000 already paid for this purpose out of the proceeds of the Victory Loan 1918.

Land Settlement Soldiers who desire to become farmers may, under the Soldiers' Land Settlement Act, be loaned money by Canada with which to purchase land, stock and implements. The money so advanced will be paid back; meantime each loan is secured by a first mortgage. Up to August 15th, 29,495 soldiers had applied for land under the terms of this Act; and 22,281 applications had been investigated, and the qualifications of the applicant approved.

Vocational Training For this work which, with the Vocational Training and Soldiers' Service Departments, embraces the major activities of the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment, an appropriation of \$57,000,000 is necessary.

National Working Capital Canada needs national working capital, so that she may be able to sell on credit to Great Britain and our Allies the products of our factories, farms, forests, fisheries and mines.

The magnitude of these orders and the amount of employment thus created, will depend upon the success of the Victory Loan 1919.

The "Why" of Credit Loans Farmers and manufacturers (and that includes the workers on these orders, must be paid cash for their products. Therefore, Canada must borrow money from her citizens to give credit, temporarily, to Great Britain and our Allies. Actually, no money will pass out of Canada.

If Canada does not give credit, other countries will; and they will get the trade, and have the employment that should be ours, to distribute amongst their workers.

For Transportation Money must also be available to carry on the nation's shipbuilding programme, and other transportation development work.

For loans to Provincial Housing Commissions who are building moderate priced houses.

These, then, are some of the things for which Canada needs national working capital. She is in the position of a great trading company, and her citizens who buy Victory Bonds are the shareholders.

Those who give thought to our outstanding obligations to soldiers, and to our need for national working capital, cannot fail to be impressed with the absolute necessity for the

VICTORY LOAN 1919

"EVERY DOLLAR SPENT IN CANADA"

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee in co-operation with the Minister of Finance of the Dominion of Canada

Ontario Rifle Association Matches, 1919

J. W. SMITH

AFTER a lapse of four years, the Ontario Rifle Association resumed their Annual Matches with a four-day meet commencing on August 19th and ending on August 22nd. The decision to hold the meet this year was not made without some misgiving, the Executive Council realizing the difficulties which would be encountered owing to the complete change of conditions caused by the war. The Long Branch Ranges near Toronto had been practically in disuse for a period of five years, and needed a thorough overhauling, the railways refused their usual concessions in the way of reduced fares to outside competitors, register-keepers and markers were hard to get, and numerous other obstacles presented themselves, which would have to be overcome. Nothing daunted, however, the officials of the Association, having made the decision, set to work, and the opening day found everything in readiness with over 200 entries, as compared with about 350 in pre-war meets. The satisfactory accomplishment of these preparations was due to the tireless energy of individual members of the Executive Committee, particularly Lieut.-Col. S.J. Huggins, who carried out his arduous duties as Secretary in a very capable manner. Whilst the register-keeping and marking undoubtedly left much to be desired, and the rules and regulations were not so strictly adhered to as might have been, the consensus of opinion was that the shoot was a decided success, and would pave the way for a banner meet next year.

The weather conditions during the shoot were not favorable for good marksmanship. The first day was showery with a variable wind, and a heavy thunderstorm interrupted proceedings for an hour. The second day was fine, and the best of the four. The third day opened dull and threatening, and a rising wind soon brought a driving rain with it which made conditions extremely difficult. The closing day was fine, but wind and light were tricky, and needed very close watching. The writer himself, after placing six consecutive bulls at 600 yards in the Tait-Brassey Match finished up with a magpie owing to an unnoticed lull in the wind, and many other marksmen of more experience were caught in the same way.

Those competitors who came from long

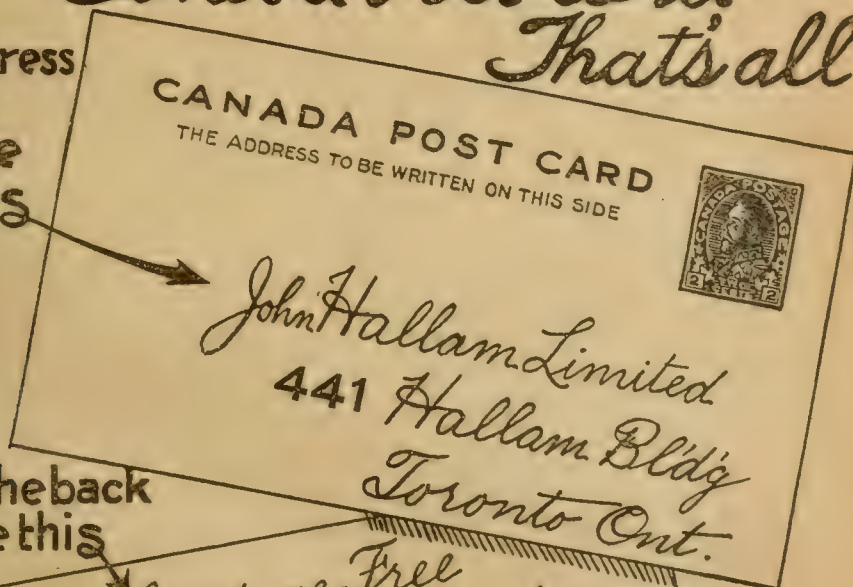
distances to take part in the Matches under heavy expense to themselves are to be heartily commended on their enthusiasm, as their presence assisted materially in making the meet representative of the best shooting talent in the Province. Strong contingents arrived from Ottawa, Kingston, Hamilton, London, Guelph, and St. Thomas, with smaller ones from Woodstock, Brantford, Port Hope, Grimsby, and Bowmanville. They were accommodated with marquees, tents and bedding on the Ranges at a nominal charge. A number of returned veterans from the convalescent hospitals in Toronto also took part in the matches, and their success was a source of satisfaction to all concerned. Among these was Sergt. F. S. McCoy, a one-legged hero of the 19th Battalion, who was wounded on November 10th, 1918, the day before the Armistice. Sergt. McCoy hails from Hamilton, and won the Duke of Cornwall and York Match with the possible score of 70 points, after a shoot off with two other competitors. The West was represented by Lieut. J. Macklem, of the 29th Saskatchewan Light Infantry, and Mr. Frank Morris, of the Dominion Cartridge Company, Edmonton, Alta.; a marksman of note who has been to Bisley six times. Other famous riflemen noted on the Ranges during the meet were Sergt. Galvin Russell and Sergt. W. A. Smith, both of Ottawa, the three Barrett brothers of Kingston, Capt. C. R. Crowe of Guelph, Maj. W. C. King of Bowmanville and Capt. A. Pain of Hamilton. Toronto riflemen included Sergt. W. A. Hawkins, winner of the King's Prize in 1913. Lieut. W. L. Dymond of the Canadian School of Musketry, Lieut.-Col. A. Elliott, Q.M.S. W. Davidson, S. S. H. Kerr, and Sergt. T. Bayles.

At the general meeting of the O.R.A. held at the Ranges on the evening of August 20th, several interesting points were discussed. The prospects of a free issue of rifles and ammunition to properly organized and gazetted civilian rifle associations was referred to, and the apathy of the Federal Government in this respect was deplored. It is understood, however, that civilian associations will receive recognition as soon as the militia regiments have been re-organized and rifle clubs everywhere in Canada are

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only waiting for this event to resume their pre-war activities. Strong hints were made that the Ross rifle was slated for discard in the near future as the Canadian military small arm, and a rifle of British manufacture was destined to take its place. It was stated that this rifle would possess the qualities which would place it in the category of a first-class target weapon, and, at the same time, its construction and mechanism would be such as to stand the rigors and hard usage of actual warfare. The adoption of a standardized rifle of British make would do away with the discrimination experienced by the Canadians at Bisley in previous years with their Ross rifles, and would place all competitors on an equal footing. The general feeling of those present at the meeting towards the conditions which prevailed at Bisley this year was unmistakably one of derision. It was felt that shooting with a battle rifle and under battle conditions was no true test of marksmanship, and that this form of musketry should be confined to regimental practice. In other words, national and other big rifle meets should be conducted on lines involving the use of slow fire with a high class rifle and sights, at a well-defined mark, whilst rapid fire contests at figure targets with battle rifles and sights should be confined to the purely military class of rifle-shooting. The first brings into play the very highest standard of scientific skill and judgment in marksmanship, but the element of luck enters largely into the second style, and a sharp dividing line should be drawn between the two. Any man who is an average shot at slow fire can soon be trained to the same degree of marksmanship on rapid fire at an indistinct mark without windgauge, besides which, the former class of shooting has a greater fascination, and will tend to attract more recruits and devotees of the sport to the ranges. Opinion will, undoubtedly, vary on this point, and the writer is merely reporting the almost unanimous view of those present at this meeting.

Practically nothing was heard of the Irish Rifle Association in the newspaper reports of the Matches, and it is only fair to this well-known organization to record its activities and achievements in the shoot. Earlier in the season, such members of the I.R.A., who were not already identified with some militia regiment, proceeded to take this step in order to qualify themselves for the military events and the Militia Aggregate. Consequently, the members were scattered through-

out the various Toronto regiments, and competed with their respective units. No fewer than 55 members of the I.R.A. took part in the matches, and made an excellent showing, the following appearing at least once among the first ten competitors:— W. L. Dymond, A. J. Slatter, W. A. Hawkins, J. E. Fitzgerald, J. W. Smith, J. Lonsdale, S. Dean, J. Umpherson, T. G. Beatty, R. G. Freeborn, W. Reid, G. Lambton, R. J. Reesor, W. A. Brodie, Col. A. Elliott, H. Carey, A. Emo, R. Storrar, G. W. Bull, A. R. Humphreys, R. Edmond, and T. G. Margetts. In addition to this, the I.R.A., carried off nine out of the first thirteen places in the City of Hamilton Tyro Match including the first four, and captured eight places out of the first twenty in the Ottawa Aggregate. The 110th Irish Regimental Team which won the Presidents' Match for Tyro Teams by the handsome margin of 64 points were all I.R.A., men.

Space does not permit of a detailed description of each match, but a few exceptional scores deserve special mention. Possibly those of Lieut Marks and Sergt. Russell in the Tait-Brassey Match were the most remarkable considering the weather conditions under which the match was shot. Both are Ottawa men and returned veterans. The possible of 50 points scored by Lieut. S. W. Graham of the 48th Highlanders, Toronto, in the Bankers' Match was also a notable performance. Lieut. Graham served 4½ years in France with the "Ladies from Hell," winning the Meritorious Service Medal. Sergt. J. Steele, who won the Lieutenant-Governor's Match, hails from Guelph, and Private G. Weir of the Q.O.R. who won the Gold Medal in the resultant shoot off, is manager of the London Guarantee and Accident Company in Toronto. Private W. Gault of Ottawa, winner of the four Aggregates, is conceded to be perhaps the best shot in Canada to-day, and his shooting was all the more remarkable in that he ranked as a tyro for the meet. Another feat worthy of mention was that of Sergt. W. A. Smith of Ottawa, the well-known Bisley Marksman, in scoring two possibles in the Extra Series on the difficult range of 300 yards at a six-inch bull's-eye. Only three possibles were recorded at this range, the third being that of Pte. R. Edmond, a marksman recently arrived from Australia, and now with the 12th York Regiment and I.R.A. of Toronto.

The targets used for the 200 and 300 yard ranges were four feet square, black bull's

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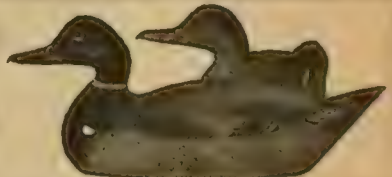


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eye (on white background) 6" in diameter, with "inner" and "magpie" rings 15" and 24" in diameter respectively, the remainder of the target constituting the "outer." Targets of similar description were used for the 500 and 600 yard ranges, the dimensions being 20" bull's eye, 32" "inner", 48" "magpie," and six feet square. The one exception was the Macdonald Rapid Fire Match at 500 yards, when a figure target was used, the figure being khaki-colored on a green and white background. The Ross rifle was in use presumably without exception, the writer did not see or hear of any other. Ammunition issued was the 1915 Mark VII. pointed Service Ammunition, and no complaints were heard regarding its accuracy. Slings not exceeding 54" in length were permitted, but fixed or artificial rests were barred, and the minimum pull for the trigger was 5 lbs. The following lists show the leading scores, but are not complete owing to lack of space. The Ottawa Aggregate has no prizes attached, but was compiled for the D.R.A., at Ottawa, and it is understood that the first 40 or so competitors will be asked to shoot for a place on the Bisley Team next year.

City of Hamilton Match Open to Tyros only. 7 shots at 500 yards, deliberate. Possible Score 35 points.

1. B.S.-M. G. E. Kent, 110th Irish, 35 O.R.A. Silver Medal.
2. Pte. R. Oldfield, 110th Irish, 35.
3. Pte. S. Dean, 110th Irish, 34.
4. C. S.-M. E. J. Greenway, 110th Irish 34.
5. Sgt. H. Baker, C.A.P.C., 34.
6. Pte. T. W. Younger, 10th R. G., 34.
7. Sgt. T. Macdonald, 48th H., 34.
8. C.S.-M. J. Sharpe, Q.O.R., 34.
9. Sgt. J. Osborne, R.M.C., 34.
10. Pte. W. J. Irvine, G.G.F.G., 34.
11. Sgt. H. Carey, 12th York, 24.
12. Sgt. N. S. McLeod, Q.O.R., 34.
13. Corpl. J. W. Smith, 110th Irish, 34.

City of Toronto Match Open to members. 1st stage, 7 shots, 500 yards, 7 shots 600 yards, deliberate. 2nd Stage, 10 shots 600 yards, deliberate. Possible score 120 points.

1. Mr. F. H. Morris, O.R.A., 116, Gold Medal.
2. Pte. G. Weir, Q.O.R., 116.
3. Lieut. W. L. Dymond, C.S. of M. 116.
4. Sgt. W. Browning, 43rd Regt., 116.
5. Q.M.S. L. A. Fmo, 110th Irish, 115.
6. Pte. W. J. Irvine, G.G.F.G., 115.

7. Pte. R. Storrar, 48th H., 115.
8. Lieut. H. Patterson, 43rd Regt. 115.
9. Mr. R. J. Reesor, I.R.A., 115.
10. S.-M. A. J. Slatter, 12th York, 115.
11. Pte. T. W. Younger, 10th R.G., 115.
12. Sgt. M. H. Lee, 7th Regt. 115.
13. Sgt. T. Macdonald, 48th H., 114.
14. Bugler R. Williams, Q.O.R., 113.
15. S.-M., Creighton, Q.O.R., 113.
16. Sgt. E. S. McCoy, 19th Batt., 113.
17. Corpl. J. W. Smith, 110th Irish, 112.
18. Capt. W. E. Swaine, 14th Regt. 112.
19. Pte. W. Gault, 43rd Regt. 112.
20. Mr. J. A. Morgan, Hg. R.A., 112.

Macdonald Match. Open to members. 7 shots, 500 yards, on Figure targets. Time exposure, 5, seconds each—5 seconds between each exposure. Magazines not allowed to be used. Possible Score 35 points.

1. Sgt. J. Steele, 30th Regt. 34.
2. Sgt. W. A. Hawkins, 48th H., 33.
3. Lt.-Col., A. Elliott, 12th York, 33.
4. Pte. J. Borland, 48th H. 33.
5. Gnr. J. J. Barrett, R.F.A., 32.
6. Sgt. G. W. Russell, G.G.F.G., 32.
7. Pte. G. Weir, Q.O.R., 32.
8. Pte. W. Kelly, 10th R. G., 32.
9. Maj. T. Morrison, C.A.M.-C., 32.
10. Corpl. J. W. Smith, 110th Irish. 32.
11. Lieut. J. Macklem, 29th Sask. L.I., 32.
12. Capt. T. Murphy, 7th Regt. 32.
13. Pte. G. Dudley, 10th R. G., 32.
14. Lieut. Rowe, 10th R.G., 32.
15. Sgt. D. Stewart, C.M.S.C., 32.
16. C.S.-M. Kirkman, 12th York. 32.

Duke of Cornwall and York Match. Open to Members. 7 shots, 500 yards; 7 shots 600 yards, deliberate. Possible score, 70 points.

1. Sgt. E. S. McCoy, 19th Batt., 70. Silver Medallion.
2. Sgt. H. Carey, 12th York, 70.
3. Bugler R. Williams, Q.O.R., 70.
4. C.S.-M. J. E. Fitzgerald, 110th Irish. 69.
5. Pte. C. R. Gardiner, Q.O.R., 69.
6. Pte. W. Kelly, 10th R.G., 69.
7. Pte. W. A. Brodie, 12th York, 69.
8. Sgt. W. Rooke, Q.O.R., 69.
9. Pte. S. Dean, 110th Irish, 69.
10. Pte. W. Gault, 43rd Regt. 69.
11. Mr. E. L. Page, O.R.A., 68.
12. Sgt. A. Middleton, R.M.C., 68.
13. Pte. G. Weir, Q.O.R., 68.
14. S.-M. J. H. Coldham, R.M.C., 68.
15. Sgt. J. Buick, 48th H., 68.



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16. S.-M. A. J. Slatter, 12th York, 68.
17. Pte. T. W. Younger, 10th R.G., 68.

Bankers' Match. Open to Members. 10 shots, 600 yards, deliberate. Possible score, 50 points.

1. Lieut. S. W. Graham, 48th H., 50.
2. S.-M. F. Coldham, R.M.C., 49.
3. Q.M.S. Davidson, 48th H., 49.
4. Mr. F. Morris, O.R.A., 49.
5. Lt.-Col. A. Elliott, 12th York, 49.
6. C.S.-M. Kirkman, 12th York, 48.
7. Pte. W. Cowie, 48th H., 48.
8. Capt. W. E. Swaine, 14th Regt., 48.
9. Pte. R. Doherty, Q.O.R., 48.
10. Corpl. J. W. Smith, 110th Irish, 48.
11. Pte. J. Mulligan, Q.O.R., 48.
12. Lieut. W. L. Dymond, C.S. of M., 48.
13. S.-M. A. J. Slatter, 12th York, 48.
14. Corpl. J. H. Barret, 5th Batt., 48.
15. S.-M., T. Young, 48th H., 48.
16. Sgt. D. Stewart, C.M.S.C., 48.
17. Sgt. W. Parks, C.A.C., 48.
18. Sgt. H. Rostrum, 48th H., 48.
19. Maj. E. Barrett, 5th Batt., 48.
20. Pte. W. McQuade, 43rd Regt. 48.

Tait-Brassey Match. Military Event. 7 shots at 200, 500 and 600 yards, deliberate. Possible score, 105 points.

1. Lieut. E. Marks, C.E.F., 104.
2. Sgt. G. W. Russell, G.G.F.G., 104.
3. Pte. W. A. Brodie, 12th York, 102.
4. Sgt. M. H. Lee, 7th Regt. 102.
5. Sgt. W. A. Hawkins, 48th H., 101.
6. Lieut. W. L. Dymond, C.S. of M. 101.
7. Bugler, R. Williams, Q.O.R., 101.
8. Sgt. H. Whitehorn, 10th R.G., 101.
9. Q.M.S. Davidson, 48th H. 101.
10. Sgt. W. Rooke, Q.O.R., 100.
11. Sgt. W. Cook, Q.O.R., 100.
12. Pte. G. W. Bull, Q.O.R., 100.
13. Capt. W. E. Swaine, 14th Regt., 100.
14. C.S.-M. J. E. Fitzgerald, 110th Irish, 100.
15. Pte. W. Gault, 43rd Regt., 100.
16. Mr. R. J. Reesor, I.R.A., 100.

The Lieutenant-Governor's Match. Open to Members. 1st Stage 7 shots, 500 yards; 7 shots 600 yards, deliberate. 2nd Stage 10 shots, 600 yards, deliberate. Possible score, 120 points.

1. Sgt. J. Steele, 30th Regt. 117.
2. Pte. G. Weir, Q.O.R., 117.
3. Pte. H. Lowry, 30th Regt. 116.
4. Pte. J. Lonsdale, 12th York, 116.
5. Pte. G. Lambton, 12th York, 115.
6. Lieut. W. L. Dymond, C.S. of M. 115.
7. Q.M.S. Davidson, 48th H., 115.
8. Mr. F. Morris, O.R.A., 114.

9. Capt. C. Gibson, 13th Regt. 114.
10. Capt. C. R. Crowe, 30th Regt. 114.
11. Mr. R. J. Reesor, I.R.A., 113.
12. Maj. E. Barrett, 5th Batt., 113.
13. Mr. S. LePage, O.R.A., 113.
14. Pte. W. Gault, 43rd Regt. 113.
15. Pte. A. Robertson, 10th R.G., 112.
16. Sgt. M. H. Lee, 7th Regt., 112.
17. Corpl. Barclay, 10th R.G., 112.
18. Sgt. G. W. Russell, G.G.F.G., 112.
19. Pte. R. W. Campbell, 48th H., 112.
20. Lieut. M. Patterson, 43rd Regt. 112.

Mackenzie Match. Military Event. 7 shots at 600 yards, deliberate. Possible score, 35 points.

1. Pte. T. G. Beatty, 110th Irish, 35.
2. C.S.-M. Kirkman, 12th York, 35.
3. Pte. G. Weir, Q.O.R., 35.
4. Corpl. R. G. Freeborn, 110th Irish, 34.
5. Pte. W. Reid, 10th R.G., 34.
6. Sgt. W. A. Smith, G.G.B.G., 34.
7. Pte. W. Gault, 43rd Regt., 34.
8. Pte. G. Lambton, 12th York, 34.
9. Sgt. H. Ashling, 48th H., 34.
10. S.-M. J. H. Cottrell, C.A.P.C., 34.
11. Q.M.S.I., A. Emo, 110th Irish, 34.
12. Capt. C. Gibson, 13th Regt., 34.
13. Sgt. H. Whitehorn, 10th R.G., 34.
14. Sgt. W. Rooke, Q.O.R., 34.
15. Q.M.S., Reed, Q.O.R., 34.
16. Sgt. G. W. Russell, G.G.F.G., 34.
17. Sgt. G. Rooks, Q.O.R., 34.
18. Sgt. S. Steele, 30th Regt. 34.
19. Pte. W. R. Campbell, 48th H., 34.

The Osler Match Open to Members. 10 shots, 600 yards, deliberate. Possible score 50 points.

1. Pte. W. Gault, 43rd Regt. 49.
2. Pte. S. Dean, 110th Irish, 49.
3. Pte. W. Kelly, 10th R.G., 49.
4. Sgt. W. Rooke, Q.O.R., 48.
5. Lieut. J. A. Steele, C.A.S.C., 48.
6. Mr. J. Umpherson, I.R.A., 48.
7. Pte. J. Mulligan, Q.O.R., 47.
8. Sgt. G. W. Francis, Q.O.R., 47.
9. Lieut. Rowe, 10th R.G., 47.
10. Lieut. J. Macklem, 29th Sask. L.I., 47.
11. Capt. C. R. Crowe, 30th Regt., 47.
12. C.S.-M. S. Sharpe, Q.O.R., 47.
13. Sgt. G. W. Russell, G.G.F.G., 47.
14. Sgt. H. Rostrum, 48th H., 47.

All Comers' Aggregate Match. Open to Members. Highest Aggregate in City of Toronto (1st Stage only), Duke of Cornwall, York, Bankers', Lieutenant-Governor's, (1st Stage only), and Osler Matches. Possible score 310 points.

1. Pte. W. Gault, 43rd Regt. 300, O.R.A. Silver Medal.



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4. C.S.-M. A. J. Slatter, 12th York, 295.
5. Pte. G. Weir, Q.O.R., 293.
6. Sgt. W. E. Browning, 43rd Regt. 293.
7. Pte. G. Mulligan, Q.O.R., 292.
8. Lieut. J. A. Steele, C.A.S.C., 291.
9. Sgt. A. Middleton, R.M.C., 291.
10. Pte. J. Lonsdale, 12th York, 290.
11. Lieut. H. W. Patterson, 43rd Regt. 289
12. Pte. S. Dean, 110th Irish, 289.
13. Q.M.S., Davidson, 48th H., 288.
14. Sgt. M. H. Lee, 7th Regt. 288.
15. Capt. C. R. Crowe, 30th Regt., 288.
16. Sgt. W. A. Hawkins, 48th H., 288.
17. Sgt. W. Rooke, Q.O.R., 288.
18. Sgt. J. Buick, 48th H., 287.
19. Corpl. J. H., Barrett, C.F.A., 287.
20. C.S.-M. J. E. Fitzgerald, 110th Irish, 287.
21. Corpl. J. W. Smith, 110th Irish, 287.
22. Pte. T. W. Youngest, 10th R.G., 287.
23. C.S.-M. Kirkman, 12th Yorks, 287.
24. Sgt. H. Whitehorn, 10th R.G., 287.

The Militia Aggregate Military Event. Highest Aggregate in City of Toronto, (1st Stage only), Cornwall and York Bankers, Tait-Brassey, MacKenzie, and, Osler Matches. Possible score, 380 points.

1. Pte. W. Gault, 43rd Regt., 367, N.R.A. Silver Medal and Badge and Cup.
2. Lieut. W. L. Dymond, C.S. of M., 362, G.G. Silver Medal and Badge.
3. Sgt. W. J. Rooke, Q.O.R., 359, G.G. Bronze Medal and Badge.
4. C.S.-M. A. J. Slatter, 12th York, 357, D.R.A., Silver Medal.
5. Sgt. W. E. Browning, 43rd Regt., 357, D.R.A. Bronze Medal.
6. Pte. G. Weir, Q.O.R., 357, O.R.A. Silver Medal.
7. Sgt. W. A. Hawkins, 48th H., 357.
8. Sgt. A., Middleton, R.M.C., 356.
9. Sgt. H. Whitehorn, 10th R.G., 356.
10. Capt. W. E. Swaine, 14th Regt. 355.
11. Bugler R. Williams, Q.O.R., 355.
12. Corpl. J. W. Smith, 110th Irish, 354.
13. Pte. G. Milligan, Q.O.R., 353.
14. C.S.-M. Kirkman, 12th York, 353.
15. C.S.-M. J. E. Fitzgerald, 110th Irish, 353.
16. Lieut. E. Marks, 43rd Regt. 353.
17. Pte. G. W. Bull, Q.O.R., 352.
18. Q.M.S., Davidson, 48th H., 352.
19. Pte. S. Dean, 110th Irish, 352.
20. Lt.-Col. A. Elliott, 12th York, 352.
21. Sgt. M. H. Lee, 7th Regt. 352.
22. Ticket No. 66, 352.

23. Pte. W. Kelly, 10th R.G., 351.
24. Sgt. G. W. Russell, G.G.F.G., 351.
25. Sgt. E. S. McCoy, 19th Batt., 351.
26. Sgt. J. Buick, 48th H., 350.
27. Sgt. T. Macdonald, 48th H., 350.
28. Pte. H. Lowry, 30th Regt., 350.

Ottawa Aggregate. Open to Members. Highest Aggregate of all scores on 200, 500, and 600 yards in the Regular Matches, omitting the 2nd Stages of the City of Toronto and Lieutenant-Governor's Matches and the Macdonald Match. Possible score 450 points.

1. Pte. W. Gault, 43rd Regt. 434.
2. Lieut. W. L. Dymond, C.S. of M., 430.
3. Pte. G. Weir, Q.O.R., 427.
4. Sgt. W. E. Browning, 43rd Regt. 424.
5. S.-M. A. J. Slatter, 12th York, 423.
6. Sgt. W. Rooke, Q.O.R. 422.
7. Sgt. H. Whitehorn, 10th R.G., 422.
8. Sgt. A. Middleton, R.M.C., 421.
9. Pte. G. Milligan, Q.O.R., 421.
10. Q.M.S., Davidson, 48th H., 421.
11. Sgt. W. A. Hawkins, 48th H., 421.
12. C.S.-M. Kirkman, 12th York, 419.
13. C.S.-M. J. E. Fitzgerald, 110th Irish, 419.
10. Corpl. J. W. Smith, 110th Irish, 418.
15. Bugler, R. Williams, Q.O.R., 418.
16. Pte. G. W. Bull, Q.O.R., 417.
17. Pte. J. Lonsdale, 12th York, 417.
18. Pte. H. Lowry, 30th Regt. 417.
19. Sgt. M. H. Lee, 7th Regt. 417.
20. Lieut. E. Marks, 43rd Regt., 417.

President's Match Open to Tyro Teams of 4 members. Challenge Cup, value \$450.00 presented by the President, Sir Edmund Osler. Possible Score 1660 points.

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 5. Pte. R. Edmond, 12th York, 194.
 6. Pte. G. Weir, Q.O.R., 193.
 7. Pte. J. Lonsdale, 12th York, 193.
 8. S.M. T. Young, 48th H., 193.
 9. Sgt. R. Storrar, 48th H., 192.
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 11. Mr. J. Barrett, O.R.A., 190.
 12. C. S.-M. J. E. Fitzgerald, 110th Irish, 188.
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 16. Lieut. R. Marks, 43rd Regt., 187.
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 18. Lieut. F. Spalding, 43rd Regt., 187.
 19. Sgt., W. A. Smith, G.G.F.G., 187.
 20. Corpl. J. W. Smith, 110th Irish, 187.
- Revolver Match Open to Members.** 12 shots at 25 yards, deliberate. Possible score 120 points.
1. Capt. T. G. Margetts, R.L., 91.
 2. Pte. R. Storrar, 48th H., 91.
3. Capt. R. G. Leushner, 23rd Regt. 87.
 4. Mr. F. H. Morris, O.R.A., 86.
 5. Sgt. J. P. White, Q.O.R., 84.
 6. Sgt. White, 77.
 7. Sgt. R. Clarke, 10th R.G., 70.
 8. Pte. W. J. Irvine, H.Q.R.A., 52.
 9. Sgt. W. Cook, Q.O.R., 50.
 10. Capt. W. G. Gibson, 13th Regt. 47.
 11. Mr. A. M. Spittal, H.Q.R.A., 37.
 12. Lt.-Col. S. J. Huggins, O.R.A., 32.
- Revolver Match.** Open to Members. 24 shots at 25 yards, figure target-rapid fire. Possible score 120 points.
1. Mr. F. H. Morris O.R.A., 101.
 2. Capt. T. G. Margetts R.L., 99.
 3. Mr. A. J. Knox, O.R.A., 92.
 4. Sgt. J. P. White, Q.O.R., 84.
 5. Sgt. W. Cook, Q.O.R., 83.
 6. Pte. R. Storrar, 48th H., 82.
 7. Sgt. R. Clarke, 10th R.G., 81.
- Revolver Aggregate Match.** Open to Members.
- Capt. T. G. Margetts, R.L., 190. D.R.A. Medal.



The Airedale as a Pal and a Worker

M. U. BATES, Metagama, Ont.

BUT a very few years ago when the out-of-doors man went in to any extent for variety shooting and hunting, it was necessary for him to maintain a sort of young Zoo to contain what was then, as it is to-day, one of the most essential parts of his outfits, his hunting dogs. If he hunted ducks he'd have to have his Cocker, his Retriever, his Chesapeake Bay or some other sort of bird

dog. When he went out in the "open places" for a week to try his luck at a deer or moose, he had to change oif to his fox or deerhounds; and if it were very bitter weather, and he were far back, he'd have to take along a husky or two to haul out his game and move his tents and other camp equipment. If it were earlier fall, and in a bear country, he'd also have to move around

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a small army of noisy fox terriers; and if there were a possibility of a coon or two about, and he wanted to take in all the fun there was going, he'd also have to have along one of those "coon" dogs, whose pictures we used to see, when we were young, in the National Sportsman.

When the winter came, if he followed the trap-line any, he'd have to express all the other varieties away to a boarding-school for the winter, and call on his huskies again, and in addition (if he went in for a little surreptitious sport at times), another little cross-bred, known as a "beaver dog."

To the sportsman of means, all these various chances meant no small amount of inconvenience and annoyance; to the one of ordinary means, it was practically an impossibility; and except those times when his "wife's brother" came out from the city for his annual hunt, there certainly wasn't very much ease in it for him.

The advent of the Biggest and Best, however—the sporting Airedale Terrier—thanks to the discernment and untiring efforts of the pioneer fanciers of the breed in this country, has effected a marked change in these conditions. He might, indeed, appropriately be called "The Twelve (or Twenty) in One," for the adaptability of this remarkable breed seems almost limitless, and is unbelievable by those who have not had the opportunity, or inclination, to study him closely. His prowess in the big game fields, working on deer, moose, or bear; his peculiar fitness for any kind of land and water retrieving; the singleness of his affection as a pal, and his efficiency as a guard, either of person or property, has been commented on so often of late in our sporting magazines that it needs no further mention from me here.

The writer, who has had several year's experience in the big game fields and on the trap-line, has had unusual opportunity to observe and study the character and development of this breed under different conditions; and what he has found most striking in them is the almost human intelligence they quickly

develop when restricted for a time to the companionship of only one master.

Taking for example one big, black-backed sixty-pounder which I have in my kennels here. This dog has hunted moose and deer with me, has worked on ducks and geese during the fall, and in the winter has hauled my sleigh and led my other dogs ten times better than any husky I have ever seen. During the fall, when the "porkies" and other "varmints" were moving around, he got into the habit of sleeping with his nose to the door of the tent, and it is his invariable custom now, either in tent or camp, to sleep this way, and woe betide the four, or two-legged creature who would approach in the night unannounced.

Another acquirement of his is to find the way back to camp at night when either darkness or storm has wiped out all trace of trail and landmark. I have seen him looking back every few yards to see if I were coming; do this when the snowshoe trail made in the morning was buried under two feet of snow; and have seen him, while hauling a heavy load, work out a bush trail over which he had travelled only once, three weeks before—this, too, after several heavy snowfalls had effectively blotted out all visible trace of it.

More than once, in this way, he has saved me an unpleasant night in the bush, when my enthusiasm during the clear, cold days of early winter had led me, travelling without snowshoes and following the fresh trail of fox, fisher or lynx, many miles farther back from my regular routes than I should, properly, have undertaken.

An old Hudson Bay Indian, seeing one of these hunting bitches working at a trapped fisher one day, declared after watching her for some time, that he could take two such dogs and make a good winter's catch on lynx, fisher and beaver, without so much as a single trap—the dogs treecing the lynx and fisher and "trenching" the beaver, where they soon fall an easy victim to the deft hand of the trapper.

The Pointer

THERE are reasons for believing that the pointer has descended from the hound, or, at any rate that it has hound blood in it. It has been said by old writers to be a foxhound searching for game by scent, repressing his cry of joy when he finds his game, and assuming an attitude of "point."

In the present day the resemblance of the pointer to a fox-hound is small compared to that of eighty, or one hundred years ago. About eighty years ago most of the pointers are said to have been white or varied with liver-colored spots.

A breed belonging to the Duke of Kingston

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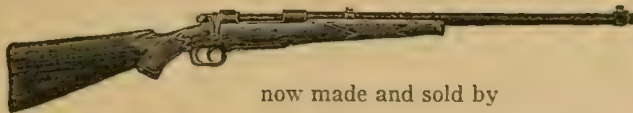


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PATENT PENDING

were black and these were supposed to be endowed with an exquisite degree of scenting powers. The black pointers of the present day are, in all probability, descendants of this famous strain.

Spanish, Portuguese, French and Russian pointers have been referred to by the early writers. The Spanish pointer is described as a big heavy built dog with large ears and a badly formed body. He had large feet and was too slow, though it is said, he had acute scenting.

The present breed of pointers have been derived largely from the Spanish dog of this breed.

However, it is not within the scope of this small work to enter into an account relating to the history of the pointer, it being sufficient herein to indicate the principal points indicative of a typical or fairly typical specimen of the present up to date pointer.

First of all, as regards color, this is more a matter of individual taste, though the writer thinks that most judges are inclined to favor a white dog with liver colored markings, nicely distributed. This even distribution of markings lends additional quality to the otherwise good dog but it must be understood that such is neither essential or of much significance.

Lemon and white is esteemed but black pointers appear on the show bench, although there does not seem to be much inclination towards favoring this color. Brick red and white are not uncommon. A perfectly white body with symmetrical workings on the head and ears looks very handsome, many points are "ticked."

A medium sized dog is preferred by judges to one either too large, or undersized. A typical specimen should show one A.1. quality all round.

The eyes to be of medium size, the ears small thin and covered by fine soft hairs, and carried close to the side of head, nose, broad and full with widely dilated nostrils favoring scenting power. Lips, thin but jaws must not be undershot or the lips pendulous.

The skull should be of medium width across the occiput, wide from eye to eye, and of good length from the level of the eye to the nose. The whole facial expression should neither be one of heaviness nor yet of snappiness. Many pointers are much too heavy in head.

To the fore and hind limbs, carriage and

action of the pointer, judges pay particular attention.

The chest must not be broad, otherwise it destroys freedom and pace of movement in front, oblique muscular-though not loaded—shoulders, and long, clean, big-boned, thin-skinned, bare-footed limbs are points of excellence.

Big feet, straight shoulders and lightness in bone constitute defective points. Well-sprung ribs and great depth of girth are "sine qua non."

Tail-tapering, covered with thin skin and fine hair. It must not show any tendency towards the hound carriage but must be carried on the same plane as the back. Hocks strong and straight neither turned in or out (both are faults) elbows close to side.

To be typical, a pointer should display well developed muscles, elasticity of step and plenty of action in all his movements.

Lad—A Dog

Albert Payson Terhune, the author of "Lad: A Dog," has combined twelve stories which—originally appeared in different magazines into a charming, continuous story of the adventures of his thoroughbred collie, Sunnybank Lad. That the author both loves and understands dogs is plainly evidenced in these interesting stories. The wonderful intelligence, beauty, and courage of Lad will appeal to every dog lover, and these stories cannot fail to make those who do not own dogs realize the companionship and devotion a "real" dog brings. "Lad" is a thoroughbred and his every adventure as related by Mr. Terhune shows this, also what training can accomplish. One story deals with the unerring instinct which carries a lost dog home from a distant city, and that after varied and trying experiences at a dog show—the bugbear of a thoroughbred's life. Another story deals with his experience with a copperhead snake. He was missed from his accustomed haunts and it was thought that he had crawled away to die in the woods, but after three days he re-appeared—thin, caked with mud, and utterly disreputable looking—but cured. He had buried himself in mud in the marshes and had trusted to this healing element to draw the poison from his wound. Each of the other stories will be found equally interesting. A copy of this book can be secured through W. J. Taylor Ltd. Publisher, Woodstock, Ont., the price being \$1.75.



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Record Number of Shooters at Toronto Exhibition

Squad Shooting Big Feature of Tournament.

With the magnificent attendance of 103 shooters, the Canadian National Exhibition Tournament held at Toronto on July 26, 27, 28 and 29 proved to be the best Canadian Tournament held this year. The splendid arrangements whereby shooters were divided into four classes and with the additional good feature of having the monies guaranteed, the shoot attracted the leading shooters from Canada and the United States. American shooters came all the way from New Orleans in the South to Los Angeles in the East, while Canadians from as far west as Edmonton were present.

The cream of the shooters were on hand and the interested squad of top-notchers composed of Jennings, Wright, Huseman, Pendergast and S. G. Vance went from trap to trap breaking everything without a miss. Altogether they broke 500 targets straight which is a record for Canada if not for the United States.

Frank Wright of Buffalo, shooting consistently throughout the whole tournament was successful in carrying off the honours in the Canadian National Exhibition Handicap, the Doubles and was also the high gun for the entire shoot with the remarkable score of 666 out of 675. In addition he also took the Class A, Silver Trophy.

Six professionals were present for the shoot. They were J. S. Boa of Chicago; F. Morris of Edmonton; G. Dunk, Toronto; F. Huseman, Rochester; F. A. Wadsworth and L. Squire.

A well known Toronto shooter Mr. C. N. Candee had the honor of having the best score on the morning of the first day breaking 99 out of 100. Mr. Candee is in his 60th year. He was heartily congratulated on his wonderful score. In the afternoon of the first day, Woodward of Texas, Wright of Buffalo and Pendergast of Phoenix each succeeded in breaking 99.

In the doubles championship Frank Wright broke 48 out of 50. The coolest shooter in any of the squads was W. H. Singer of St. Catharines who went to the traps each time smoking his pipe. George J. Tuckett of Los Angeles, a former Hamilton shooter made a hit with the spectators with his easy manner of breaking the birds.

The weather was very good for the entire shoot and would have been ideal had it not been for the constant wind off-shore.

H. Pendergast of Phoenix, N.Y. was high man on the morning of the second day of the tournament breaking 74 out of 75. The third day of the shoot brought forth some wonderful exhibitions of skill with J. D. Clay of Houston, Texas, breaking a perfect 75 and ten others tied for second place at 74 out of 75.

Frank Wright of Buffalo broke his former long run record with the wonderful run of 333. His share of the money was \$317.00.

Fred Kerr of Crediton who did such good shooting at Chicago showed up remarkably well in the C.N.E. Handicap only missing one bird, and that at the last trap, at 17 yards. In this event fifty-one shot ninety or better, Frank Troch and Nicali were tied for second place with Fred Kerr.

C. N. Candee of Toronto won the Class B, trophy, S. H. Newton of Sherbrooke the Class C, and R. Stafford of Belleville the Class D, trophy.

The committee in charge are to be congratulated on the excellent programme provided and the splendid manner in which the tournament was conducted. Messrs W. H. Gooderham and George Cashmore acted in their usual efficient manner, Mr. Gooderham as manager and Mr. Cashmore as Secretary-Treasurer.

1st DAY.		Class A	
		Morn.	Aftn.
J. F. Dodds, Los Angeles.	93	93	
G. Nicali, Kansas City	94	96	
J. S. Day, New Orleans	97	97	
F. M. Troch, Vancouver, Wash.	96	99	

N. Boylston, Leesburg, Fl.	96	96
E. F. Woodward, Houston.	97	99
J. W. Hart, Dresden.	87	91
J. E. Jennings, Todmorden.	96	97
F. S. Wright, Buffalo.	97	99
H. Pendergast, Phoenix.	97	99
S. G. Vance, Tillsonburg.	96	98
A. H. Aber, Dravosbury, Pa.	93	96
Ray Spangle, Pendleton, Ore.	94	95

Class B.	
C. G. Handley, Pine Bluff.	93
G. J. Tuckett, Los Angeles.	90
F. Remmy, Syracuse, Ind.	92
J. D. Clay, Houston.	94
L. D. Slade, Rochester.	93
W. H. Gooderham, Toronto	95
A. F. Healy, Windsor.	93
H. W. Cooley, Toronto.	88
R. Day, London.	99
C. N. Candee, Toronto.	97
M. E. Fletcher, Hamilton.	95
D. K. Dickinson, Kansas City.	95
E. Harris, Hamilton.	97
W. H. Singer, St. Catharines.	90
W. Barnes, Hamilton.	89
E. Sturt, Hamilton.	92
G. Beattie, Hamilton.	91
W. J. Marshall, Galt.	96
F. Fox, Toronto.	97
E. F. Salisbury, Toronto	97

Class C.	
S. L. Dodds, Clarksdale, Mo.	87
J. A. Kimble, Cheyenne.	94
T. D. McGaw, Toronto.	92
H. W. Burke, Markham.	91
F. E. Healy, Toronto.	88
G. L. Vivian, Toronto.	87
J. E. McCurdy, Sydney.	92
W. Peters, Turnersville.	90
J. Vance, Tillsonburg.	91
A. A. Thompson, Windsor.	90
W. Hodges, Simcoe.	89
W. E. Beers, New Britain.	96
W. R. Fenton, Toronto.	96
L. N. Smith, Albany, N.Y.	95
M. E. Goodale, Hamilton.	88
J. Hunter, Hamilton.	90
S. G. Newton, Sherbrooke.	92
L. R. Newton, Sherbrooke.	98
H. W. Hunsberry, Jordan.	91
P. H. Willey, Danville, N.Y.	89
H. L. Braddock, Straffordville	83
J. F. Balbirnie, Muskegon.	91
C. Gammege, Ridgetown.	91
J. G. S. Day, New Orleans.	91
G. W. Parker, Youngstown.	89
J. McCausland, London.	90
G. W. Parker, Youngstown.	89
J. McCausland, London.	90
F. Dolson, Chatham.	92
W. H. Joselin, Birchcliffe.	91
J. R. Serson, Mimico.	72
H. Lennox, Hamilton.	94
C. Thomson, Hamilton.	88
J. Summerhayes, Weston.	94
J. B. Fontaine, Philadelphia	95
H. Newlands, Galt.	90
J. M. Gomph, Hamilton.	88

Class D.	
J. H. Cox, Detroit.	88
L. E. Dinsmore, St. Mary's, West. Va.	80
B. Clarke, Montreal.	78
W. S. McColl, Simcoe.	82
H. E. Schofield, Oakville.	84
F. P. Fitzgerald, Clarksdale.	78
G. L. Howder, West Elizabeth.	91
W. W. Livingstone, Carlisle.	83
A. S. Glover, Hamilton.	82
T. H. Baker, London.	80

The Mallard

This most cosmopolitan of all ducks provides the keenest of sports for the Canadian hunter. Plentiful in the North West, but not so common in the East, it is a strong swimmer and hardy, often remaining all winter near the swift unfrozen streams of the north.

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D. McNeil, Brantford.....	72
P. Mather, Brantford.....	65
H. Lennox, Hamilton.....	72

Class D.—75 Birds

K. Miller, Canton, Ohio.....	65
R. T. Watt, Toronto.....	63
J. H. Cox, Detroit.....	69
B. Clarke, Montreal.....	57
H. E. Scholfield, Oakville.....	69
W. J. McCance, St. Thomas.....	64
E. P. Wright, Gananoque.....	69
D. Smith, Chatham.....	66
W. H. Roper, Port Hope.....	52
N. S. Braden, Hamilton.....	70
R. Stafford, Belleville.....	69

Professionals—75 Birds.

J. S. Boa, Chicago.....	72
Geo. Dunk, Toronto.....	69
E. A. Wadsworth, Wolcott, N.Y.....	69
F. Morris, Edmonton.....	70
F. Huseman, Rochester.....	75

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	Yards. Broke.
W. H. Gooderham, Toronto.....	16 91
J. F. Dodds, Los Angeles.....	16 97
J. G. Dey, Syracuse, N.Y.....	16 90
W. J. Marshall, Galt.....	16 97
E. Harris, Hamilton.....	16 98
T. D. McGaw, Toronto.....	16 97
F. Remmy, Syracuse, Ind.....	17 93
H. W. Cooley, Toronto.....	17 96
G. J. Tuckett, Los Angeles.....	17 97
D. R. Dickenson, Kansas City.....	17 95
F. Kerr, Crediton.....	17 99
S. R. Newton, Sherbrooke.....	17 98
J. D. Clay, Houston.....	18 92
H. Newlands, Galt.....	18 91
W. E. Burke, Preston.....	18 91
W. Beers, New Britain, Conn.....	19 90
W. H. Singer, St. Catharines.....	18 94
E. Sturt, Hamilton.....	18 91
E. F. Woodward, Houston.....	20 95
F. S. Wright, Buffalo.....	20 100
H. Pendergast, Phoenix.....	20 96
N. Boylston, Leesburg, Fla.....	20 95
F. M. Troeh, Vancouver, Wash.....	20 99
W. P. Thomson, Hamilton.....	18 93
Col. Page, Brantford.....	18 96
W. Fenton, Toronto.....	18 91
N. R. Gooderham, Toronto.....	18 91
x W. Morris, Edmonton.....	18 95
G. Neale, Kansas City.....	19 99
S. G. Vance, Tillsonburg.....	19 96
G. N. Candee, Toronto.....	19 95
Geo. Gray, Philadelphia.....	19 95
J. E. Jennings, Todmorden.....	20 98
J. McCausland, London.....	20 83
W. Hodges, Simcoe.....	20 72
J. D. Kunkle, Cheyenne.....	20 85
F. E. Healy, Toronto.....	20 85
A. Thompson, Windsor.....	20 95
S. L. Dodds, Clarksdale.....	20 81
C. C. Handley, Pine Bluff.....	20 89
D. McNeil, Brantford.....	19 86
H. E. Scholfield, Oakville.....	16 89
R. Stafford, Belleville.....	16 89
B. Clarke, Montreal.....	16 81
J. H. Cox, Detroit.....	16 96
J. McCance, St. Thomas.....	16 81
H. L. Braddock, Mount Pleasant, Pa.....	18 95
N. S. Braden, Hamilton.....	18 85
P. Mather, Brantford.....	18 94
B. Pearce, Toronto.....	18 95
D. Smith, Chatham.....	18 83
F. P. Fitzgerald, Clarksdale, Mo.....	17 94
R. P. Watt, Toronto.....	17 95
W. H. Roper, Port Hope.....	17 75
K. Miller, Canton, Ohio.....	17 88
C. Syer, Hamilton.....	17 93
J. Vance, Tillsonburg.....	16 85
W. H. Harmon, Port Hope.....	16 78
P. M. Holman, Butler, Pa.....	16 83

F. I. Fox, Toronto.....	18 94
J. Ebbetts, Buffalo.....	18 83
M. E. Goodale, Hamilton.....	18 93
C. A. Lewis, Brantford.....	19 79
J. S. Day, New Orleans.....	19 97
J. B. Fontaine, Philadelphia.....	19 97
x J. S. Boa, Chicago.....	19 93
H. Lennox, Hamilton.....	20 93
W. Barnes, Hamilton.....	20 93
E. F. W. Salisbury, Toronto.....	18 94
P. Wilby, Danville, N.Y.....	17 98
x Professionals.....	

ALBERTA PROVINCIAL ASSOCIATION.

Frank Troeh, led all contestants at the tournament of the Alberta Provincial Trapshooting Association, held at Banff, on July 14. He broke 164 out of 170. B. McLaren, of Calgary, was a close second, scoring 163. E. Brackney, Bellingham, Wash., and G. M. Cowderoy finished in a deadlock for third place on 161. For fourth place there was also a two-cornered tie, W. L. Freeman and J. McIntyre each breaking 158. F. H. Morris was high professional, beating his partner, C. F. Burch, 159 to 144.

The scores, at 170 targets:

Frank Troeh.....	164
B. McLaren.....	163
E. Brackney.....	161
R. G. Robinson.....	161
G. M. Cowderoy.....	161
x F. H. Morris.....	159
W. P. Anderson.....	159
Geo Miller.....	159
J. McIntyre.....	158
W. L. Freeman.....	158
C. Leslie.....	155
J. Garden.....	154
W. Holmes.....	153
W. J. Jones.....	153
W. Wood.....	152
D. McGregor.....	152
W. Pattison.....	151
W. Pommerenke.....	150
E. H. Simpson.....	150
C. Irgens.....	149
J. Fenton.....	149
F. Carder.....	149
A. Pierson.....	149
O. Hamill.....	146
x G. L. Burch.....	141
A. W. Lawson.....	139
A. W. Lea.....	133
Dr. Wright.....	131
J. Boothroyd.....	130
x Professionals.....	

Scores of those who did not shoot full program.

	Shot at Broke
Hugh Gordon.....	120 89
Mutz.....	120 85
O. Yomill.....	120 84
J. L. Beattie.....	80 61
Luxton.....	80 60
Wheeler.....	80 52
G. B. Hines.....	50 31
L. Orr.....	40 32

Banff, Alta., Canada.

A. T. A. Report.

SWIFT CURRENT (SASK.) CLUB TOURNEY.

At the registered tournament of the Swift Current (Sask.) Gun Club, held August 4 and 5, over their traps 45 amateurs and two professionals took part, shooting at 17,147 targets. The program called for 160 targets on each of the two days. On the first day P. G. Schwager, of Dundurn, Sask., and Harry Crabtree of Regina, turned in the high score when they dropped but 8 on the 160. R. G. Robinson, of Calgary, and B. F. Curtis of Saskatoon, tied for second on 149. R. L. Hutchinson, of Saskatoon, alone for third on 148, and Wade Owens, of Moose Jaw, and W. B. McLaren, tied for fourth on 147. H. W. Simpson of Calgary, fifth, going out with 146. F. H. Morris busted 146, and led C. L. Burch, who busted 127 for the professional honors.

The high amateur score on the second day was turned in by A. L. Allen, and was 151. Schwager was right at his heels with 150. McLaren busted 148 for third, followed by W. C. Jones, of Swift Current, on 144. Morris again outdistanced Burch, 143 to 129.

Schwager was also the high average man, busting 302 out of 320; McLaren, second, 295 out of 320; Crabtree, third, 293 out of 320, and Curtis, Chapin and Simpson tied on 289.

The scores.



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	1st Day.	2nd Day				
	Shot at Broke	Shot at Broke				
R. G. Robinson.....	160	149	160	139	160	121
H. W. Simpson.....	160	146	160	139	160	141
W. B. McLaren.....	160	147	160	144	160	121
A. W. Lea.....	160	131	160	148	160	129
P. G. Schwager.....	160	152	160	149	160	140
A. L. Allen.....	160	136	160	145	160	139
W. M. Van Valkenburg.	160	142	160	150		
O. A. Sempf.....	160	133	160	151		
F. Knight.....	160	105	160	122		
Wade Owens.....	160	115	160	110		
M. E. Rouch.....	160	147	160	115		
H. H. Mead.....	160	127	160	107		
E. D. Alguire.....	160	117.		124		
John MacRae.....	160	142	160	116		
Geoffrey Mayhew.....	160	136	160			
Sydney Inch.....	100	71	40			
Chas. A. Burke.....	160	138	40			
C. O. Wilson.....	160	132	160			
H. L. Huyck.....	160	116				
James Duncan McKay.....	160	117	160			
Edward Wellman.....	160	105	160			
Ernest Dodds.....	160	121	160			
William C. Kyle.....	120	74				
W. A. Houghton.....	120	104	160			
W. S. Walker.....	60	45				
Dean D. Stair.....	60	37				
E. G. Watson.....	60	36				
A. W. Chapin.....	160	143	160			
G. Ernest Holmes.....	160	138	160			
Harry Crabtree.....	160	152	160			
M. Shoron.....	160	140	160			
D. McGregor.....	160	138	160			
J. Harcourt.....	160	125	160			
Chas. E. Harris.....	160		139			
W. C. Jones.....	160		139			
Carl Schrank.....	160		144			
R. L. Hutchison.....	160		148			
B. F. Curtis.....	160		149			
C. G. Haight.....	160		145			
Mark M. Rhodes.....	20		18			
A. S. McDonald.....	60		44		160	132
E. N. Christoferson.....	20		16		120	90
Andy Golfin.....	40		34			
F. O. Sonders.....					160	122
Professionals.						
Frank Henry Morris.....	160		146		160	143
C. L. Burtch.....	160		127		160	129
New York.					A. T. A. Report	

It is regretted that owing to a defective lense in *Rod and Gun's* kodak, that only a few of the numerous pictures taken at the C. N. E. Tournament came out at all clearly. However, we expect to procure a full set of photos of the various shooters in time to appear in our next issue.

Fish culture in a restricted sense must sooner or later be resorted to in all densely populated countries, for even with the utmost protection, nature unaided can do little to meet the natural demand for fish to eat.—G. Brown Goode.



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FRANK P. FENWICK

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ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

NOVEMBER 1919

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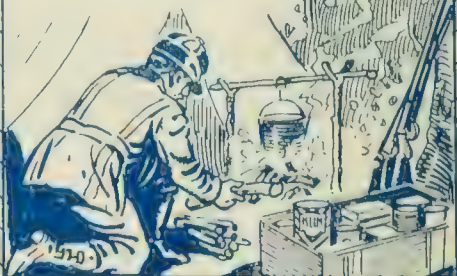
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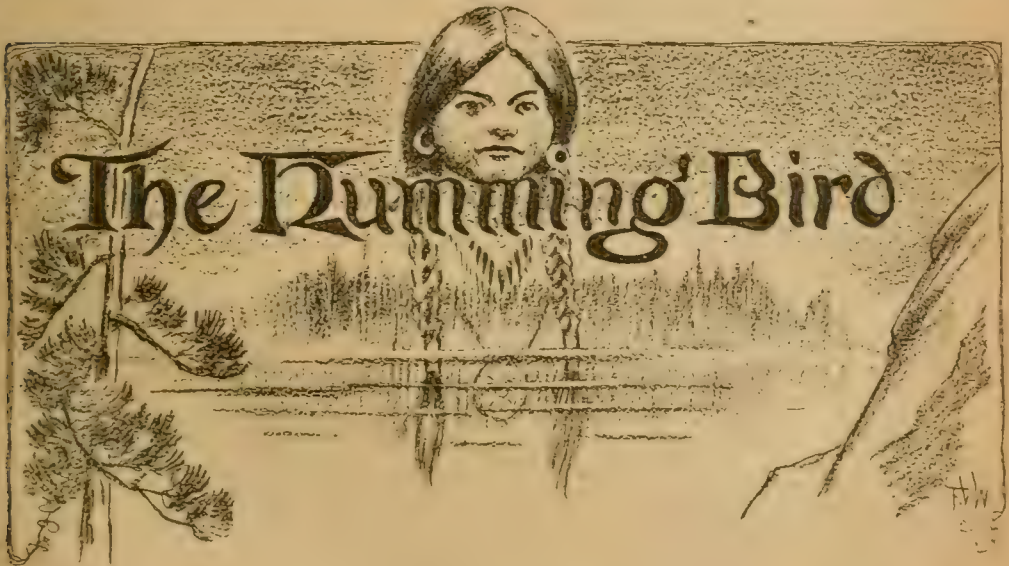


ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

VOL. XXI

WOODSTOCK, ONT., NOVEMBER, 1919

No. 6



JEAN STEVINSON

CHAPTER I.

I hear a story

LARSON, by all that's holy!" screamed a little wiry man jumping to his feet, "Just back from Alaska?"

"Sure thing, and on the Silvery Slocan once more."

They gripped hands, and I huddled into my greatcoat, for Larson had come in from the deck like a breath from the heaving north, and the drowsiness which had been stealing over me left with the whiff of icy wind which came from the port side of the steamer as the door swung to. The Slocan ploughed the green waters of the ice-cold lake, and with my hat pulled over my eyes I pretended to watch the timber along the mountainsides as we cut through the

curving length of the beautiful lake. I knew of Larson, for who did not in our glorious west? Could I call him by his right name you would know him, too, you who live in Vancouver, in Edmonton, in Winnipeg, for he is a big man in the west, and known wherever mines are boomed.

"Where are you off to now?" queried Larson as the two sat down behind me.

"Up into the mountains, Nakusp-Kaslo line, to look at some prospects there. And now tell me what you think you've been doing in that God-forsaken country. You don't know anything about mining yourself do you? Oh, no. Seen any pretty squaws up north this trip?"

"Sure thing." The big man looked shrewdly at the other. "Jim," he

asked suddenly, "have you got a woman yet?"

"No."

"Time you had. You get up into the north where you'll not see a white woman the year round, and you'll wish you hadn't wasted all these years."

"What's a woman got to do with mining?"

"Nothing, she's dead against the business, so I'm going to settle down in my cabin in the mountains and let mining alone. I'm not going up to Alaska again, but if you've no mind to try the settling-down business you can go up on Snake River and find Chief Kicking Horse, only he's called Jackson now. He knows where the greatest gold deposits in the north are lying, but he's as tight as a vise. I could never get it out of him."

"Then how could I?"

"Oh, you might be present at his deathbed or something like that, and do a few rites over him so he'd confess to you."

"How do you know there's gold?"

"Jackson showed it to me—lumps of it, beautiful solid lumps that would send some men crazy. 'Heaps big pile,' he said to me, 'him mine, him Hummingbird.'"

"The Hummingbird mine?" "I asked. 'What a lovely name, Jackson! Where is it?'"

"'Anah,' he exclaimed, which is always the Indian's expression of displeasure, 'Hyas Tyee go no more. Hyas Tyee hear him Skookum, hear him Diaub.'"

"'No, no, Jackson,' I remonstrated, 'there are no spooks in Alaska; there is no devil.'"

"'Tamahnous!' he exclaimed, pagan fear starting from his eyes."

"'There is no witchcraft either, Jackson,' I said."

"'Anah!' he exclaimed again, more displeased than ever, 'kopet wauwau, stop talking, white man. Hyas Tyee go no more.'"

"Nothing I could say would move him. He had told the story to two Boston men many moons before, two white men who came from the east, where gold would buy everything but happiness, and they had

plied him with hootch until he had told them all he knew. But winter, the great white spirit, was reigning over the land, and when he came to himself Jackson said they must not go. They insisted.

"'No, no,' commanded Jackson, 'Great white spirit kill, slay. Winapie, wait. When grass is green and water runs then maybe Hyas Tyee go too.'"

"They offered him money if he would take them, but he stubbornly refused. The hair seemed to move on his scalp and he muttered 'Skookum, diaub.'"

"The men, however, were in a fever to be off, and nothing could hold them. They got together pans, blankets, skin shoes, muckamuck, and started. Months afterward, while the winter still held the north in its rigid fingers, word came from an Indian runner that the two men had been found frozen to death. They were lost, and tracks in the snow showed how one had wandered around in a circle one, two, three times, in his endeavor to find his way back to the camp, and had frozen stiff standing up; his mouth open and his face tipped up as though listening, and calling 'Hello.' The wolves were gnawing at the other as he sat hunched up on his gun, frozen in an attitude of despair.

"'Gosh!' roared Jim Gates, jumping to his feet, "and that's the place you want me to go to! No, thanks. Go and tell that to the marines!"

CHAPTER II.

I go to Alaska.

I had listened grimly to Larson's story, and now, as the days passed, the question came insistently: What was to hinder *my* going to Alaska? True, the story had not been told to me; I had not been asked; but it was often the dark horse that won the race. Larson had said he would not return to Alaska, and Gates had turned down the proposition flat. Only the Indian Jackson knew about that wonderful deposit of gold, and he was so scared of some fool phantom that he wouldn't go near the place. Night and day I saw the sparkle of

nuggets, and devised plan after plan to make old Jackson give up his secret to me. Never once, however, did I dream of the way I would get it.

Even before I told myself I was really going into the north I was gathering up my old prospecting kit, getting prices on beans, bacon, evaporated potatoes and apples, tea by the hundred pounds, and flour. I owned a good L. C. Smith shotgun and a high-power Ross rifle, guns I was not ashamed to show any man, and these of course I cleaned again and got ready. Beside the firearms I packed some fishing tackle and several pairs of smoked glasses, the last because I had heard of men going snow-blind in Alaska, and knew wearing smoked spectacles was the simplest way to avoid the misfortune.

The way now seemed perfectly clear. Yet even as I said this a shadow of foreboding came like a phantom and flitted by, giving me an empty feeling in the pit of the stomach. I laughed. "Well," I jollied myself, "I've heard of cold feet, but a cold solar plexus is a new dodge."

Then I went on with my packing.

It was now the middle of May. The earth was waking to summer beauty, and only here and there was a patch of snow to be seen on the mountain sides. The pines and cedars seemed never more beautiful, though they had clothed the rounded Selkirks with green the winter through. The ice would soon be gone from the rivers in Alaska, and I decided to leave in a few weeks, as soon as I could get my affairs in the valley settled. My best route, I decided, was the C.P.R. to Vancouver, where I would get my supplies. From there I would take a steamer to Alaska, and on my arrival there would get Indian guides and strike off toward Snake River.

With my interests in various mines in the Selkirks disposed of, I boarded the C.P.R. one fine morning in June and threw all my past cares to the winds. I was free—free to roam the wide world at will. What were the joys of home, I asked, compared to freedom, to the life I was to live with the pot of gold at the end?

Of the trip to Vancouver from

Revelstoke I need not enlarge, for many have gone that way before and since. Suffice it to say, I had leisure to see everything owing to my apparent bibulous tendencies. The passengers left me alone, and I enjoyed to the full those glorious mountains and the great sweeps of black spruce wherever the eye could reach.

At Vancouver, though the great war was still going on, I had no trouble getting what I wanted providing I paid the price, and after a few days spent whipping things into shape I was on the Princess Sophia ploughing up the coast, a flock of sea-gulls darting in our wake. As I was late booking my passage I was unable to have a room to myself, but had to share with a man named Samuel Hill. He was a trapper, and told me many interesting things about forest life. He was then on his way up north, he said, to trap during the fall and winter. He looked as hard as nails, and I felt that he would be valuable to me in many ways, though his eyes were set too close together to let me repose utter confidence in him. I broached the plan of our hitting off together and he fell in with the plan readily, though he said nothing about ponying up for his share of the grubstake. Perhaps he thought I was a sucker.

"Got your grubstake?" I asked casually.

"Why no," he answered, "I was going to see to my stuff later."

"Better wire back to Vancouver then," I advised, "you'll get it cheaper there than you will further north. The Princess Alice leaves next week, and we can meet her at Skagway. We'll have to put in a few days at port anyway, hiring Indians and perhaps dogs, and we can wait until "Alice" arrives with your cargo. It's good-bye to half of our stuff anyway if we're not there to look after it ourselves."

"All right," said Sam, "just as you say."

We wired from Prince Rupert, and then settled down to enjoy the trip. We had two more days on board, and I meant to lose none of the pleasure I might take from the glories of

creations along our route. The Sophia took the inside passage through the sheltered fiords of the British Columbia coast, and past rugged, spruce-laden islands, some of them given over to different tribes of Indians who labelled their reservations, homemade cedar canoes and gargoyles totem poles.

"Look," I cried to Sam the last night on board. We had passed glaciers like rivers of ice, snow-clad peaks and volcanic mountains, and were now ploughing through Lynn Canal, where the Sophia was fated later to pile up on the treacherous reefs and then to go down with all on board. But now nothing was further from our thoughts.

"Look," I cried again, pointing to the north. Gigantic fingers of crackling light were streaking up to the dome of heaven.

"The northern lights!" I breathed, awed by the great beauty and majesty of the phenomenon, "I shall wait until they die away."

Sam went off to the stateroom, saying he was tired and would turn in for the night. I sat for awhile entranced by the beautiful play of light, then suddenly thought I would see if I could get a snap of the panorama, and went to get my camera. The throbbing of the engine beat like a great pulse through the ship, and on the soft carpets my footfall made no sound. As I quietly opened the stateroom door what was my consternation to see Hill, his back toward me, kneeling on the floor feeling carefully around in my steamer trunk. I closed the door softly and turned away, satisfied that there was no money there. But was he after money? If not, what?

CHAPTER III.

Snake River at last.

Snake River at last! Many weeks had passed since Hill and I had begun the trek with fifteen Indian runners and seventeen hundred pounds of stuff to carry. Not for nothing had I picked Sam Hill for my pard, either, though I had not forgotten the picture of his guilty back as he rummaged through my trunk that

lovely night in June. He shouldered his hundred pounds without a grunt, and many were the succulent rabbits snared on the way by his cunning hand, and many a sheep and deer we got together, for with fifteen Indians to feed beside ourselves, we had to get fresh meat on the way or curtail our sojourn on Snake river to an alarmingly short period. We also had to cache stuff along the way for the return trip of our Indians, though they would make much better time going back empty handed. And Hill could work! The glitter of gold had him as it had me, and every once in awhile, when we had stopped for a little placer mining at the mouth of a creek, the look of greed in his eye seemed to lend tireless energy to his body. I suppose he saw the same thing in me, but I did not think of that then.

We had kept moving, however, for I was anxious to strike Snake River and get a look at Chief Kicking Horse, or Chief Jackson, as he was now called.

We pitched our tent in a ravine with rocky cliffs on one side and a steep, spruce-covered slope on the other, and then went to work. It was after sundown when we stopped to get supper, for we did not want to lose a minute of the daylight.

Late at night, I was sitting on a pile of blankets in the tent, unpacking some of the stuff, and feeling at peace with the world after the good meal Sam had cooked. At the moment I had taken out my fishing tackle and the smoked glasses, which had come through a violent journey intact, thanks to my careful packing. With a short laugh at myself for bringing the glasses, I put a pair on my nose, and as I did so I became conscious of somebody watching. It wasn't Sam, for he was busy fixing a fly, a Royal Coachman, onto a piece of gut for the next day's fishing. Not a footfall had sounded in the stillness of the night, not a twig had snapped but instinctively I raised my eyes to the door of the tent, and there was the face of a red Indian.

"Klahowya, tilicum." He spoke the guttural word with dignity, yet the superstition of the dark ages

seemed to emanate from his smouldering eyes as he stood silently awaiting my reply.

"Klahowya," I saluted in return a slight knowledge of the Chinook jargon enabling me to understand that he came as a friend. "Chief Jackson?"

"Nawitka, yes," he replied majestically.

"Chief Jackson," I made answer rising, "I make you welcome. Come in."

I still wore the smoked glasses on my nose, and seeing that the big chief looked greedily and curiously at them, I took them off and handed them to him.

"Cultus potlatch," said I, "a gift."

Had I presented him with million dollars he could not have been more pleased. He was like a child with a glittering toy.

"Him good," he pronounced, and solemnly shook me by the hand. He sat on the blankets for awhile, alternately putting on the glasses and taking them off, then studied me awhile and asked:

"Boston man?"

"King George man," said I.

He grunted in approval. "King George man—good. Hunt, fish." He made a comprehensive sweep with his arm, giving me permission to do as I would in the country.

"Hyas tyee skookum," said I, "Big chief good. Thanks."

He rose solemnly and left the tent. Indeed, so silent was his going, that I looked out expecting to see him waiting at the door, but he had disappeared into the night.

A week later Sam and I were getting breakfast over the campfire. The bannocks were done brown and the bacon was sizzling in the pan, when Sam looked up at me quizzically:

"Say, pard," he drawled, "seems to me it's time for a moose hunt.

feel like two cents if I go without fresh meat for a week. I think there should be moose in that heavy clump of woods on the mountain yonder. Let's make a day of it."

"All right," said I, "you're the boss."

In half an hour, our tent fastened down, our pockets bulging with car-

tridges and cold bannocks made into sandwiches, and our rifles slung over our shoulders, we were off. We needed limbering up after a week of bending over pans and paydirt, and the tramp did us good. We had gone five miles and had done some tall climbing, when Sam said he smelled a moose. He had a nose on him like a fox, and I had learned to trust that nose where game was concerned.

"Down on your belly," he hissed, and I dropped. He slid along till he got behind a big boulder at the top of a rise, then looked stealthily down into the valley beyond. I knew by his face that he saw his quarry, and did not need the warning finger to make me lie low. I could trust Sam there. He was not only an excellent prophet regarding game, but he was a dead shot when he came up with it. This is to show that Sam, even though he could not be trusted in all things, had his good points, and mighty good ones they were, too, when you were camping as far away from civilization as we were. A sharp shot rang, out, then another and another, and I sat up suddenly. I knew one could take no chances with a moose. A wounded brute would rush you before you could say "Jack Robinson," and an unwounded one would do likewise. But two shots from Sam had always been enough, so I judged there was more than one kill. He rose and went over the rise, so I did the same and there, lying huddled together, was a young cow moose and her calf, stone dead.

"They were the loveliest couple ever," Sam said, "the calf was bunting away at its mother, and she was actually smiling at it and licking its darn sides. The old one got the first shot and swung around to protect the calf. I had to shoot her down to get the heifer. How much are we going to take back?"

"All of the calf and the best parts of the moose," said I, "We'll string the forequarters of the moose up to a tree until we have a chance to come back for it."

We set to work sticking, skinning and quartering the animals. A feel-

ing of pity came over me as the picture of the mother's protective love swam before my eyes. I do not think I could have shot her had I seen it, but Sam had no such compunctions. Perhaps, after all, his was the iron that would pay in the end.

When all was finished we shouldered nearly a hundred pounds each, and began the trudge homeward. "Nearly as bad as the portage in to Snake River," said Sam, but went on steadily with his load. "I'd like to see the dirty carcajoux tonight," he muttered grimly. The carcajou, or wolverine, was the worst pest we had to deal with in that northern country, for what it could not eat it soiled in so filthy a way that neither man nor beast, though starving, could stomach a bite, and we knew that darkness would not fall ere the animals would be at the mass of entrails we had left on the ground, and would later try to reach the good moose meat strung high on the limb of a spruce.

It was nearly sundown when we reached camp, and the first things

I saw were footprints, myriads of them, in the bank along the river.

"Whatever do you make out of this?" I asked Sam.

"Moccasins," he replied, "Indian bucks, klootchmen, papooses and dogs. What's going on, I wonder?"

"Gets me," I replied.

We had not long to wait. That night we were sitting on boxes of soap and candles oiling our guns, when once more I became conscious of eyes watching me. Glancing up, I beheld the face of Jackson again peering through the door of the tent.

"Klahowya," he saluted, but this time ignored my partner and spoke only to me. He wore the smoked glasses, though goodness knows how he found his way, for it was now dark and raining. That he was my friend I knew, and I felt that he was going to honor me in his own way for the gift of the glasses, from which he was never parted, so I rose and offered him my seat.

(Concluded in December issue)



A Nova Scotia Moose Hunt About 1840 and Another In 1918

T. S. SCOTT

WHEN I was about eleven or twelve years old, I used to read among other delightful and truly Canadian stories in Campbell's Readers, one headed with the title "Moose hunting in Nova Scotia." To a boy in an Ontario village where there had been no game bigger than an occasional hare for at least a generation, that story had a wonderful appeal. Our fathers told us that when they were boys they had seen deer and heard wolves howl as they

ran in the cedar swamps, and occasionally we ourselves would be all agog with a rumor that "a wild cat had been seen." But even our fathers and grandfathers never claimed to have seen that vast and mysterious animal called the Moose which had not been in the Country bordering Lakes Ontario and Erie in their days. R. M. Ballantyne's stories of Hudson's Bay had the true ring for a boy and even if we realized that the characters were partly ficti-

tious we still knew that the buffalo and bears, the wolves and the moose did really roam the plains and the forests, and that some boys were fortunate enough to even live in such favored districts of the Dominion.

The very name of that famous Company, old when Ballantyne wrote sixty years ago, still stirs one's imagination as the most romantic in the annals of Commerce, "Gentlemen adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay." Present school books might contain more extracts from those old tales of Canada and do no harm. However, the story I quote complete was not from Ballantyne's Hudson Bay yarns but an authentic account written by Lieut. Hardy, which speaks for itself, and I have no compunction in asking *Rod and Gun* to reprint it, for it will remind many an Ontario "boy" of from 45 to 65, of the long ago, and it will be the sincerest compliment to Lieut. Hardy to give the narrative another peep of daylight. By the way, Campbell's series was published by Wm. Warwick (opposite the market), Woodstock 1867, not far I suppose from where *Rod and Gun* itself now sees the light of day. Here is Lieut. Hardy's yarn:—

"About three hours before sundown we all left the camp; my companion, with old Paul, going down the lake in a canoe, whilst the two young Indians accompanied me through the woods to "Still Water," a stagnant, muddy stream, flowing into the lake through swampy fir-wood. The "dark valley" through which it passed was thickly carpeted by wet moss, the numerous impressions on which showed that it was a favorite resort for moose. As there was still an hour's daylight, we commenced to "creep." Presently Joe, stooping down and examining a track with unusual earnestness, beckoned to his comrade.

"Quite fresh track, two bull and cow; they gone by just ten minutes," pronounced Joe. "See here," said he, bending down a young maple shoot bitten off at about ten feet from the ground, "see where he make the fresh bite."

It was evidently cropt quite re-

cently, for, on breaking it off, an inch lower down, no difference in color could be perceived between the fracture and where the moose had bitten it.

"I think you put on cap now," said the Indian, "no tellin' when we see um moose now."

Now begins the creeping in earnest, Jim taking the lead and we following, noiseless as snakes, in Indian file. Suddenly, a distant sound strikes our ears, and we stand listening in our tracks! It is repeated—a wild roar—and appears to come over the hill to our left.

"The moose!" said Jim, and, clearing the swamp, we dash up the hillside, the energetic waving of Jim's hand, as we arrive at the summit, warning us to exercise our utmost caution. Yes! he is right. The brutes are in the valley beneath, and the forest echoes with the deep guttural bellowings of the antlered monster, and the plaintive answers of his consort, yet we in no way relaxed our former caution. We could not depend for any mistake on our being concealed by the tremendous uproar of the moose, and our course must still be shaped with due observation of the wind. We descend the hill obliquely to the edge of the "Still Water," across which the moose had just swum. We, too, cross the water on a dead trunk that has fallen from bank to bank, and, tightly grasping our guns, crouch down and endeavor to penetrate the thickets ahead for a sight of the game. Suddenly and unexpectedly we leave the dense underwood, and stand on the edge of a little open valley. Jim, as I emerge from the thicket immediately after him, bounds on one side, his arm extending and pointing. There is an enormous black mass standing behind a group of young maples at the further end of the valley. It is the bull. In a second the sight of the rifle bears upon him, and uttering an appalling roar, the huge brute sinks plunging into the laurels.

With a shout we rush on! To our astonishment, however, he rises with another fearful roar, and, before I have time to check my speed and

level the rifle once more, he has disappeared through the thicket.

"Come on," shouts Jim, "we sure to get him—he badly hit.—" There is no tracking now; the crashing branches and the roar of the enraged animal direct us, and we dash through swamps, and bound over fallen trees with desperate energy. But it is of no use; the pace was too good to last, and presently, torn and exhausted, we flung ourselves at full length on the moss, and for a while listened to our own deep breathings, and to the hoarse bellowing of the rapidly retreating moose, momentarily growing fainter. Joe, the youngest Indian, a lad of extraordinary endurance, had taken my rifle and renewed the chase by himself.

After a while, however, Joe was seen returning, and without saying a word flung himself down by the side of his companions, quite done up. They did not ask him what luck he had, there it was, plain enough—a piece of moose-meat tied to the barrel of his gun. The particulars of the chase did not come out till the day's sport was over, and master and men reclined at their ease in camp.

"When I leave you," exclaimed Joe, "I run very hard for 'bout a mile; moose make great noise—I know he very sick; and soon when I come up on little barren I see um standing on other side. Oh, my sakes! He got such a bad cough! He not able to hold up his head. Then I shoot, and he run little piece further and drop. You want to know where you hit um? Well, I tell you, you hit um in the neck—make him cough shocking."

Now you old Ontario codgers, doesn't that take you back from 35 to 50 years? It does in my case and my sub-conscious memory always has registered Nova Scotia and moose together. In 1918, I was transferred from Kingston to Halifax, but had little expectation of being there during the shooting season, so left the old rifle in Kingston. However, time wore along toward fall and prospects of getting overseas looked not very immediate, so about the 1st of September I sent for the rifle.

Away down in my mind where hunches grow, something seemed to

say that now I was in the old school book land of dreams where that fellow shot the moose, and that if I went out I'd get mine.

I was able to get leave most easily in September which was convenient as that month and early October are said to comprise the calling season, and I wished to witness that system of hunting, which there is little doubt has had its greatest development in the Province of Nova Scotia. I did "still hunt moose" late one Fall in Temagami, Northern Ontario, but got no shooting, seeing only one cow.

This time limit resulted finally in putting me in the class of the big game hunters. None of the other friends of the owners of the hunting lodge to which I had an invitation could get away, so I was out on my own and felt as independent as Selous or Pritchard or our own lovable American hunter Teddy Roosevelt.

My old hunting friend "Matt" who prowled the Valdez Islands, B. C. after black tail deer many a fine November day with me was urged to come but much to his regret he couldn't make it. He was no further off than New Hampshire and I had hopes, but business prevented.

We had a lot of rain in September but when the 20th came round I hoped for a good streak

I didn't have much to take as the camp was said to be well equipped as to bedding so my old B. C. pack sack was only part full. I took only my rough clothes, a touch of usquebagh "in case I got my feet wet" and a few pounds of breakfast bacon. I was advised that there were two good country stores at the jumping off place where I could get necessities.

My railroad trip was short, only about 45 miles along a recently built road, starting from Dartmouth across the harbour from Halifax. This road runs east and along the shore and then north-east into the Musquodoboit valley to the present terminus called Steward after the proprietor of the very good hotel.

Before breakfast next morning I got my list of groceries in the hands of the storekeeper. Mr. Stewart provided me with a horse and buggy

and a driver in the person of one of his sons, home on a short leave from Aldershot. After breakfast we picked up the groceries—enough for the guide and myself for a week. It was necessary to take plenty because there is a close season on grouse, which had been almost killed out in Nova Scotia. Anyway it's not good practice to shoot much round camp and expect to get moose.

Away we went on a 16 mile drive along the stage road toward Sheet Harbour. The road is no worse than other Nova Scotia roads, about what the traffic warrants, but could be improved by keeping the side ditches open. We had a big powerful horse and a light load so got to camp before noon to find smoke—wood smoke—cheerfully rising from the chimney. Con Richards the guide, had walked from his little farm 4 miles beyond, an hour or two earlier to get the wooden shutters off and the fire going.

This is a cosy little two room lodge. I confess that I am fond of a comfortable camp and it's no sign of a tender-foot. Let those rough it who like it, and nine times out of ten it's only a bluff when they say they do. I've roughed it when I had to, but not by preference. Con and I got a little acquainted over a good dinner after which Corpl. Stewart headed home and Con and I struck out about one o'clock to look things over. No doubt too the guide wanted to look me over to see if it was hopeless or not to think of getting me through the woods and swamps within range of a moose.

Truth to tell I'm not as light as I was 25 years ago by 40 pounds and then I weighed 165. However, Con though slim, is older than I am and I believe his little extra load of years just about balanced my excess avoirdupois for we mouched along for the next five days with ever growing satisfaction and esteem.

We wore shanty rubbers with fairly flexible soles and two pair of heavy woollen socks. This foot gear is pretty quiet and more satisfactory in wet ground than moccasins. I soon decided this was the easiest forest country to travel that I had

ever tried. Of course Richards knows all the trails but in some forest country there are almost no trails to know, while here the place is cobwebbed with old logging roads and no windfalls as we know them in the West where you just have to go round them.

We were encouraged by seeing a fairly fresh track on a tote road along which we went about 2 miles. We found out next day from a prospector that this was made by a full grown cow moose which had fallen into a deserted mine excavation some miles north on the same road. He and his partner discovered her. They broke down the side of the bank with pick and shovel while she waited peacably within a few feet of them standing in about five feet of water. As soon as the slope was ready the two men stood aside and she climbed out.

The prospector told me, and it was the part of the story that he emphasized most, that when she got well out and a few steps away she stopped and looked back toward them in a kind of friendly, thankful way and then went off slowly as if exhausted. He thought she had been there a day or two and had struggled desperately.

It was the look she gave them that impressed him. He said he had seen her track off and on as he came along all the way from the mine. However, this first afternoon we struck last a bit along a narrower trail and saw nothing except a most independent porcupine round some deserted lumber camps. Richards called but with no result. The country is ideal moose country, a succession of hardwood ridges and spruce bottoms interspersed with "barrens" of from a quarter of an acre to a hundred acres, beautiful clear streams and still swamps. The camp is between the stage road and a river which we had crossed by a wooden bridge. In regard to moose calling, of course one has to be in the proper setting to appreciate it. The birch bark horn is really a makeshift megaphone. The imitation of a cow moose call is not altogether unlike the call of the domestic cow. You will note I say the "imitation" as I never heard a

cow moose call, and I have of course heard many a domestic cow calling for a mate, when the call is different from the ordinary lowing. I did hear a moose, said to be a bull, call, one night in Northern Manitoba but it was distant and again not unlike a domestic bull heard in a wooded river valley as I have heard it.

The call as rendered by Richards had a certain indescribable wildness which made it different from that of the domestic cow which it still resembled and was sufficiently true to nature to quite deceive an experienced moose hunter on a following day who was patiently stalking us for a while.

This first afternoon was inclined to be showery and the wind got up. The forest is no place to be, in a high wind, but though we heard some crashes and saw several down trees on our way to camp we arrived before dark only a little wet. There is a lot of difference of opinion as to calling. Some say you can't successfully call on windy days or in the day time. Truth is no doubt, that an art like this was unlikely to be recorded. The best exponents often could not read or write and the few living successful moose callers don't bother to set down the facts and all the circumstances.

Richards is like Harry Lauder who says "Man you should have heard me sing when I could sing." Con says he doesn't call as well as he did and told me moreover of very successful rival moose hunters in his younger days who couldn't or wouldn't call at all but who ranged the ground like wolves covering mile upon mile. You have to be in special condition to enjoy that or even to stand it. I found it a wonderfully pleasant system after exhausting the possibilities of one swamp or barren and walking quietly a mile or so to the next, creeping the last portion quietly, to sit down restfully and hear Con's call rise, varying from a mellow quality sometimes to a certain hoarseness and die down with a queer little coughing grunt. Then sit absolutely still and listen, just listen with all one's mind as well as sense.

The second day Con packed his knapsack with some lunch. We

didn't start before daylight at all, as there had been a heavy rain during the night and the woods were soaking. We turned off the tote road/sooner and hunted in some bottoms, trailing what Con said was a cow and calf. We saw some "works," that is brush with bark scrubbed off but it was old. It was here, in calling, that Richards fooled the other fellow.

The third day we crossed the stage road and hunted south of it. This was a scrumptious day to be in the woods. Cold to start but just right about 8.30. It was glorious to sit at the edge of a barren and listen to the call. It was very bright and still, the hardwood ridges showed lovely coloring of russets and yellows but with less bright reds than the Ontario woods. I heard what I thought was an answer once when we called from a beech and maple ridge near lake Alma. We waited quite a while and finally went on down to the lake for lunch. We saw several loons and decided they had made the noise. After lunch we picked up a rather small but very fresh track and trailed it back quite close to where we had called and Con was sure his seductive voice had been responsible and that we should have waited longer.

Working back toward camp we found a very fresh track of a cow which Con undertook to show me but finally gave it up after creeping a while. The swamps were pretty full and it was getting toward dark.

The fourth day the guide was on his mettle, I told him I wouldn't break my heart if I didn't get a moose. The weather was fine and I just like to hunt. We had covered the ground although so comfortably yet mighty thoroughly. Richards seemed to know every little trail and to go from one likely spot to another with the least travel, and quite reasonably he should as he had lumbered and trapped the ground boy and man for forty years and still he just likes to hunt and to show you game.

We went along the stage road a couple of miles and then struck north toward the river. We "called" at

the edge of a big barren with no response.

Finally we crossed it and picked up a fresh track which we followed a while. It was really fresh, the water was still in the moss turned back from the hoof prints and besides we saw some "works." We "crept" the whole circuit of that barren and Richards was as cautious and wary as a pointer dog but without result. He stopped once and pointed to a rough boulder beside which he had once killed a big bull. This circuit was mostly in a dark and pretty wet spruce swamp.

After that we hunted over some hardwood ridges and came out to the stage road for lunch.

I had sat down when I heard an automobile but as they are commoner than moose I didn't bother to get up and walk round a few scrub bushes to see it. Con was on the road going for water for the tea and Mr. Lewis, whose auto it was, knew him and stopped. I could hear what they said and I not only cocked my ears but used my legs and went right there. It appeared that Mr. Lewis coming from Sheet Harbour had seen a fine moose with a good head on the road about half a mile back, "looked about like a four year old buck, was facing us then turned and went ahead a little and finally turned off into the bush on the south side," was the report.

This was most likely the one whose track we had been on in the early forenoon. We had lunch, then went along the road and sure enough there was the whole story.

We found where he had stepped over a five foot pile of brush as he came out of the woods on the north side, walked along the stage road, then retraced his steps, climbed a little bank and headed South. How far south was the question. We started right for a swamp the guide thought he was heading for. We picked up a track, a good big one, very like the one on the stage road, and did some mighty quiet creeping, if I do say it, who shouldn't. Finally, and I was a pretty warm and intensely interested hunter, Con whispered "there he is." I couldn't see him to save my life, but slipped the

safety off my Ross .303, and stared into that sombre swamp. I looked where the guide pointed and finally made out the black chest and a little of the legs. We had made a beautiful stalk so I had time to take deliberate aim. I knelt to avoid some branches right in front of me and wasslowly bringing my foresight on to that big black chest when Richards said "hist!" it's a cow." She had been holding her head against some dry branches and now brought it down leaving the fake antlers up there. She moved slowly off and we didn't alarm her but no cow ever more nearly lost her life and got a fellow into trouble than she did.

Richards felt a little foolish but it was a natural mistake. She was a very big cow and those wooden antlers and the gloom of the swamp combined to deceive us.

We worked carefully the rest of the afternoon but finally decided the big buck had kept on going and as it threatened a heavy rain and we were about five miles from camp we headed home. We got a proper soaking and had to plow through more than two miles of deep mud on the stage road where loam had been cast by the road machine.

In our good camp it was no trouble to dry our things before bed time and we had the right medicine for wet feet as well. That evening as we neared camp Con expressed himself to the effect that I wasn't a bad walker. As this was unsolicited in the midst of a deluge and I was setting the pace, I considered it sincere and gratifying withal.

The next day was the fifth day of steady and careful hunting. Naturally we went back to where we had quit the afternoon before, but approached the vicinity from a little different direction. Con called at the end of the lake—I thought I heard something but after waiting a long time we crossed the end of the lake toward the swamp where we saw the big cow. Here we had an experience like that of our third day. We picked up a trail and followed it on a circle where it led back, to a point just opposite where we had called. He probably inspected us, or if we

had waited longer he might have showed but it was a smaller track than the big one we wanted.

Following a track into a close swamp we put up a big cow and calf. They were alarmed and went off at a crashing trot. They looked very grey, much greyer the guide said than usual and certainly not the very black one we saw the day before in the same swamp. We now headed over some little ridges to see if we could intercept the big bull which we hoped might be hanging round where there were two cows instead of having gone away South as we had feared.

We crept up a little ridge and I was walking right in Con's footsteps. When he got to the top he stopped. I looked round past him and there I saw the moose, a big buck walking slowly in his old, old forest. Nothing but an elephant can look so primeval as a moose. He wasn't more than 75 yards away. He was below us a little and was crossing in front of us headed to our right. There wasn't a second to spare—he knew we were there—I think he saw Con before I stepped from behind. There was only time for a snap shot at his shoulder. At that distance one couldn't miss such a mark but there was no time for a second shot. He disappeared in the thick swamp and I wondered "is he hit after all?" We watched a minute to see if he showed, and Con grunted like a rival bull. Then we went toward where he was when he turned. There was some blood—all right. We followed up and heard a cough. We came in about a hundred yards or less to a stump covered with froth and blood—that settled it—"a lung shot." Within twenty feet turning a big boulder Con said "Well! there's your moose."

Poor fallen giant—there he was—down. He was facing us and if he had been less badly wounded might have been dangerous as we were almost on him. He was right against the big rock so I shot him through the brain for fear he would damage his antlers which we saw at once were very fine. He would have died in a minute or two, but one never knows.

It was about 11 o'clock, that is 10 o'clock by the sun. Off came our

coats—mine was a coat sweater. I had discarded my khaki canvas shooting coat the first day as Con thought it might make too much noise against the brush. Though it is a seven year old friend, and valued on account of pocket accommodation, I took the guide's advice and wore the wool. This resulted in having no camera for I hate the thing dangling on a strap.

As to dressing a moose it is to be remembered that a well grown moose is as big as a horse and one must be a rather expert butcher to do a good job. Con was all that and I was enough of a country boy to be a good helper and we got a good deal done before noon when we stopped for lunch. It is really not a job I'd like to tackle alone.

You take a ten or twelve hundred pound animal in an awkward hole and what can one man do? After lunch Con got the neck very neatly skinned out to the antlers. I asked for lots of length of neck so the mount would not be too short. We didn't quarter him as we thought it wiser to bring better tools than our hunting knives. Con used a good deal of moss to sop up the blood and some more cold damp moss he left in the carcass to keep the inside cool and free of flies. We carried the head by turns setting the palms upside down on our shoulders, the head of the moose pointing skyward, the neck skin making a pad for one's shoulders. I should say it weighed about 70 pounds and was fairly awkward to carry on account of the very respectable spread which turned out to be 46 inches.

We gladly set down our moose head at the stage road and went to Richard's house for a light waggon. We brought cross cut saw and axes and did some "swamping" and finished the dressing of the carcass.

In the morning Richards who stayed at home that night as it was closer, met me at the woods road with his sled, which in Ontario we would call a "jumper," with a kind of "travoise" added to it. For the uninitiated this is better described as the front end of a "bob" sleigh without iron runners to which are

attached two poles one on each side, their ends trailing on the ground. This contrivance carries a light box like a waggon box and it is warranted to go over almost any ground where you can persuade a horse to go. Con's seventeen year old son was there to help.

We finished swamping our road to within 20 yards of the carcass and carried the quarters that far. The hind quarters weighed on the scales 135 pounds and the fore quarters 160 pounds. We got out to the stage road at noon, transferred to the light waggon and went to Richard's house for dinner. Here we had moose liver, which is very tender and quite different from any meat I know.

The moose was very fat. I brought home some beautiful fat such as you would take out of a stalled ox. The guide thought from his condition that the mating season had barely started. That's about all my story.

After dinner we fixed the quarters up for shipping and completed skinning out the head using plenty of salt round the eyes, etc., as the weather might still be warm.

I got to Dartmouth at noon next day and called up the Musquodomeat market where I had located Mr. Purcell, a local taxidermist.

My trip cost in outlay about \$50 of which \$15 was the cost of getting the moose out and delivered at Dartmouth: Many a big game hunt has cost \$1,000 or \$1,200. My old boyhood dream became a reality and I had had my moose hunt in Nova Scotia.

Mr. Purcell, a local taxidermist, turned out a very natural looking head for a surprisingly low price, not of course included in above. He is a taxidermist who has seen the animal in his native "habitat" and does not get the ears in the wrong

place as some high priced "artists" have been known to do.

If any fellow lovers of the rifle and the woods think of a trip in Nova Scotia in the Musquodoboit District I am sure Con. Richards could give them an enjoyable trip. He has his own camp which is quite as well situated for hunting purposes as that of my friends.

Don't consider that you are sure to get a good head or even to get a moose at all. They are not as thick as all that. I rather think too, that with the recent protection, there are so many cows in proportion to the bulls that the latter don't come very readily to a call—they don't have to.

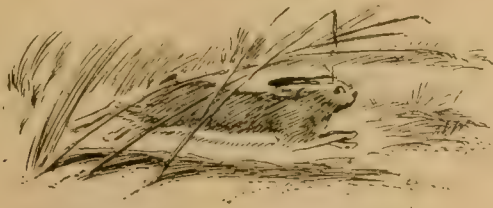
At present it is thought that the moose are on the increase in most districts, so while not sure to get one, it is at least likely provided you can count on a week or more actual hunting.

Red deer, which had been exterminated, were, I understand, brought in and are given protection all year, so that there are now a few. This year a 10 day's open season from Oct. 21st to 31st. was granted.

While on my trip we saw one or two tracks but that was all and the guide said there were very few about, though in some districts they are getting more common.

I hope I have not been too long winded but have tried to tell what I like to know myself. Besides when I read a hunting story I don't like it to get done too soon. "Brevity is the soul of wit" but not of a hunting story.

Well here's hoping that I get a mountain sheep some day to yarn about. I went after goats once in B.C. but had no luck on account of bad weather conditions.





No. 3---Canadian Natural History Photos

BONNYCASTLE DALE

You have before you—as the showman says—the monster devil fish, the octopus of the seas; its diet being plain, raw man.—The harmless squids are taken alive by Coast Indian lads armed with a little cedar pole and gaff hook. Quite harmless! I was just about to investigate inside this one when the camera went bang.



A pounding surf on the Pacific

Two Ancient Beach Combers

Written and Illustrated by BONNYCASTLE DALE

WE were at the mouth of the "Mosks-la-boos," as our Indians called the "Forked River" or the Skagit. We were photographing wild fowl and muskrats. The month of March was wild and windy and our tent on the sandy shore of the lagoon shivered in the gale. "Let's go away up the river, it's too wild to photograph now," said Laddie Jr.

Off we set in our big Eastern canoe. The Spring flood was pouring down from the Cascades and the river bubbled in a muddy yellow current. The tide was in and the muskrats had finally eaten the dyke so badly that the old ocean had torn its way in and the lower fields were deeply flooded.

"Las-kit" told me there are two crazy men living up the river," called the boy.

"I've heard about them—stick your blade in—the current's heavy here." Through the now returning tide and the swift current we battled, doing a mile an hour. Now we turned into a creek that fed the river and found easier paddling. It was evidently spring fed and clear as crystal. We could see the brook trout darting away beneath us and the pintails and widgeon leaped calling from the bog.

"Let's climb that wee hill and get

a view," said the lad and out we leaped and mounted the fir clad hill—to the north lay a pleasant valley, with a small shanty on either side of the creek, the early morning smoke pouring out of each chimney. We could see a short log canoe being paddled through the bog; and another canoe, a hundred yards behind, sneaking along, evidently watching the man in the front canoe.

"What is it—German spy game?" laughed the lad. We watched intently, every time a bend hid the first craft the second one crept ahead and the man in it raised up and carefully watched the other's work.

"The first man is looking at traps. I saw him take an animal out of one."

"We could creep up there and spy on both from the next hill,"—and we did. A most interesting sight it was too. The first thing we saw was a boy's figure creep out of one of the houses and dart along the stump fence to the creek bank. Then a girl, in a sunbonnet and carrying a pail, left the other house and walked to the creek for water—the lad splashed across, spoke to the girl, kissed her and sneaked back to the farther cottage. Now we saw the last canoe turn back and paddle down the creek, so we entered ours and paddled away up to meet him. We rested in a bend and watched his



'Deception Pass

approach—an old man, white bearded to the waist, a patriarch's beard, long and snowy—

"Good day," I said, as he paddled up.

"Where you goin'?" he asked me.

"Up the creek to photograph wild fowl," I assured him.

"Well look out for Grimshaw, he's an old thief," and he gave us the history of the other canoeist—and I am sorry to say—his daughter too. Neither of them could be trusted with anything they could lift—according to his story. Tired of his string of abuse, we bade him good-bye and paddled on; hearing as we turned the bend, "You just better watch that old thief, Grimshaw."

A martin in a tree now held our attention and, while I was trying to picture it "tump"—"tump" along came the other old log canoe; and a second white bearded old man paused

beside us. His beard too was long and snowy.

"Where goin'?" he asked.—I told him our quest.

"Well, you'd better keep an eye on your things, there's an old thief lives in that east hut, old Brayley, steal anything you got, stole a mus-rat out of my trap, he did, by gosh." And he gave us the life history of his neighbor and of his boy. "Say! I'll fill young Skinny full of number fours if he comes a-nosing around my Mary—you just keep your eyes peeled—they're full bad," and off he paddled.

"We seem to be getting the life history of this countryside, eh Laddie?" I said as we paddled on. After a hard morning's work we were returning down stream and saw both of the old men seated on their doorsteps; evidently watching one an-

other. We went ashore at Brayley's first and met the boy John, otherwise "Skinny", a well set up young chap of about twenty. Not a word had he to say against his neighbors but the old man still sang his troubled song. He showed me the telescope he used to watch his neighbors with—he had been an old sea captain, trading up the "Inside Passage" to Alaska.

"Say that old skunk"—and he pointed towards the quietly smoking Grimshaw across the creek, "used to steal all my customers, he had a rotten old tub with a mildewed sheet, he traded up there too."

We stopped in at Grimshaw's met pretty, shy Mary, heard about a yard of the old man's abuse of his neighbor and paddled back to our tent laughing.

Morning after morning, when we were up the hills behind the creek, trying for bear and deer pictures we



An ancient beach comber

saw the comedy of the two old beachcombers. Both at times paddled down and searched their ocean shores for tide swept flotsam, never speaking as they tugged and towed past one another.

There was a great flock of widgeon resting on Puget Sound, far out, each day, and we determined to try for pictures. We were carefully warned to keep away from Deception Pass: and of course we went there. Here was a channel through the solid metamorphosed limestones, about a hundred feet wide. Through it poured the rushing waters of the Straits of Georgia which fed the enclosed Puget Sound. We were wise enough not to try this trip in our canoe, we hired a muddy little gasoline launch with a five horse engine in her, and slopped over the big swells and entered the bay below the Pass with the tide.

We were treated to a wonderful sight. The owner of the launch had a big black retriever with him, as we grated ashore a wounded surf duck splashed off and in went the dog; despite the master's calls. The retriever was all right as long as he kept in the shore current, once the duck entered the swift waters of the Pass both dog and duck were swept along at a terrific pace. We ran

along the beach calling. but, although the dog tried to turn and breast the current he found it impossible to do so. Out "put-putted" the man in the launch; the engine did not seem to even increase his great speed when he entered the eddying, boiling, outgoing waters of the Pass. We hurriedly climbed the rocks for a full view. The dog was an hundred yards ahead and was suddenly swept about towards us. Then we saw the wonderful power of the tide in the Pass—without any slack water, the tide changed and swept the dog, and then the launch, back before it—both made the bay in safety. We lay on the sloping hot rock and watched entranced, the mighty forces of the inpouring water, no boat of any power, hereabouts, had ever made the Pass against full high tide. We saw a "pile," a seventy foot log, come whirling along, instantly it was sucked down until only the top revolved above the water and it passed us with a sickening, seemingly beckoning motion. By now the water in the centre of the Pass was fully six feet higher than at the sides. We wandered back, full of respect for the mighty forces of Deception Pass and did our work silently and returned to camp.

John was there to meet us; he often came down, once he brought Mary, but an awful row resulted and John confided that he was going to leave home.

About midnight as I was sleeplessly watching the shadows of some bats sweeping over the moonlit canvas I saw a head, then the shoulders; of a man rise up, seemingly out of the ground, on to the tent—

"Hullo," I called.

"It's me—John," answered a voice. "Can I speak to you?" Soon I was dressed and outside.

"I'm going away sir, and wanted to say good-bye to you. If dad comes down tell him I hid one canoe in Winchell's slough, we're taking the other.—Yes, Sir—"

"Mary!" he called and another figure stepped forward in the moonlight. "We're going across to Port Townsend to catch the boat. We'll get married and write to dad."

"You're not going to risk the Pass tonight, are you?" I asked.

"Yes, Sir, I've been through it many times, the last of the flood will be going through when we get there and its calm on the Straits to-night. Don't worry about us. Mary and I swim like fishes."

Nevertheless it was with a heavy heart I saw them paddle out into the sparkling waters and it was daylight before I sank into uneasy slumber.

"Say! Get up! Will you? I heard two voices exclaim. I scrambled out and there were the two old men, enemies no longer, both trembling with excitement.

"John left me a note, sayin' he was going up to Fir to take the train for Seattle, goin' to marry Mary as soon as he gets thar. "He took both canoes an' we want to borrry yours and paddle up and see if he did go."

It took me an hour to get them both seated down to a cup of coffee and to get them to promise not to interfere with the marriage. I then paddled as fast as I could to the Forks and



A typical Pacific Coast river mouth

ran up to Fir and got long distance to Vancouver and got Port Townsend finally. Yes! the license had been taken out, so no doubt the two were married. I simply rejoiced that they had got through that boiling current safely.

Sixteen months later, when we were shooting and photographing on the flats of the Skagit we saw a canoe arrive and out stepped John and Mary—with a wee bit kiddie. Laddie Jr. and I paddled them up home and to see those two old whitebeards cuddle that baby one would never believe that a cross word had ever passed between them.

Days of Real Sport in Algoma

T. J. C.

IT was a fine warm day in mid September in the year 1908 that we started out to the woods for a day's partridge hunting. After an unsuccessful forenoon we met, the four of us, at our appointed place to have lunch, and while waiting for the water to boil for tea some one proposed that we go for a couple of weeks' partridge and duck hunting at Rocky Lake, which was about twenty miles from town and isolated by about ten miles of solid wilderness from the nearest habitation, but which could be reached by wagon trail which solved the problem of transportation.

By the time we had our meager meal finished we had decided to leave the following morning and had our plans all made. We then hurriedly dispersed in the direction of home to carry them out.

Getting ready was no new thing to us, having done it many times before. It consisted of getting together our outfits and grub, also of hiring a team and wagon to take us out. Nor was the trip expected to be anything out of the ordinary, as we had made it several times before, at least three of us had and were therefore well acquainted with the lake and the country surrounding it, which helped

a good deal to make the trip more enjoyable, especially for myself.

It was four rather sleepy looking young gents who met at the stables of one Jim Delaney the following morning, and the fact that it was raining a little didn't help to liven us up any.

Jim Delaney was the man we had hired to transport us to Rocky Lake and who had agreed to do it in about six hours for a fair sum, adding the stipulation that we were to walk up hills and over all rough places which we knew from past experiences meant considerable walking through mud as well as climbing hills. Jim seemed to find it more profitable to serve us than to peddle wood around town, though he wouldn't admit it, for he could always be had whenever we wanted him.

We hadn't figured on it raining of course, one never does when going hunting or fishing, so we took advantage of the chance to secure a couple of rolls of tarred-paper which Jim had on hand in case our shack should need some repair, also to keep eatables and blankets dry on the way out.

We left about six A.M. and arrived at "the landing" at Rocky Lake about six hours later without any other mishap than when Bill Jones turned a somersault off the front seat into a mud hole that happened to be handy as we turned off the main road into the trail. Bill being somewhat of a cripple and also an excellent cook, we were all obliged to get out into the mud and help him out if we expected any dinner that day.

We had to make the final stage of our journey to our shack at the head of the lake by boat, and as luck would have it, a heavy, cold rain had now set in, soaking our blankets and some of the grub and ourselves, but thanks to the tar-paper we managed to keep the flour and matches dry. At camp we found some dry wood and soon had a roaring hot fire going, dried ourselves out and got on the outside of a good hot meal which we appreciated as only those in our position could.

By dark that night we had our blankets dried out and two very comfortable bunks made up on either side of a

stove, and after giving our guns a general cleaning we "turned in" and were soon dead to the world in dreamless slumber.

Our first morning in camp found us up before daylight and breakfast over when the first faint streaks of light showed in the east. Then the wind came up and with it came a heavy sleet which later turned to a heavy rain. We gave up all notion of hunting for that day and spent our time cooking a batch of bread and pies and in getting in a good supply of wood. The evening was spent at "King Pedro" and other amusements.

The second morning was a big improvement on the first, being cold and somewhat misty, and made ideal duck shooting weather, for during a mist, ducks on these small lakes and "sloughs" will not rise unless hard pressed and are easy marks for either rifle or shot gun.

On each small lake, of which there are thousands in Northern Ontario, there are from one to three pairs of ducks make their nests and each raise a brood of from ten to twenty young. These are about full grown in September and start to work their way South in twos and threes, although there are sometimes, but seldom, as many as a dozen. They seem to gather together again when they reach the Great Lakes as they are found in large flocks, especially on the North shore. Ducks in Ontario are scarce when compared with the prairie Provinces of Western Canada.

We set out as early as we could, two men to a boat, and managed to make our way into one "slough" before the fog lifted and were just in time too, for we had just got into well screened positions when the fog began to rise revealing two large "canvas backs." I took the head off the nearest one with my rifle. The other one rose and disappeared in the mist but came circling back again and fell to a shot from Ted's twelve gauge shotgun, Ted and Bill being the occupants of the other boat.

We made the rounds of one or two more "sloughs" and a small marsh but without success so returned to camp in time for a late

dinner. We gave up our hunting for that day having enough meat on hand to last a couple of days and none of us were "game hogs," as wanton killers of game are known in this part of the country.

We spent the next two days in the bush after partridge and were lucky enough to secure a few, also a few rabbits, which all went to keep Bill busy cooking. We lived pretty high for a few days.

Sunday turned out fine and warm. We put in our time doing the necessary chores around camp and in a little exploring trip down the lake, and on our way back to camp we noticed a flock of Mallards light in a small bay. It was getting dark so it was a safe bet that they intended resuming their Southward flight. If they didn't leave then it meant that we were in for some more bad weather, so we accordingly made plans to be in advantageous positions before daylight next morning.

We set out in good time next morning and took up positions which would force the ducks when they rose to circle over our heads in order to reach the open lake, or to rise above the trees on shore. Bill and Ted were in our small boat both armed with shot guns. Fred, who was with me, had an excellent shot gun but no experience in using it. I had the trusty 38-55 Winchester rifle and for that reason was to take the first shot, so we took up a position to the left of the others and waited.

We had not long to wait however, for with the light came a slight breeze which seemed to lift the fog enough for us to see clearly, and revealed several ducks swimming back and forth. As quiet as we had been they heard us and, like ourselves, were waiting for dawn. I lost no time in starting the music. I took a shot at the nearest one and motioned to Fred to shoot into the flock at the same time, but he wasn't wise enough at the game to know what I meant and calmly waited for them to rise. My shot just grazed one on the back and he had to be stopped with a shot from Ted's gun.

The low-hanging fog seemed to bewilder them for they flew low over

the water and close to shore and circled two or three times before making a break for the open lake. They simply refused to rise through the fog. Fred winged one and Ted two. Bill was waiting for Ted to open up as he had decided to follow his lead. He shot all right but whether he hit anything or not we never found out. All we heard were two distinct reports and to our surprise we saw Bill's gun with the end split wide open flying in the air, and Bill himself turning a backward somersault and lighting in the water almost headfirst. He came up and grabbed the side of the boat and tried to get into it that way. His teeth were chattering from the cold shock. He was an expert swimmer but very excitable. Ted had troubles all his own in trying to keep the boat right side up and to persuade Bill to hang on until he got the boat over to a log near shore, which he succeeded in doing after a long three minutes. With the assistance of the log Bill managed to get back into the boat without spilling Ted into the water too.

Ted, and Bill who was chilled to the bone by his early morning plunge, set out for camp as fast as they could go, while we gathered up the game and by tying some trolling lines together, weighting them with sinkers and attaching several fish hooks of various sizes, endeavored to drag for the lost gun. But try as we would we could not get enough line to reach bottom at that spot. I had often heard it said that there was no bottom to Rocky Lake and caught myself almost believing it.

When we got back to camp we found Bill rolled up in blankets loudly discussing, and "cussing" the accident over a red-hot stove with Ted. He didn't know what had happened except that he had aimed at the ducks and pulled one trigger and felt an enormous kick, then the cold shock as he struck the ice cold water. The way we reasoned it out was that, in his excitement while waiting he had unconsciously pulled back both hammers, (it being a double-barrelled, twelve gauge shotgun,) and probably dipped the end

of the barrels in the water which would cause one barrel to split and the recoil and shock had jarred the other hammer hard enough to release it, causing the other charge to explode. This seemed to be the only reasonable solution and the one Bill thought the most likely for we had heard two distinct explosions. Bill had made up his mind to go back to the scene of the accident that afternoon and dive for the lost gun, but when we told of our efforts at dragging for it he soon changed his mind.

Our surprises were not over yet for that day. We had a visitor in the person of one Joe Lafave, a breed Indian, who accepted our invitation to have dinner with us with evident pleasure, and, much to our amusement and to Bill's disgust, made noticeable inroads on our stock of pies. It turned out that Joe's business at Rocky Lake that day was to find a birch bark canoe which he claimed was his. I knew the canoe of which he spoke but did not know that it was still on the lake. We weren't just sure as to Joe being the rightful owner of that canoe. My reason for doubt was based on the fact that I had seen it several times and in charge of a different person each time, each one declaring that its former possessor had stolen it. But as Joe told me his story of having it stolen from him near the Indian Reserve I was inclined to believe him.

In return for the good dinner Joe invited us to "lend him a hand" at locating his canoe, which we did, and you imagine my surprise when I saw him pull it out of the same hiding place where I had last seen it taken from. I had never dreamed that that particular "birch bark" would be hidden in the same place twice or I would certainly have made use of it.

We accompanied Joe to the mouth of the river and watched him skillfully guide it over the apron of the dam into the slower water below on his way to the "Reserve." He waved a good-bye as he disappeared around the first bend, which was the last we saw of Joe Lafave. We

started back for camp only to meet with still another surprise that day.

We had just come in sight of the "Landing" and it was a very busy scene that greeted our eyes and on a closer but unobstructive investigation we saw that we were to have company on the lake. There were four men and four women besides the two teamsters, who were hurriedly unloading a canoe and a row-boat from one waggon, and tents, bedding and eatables from the second one.

We noticed that the new-comers had taken possession of the skiff, or "white boat" as it was known to us, that was left at the landing for any chance sportsman who happened along. Just where they intended to camp we couldn't give a guess for they were loading their stuff into the boats and we were still more mystified when we saw them start down the lake, as we knew of no place on all that shore where tents could be put up without clearing away a few trees. There was an old shack on that end of the lake but it would be impossible for them to get to it with the boats that night as it was getting dark then. It was hard to get to it in daylight and there was no trail. We gave it up for that day and went back to camp to find a good supper awaiting us. We had decided to look up our new neighbors next day and get acquainted if the opportunity presented itself, so we promptly forgot them, cleared away the supper dishes and got busy at the cards.

We took our time about starting next morning, waiting until the wind, which was from the West, had come up fairly strong. This took us down two miles of open water-way in a short time while all the paddling we had to do was just enough to steer by. It didn't take us long to locate our new neighbors. They were camped in the most unlooked-for place on the whole lake, namely, a small rock island about five hundred yards from the nearest shore. The island was about twenty yards wide by thirty yards long. On its south side there was a small landing beach about fifty feet long and running back about twenty feet to a shoulder of

rock about ten feet high and perpendicular on that side. This was where they kept their boats.

The tents were set up on the north side, the guy ropes being fastened to a timber on each side. These in turn were weighted with stones. They must have worked all night for the stones would have to be brought from the mainland as did all their wood. As soon as we had come in sight of their camp we headed our boats north-east intending to spend the day on a creek that ran in to the lake at that point. This would give us reason to pass close to their camp without going out of our way. As we came closer to the island a man came down to the boats and sat down on the bow of one. He carried a rifle, this he laid across his knees, folded his arms and waited to see what we were after.

We kept about twenty feet out, ceased paddling and greeted the stranger with a hearty "good-day." He never answered except to unfold his arms, fondle his rifle and carelessly point it our way, which all meant that we were to keep on going. We naturally felt quite peeved to find that our only neighbors were enemies instead of friends.

We continued on to the creek and spent the day hunting through the marshes for duck but without success. Our bad luck was soon forgotten when a fine big bull moose ambled out of the bush and calmly eyed us for a full five minutes, then went off the way he had come. It was hard to keep from taking a shot at him but it was still six weeks till open season for big game and we could not have used one quarter of the meat. He had a fair spread of horns, which I would like to have had in another month's time. They were hardly full size yet.

The next two days were spent in the woods mostly. After a look around for ducks in the early morning we loaned our "little green boat" which was as good as a canoe, to an old man and his son, who had come out for a day's fishing. They promised to leave it at our camp that evening but failed to do so. We looked around our end of the lake,

but could see no sign of it or those to whom we had loaned it. We then had supper, did the usual evening chores, then turned in for the night, giving the lost boat no further thought expecting it to turn up in the morning.

When morning came three of us started out just before daylight for a small "slough" where we had seen a couple of ducks light—at dusk the night before. There was a natural screen of beaver grass across the opening to this slough, which made it easy for us to look it over without being seen, for the early morning mist had already lifted. We found three canvasbacks peacefully feeding and as they were moving about too swiftly for me to risk a shot with the rifle, I left all the fun to Ted and Fred. They got one each, the third one making good his escape.

We then took a turn around the lower end of the lake intending to return to camp by the north side of Burnt Island, hoping to come across more ducks in some of the small bays or inlets off that narrow channel. When we came in full view of our enemies' camp we observed our lost green boat pulled up amongst theirs. This meant one of two things to us, namely; that the ones we had loaned it to had stayed here over night, or that these people had taken possession of the boat when the others were through with it the day before. Anyhow, we meant to find out as quickly as possible, so I headed for their camp. As we came close we saw our "particular friend" with the gun strolling down to greet us, presumably in the same manner as on our former visit. We lost no time in making inquiries and were curtly informed that they were using the boat themselves. We attempted an explanation and then argument, but neither was of any use as he sat there with a queer smile on his lips and menaced us with that infernal rifle. I didn't take long to find out what made him so cocksure of himself, for on taking a glance over the rock I discovered another rifle trained on us. It was plain that they had this "drop" on us, but we felt sure that they would not shoot unless we started

something, and that they would shoot if we did make any attempt to recover our boat. It was also easy to see that this one man was not a resident of this part of the country, and we felt the same about one other of the party. It was evident that they were a couple of hired rowdies; therefore the display of firearms.

We stayed around a little longer and I purposely made two rounds of the island to see if there were any more guns in sight, especially shot-guns, but they apparently had not one shot-gun among them. This rather pleased me for I was already hatching up plans for recapturing our boat.

When Ted spied the second gun trained on us he grew wrathful and showed symptoms of taking a shot at them. Ted was somewhat of a wild one anyway and skilled in the use of firearms of every sort. He had a police record for dare-devil pranks, but no convictions against him.

It was only by manoeuvring the boat the wrong way until we were out of range and thereby spoiling his chance of shooting at them that we kept Ted from carrying out his intentions. It made him simply rave at me, but he saw the wisdom of my move after his rage cooled down. It was only the fact that we had left without breakfast that morning and the feel of an empty stomach that kept him from going back right away. So we made haste for camp and got a raking-over from Bill for keeping breakfast waiting so long. However, when we told him the cause of the delay his anger shifted to the other parties.

We had company that day for dinner and they stayed until the next afternoon. Two young fellows from town whom we knew well were out for a couple of days duck hunting. To our surprise they went looking for a birch bark canoe they had hidden on their last visit and didn't seem to worry any when we told them what had become of it. They were mad though, when we told them where the rest of the boats were.

That afternoon we decided to stay around camp and do some very ur-

gent camp chores, such as cutting another supply of wood, help with the cooking and so forth. So we loaned our one remaining boat to our visitors.

That evening over a late supper we discussed plans for a hunt the following morning for some ducks our friends had seen light on the lake that evening, but when the question of boats came up we all looked at one another rather foolishly for we had entirely forgotten that we had only one boat and it would not carry the six of us. There was a heavy square-nosed punt which was badly water-logged and partly sunk near our camp, but for hunting duck it was impossible. I had had my mind made up to steal our little green boat back from our enemies, so I volunteered at once to go right then. I felt that I knew the lake well enough to guide our boat to that island, take the lost one and get back without being seen or heard, providing that two of the boys would come with me and do the rowing until we reached the lower end of Burnt Island.

Ted and Fred were both eager to accompany me. It was nine o'clock then, so we set out at once, the other two rowing while I handled the steering paddle. It was a very dark night, so dark that I had to steer by compass and had to wait twice for the moon to show through a rift in the clouds so that I could get my exact bearings.

When we neared the end of Burnt Island I had the boys quit rowing and keep their oars on their knees ready for instant use, so that they wouldn't make any noise with them, for the least sound carries a long way on water, more so on a still night. We found the island without any mishap. Their big camp fire guided us as soon as we got where we could see it.

I was well used to handling a paddle and had no trouble in getting right up to their boats without making any noise, and was very busy working the bow of our lost boat loose, but here "Cupid" spoiled all our well-laid plans. We had evidently butted in on a love scene, or better still, "love in the dark." We were simply frozen stiff by the curt inquiry of "who's

there?" When the moon showed through a rift in the clouds we made out the forms of a lady and gentleman also the glitter of a rifle barrel pointing our way. The man made a move towards us and at the same time I noticed that Ted had hold of the boat we were after so I gave a push on the one we were in with the paddle against the rock, but our friend, the enemy, was too quick for us. He jumped and grabbed the rope attached to the bow of the other boat, pulling it well up on shore. Ted had let go his hold when he saw that the fellow had got hold of the rope. This let us glide out into the darkness again where we couldn't be seen. Then we wearily pulled for camp.

I imagine we looked rather foolish when we tried to explain our failure to the other boys on arriving back without the boat we had gone for. They jeered us unmercifully and made me a special mark for their bantering remarks. They tormented me so much that I determined to try again if Ted and one other would come with me. He readily agreed as also did Fred.

So we set out again after playing cards for a couple of hours to give our neighbors time to get over their scare and get to bed. This time we changed our tactics somewhat, Ted doing the steering while I took the forward oar. I also took an extra paddle along.

We went down on the north side of Burnt Island, this way being longer as it was narrow and winding, and hard to find our way in the darkness, but it afforded us a view of their camp without getting anyway near it. Everything looked peaceful. The fire had burned low and there was no sign of anyone stirring, though we watched for some time. The boats were on the south side and we couldn't see them for the shadow cast over them by the shoulder of rock, which was in our favor. It wasn't likely that they would have a guard over them or he would have been around the fire, especially when it got low.

Our plan this time was for Ted to paddle the boat quietly up to the west point of their island. I was to step out and shove it off again, make

my way to the green boat, jump in and and push off; while the others went around to the north side and kept watch on the camp. If anyone appeared they were to take their revolvers and shoot into the air and shout to attract their attention that way until I made my get-a-way, and if I got away safely we were to go back and give them a little scare before going back to camp.

I took off my boots as I was afraid they would make too much noise on the rock, took my paddle in my hand, and was all ready to step ashore. Then Ted paddled up gently. I put my one foot out to keep the bow from striking, stepped ashore and shoved them off. I crept along in the shadow, found our boat tied to something back on the rock. Taking my knife I cut the rope, lifted up the bow and slid it back gently into the water and climbed in. It was a good thing that I had thought to bring a paddle with me as there were none in the boat.

I had just sat down in the stern and was shoving off when I was startled by three quick shots. In spite of the fact that I expected them they startled me so much that I forgot myself and let the bow of my boat hit one of the others. This made quite a loud noise. I heard a scramble upon the rocks so I got busy and paddled backwards as hard as I possibly could. This took me out quite a way. When I was far enough out, as I thought, I turned the boat west and headed for the shadow of Burnt Island.

Despite the racket the other boys were making some one in the camp had heard the bumping of the boats, for a rifle shot rang out just as I was getting underway, and a bullet hit the water ahead of me. It was followed by another one that went through the bow of my boat above the water-line. I believed he was just shooting at the noise for I don't think it was possible for him to see me. Anyhow I paddled more quietly and no more shots came.

When I had got well out of range I stopped and looked back to see what was going on. Their fire was burning up brightly now and I could

see people running here and there, and hear them shouting. Evidently our little escapade had caused some excitement. I could hear nothing of Ted and Fred, but now saw them passing between me and the fire, going east. I took my revolver and emptied it into the air. Ted led out a joyous whoop. This caused more excitement among our enemies for there was more shouting and pointing.

As it was almost impossible for two to row and steer through the darkness I tied the recaptured boat to the back of the other one; then I climbed into the back seat and did the steering while the other two rowed.

It was three o'clock when we got back to camp. We weren't laughed at this time. In fact the others looked quite grave and talked fight when I told them I had been shot at, but we all decided that it was better for us to not say anything about it unless the other parties did, and that was the last we ever heard about it.

We crawled into our bunks for we were too tired to get in any other way, and, giving the others a warning not to waken us when they got up, were soon sound asleep.

The others got up and went for their hunt, and came back at noon with one duck. They also informed us that our enemies had broken camp and left the lake that morning. They had evidently intended to leave that day for they had everything moved up to the landing when the wagons arrived at ten A.M. to take them back to town. I met one of the men different times on the street in town. He didn't speak but looked at me with a foolish grin on his face.

Our supplies were running low by this time. We had some flour, sugar, salt and canned milk left, and counted on killing enough game to keep us going until Jim came for us about the middle of the following week. But as luck would have it a north-west gale set in that very afternoon accompanied by rain, hail and sleet. This storm lasted two days and made

hunting of any kind impossible, one duck being all that we could get and that was due simply to sheer good luck and the quick acting of Ted.

It happened that we were all sitting around the stove about half dressed. We had been out that morning and got pretty wet and were just getting dried out. Bill was busy washing our dinner dishes and, on opening the door to throw the dish-water out, saw a duck light on the water just across the bay. He pointed it out to Ted. All the clothing Ted had on was a light jersey sweater and a pair of trousers, but that made no difference to him when there was a good supper in sight. He grabbed his shot-gun, which happened to be loaded, and ran down to the lake; pushed off the nearest boat and paddled hard towards the duck, but the wind was too strong for him and was blowing him further away. He took a shot at the duck then but missed. The duck rose and flew down the lake before the wind. Ted raised our improvised sail and managed to keep pace with the bird. Then for some reason the duck turned south. This brought it within easy range. Ted made good with his one remaining shot, and the duck fell just a little bit ahead of the boat, making it easy for him to pick up.

He was unable to get back to camp against the strong wind alone. Knowing this, Fred and I took the small boat and went down after him. We found him stranded on a small point and preparing to walk around the shore to camp. We left the one boat pulled up to a safe distance on the point and the three of us returned in the one. It was all we could do to get back to camp through the wind and hail, but the reward was worth it so we didn't complain.

On Monday we had one slice of bread each and decided to walk to town next morning. So when morning did come we made a kind of pan-cake out of the remaining bit of flour, and made syrup out of what sugar was left. This we forced down us, then taking our blankets and guns set out for home, arriving

that afternoon weary and hungry. Thus ended our duck hunting for that season. We were sorry too as

we had enjoyed every minute of it. But then, that was only one of our many trips.

A Caribou Hunt in the Restigouche Country

HENRY DUNCAN CHISHOLM

A camp fire by the Restigouche;

A star hung patch of sky;

The night wind croons its deep-woods song,

The hunter's lullaby.

The rapids laugh from pool to pool

Where deep the salmon lie.

ALTHOUGH several years have passed since we took the trip the memory of it is still fresh as it was one of the most enjoyable of many hunting trips. Frank and I went on the invitation of Jack, a prince of good fellows and one of the most experienced woodsmen and hunters in Northern New Brunswick.

Our battery consisted of a .303 British, Winchester, model 1895 carried by Frank, and a .35 Winchester packed by myself. Jack carried a heavy Mauser pistol as we were expected to do the heavy work. Jack christened my gun "the cannon" and it was some cannon all right with a roar and a bit of a jar to it, but the thirty-five will bring home the bacon if held right. I found it the most satisfactory rifle I ever used, and I have used most all of them. Of course it is heavier than is necessary for caribou, but is a fine all around gun for a big game. One advantage of the thirty-five is that it is the only rifle in which I have found an auxiliary chamber work successfully. My chamber used the .38 Smith & Wesson cartridges and they were extremely accurate up to say fifty yards, dropping quickly at longer ranges owing to the light powder charge. Of course the .38 bullet is slightly larger than the bore of the .35 and that makes it accurate with a light load. The soft lead bullet would strip with a heavier charge of powder. I have found the chamber of little use with the .32 Special, .303 and .22 High

Power, as the bullet strips through the rifling, particularly the .22 H. P. But I must get back to that caribou hunt. When I get talking rifle I do not know when to stop.

We met Jack in Campbellton and took the train there for Matapedia. Most of you have heard of Matapedia with its famous "Meeting of the Waters." There is located the headquarters of the Restigouche Salmon Club looking just like a big white farm house surrounded by well kept lawns set in this beautiful valley among the green hills of Restigouche. This is said to be the wealthiest sporting club in America. They have a large part of the fishing rights on the Restigouche leased from the New Brunswick government and private parties. We left Matapedia next morning before daylight and joined the scow for up river at Deeside.

It was near the last of October and this was the last scow to go up before winter set in. Most of the supplies for the Restigouche lumber camps are taken up in the summer and fall on these river scows towed by teams. Besides the scow, which was loaded with potatoes, turnips and hay, we had two "dugout" canoes. There were ten of us all told including two hunters who were going up to look after W. K. Vanderbilt Jr.'s game preserve somewhere up the Patapedia in Quebec, and the boys who handled the scow bound for "Big Jim's" camp on the Patapedia. While the men were preparing for the start, Frank and I tried out our new auxiliary chambers along the beach. We found as I have said the .32 in the .303 very unreliable but the .38 S. & W. in the .35 surprisingly accurate.

At last we were off. The scowing was new to me and is a very pleasant

way of travelling in fine weather. The river winds away among the tree-clad hills without a fall or a dangerous rapid in its whole length. It was hard pulling for the team in the rapids, but we helped them out with the poles, and in the long pools we moved along easily. There are some wonderful pools and long reaches, notably the long straight reach called by the Indians "Long Lookum." Another place known to every Restigouche Voyageur is Cross Point where the river makes a great sweep around a high narrow neck of cliff. On its top is or was a cross erected by some pious padre of the long ago. The scowmen of course know every pool and rapid. The teamster rides one of the horses and tows along the beaches, the team being taken on the scow and ferried from beach to beach across the deep pools.

Rain came on just before noon making it rather unpleasant. In the afternoon we had a rather exciting time. We came to a place where the river drops a few feet over a ledge on one side only. It can be avoided by poling across the pool, but when the water is low scows are towed over it without any trouble. At this time the water was fairly high but Jack thought she would make the grade all right. The men grabbed their poles and Jack stood over the tow line with an axe. Frank rather expected her to swamp and had our rifles and duffle bags in one of the "dugouts." Instead of rising to the fall under she went just as Jack cut the line and our gallant craft was swept from stem to stern. She of course did not sink, but filled to gunwales and was swept far down the pool before the boys could get her grounded. A lot of the light junk was carried overboard, and Frank and I were busy salvaging tin pails, dippers, plates and various packages, while the rest of the crew baled out the scow and got her going again.

On taking stock we found that we had lost most of the sugar, salt and bread as well as some other small junk. However, we had tea, salt pork and plenty of potatoes and tur-

nips and so would not starve. Vanderbilt's men kindly shared some of their supplies with us. Their stuff had escaped a wetting, being in their canoe towing alongside. We were still about three days from camp as the scow flies.

It had been raining steadily all afternoon, so that by the time we reached our camping place we were all pretty well soaked, between the rain and the wreck. We had expected to pass the night in an old camp, but found that someone had taken the stove, so we had to camp out in the rain under a couple of tarps with wet boughs for a bed. We soon had a big fire going and after a dipper of hot tea and a feed of salt-pork-potato-turnip Mulligan (I always spell Mulligan with a capital since) we felt a lot better. Soon the boys were dropping off to sleep, lulled by the gentle murmur of old Restigouche swishing past, and the not so gentle patter of the rain on the leaky tarps and on ten pairs of wet sock feet all in a row as near the fire as was safe. Someone was brave enough to get up through the night several times to replenish the fire.

Most all next day it rained, cold, wet October rain. Nothing very exciting happened excepting Mulligan at regular intervals. We saw our first big game that day, a fine buck deer, when our rifles were safely stowed away under cover. Just as we were passing the mouth of a small brook, Frank, and I happened to look up the little stream, and there stepping easily across in the misty green distance was a handsome buck with a wonderful head. It was just a glimpse as the scow was moving and the brook was narrow. It reminded me of a wonderful dim old painting of a deer crossing a brook which I saw when a youngster in an old Restigouche farm house. We got a couple of partridges along the bank that day but it was too wet to travel through the woods. We camped again on the main river that night and next day turned up the Patapedia. Its current is more rapid than that of the main river and it is also shallower. This made our progress slower, and, as the weather was

now fine, Frank and I had plenty of time to hunt birds, and we picked up quite a number along the flats.

That night we had a good dry camp on a nice flat, and Jack made a royal Mulligan with ten partridges, salt pork, potatoes and turnips. He is certainly some cook, and the appetizing smell from that big Dutch oven of partridge stew would have stirred a wooden image to action. A moving picture of the ten of us in action seated on a big windfall would have beaten Charlie Chaplin out of sight.

Next morning we passed a large beaver dam at the mouth of a small creek. It was newly built and must have been quite a colony as trees had been cut for quite a distance up the river. I have heard it said that a beaver never lodged a tree, but here we had evidence that they did once in a while as we noticed several that were lodged.

That afternoon we made the depot camp where the scow was to be laid up for the winter, and walked up the gulch two or three miles to Big Jim's camp. As we came out into the clearing around the camp, the stars were coming out above the black rim of the surrounding hills, and the men and teams were coming in to camp in the gathering dusk. The cheery bustle was good to hear, every sound echoing back from the hills and resounding through the deep woods, the calls of the men, the banging of the camp doors, the neighing of the horses and the clank of chains and harness. The bright lights from the windows and the cloud of smoke from the cook's camp were a very welcome sight after camping out in the rain for a few nights. This camp had been used for a number of years and was well built and comfortable. It was built in the style of most Restigouche camps, consisting of two big camps, cook's camp and sleeping camp, joined by a partly open shed where supplies were kept. The foreman, Big Jim, who is one of the best known woodsmen in all the North country, gave us the glad hand, and we had a big talk that night as we had brought all the latest news from home. He very kindly gave

Frank and me his comfortable bunk in the cook's camp.

The cook and the cookee had probably been busy for a couple of hours before we were awakened by the customary yell to the boys to "Roll Out." After a hearty camp breakfast including an installment of the traditional pork and beans, we started out on our first day of real hunting. We walked down the gulch to the river and went up a short distance in the canoe until we found a good camping place and then took to the woods. The ground was frozen and a light snow had fallen on the hills a few days before. These hills were burned over many years ago and there are many open places where there is an abundance of the moss on which the caribou feed. We crossed many old tracks until at last we came upon the fresh trail of three caribou. After following them for some time, Jack cautioned us that we were very close, and sure enough in a few minutes we saw a small open space before us and two spike horns about fifty yards away. We were disappointed at not seeing a good head but we wanted meat and dropped both of them where they stood. It took us the rest of the day to get the meat down to the canoe.

After fixing up a temporary shelter we soon had a fire going and what a feed we had that night. Jack had brought a Dutch oven in the canoe and he proceeded to cover the bottom with thick slices of caribou steak along with a few slices of salt pork. I want to repeat that Jack is some cook. Never was tenderer, juicier steak than came out of that old Dutch oven. How we slept that night on the springy spruce boughs under the warm grey blankets "Down by the riverside." Surely there is no lullaby for the tired hunter like "The music of many waters."

Next day we travelled a good many miles over the hills but saw no caribou though we ran across many tracks. We had good sport with the spruce partridge and shot a few. Jack got most of them with his big pistol. Frank and I used our chambers. These spruce partridge

are found only in the deep woods away from all settlements, and are very handsome bird with their dark feathers and bright comb. We came to an old hunter's camp just about dusk. There was a stove and plenty of dry wood around so we passed a fairly comfortable night though we had no blankets. In the morning we noticed that the camp was built near an old beaver dam on a small brook.

We were off again at daylight. The snow by this time was nearly all gone as the days were fine and bright, making it almost impossible to follow any fresh tracks. We simply travelled from one open place to another expecting to see caribou in every glade. After travelling for a couple of hours we came to a stretch of barren about fifty acres in extent, carpeted with moss and broken by a few low clumps of bushes. We stopped at the edge of the woods and looked around. As we looked a young buck came out from behind a clump of bushes feeding quietly about seventy-five yards away, but we were looking for a good head and did not want him. We walked through a neck of woods and came to the edge of a still larger barren. On looking carefully around we spied the head and shoulders of a magnificent buck feeding behind a clump of bushes. Wishing to make sure of him Frank and I both fired and he simply collapsed on the spot. He was a splendid buck. One of the finest caribou heads I have ever seen. I have it here as I write, having had it mounted at Fredericton, N.B. On examining him we found that the .35 had gone through the heart and the .303 through the neck. It was no wonder he collapsed. As we fired quite a herd of caribou dashed into the woods from where they had been feeding behind various clumps of bushes, but we did not notice a good head among them. We were a considerable distance from the river, and it took us all the rest of the day to get the head, skin and part of the meat out. Jack took the head on his back with a horn over each shoulder, and his rate of travel in that rough country with such an awkward

pack was amazing. That night we got back to Big Jim's camp tired, hungry and satisfied.

We had just one more day so Frank and I went out next morning with the idea of picking up a few partridges and possibly running across a deer. It was a glorious day of bright sun, and a little snow had fallen in the night. We were soon on the ridge and had some good sport with the partridge. We followed some fresh deer tracks for some time but led away from the river and we gave them up. In the afternoon we struck the trail of three bears, evidently the mother and two cubs. Apparently they were looking for a winter den, and had been eating the frozen blueberries which were abundant. The hill had been burned over long before and was dotted with big hollow pine stubs and more or less grown up with scrub. It seemed as though that old bear had climbed nearly every big pine stub on the hill. At last we came to a very large stub about ten feet high, with a Mountain ash growing close alongside. There were many claw marks on the stub and we felt sure that our bears were inside. Frank leaned his rifle against the foot of the stub and started up the mountain ash. I stood a few yards off with the .35 and it was rather exciting as Frank got near the top where he could look in. If they were there he would have to come down in a hurry. But sad to relate they were not there. We took up the trail again, but there was such a maze of tracks crossing and recrossing that we gave it up and sat down on a windfall and had a good laugh at that old bear. She was too much for us.

I think we enjoyed that day as much as any day of the hunt. It was such a glorious day, and the travelling on the ridge was good, the woods being open and there was just enough snow for tracking. We "boiled the kettle" in a hollow by a clear little brook with the warm sun slanting down on the new snow. Jack told us that bears will do some amazing stunts to throw hunters off their trail when they are looking for a den. He had known one that he was

following to climb a leaning stub and jump into a patch of brush to break the trail.

Next morning we said "so long" to the boys at the camp and got under way at daylight. There were four of us, Jack, Frank and I and a chap going out from the camp. The old dugout was well loaded with caribou meat, skins and heads and a bunch of partridge. We expected to make the run out about sixty miles, in the day and that meant an early start and hard paddling. The current probably averages three or four miles an hour. Three of us paddled all the time and we made good speed. Passing a sandy beach a few miles below our starting point I happened to look ashore and there was a fine buck deer drinking. The water was

rapid and our rifles under cover and he was in the woods in two bounds after taking a good look at us as we shot past about ten yards away. Both parties got quite a surprise but the buck recovered his wits first.

We made just one stop for lunch on the main river opposite the mouth of the Patapedia. We made the old dugout shoot the rapids and fly down the long pools, and arrived at Deeside about eight o'clock, walked to Patapedia through the mud, and caught the express for home. Our game and other junk followed us next morning. We arrived very dirty, and very tired, but well satisfied with our trip on that wonderful old river that sings its way down through the green Eastern hills.

A Mystery Solved

JOHN B. SMITH

ONE fine day last spring, just about noon, as I came in from the field I happened to pass the granary and noticed some chickens which had their heads poked through the rocks in the foundation of the granary. They seemed to be very busy at something and while I paid no attention to them at the time after my horse had been fed I thought it better to take a look and see what was the matter with the chickens as they then appeared to be so very still. To my surprise I found that they were dead, some of them having their heads chewed off while some had the blood sucked out of them. There was a small crack in the floor of the granary which just let out a little grain at a time and it was this that the chickens had been after. This granary was built on a slanting piece of ground, one side resting on the ground and the other on rocks about a foot high. Now, I wondered what might be under the granary that had killed the chickens, which numbered eight. I called to my brother and told him about it and we soon got busy. We pulled some of the rocks out of the way and then got a long stick and poked it under the granary. Nothing was gained by these tactics so we thought of the cat which was soon tied to the end of the pole we were using and we then poked the pole under the granary. Suddenly

we heard an awful commotion. The cat was trying to get away from something which we could not see, but which she could and which she evidently refused to tackle. She succeeded however, in scaring the animal, which proved to be a mink, out of its hiding place and my brother with his shotgun fired at it but instead of hitting the mink shot a hole through the granary floor and in consequence the grain began to leak out. We paid no attention to that or to the cat, which happened to get caught on a bent nail that was protruding under the floor, and my brother finally got another shot at the mink, evidently with telling effect. There was not, however, enough room for either one of us to crawl under the granary to release the cat so we had to tie a knife to the end of another stick and push that under to cut the rope that held the cat. The cat free, we went to our dinner. After eating we went out after the mink, thinking of course that it was dead but to our great surprise we found three more chickens dead and the mink very much alive. We then dug a hole under the granary on the side that rested on the ground and my brother crawled in with his gun and killed the mink which was hidden in one corner thus preventing any further trouble from that quarter.



The Gun That Would Shoot a Mile

F. V. WILLIAMS

IT came from across the water, it did, and it stood in a show-case with a half dozen of the same manufacturer. Row on row there were of shining new barrels in the glass covered show-case back of the counter. There were lever action, forearm or slide action, a few automatics and bolt action galore—everything in guns.

"Yessir, what can I do for you sir? Like to look at some guns? Oh! yes we've got a very good assortment," and as the customer stopped in front of the counter the young clerk shoved back the sliding door of the gun case and looked expectantly at the two people standing opposite. One, a man of perhaps fifty, tall, broad-shouldered and with no spare flesh on his frame. He looked as if he might be a bit of an athlete for all

his gray hair. The other perhaps ten years his junior, was an entirely different type. Sportsman he probably was, but *comfort* of the eat-and-grow-fat-kind was written all over him. One did not need a character reading to tell what personal comfort came *first*, last, and all the time with him.

The florid face, large waistline and fat flabby cheeks and the "take it easy" air of the man all went to proclaim the gentleman just what he was, one of the fortunate ones of earth, who are never interested in anything save their own comfort.

"My friend here is looking for a high power rifle. Have you got something *preety* good in that line?" queried the older man of the two, with a smile, and the salesman in less time than it takes to tell had laid

before him four of the latest models. Detailed information regarding velocity, range, etc., were gone into on each of the different models, the older man endeavouring to induce the younger to buy a large calibre weapon that carried a heavy ball, while the younger insisted on the lighter weapon with the extreme high-power cartridges. After a half hour of talk they seemed no nearer a purchase than when they came in, the older of the two was plainly growing impatient and the young salesman fearful lest his customer—who seemed to be worth while, should slip away leaving him with a half hour of wasted time to make up, made one last desperate effort to land a sale. Turning from the older man he smiled indulgently at him of the large waist and remarked, "If these guns are not long enough range, why not invest in one of these, they will shoot a mile," laying his hand on one of the seven weapons mentioned. "These are an imported weapon and are guaranteed to have the longest range of any of the high power rifles, bolt action as you see," he remarked, "and extremely light weight." Suiting the action to the word he threw the rifle to his shoulder, aimed at an imaginary object, threw back the bolt as if ejecting an exploded shell and closing the action passed it over to the younger customer with the remark "As light as they can be made" and, he made the sale. Yessir! he sure did, he had guessed right. It was the light weight and the long range that appealed to him. His friend at his side grumbled something about a "pop-gun" at which the stout man and the salesman laughed, and as he went down in his pocket for the necessary "iron men" to pay for his rifle, he turned to the other and remarked "I'll bet you fifty dollars I can kill a moose as far with that "pop-gun" as you can with the "cannon" you carry." "Possibly, possibly" returned the other, "if you hit him in the right spot" and as he saw the other was about to continue the argument he walked away and began examining dog-collars till the other had completed his purchase. The moose season had opened,

also the deer season. Hunters there were in the woods aplenty, but in the section where our friends had located for a hunt there were perhaps a half-dozen hunters in a territory one hundred miles square, at least that was the estimate made by the guide, and the country was sure one grand game preserve. Deer there were and moose. The man with the gun had remarked that he did not intend shooting a buck until he could get a good head and in the first week he let several good chances slip by to secure a deer. One the guide shot for camp use. The hunter with the "gun that would shoot a mile" was out with his friend one afternoon and after tramping for some hours through a very promising piece of timber and bush country, they had about decided to give it up for the day. Scarcely a half mile from camp they broke through a fringe of brush, the younger man in the lead—and they stumbled onto a much worn trail used for a portage to the lake beyond the log cabin where they were stopping. Around the bend in the trail they went, the younger still in the lead, and as he made the turn the older man saw him "freeze" and slowly raise his rifle. He got a glance through the brush in the direction the other's rifle was pointing and there, not sixty yards away, stood a splendid three point buck. He noted all this in perhaps three seconds. When the sharp report of the other's rifle broke the big silence of the wood and the buck crumpled up like a pin-pricked balloon and sank in his tracks. "Some gun!" remarked the one who had fired the shot, glancing back over his shoulder at the other, who came rushing up to see the prize, "Why that deer never knew what hit him." He ejected the exploded shell and shoved a new one into place.

The deer was certainly a beauty and the one shot had been amply sufficient, breaking the neck close to the shoulder and causing instant death. Not to mar his friend's happiness the older man did not say what he could have. He had seen large deer killed just as quickly and cleanly with the old 44 cal., and black powder, over

distances greater than this shot. But why spoil a friend's happiness over his successful shot by making unnecessary comparisons. They cut a pole and tying the deer's feet together they ran the pole between his legs and marched triumphantly into camp. The very fact that they were so close to camp pleased the owner of the deer immensely, for physical exertion was a thing he detested.

Followed three days of stormy, rainy, disagreeable weather in which they ventured forth but little. The one who had shot the deer during this "spell" of weather developed a habit that made the guide exceedingly "wroth" every time he practiced it. He would sit outside under the shelter of an old lean-to roof and test his high-power rifle for penetration on sundry piles of wood and old logs, trunks of trees, etc., and for this purpose he had brought along some steel jacketed bullets. It sure was marvellous, the penetration of those steel coated 'pills' through wood, but it made the guide 'sore.' "Why man," he remarked on the third day, "you've fired about a hundred rounds of ammunition now. You and your partner are the bosses to be sure, but all the deer and moose in the country will travel night and day to get away from a racket like that. I would like to see you both get your full allowance of game." To all of this the other simply grinned and said "Don't you worry, I've been on these trips before and we will get our full complement and have a little target shooting too, see?"

The next day was fine fortunately and the hunters started out again. The guide and the older man taking the canoe and going across to the lake mentioned where he left him and came back to get the other fellow for a try for moose. In two hours the hunter was tired of hiking, and wanted the guide to post him on a run-way somewhere and make a circle about and see if he could not "put up" something. Now there were two reasons and good ones why the guide did not wax enthusiastic about this scheme, one was that he was afraid his hunter might go to sleep and the other was that he might

stay awake and shoot at him by mistake, taking any moving object in the brush for a deer or moose. Finally the guide compromised. "If you will go about two miles further along this ridge we will come to a bit of country full of small swamp a few miles from the mountains and I can place you there where I think you can get a shot." As there seemed to be no other way out the hunter consented and an hour later he was posted beside a weather beaten old spruce on a bit of a rise that gave him as good a view of the surrounding country as one could hope to find, in timber country.

On his left the ground sloped away to a big swamp. On his right was a deep ravine with precipitous sides that would necessitate the travelling of miles in a roundabout way to reach the other side, tho' in a direct line the distance to the largest open space was probably anywhere from six to eight hundred yards, and it was in this ridge that the guide informed him he would most likely get a shot. "Too bad" he added "that you won't travel round to the other side. It's only a matter of three miles and you'd be much closer for a shot." But the hunter was obstinate, "No," he'd walked far enough. If anything in the shape of moose came into the open on that ridge they were "his meat."

The guide, a good shot himself, measured the distance with his eye and remarked, "Well mebbby you can, but if you kill a moose at that distance and knock him dead enough to find, you'll shore have to hit him in the right spot" and with this parting advice he slipped away back down the ridge.

* * * * *

A faint breeze crept through the hardwood growth at the edge of a little pond, and the message that it carried roused a big bull moose from his noonday siesta. That scent, the man smell, was too close for safety, and he rose to his feet and drifted out of that thicket as noiselessly as a woodmouse. The guide coming in on the far side could easily have had a shot had he cared to have worked up wind, but he was being paid to help

his hunters and purposely he had worked up to windward to start the moose that he knew or at least felt pretty sure was lying down some where on the sunny side of the little rise that led up from the swamp.

The big moose headed directly for the lake where the first hunter had been left earlier in the day, and half way there two sharp reports of a rifle had turned him back. Thus it was that the younger of our two friends seated beside his big stump about two hours after the guide had left, happened to glance across the ravine on his right. There in an open space nibbling off the lower branches of a tree stood a larger bull moose than he had ever seen before. He raised his rifle then realized that the distance was very great, but he also remembered that the salesman had said, "The gun would shoot a mile." He remembered the great penetration of the logs and trees he had tried with the steel jacketed bullets. Of course he was using soft nose bullets now, but he believed he could knock that moose down in his tracks even at that distance. He slipped back behind the stump, took a good rest for his rifle and aiming carefully for the shoulder he pressed the trigger.

The big moose head up, was reaching for brouse among the branches of a small tree when something struck him a terrific blow back of the shoulder. It staggered and bewildered him and the next instant a handful of bark from a branch in front of his face struck him across the eyes and then there was the vicious whistle of a high power bullet that sped like a bolt of lightning across his shoulders, sending down another shower of twigs. Then the sharp crack! crack! crack! of the rifle across the ravine reached his ears. Half blinded by the twigs and bark that had struck him across the eyes, he turned and raced madly for cover. As he wheeled on his back track another bullet cut through the air where he would have been had he taken one step ahead.

There was no caution about his travelling now, he ran blindly, through thickets, swamps and over ridges,

and ever making for the high ground and the wildest, most remote part of the region that he knew of. He was in no pain, this big fellow, but he grew strangely weak, he who had travelled for twenty-four hours without turning a hair, growing weak and he had trouble with his breathing, his clumsy gallop slowed down to a steady trot, a bloody foam formed about his nose and mouth, and dripped as he travelled, an hour of this and he stopped at a small stream to drink and as he lifted his head the skulking form of a wolf drifted out of sight a bit to one side. It was really too early in the season to be alarmed at wolves, he could hold his own anywhere on solid ground, even with a half dozen of them, but there was something about this particular wolf's actions that made him nervous, and he resumed his distance killing trot. In another hour the trot slowed down to a fast walk, and he had to rest occasionally. The bloody foam still dripped from his muzzle, and twice in the last half hour he had heard a wolf howl, once quite close and the last time some distance away, evidently an answer to the first, and now forty yards behind as he glanced over his shoulder he could see the two gray forms in the shadow of the timber following, always following. He was panic stricken, but he was also weak, and growing weaker, at times he staggered and at last as he came to the "snow line" he lay down, facing outward from a small thicket of evergreens and tangled windfalls, gradually the great antlered head sank until it rested on the snow stretched out in front of him and the bolder of the two wolves, with a snap, reached for his nose. The big fellow struggled to his knees, but sank back, and the smaller wolf raised its nose toward the heavens and emitted the long "Come to the feast" howl of the timber wolf. The big bull did not care, his life had gone out, shot through the lungs by a steel encased bullet that the careless hunter had left in the chamber of his rifle from the target shooting of the day before. He had travelled over miles of rough ground to finish his career as a feast for the



"But I spent the whole forenoon, after I found his position, manoeuvring about before I cut loose at him."

wolves away up on the mountain side.

And the guide, say! he witnessed that whole performance from the top of an upturned giant of the forest some few rods down the side of the ravine. "More careful hunting and fewer long distance bombardments would get some of you fellows more moose," was all he would say. What he wanted to say we won't print. And at camp that night the fellow that had gone over to the lake told how he had got a fine head, fired two shots "And what distance did you have to shoot?" asked the guide.

"Oh, as near as I could judge, the

old boy was about eighty or ninety yards away when I fired the first shot, but I spent the whole forenoon manoeuvring round after I found his position before I let loose at him." It was a successful shoot anyhow. They had a good time, the both of them will tell you that, but the lazy one sold the "Gun that would shoot a mile" to a second hand store for one-third what he gave for it, one week after his arrival home, giving as a reason that the ammunition was too expensive and was not obtainable in the best hunting regions.

Opening Day at Lake Scugog

JOHN TOWNSON

A greater number of would-be duck hunters look forward to the opening day of the shooting season than people who are not interested in the sport have any idea of; and when the first day of the open season happens to fall on a holiday, as was the case last year, the number of shooters is greatly increased.

There is no part of Ontario, that I know of, where the same conditions prevail in regard to duck-shooting as those in vogue at the south end of Lake Scugog, consequently some explanation is necessary. Looking at Lake Scugog on the map the impression is given that the lake is of oval shape with a large island in the centre. The fact is that a large wild rice marsh and bog occupy the space between the island and the mainland on the south. Across this marsh on earth embankment, with a roadway on top, has been constructed, which affords communication between Scugog Island (on which there is an Indian reserve) and the Township of Cartwright on the mainland to the south. The ducks, which have their feeding ground on the marsh and roosting ground on the lake fly back and forward over this highway. Duck hunting differs from other forms of shooting, owing to the fact

that the gun is only part of the equipment that is necessary to the successful following of the sport. Some kind of boat or canoe and a few decoys, either alive or inanimate, are essential to meet with success in capturing wildfowl. On the Cartwright road a gun and an automobile seems to be the combination most in use. On Sunday afternoon the shooters began to arrive in their cars, and at daylight next morning the gunners were strung along the road at intervals of 30 or 40 yards for a mile or more. The passing overhead of the first flock of black ducks was the signal for the fusillade to begin, and then for an hour or two the bombardment was continuous. It is indeed strange what an idea some people have of the range of a shotgun. It did not make a bit of difference how high the ducks flew, the guns were emptied just the same. In fact, some of the fowl were so high that they were apparently oblivious of the fact that the guns were pointed in their direction, and kept on flying serenely along. On stormy days the ducks fly at a lower altitude and sometimes a few are brought down, but on a calm day, such as the first day of the season was this year, it was only occasionally that a

duck was brought down by using No. 1 shot or a larger shot. A returned soldier, who was on the Cartwright road firing line, made the remark that it took a ton of lead to kill a soldier, and by the same token it would take a hundredweight of shot to bring down a black duck in that locality. It was gratifying to see that the number of black ducks is above the average this fall, and it might be added that the number will

not be diminished by the quantity that is killed in crossing the Cartwright road. The wary black duck is entirely capable of taking care of himself, and I wish the same could be written about some of the smaller varieties like the teal, buffle heads, etc. Every good sportsman ought to let them pass on when they come within range, otherwise they will go the way of the passenger pigeon.



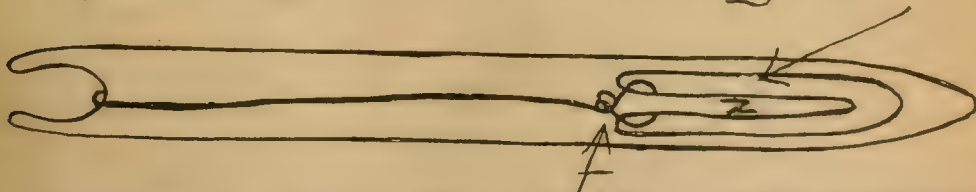
On Net Making

ARTICLE I.—PERCY G. PEERLESS

I LEARNT net making from my grandfather who was 80 years old, I well remember he kept saying: "Dammy, mate!

one eighth of an inch thick and cut one out with a fret-saw. The next thing is what grandfather called a mesh stick and is just

Fig 6. Medium Shuttle for landing nets z:



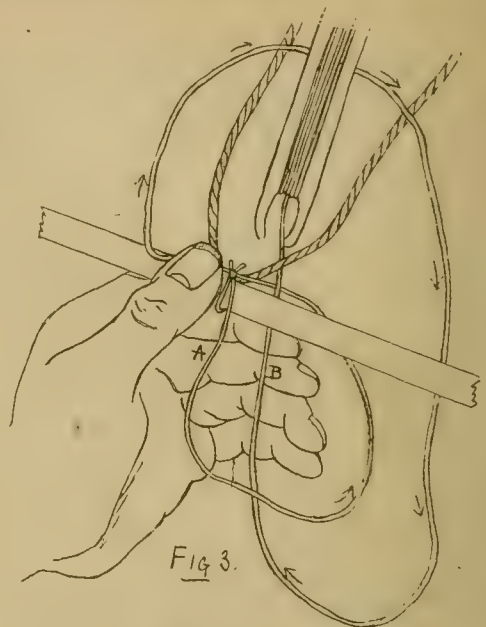
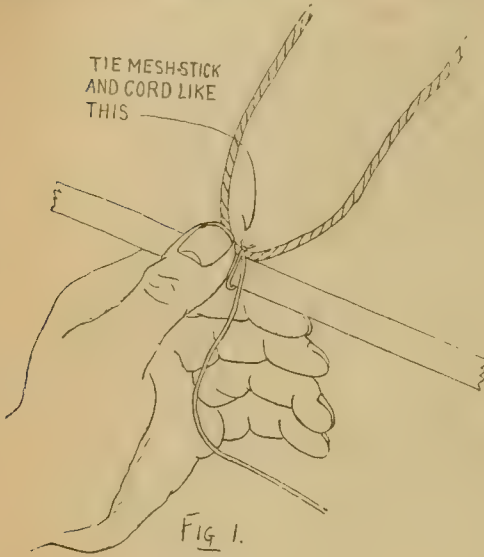
STRING IS WOUND ON LIKE, AND IS SIMPLY HITCHED ROUND Z EVERY TIME NOT THREADED THROUGH.

my old fingers be so stiff." Well first of all you want a shuttle, (see Fig. 6). If you can't buy one get a piece of very thin ash about

a flat piece of wood one eighth of an inch thick with parallel edges to get the size of the mesh regular. For landing nets use a fairly

fine string. Of course if you're going in for making hammocks you will want a bigger shuttle and a bigger mesh stick. You will notice in the sketches that the net is worked

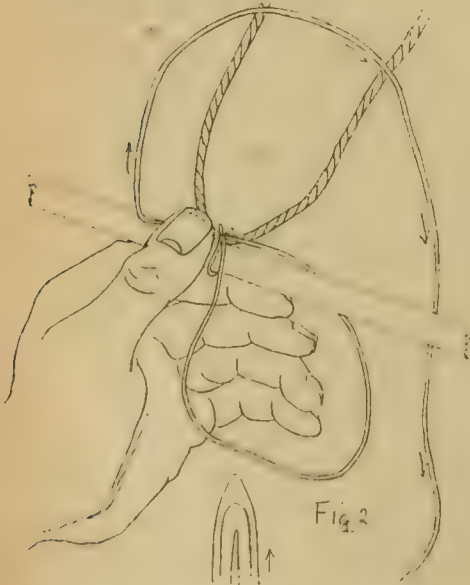
net (Fig. 1) get a decent length of blind cord and tie the ends, and hitch it on a nail or a chairback. Fig. 1 and Fig. 2 do not need any explaining if followed carefully.



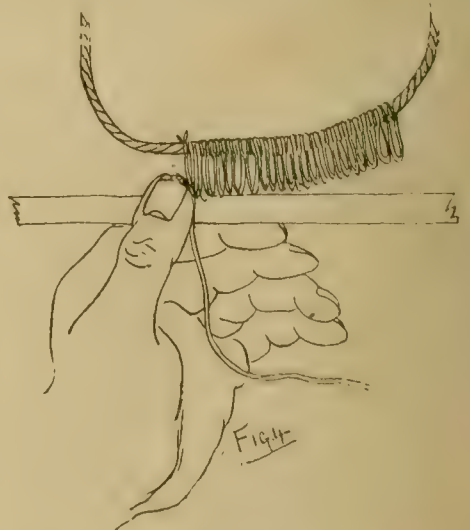
on a cord. When the net is completed (if for a landing net) the cord is pushed out and the net ring pushed in instead. Once you can make a net it is easy to expand it or make it

PULL SHUTTLE THROUGH WITH THE RIGHT HAND, CATCH HOLD OF STRING B WITH FINGERS OF LEFT HAND AND RELEASE STRING A.

BRING ROUND BACK OF MESH STICK AND HOLD UNDER THUMB.



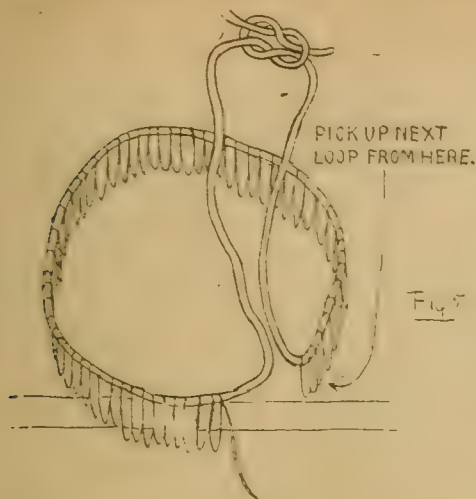
Now then, continuing, follow the drawing, (Fig. 3) very carefully as this makes the knot. Pull the shuttle through with the right hand,



smaller by simply picking up two stitches off the loop, or for making smaller take two loops at a time instead of one. To start a

catch hold of string marked (B) with the left hand and release string (A). Pull shuttle through until all slack string is pulled up ex-

cept the loop (B), or rather the loop formed by



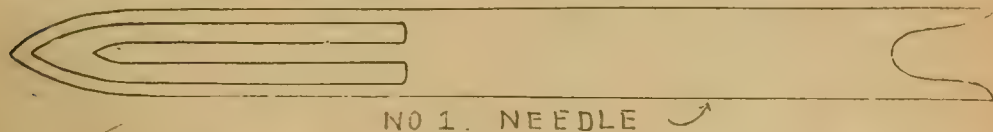
(B) when the slack is pulled up. Now pull

the shuttle towards you, at the same time working the loop (B) with the fingers until it pulls up tight on the cord. If this is done correctly the position should be as in Fig. 1, except that you have another loop on the mesh stick. Repeat this along the cord until you have as many loops as you require then pull the stick out and continue as in Fig. 4. Now this time instead of passing the shuttle under the cord every time as in (Fig. 3) you pick up a loop (Fig. 4). When making landing nets I start as usual and cast on the cord as many loops as I shall want. Then pull the mesh stick out of all the loops except about half a dozen, and simply continue as in (Fig. 5). This way nets are made without a seam up one side. (Fig. 6) is $5\frac{1}{8}$ " in length while the shuttle I use is 7" long.

ARTICLE II.—CHARLES JOHNSON

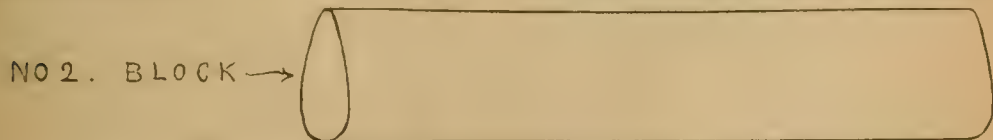
IT is now some 50 years since I saw the last net being knitted. At that time the Bay of Fundy fisherman had to depend upon their women folks for their nets and it surely took all their spare time to keep up the supply. For many years the nets have been factory made and it is very doubtful if anyone in our country under 50 years of age ever saw a

To "load it" take the twine over the point of the tongue of the needle, then, around the other end and up and over the tongue again and back again until it is filled as full as it can be worked. No. 2 is the block. This block is about 4 or 5 inches long, oval in shape, and half the size of the mesh. When in use the sharp edge is held uppermost.



net being hand made. The grand-daughters of the last net knitters are now riding in their cars and coming to town three or four times a week to the movies, as our fishermen are the most prosperous and best off class of people in the community.

No. 3 is a piece of stout wire the ends bent over to fasten to the window sill or table when the light is good. Have some twine heavier than your net, or double the net twine and knot it to the end of your needle twine, place your block parallel to the wire and fasten a



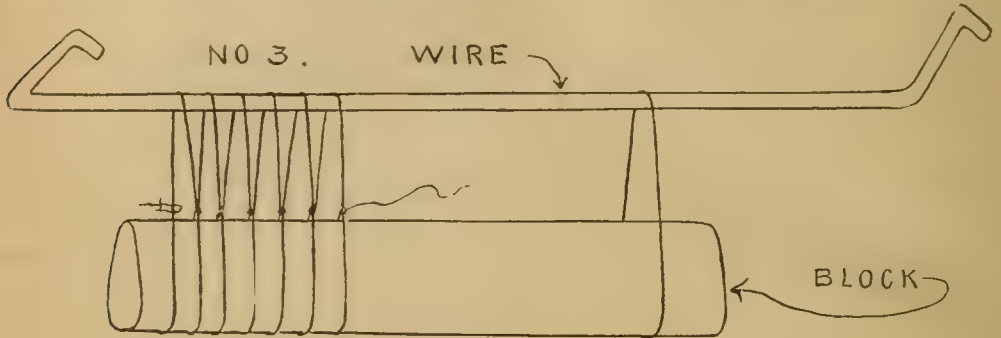
I have made a few rough sketches from memory that may help our neighbour catch on to the idea.

No. 1 is the needle as it was called in the old times. It is made of tough hard wood or preferably of bamboo when it could be got.

piece of twine around the right hand end, leaving it its own width from the wire. Now take the block in the left hand, holding it between the finger and thumb, sharp edge up. Take the needle around the wire and under the block until the knot joining the twine is flush

with the upper edge of the block; then over the block, down the back, and up the side. Next you take the bight of the double twine to it, at the upper edge of the block, holding the knot firmly between the thumb and finger until it is hauled tight and so on to the next. Probably it would be a good plan for the beginner to have a partner to hold the double

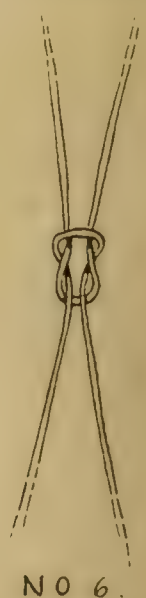
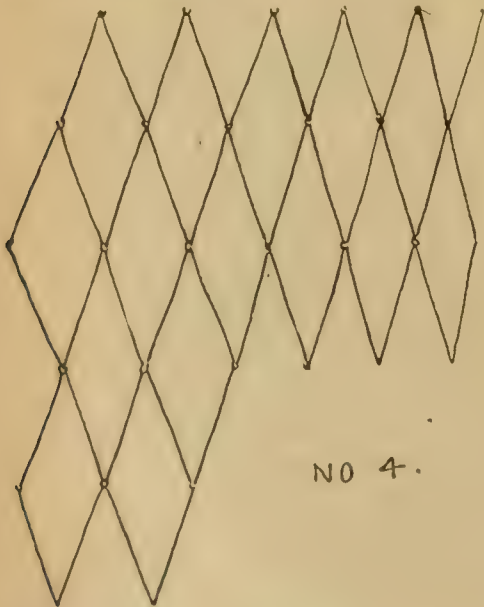
back to right, under its own part. Now pull this tight, always remembering to hold the knot tightly between the thumb and middle of first-finger until it is pulled tight. To make No. 6, bring the needle around as before, and down through the loop of the mesh above hauling it close up against the block between the thumb and finger, then around



twine while he makes the knot until he gets the hang of it. Now continue on until you have meshes enough for the depth of your net, then turn the block and work back, always working from the left to the right, and dropping the meshes off the left hand end of the block.

from left to right and up through the loop and haul this tight.

Next comes the roping, or "seaming in." Stretch the rope between two stakes or something to hold it tight. Spread the net until the meshes are about square, fasten your twine to the left hand side to the rope and make a

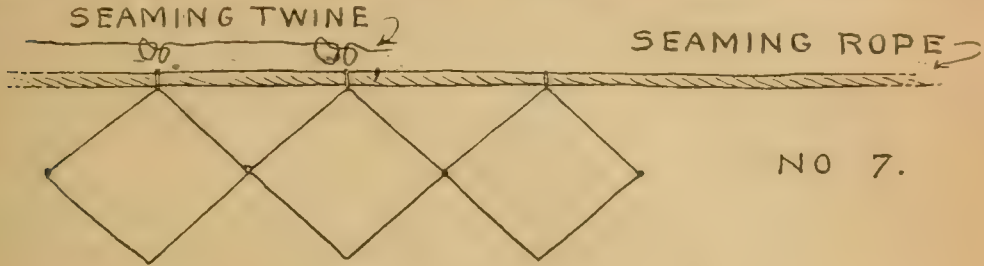


The next thing is the knot. There are two ways. One is a simple hitch that makes a square knot. To make No. 5 bring the needle up around the block and up through the loop of the mesh above it, then around under the mesh from right to left, and

gauge the length you want the meshes apart then make a hitch; to do this take the needle through the mesh from back to front or towards you and take a half knot over its own part hauling it tight on the back of the rope; then take another hitch around the rope and

mesh for strength. Remember that a net takes up about one-third in roping. A net stretching 30 feet in the web will be about 20 when roped. To repair a net try and lay it

until you reach the good work. Then go back and knit again until the space is filled, fastening the last row of meshes to the ones under them. It would be a good plan for a



down and spread it out on an even surface; cut out the torn piece as square as possible leaving the knots on the meshes. Start from the left hand upper corner and knit across

beginner to practice on making the knot before starting a net; the main thing in this is to hold the knot firmly between thumb and finger until it is pulled tight.

COMMENTS—ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

The two above articles came to hand after we had asked our readers to supply some ideas on how to make nets. We are sure that by following these directions our readers are put on the right track. The description in both is very clear and easily grasped and the drawings aid in making the text more perfectly understood. Says Mr. Johnson: "The inquiry asking about how to make nets sent me back to my boyhood days when the herring fishery on the Bay of Fundy

was flourishing, and there was nearly always a net under way at the kitchen window in every fisherman's house. That was before I went to sea (in 1865). I have never seen a net being knitted since but the memory of it is in my mind as if it were yesterday."

We are always glad to have our readers send in writings, short or long about things of the wild, how to make useful articles and so forth.

Sawdust and Pollution of Streams

ON this subject the Canadian Fisheries report for 1891 speaks in the following terms:

The habit of discharging the refuse from sawmills into public waters is a very serious evil, especially when it prevails on streams frequented by fish or on navigable waters, to the detriment of navigation.

It is sometimes exceedingly difficult to deal effectually with opposition from a powerful interest. Still, it is an undeniable fact that the damage caused to the fresh water fisheries and navigation by polluting and obstructing the waters with refuse from saw-mills and manufactories is increasing.

The question of devising means to obviate such extensive injuries is one of expense. A moderate and judicious outlay, representing but a trifling percentage of the profits of mill-owners, would in most cases, provide effec-

tually against the injurious consequences of past and present neglect.

The baneful effects of sawdust as one of the most destructive agents for polluting streams, and otherwise causing injury to fish life, has called forth the efforts of different countries to stay its progress. Wherever mill-dams have been built across streams, and where sawdust, mill rubbish and other deleterious substances have been thrown into the waters from saw-mills and manufactories, fish life and vegetation of all kinds have invariably been lessened, and in many instances wholly destroyed. This is particularly noticeable among the higher order of fishes, especially the salmon, which is a migratory fish, ascending rivers and streams for breeding purpose. These waters are invariably of the purest, coldest and most limpid, and, therefore, best adapted for the propagation of this species.

The salmon, at the time of the first settlement of New Brunswick and Maine, was found frequenting almost every river and stream emptying into the sea. But as mill-dams and saw-mills increased in number, with greater capacity for their work, they formed impassable barriers to the ascent of salmon and other fishes to their natural spawning grounds above, and then the hurtful and pernicious effects from the sawdust and mill rubbish being constantly cast in the streams poisoned the spawning beds below, and stayed the growth of all vegetation in streams, thus doing away with insect life, which is the principal sustenance for fish in their younger stages of existence.

As this improvident work of the mills increased in magnitude, so did the yield of all kinds of fish decrease in the streams, until it had been found in some cases that after stripping the neighborhood of all lumbering fish life these mills have gone into ruin and decay.

By a strict and impartial application of laws for regulating mill-dams for the easy ascent of salmon, shad and alewives to their proper spawning grounds; by the enforcement of statutes for bidding the drifting or throwing of sawdust, mill rubbish and other deleterious substances into the rivers; by the due observance of proper close season; and with the supplementary aid to be derived from artificial fish culture, it is believed that only a few years would pass before an increase in the yield of salmon, shad, alewives and other fishes would be noticed in the whole extent of the waters between New Brunswick and Maine. All authorities agree upon these points, that the surest mode of effecting permanency of the fisheries is to preserve the natural condition of the spawning beds; to allow the fish free access thereto, and to prevent their molestation while engaged in reproducing their species. None of these

conditions can be carried out if the waters are polluted.

The question of the injurious effect resulting from the deposit of sawdust and mill rubbish upon the salmon fishing in the river St. John, and especially in the headwaters of this river, has engaged the attention of the Fisheries Department. In a memorial from the owners of sawmills on this river and its tributaries, praying for exemption from the statutes relative to sawdust and mill rubbish, it was set forth that no law existed in the State of Maine on this subject, and that on that portion of the river St. John which formed the boundary between the United States and Canada, there were at least eight or ten mills on the United States side to one on the Canadian side of the river, and that as all the sawdust from the mills on the Maine side was permitted to be carried into the river, without restriction, any benefit which could possibly result from a stringent enforcement of the law in New Brunswick would be very trifling, and outweighed many times by the injury to the milling business in that province.

In consequence of such representations, the government of the State of Maine was requested to consider the question in order that united action might be adopted by both the Canadian and State Governments; and a promise was made that it would engage the attention of the legislature of that state.

Comment of Angling Editor —We commend the vigorous work done by the anglers and officials in the past when destructive tendencies amounted to the favorite outdoor sport. Let the newer generation take counsel from those who fought bravely for the good of the wild in those past days; to see too that they do as well in the present day, when, in places wild life of forest and stream seems to be tottering on its last legs.

R.P.L.

On Fish Culture

DURING the past year we have received a great number of letters asking full details about fish culture and especially about the culture and propagation of the brook trout. To those of our readers who are interested in fish culture, and the propagation of the speckled trout we are glad to say that we have just edited an article by Mr. John W. Titcomb, Fish Culturist of the State of New York, one of the foremost au-

thorities in that line on this continent. Mr. Titcomb's article will be read and understood by those interested. Most articles on fish culture are filled with a technical verbiage so dense as to make the task hopeless of mastery to the average reader. Mr. Titcomb writes in a matter of fact, simple and concise manner, getting the facts before the reader in a brief way without losing anything in the telling of it. Mr. Titcomb in this article proves

that one can go about propagating the speckled trout at a very small rate of expenditure, and gives accurate details of the materials you need and how to make the things necessary for the work at hand.

Mr. Titcomb was formerly Fish and Game Commissioner of the State of Vermont, a position he held with credit and notable accomplishment for over eighteen years. When he took the job Vermont was almost fish barren through the devastating tendencies of the people and the avaricious and unscrupulous fishermen. In the present day the value of the annual catch of fish in Vermont totals close to \$250,000.

Following are a number of facts in regard to the life of this active man:

"He was born in Farmington, New Hampshire. He graduated from the Phillips-Exeter Academy, and entered the employ of the Howe Scale works, at Rutland, Vermont, where he continued for thirteen years, becoming assistant superintendent. Perhaps there, where the infinitesimal balance of justice is determined by a hair, (actual fact), the principles of his life guidance became fastened

upon him. Next, as superintendent of the States Bureau of Fisheries he came to St. Johnsbury and had charge of the construction of the hatcheries there. He was State Fish and Game Commissioner from 1891 to 1902 and was then appointed Chief of the Division of Fish Culture at Washington, D.C., serving there seven years. During the year 1903-4 Mr. Titcomb was placed at the disposal of the Argentine government, explored the waters of that country, built the first fish hatchery in South America and introduced trout species from the United States. In 1909 he became secretary for Theodore N. Vail.

In recent years he has distinguished himself as Fish Culturist of the State of New York, being Secretary of the Conservation Commission of that State.

In Mr. Titcomb we have a fish culturist who has done perhaps more through his writings and official work than any other man in a like capacity.

The first part of Mr. Titcomb's article will appear in the December number of *Rod and Gun*, the second part in the January number.

R.P.L.



DUSK AND EMBER PAPERS

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

AN English sparrow had picked up a discarded kite string which it had noticed on the street and decided that it would make excellent material for the construction of its nest up under the eaves. It descended to earth, seized upon the end of the string and flew away with it. All went well until he

came to a sudden halt, for the other end of the string was caught up under a lump of earth. The sparrow flew down, pulled the string from under the lump of earth, and so having released it, picked up the string and carried it, unhindered, to the eaves. This is offered as example of reasoning as found in birds.

Actuated entirely by instinct, the correspondent holds, the bird would have abandoned the string when it found it caught up, but, as a matter of fact, the bird reasoned that something held it; it discovered what held it, pulled the string from under the obstruction and went upon its way. And to this we remark, "interesting if true."

William J. Long the nature writer, years ago brought down the world upon his head by writing nature stories he claimed to be the whole and nothing but the truth; facts, witnessed by his own eyes. The late Theodore Roosevelt hustled out the words "nature fakir" and implied that Dr. Long was one of them. The story that called down the jeers of other men upon him was one in regard to a shore bird, the possessor of stilt-like legs. During a tour of observation in the woods Dr. Long had noticed such a bird with a broken leg in the act of, surgically treating itself. First the bird applied some mud to the injured member. Then it straightened the leg by placing a portion of stick on each side of it, much as a surgeon would do under like circumstances in bringing first aid to the injured. Next the thoughtful bird, already supplied with fibers stripped from a tree, wound the leg about with these and in the end the job was just as rationally complete as could be expected. It was not stated if the bird tied knots in finishing up the winding process but it would take a no greater leap of the imagination to conceive of that as to conceive of the rest of these spectacular doings. In due justice to Dr. Long I will say that I am stating the substance of his story from memory, but what I have set down is surely not exaggerating the circumstances of the case. It served to bring out the "nature faking" controversy which raged for years in America, lit up as it was by the fiery flashes of that famous outdoorsman, Theodore Roosevelt. Dr. Long stuck to his guns to the end and still holds to his story I believe. It was during a trip in Canada that he witnessed this remarkable bird doing these remarkable things. Unfortunately, he states only one other person was present at the time who likewise witnessed the deed; that was his Indian guide. I believe Dr. Long made a trip especially to resurrect this Indian guide to bear out his story but the red-man had disappeared, and so Dr. Long and his story must be taken on their "face value." You are liable to pass this by without much attention being directed to it. The truth of the matter is that if it could be proven that a bird did these things, much as Dr. Long

detailed it in print it would stand out as one of the greatest scientific discoveries of all time; as proving that animals and birds have intelligence much as we have intelligence; that they are not actuated entirely by instinct, as many are given to believe (in unconsciously doing things for their own good) but study out, also, what is what, and why this is so, and those hundred and one things our minds are constantly alive with.

If we have cut our hand or arm we at once begin to study out what to do to keep ourselves out of harm's way. The thing we would do would be to stay the flow of blood by dabbing a rag or cloth to it, after first having bathed it in water. We reason that if the blood becomes sticky and mats then the wound will close up, harden, and will finally heal—and this is almost always the case. But if I should say that that is an unnatural process, and far from intelligent you are liable to wrinkle your brow in wonderment. Let us see. A dog has cut its leg on a scythe. It is an ugly wound. The first thing the dog does is to hunt out a place in the shade and for the next hour or two he is occupied in licking that wound until the skin about it is pure white and the depth of the wound itself is but raw flesh and no particle of blood appearing. The dog cures himself *by instinct*. He unconsciously feels that he must lick the wound and he licks it. Nature supplies the greatest healer in the world in the form of saliva; the saliva kills all the germs; and the wound heals clean and strong. We learn from this that the first thing we would do upon being wounded is to lick our wounds, if need be by the hour for if the saliva from your mouth will not affect a cure it is doubtful if any doctor can supply a better remedy. The animal licks out its wound and does not spit the blood away *but swallows it*. Thus if we have cut ourself with a rusty knife the licking of that cut and the swallowing of the blood resulting is the surest method of counteracting blood poison.

The part that instinct plays in our lives is one of which we are hardly cognizant. We may be partially conscious of its presence and yet it manifests only as a joint collaborator with intelligence; and intelligence appears to smother it out as an active force, at least in our comprehension. On the other hand we depend upon instinct to safeguard our lives. A man may have what we call a "premonition" of danger that lies before him and comports himself therefore, in such a fashion that he is led away from danger, though at the time there was no evidence of any harm

lying before him. Intelligence could sift none of the elements of that portending danger.

At first glance the above will seem but pure foolishness. How often we have heard the expression: "If I hadn't jumped just when I did that brick would have hit me," or "I don't know what caused me to look up, but I did, and just then I saw the wall giving way; I was just in time to save my life." We pass this by and call it "good luck" but the cold, practical fact of the matter was that *instinct*, the very backbone of our existence is always on the alert, and in some unknown manner, by an immeasurably swift and mystical calculation guides the human right in avoiding destruction.

A few days ago we were given an exhibition of instinct playing its part in human life that is worthy of expression herein. A mother was crossing a city street carrying a child in her arms. An automobile appeared so suddenly right in her path that she did not have time to jump out of the way. Yet in the flash of an eye-lid, (the mother-instinct of preserving the young standing out dominant over all), she tossed the child into the automobile and leaping herself for safety, was knocked down, though not killed, happy to relate. Here we have an amazing instance of *instinct* at work. A fraction of a second and yet in that fraction instinct had wisely directed her to throw her infant into the machine to save its life even though she lost her own. Really is it not marvellous. These instances occur by the hundreds of thousands daily throughout the world. Instinct, not intelligence saves us from destruction. Instinct is our invisible guardian angel.

Intelligence often needs time to study out things, and if relied upon wholly we would find ourselves unfitted to meet the exigencies of life. Instinct on the other hand can always be relied upon. So minute a thing as a gnat speeding toward one, giving every evidence of "landing in the soup" in the middle of one's eye is blocked in its blind career by the closing of the lids over the eye. All of this was what we would say, "done unconsciously,"—a thousandth part of a second; the gnat was visioned; the lids closed. Is it not marvellous? In understanding in a larger sense what *instinct* really means we must come into an understanding and appreciation of these apparently insignificant facts. We spend years of our life in attempting to master theories of mountain-like proportions, when the whole solution of life lies in the

minute details of existence;—those usually hid within the winding sheet of a leaf.

Generally instinct and intelligence work in harmony and the former is lost in the shadow of the latter. To believe that intelligence can "go it alone," however, is quite another matter. Boiled down it amounts to this: a practical impossibility. Man still remains an animal, though the greater animal by reason of his intelligence; by reason too of physical aids such as the ability to talk, walk and use his hands in a fashion possessed of no other creature. Man, stripped of the comforts of civilization and its innumerable utilities drops down to the animal stage again and becomes more than ever the instinct-governed. The life of civilized man is one thing; the law of first principles is quite another. Back of man's finery and puritanical code of ethics abides the law and instinct of the brute. Civilization corrodes and degenerates; the wild state, through selection by ruthlessness, *never!*

To understand the difference between reason and instinct we may point out examples of both; and here are two instances that should court no further illustration.

There had been shipped on a Mississippi River steamboat a box with a glass cover, containing a very active rattlesnake. Whenever anyone approached the box the serpent would strike the cover. The owner of the reptile challenged any one to hold his finger on the glass and let the rattler strike at it. There was no danger, and it seemed an easy thing to do. First one and then another tried it, but when the snake gave its vicious spring the finger was invariably drawn back with a jerk. *Instinct was stronger than reason and human will power combined.*

Again: A young man in Paris had lost his last sou at the gambling table, which included a large sum belonging to his employer. He started for the Seine to drown himself. On the way there was a great commotion, caused by the escape of a lion from a strolling menagerie. People fled in all directions. Instantly the man who was seeking death climbed a lamp-post and clung to the top of it, trembling in every limb. When the animal was captured and the danger was over he proceeded to the river and plunged in and was drowned.

One would think that the young man, craving death and at that very time approaching his watery grave would have steeled himself to look any death-dealing danger in the face with a cold, grim, reckless smile upon his lips. But somewhere in his makeup abided

the fear of wild animals coming up to him from the days when his ancestors made for the nearest tree at the first hint of a wild creature's approach, and clung amid the branches, fear-stricken, apprehensive of what might happen. The evolution that eradicated our tails and made our front-legs into arms, and the paws into hands has not succeeded in eliminating the instinctive fears that are preservatives of our every action. In self-preservation instinct plays its strongest card. What experience taught the ape-like ancestors of ours millions of years ago we have imbedded in our very bones, part and parcel of our very nature. On *brute instinct* we rely. By *brute instinct and not intelligence* we survive. Life will forever be a mad struggle for existence, a survival of the fittest.

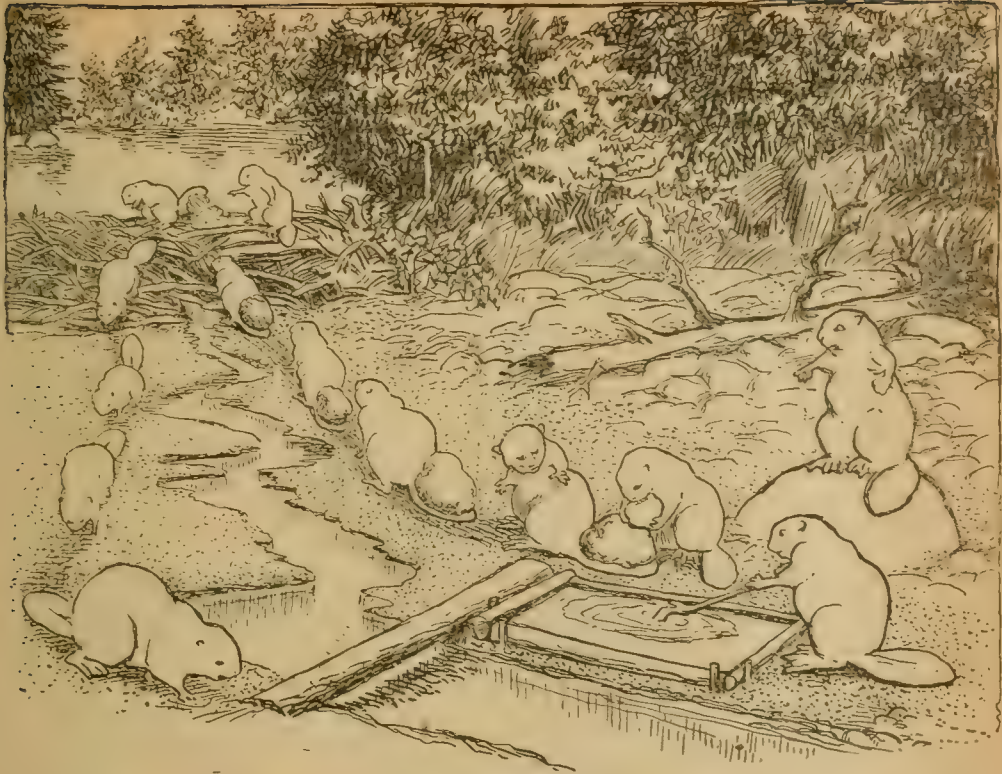
It is possible that we undervalue the brain-power of an animal. However, if we ascribe a reasoning capacity to one animal it devolves that we must ascribe some degree of reasoning ability to all, both great and small. That includes the lesser life, the tiniest elements, the ants for instance. There can be no doubt that those animals constantly in contact with man and the methods and ways of intelligence take upon their brain cells man's differentiating, distinguishing faculty. Generation after generation of dogs, always in contact with man, constantly under the teachership of man produces animals of which we must expect much;—and when I mention the dog I must say that its degree of intelligence, if intelligence you can call it, is an example of the highest you may expect in a civilized state. But how does the civilization-engendered dog compare with the fox and the wolf, forced to daily struggle for their existence by the use of every instinct implanted in it. The comparison is a good one and all must admit that the animals in the wild state may be looked for as possessing a greater degree of reasoning ability than ever possible of any domestic animal. The domestic animal of course is rarely thrown upon his own resources, but is fed and cared for by man therefore has no need to use either its instinct nor its possible intelligence so far as that goes. In a wild state, of the demand involving constant watchfulness in the interest of survival, the wild animal certainly needs not only instinct but reasoning power in large quantities. And this is the more true the closer the animal abides to civilization.

Among the wild animals of this continent the beaver has certainly won its host of admirers. The beaver has been studied from

the very earliest times up into the present. No doubt were all the writings about the life of the beaver collected they would fill a small-sized library. A few of these books are worth while,—A. Radclyffe Dugmore's "Life of the Beaver," is one of these. It aims to tell the truth about the beaver as seen through the eyes of a modern, his vision undimmed by fairy stories; his sole object the pursuit of the truth. Certainly in the beaver we find evidence of a reasoning capacity of no small order; intelligence if you wish; unless we are permitted to designate a heightened degree of instinct as being analogous to our divine gift. The fact that so many thousand fairy tales have been told about the beaver, and his marvelous supposed doings, has served to brand almost everything said about the creature as a fake, pure and simple. All that is left for us to do is to go to the authoritative naturalist, and Dugmore is one of these. His book can be taken as substantially reliable.

Whatever will lead an otherwise truthful man to fake weird tales about nature and the animals found therein is more than I can understand. A well known sportsman once made a farce of himself by writing these supposed observations on the life of the beaver. They are too good to miss so I quote:

"The stream at this point was a series of little lakes, and about two hundred yards below I could hear the trip-hammer and pile-driver thumping away as each beaver's tail came down on the new construction. I was soon near the dam, but could get no satisfactory point of observation. A few yards ahead of me stood a box-holder tree and I began to crawl toward this as carefully as if I were stalking a band of deer. The bushes and willows covered my approach and presently I was among the branches. Carefully I peered out from the green foliage and what a sight met my gaze. Seventy or eighty beavers were working in broad daylight. I was eager to give my entire attention to what I had sought after, but never had had the pleasure of seeing until now. The dam was nearly one hundred yards long, about six feet wide at the bottom and narrowed to two feet at the top. It comprised stones, logs and willow branches packed together so firmly that it was impossible to dislodge any portion of the structure. I first sought to divide the workmen according to their respective duties. The most prominent figure was that of an old beaver, gray with age and of enormous size, whose function seemed to be that of a general supervisor, for he sat



apart on the sand-bar. My attention was next attracted to some very large, strong beavers which placed in position material brought forward by others. I was curious to know how these carriers, *who came forward with their tails loaded down with mortar obtained their load*. The master mechanics with their tails beat this mortar into position. I peered a little further over the boughs and saw that down below the dam close to the original creek bank where some water was creeping forth was the mortar trough. Some beavers were engaged in mixing this sticky clay and placing it on other beaver's tails who, in turn, went straight to the dam with it. I could scarcely remain silent when I saw this proceeding, for how this mud was moved had always been a mystery to me as it takes tons of it to make a dam. I beheld with delight even the youngest beavers coming with long willow twigs in their mouths to lay beside the masters. These in turn took them, cut them in pieces and stuck them down by rearing upon their hind legs, holding the twigs fast in their teeth while pushing them firmly into the dam. As soon as the mortar was taken from the hod carriers it was *stamped* solidly into position by the tails of the workers. Such precision and orderly work I have seen carried out except by the bees and the

red ants of the plains. I noticed two or three times that the youngsters had a disposition to play between loads. The masters would then thrust out their necks and show their teeth. This would cause them to scamper back to work."

If this "observer" had said that the superintendent beaver wore "Never-Crack" overalls, smoked a corn-cob pipe; if he had stated that when the twelve o'clock whistle blew, all the hod carriers "downed tools" and brought forth their dinner pails; if he had stated that the mortar mixers chewed tobacco he would not have deceived his readers who would then have known beyond a doubt that the whole narrative was a commendable bit of satire.

There is no doubt but that, combined with industriousness the beaver is a master-builder among the animals. and surely if there be reasoning ability represented in the wild estate then the beaver takes the foremost place. Nevertheless painstaking naturalists, given to correct and therefore invaluable observation, discounting all fashionable stories, have placed before the public evidence that the beaver often makes mistakes or falls far short of his professed ability. One of these incidents recounted by a well-known pro-

fessor will go to prove how sadly a beaver misses intelligent action.

Desiring to fell some trees across a pond a beaver went to work along the shore. But instead of felling the trees close to the brink, first, dropping them toward the pond, that beaver went inland and started gnawing off trees. He severed the first one; it sagged to fall and got caught up in the branches of the trees that lined the pond and remained in that position at a slant of well over forty five degrees. Unable to get the tree to ground the beaver went to work on another; gnawed that through. That three fell and also got caught up. The beaver was again non-plussed; he could see no-way of getting those trees down. In this manner he gnawed off some ten, fifteen trees, *all of them caught up in the trees bordering the pond.* In despair the beaver gave up and compromised with failure by gnawing off saplings and sticks that could be cut in short pieces and conveyed by mouth to the pond. If he had had any degree of intelligence that beaver would have gnawed off the trees along the brink of the pond that held up the severed trees. By doing this he could have dropped easily enough the trees hung up behind.

Lewis H. Morgan, a famous sociologist published a book on the beaver in the year 1867; "The American Beaver and His works."

"The final chapter in this," writes Dr. Charles A. Dewey, "gives Mr. Morgan's views on the mental equipment of animals. Their faculty of memory, reason or judgment, imagination, the will, he contends, are similar to those possessed by man, differing not in kind but in development, strength and persistency. The term 'instinct' invented to explain the intelligent acts of animals and to maintain a fundamental distinction between their mental principle and that of the human species should be abandoned, as being wholly incapable of interpreting the phenomena of animal intelligence. These conclusions do not tend to lower the personal dignity of man, but on the contrary they rather serve to distinguish his position. His great superiority is abundantly assured by the bestowment of the highest structural organization, of the fullest mental endowments and by the possession of articulate speech."

That is true and very clearly put. Nevertheless the high grade of reasoning ability we are the natural possessors of, so far surpasses any degree of reason that an animal may possess that there is no comparison. We may say that *some* of the actions of animals give evidence of reasoning having been made use

of, and in saying that we assuredly are saying a great deal.

In depending upon his intelligence to put him on the right track to safety and efficiency, if you will, man has less and less need of certain of the senses, which senses never forsake the wild animal constantly on a lookout for its safety. We have little or no use for the sense of smell; some people are able to smell only pungent fumes and decayed matter; the finer scents they rarely know. Will time and evolution take from us the sense of smell, since it is hardly needed any more? Perhaps. On the other hand the sense of smell with the animal amounts to one of the wonders in this world; *a true wonder*, though we are rarely given to speculate upon it. The faintest scented trail in the grass may be followed unerringly by the extremely sensitive animal nose. Through that organ he is given to understand if the maker of the trail is his friend or his enemy. Perhaps as he stuffs long and deep in the grass his mind is busy, intelligently deciding what the trail leads him to believe is true. Who shall say? The fox lifts his head and the scent from your body is carried to his nose across a half mile or even a mile of space. A few whiffs and he can tell whether or not he is in danger; and he knows the animal body scent from the human body smell. Is not all this wonderful? The above is merely a trifling glimpse into a comparison of one of our senses with the same sense as identified in the animal.

Likewise is the eyesight of the human being very inferior to that of the animal. There are a great number of people who are unable to tell one color from another; this is known generally as color-blindness. To some, of the color-blind there are but two colors, one, black, and the other white. Some can tell three colors at a glance, some four, some five and some can instantly tell any color and shade of a color at a glance. The number of the latter are certainly as one in twenty. Keen eyesight is a demand with animals. The more harassed an animal the keener his vision. Thus in a wild state the use of the eyes *all the time*, as a means to self-preservation is a demand. The Indians and Indian scouts in the early days had trained their eyesight from infancy. They could follow a trail through the grass and over the sod that perhaps not one person out of one hundred thousand of our city people of to-day could even partially distinguish, "peel" their eyes as they may. The eyesight of a fish for instance, and especially that of the brook trout, is the very highest point possible of



attainment in a wild state. The fact that trout have baffled the most shrewd and scientific of anglers employing all the arts and crafts assured through intelligence is enough to prove that at least, when driven to it in the name of self-preservation (the first law of life) creatures of the wild, of land and water, stand in liability of attaining to a degree of intelligence probably not far below our own though differing in many respects as regards environment and inequalities mentally and physically.

The most active opponent of the theory that animals reason, that is, possess intelligence not far unlike our own, is the man who has studied nature, the animals and birds *at close range*; on the other hand the most fervently sincere believer in the possibility of animals possessing intelligence is the trapper. If you would ever enjoy an evening some time take up the subject with a veteran of the trap-line and then pop the question of: Instinct vs Reason; as witnessed in animals. Your average person is of the belief that all a trapper has to do is to set a trap flat in a trail and something will step in it. The

truth of the matter is that the trapper who actually makes his salt at trapping must daily exert his intelligence in a manner that often surprises himself. Often he is driven to his wits end in devising schemes for making a fox step in his trap or overcoming the desires of an old dog mink who chooses to be free and has not lived twelve, fifteen years for nothing, without learning a great deal. If I were to say that a trapper to be successful in his pursuit near to civilization must possess an inventive genius and close reasoning equal to that of some of our brainiest mechanical sharps I am not saying much out of the way. I have known in my faded and gone trapping days an old timer to take out twenty mink in a season to my five along a stretch of stream, four miles in length. Now I do not wish to lower my own dignity in the least, but I am stating a calm fact. The mink along that stream could *reason* or use their *instinct* in a manner that was beyond me. They either reasoned against me or else their sense of smell and sight was such as to leave no room nor wish for anything further in that line!!!



The Bow and Arrow



[In Two Parts]

Part II.

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

How to connect the cord to the bow-ends, will be asked. Some have notches in both ends and slip the loose loop into the notch every time they string up, and then when they are through bend the bow and slip the loops out of the notches. However as I have already mentioned that with both loops loose in both notches there is obtained a vibration and jar that is hard to explain, but which is easily found out when one has done a little shooting. To remedy this condition the loop at the lower end of the bow may be slipped into its notch and then fastened there with a cord wrapped around it, merely, it should be remembered, so that it will not leap out of the notch. Again as I have said there are many who believe in wrapping the lower end of the bow limb, some three or four inches up from the notch very tightly with cord. The idea is that the vibration will loose itself in this end and that the wound end better absorbs it. Any way you look at it the loop at the lower limb should be firmly fastened to the notch, while you can slip the top loop off or on at ease by merely bending the bow. Again about four inches of each end of the bow-cord down from its loop should be reinforced with cord plaited over it. This will also help as a deadener of the sharp twang. The whole vibration dies down in the ends and it seems the lower end receives fully two-thirds of this vibration.

Arrows that are used may be from twenty-eight to thirty inches in length. An arrow is never shot straight at a mark. There are many who have never given any thought to the matter who believe this to be the case. The arrow, as a rule, must be shot from an

angle of about forty-five degrees elevation, all depending of course how far you are away from the object you are shooting at. Thus we have it that when the arrow has reached the apex of its flight it will be half-way between you and the target as a matter of course. From that height it drops just as it rose, and will, if your shot is correct, strike the target in the centre. Now then placing the arrow across the bow in position to shoot, the head of the arrow is elevated to the desired height. Therefore the head of the arrow will be in your direct line of vision, while the notched end of the arrow, drawn back will be under your chin or even with the jaw, many preferring the latter, as the vision is the more readily controlled and ascertained. Experiment shots will tell you how far each individual pull will send your arrow and a shot desired farther than the previous ones will be judged from the distance they attained. Also by experiment shots toward your target you will be able to judge the elevation and strength of the pull to bring the arrow to the desired place. If you are keen on calculation the rudimentary principles of the game will quickly be passed over and the real work will find its expression. A good arrow is shaped with care. It should be perfect, smooth and round and of a hardwood. The weight of the arrow must answer to the bow: a heavy arrow answers to a heavy bow and *vice versa*. Therefore a heavy arrow, of, say, 400 grains, meant for a heavy bow, if shot from a light bow means no more, no less than inaccuracy from the start.

When you stand in position to shoot you should be perfectly firm and erect, head



FIG II

In position, ready to shoot.
Study this drawing.

thrown back and mind alive to the situation. The length of the pull and the gauging before the string is released is short, therefore the calculation must be swift or ascertained beforehand. The whole power of your body is directed to your arms, the left one especially, which bears the full strain, since the bow must be held perfectly firm at the grip and must not turn and twist. This is often rather hard on a person's wrist; the use of a leather wrist protector will not only add considerable strength to that part of the arm, but will brace it and add firmness to your power to grip. In shooting the arrow the mind is equally

divided between the "point of aim" and the left arm; the communication that everything is all right for the release is shifted to the fingers. You have your target well lined up we will say; it being a four foot target at thirty yards. As the arrow is drawn back the head of it is lined up with some object in the background-back of the target. Thus the head of your arrow just like a bead on a gun is lined up, but where the gun is directed more or less straight, in the case of the bow and the arrow it is lined up as to aim, to some

object above the target. In Figure III is given an idea how to arrange your shot at the target; the target being designated by the letter Z. Up above the target is a lump of rock which is designated by the letter V. Now note the figure with the bow. He has drawn the arrow back to the head and has lined it up with the target yet aiming directly at the lump of rock above the target. The line Y is the line of aim. But instead of reaching the lump of rock, V, the arrow falters at the apex of its career and slopes down and hits the target instead of the point aimed at. This is the essential thing to understand in archery. Find some point to draw your aim at, *above the object you wish to hit*, and if your point of aim is not too high the target should be hit. If the point of aim is below the correct point the arrow will fall below the target. Thus in Figure III if the aim is lined up with the point marked X the arrow will fall below the target instead of hitting it in the given centre.

It is very important in archery that you know how to draw back the arrow. The amateur will seize hold of the string on the notched arrow and draw it back by the aid of the thumb and the fore-finger in what may be termed a *pinch*. This is wrong. The fore-finger and the long-finger hook onto the bow-cord with the arrow-end between them as shown in A of Figure I. When your aim has become as near perfect as you can get it you slowly straighten out the finger allowing the cord to slip off, pausing one final moment, with the cord lying on the two finger tips. Often the fingers that release the string and the arrow do not slip off at the same time; that is to say one finger tip slips away before the other. The result will like as not be a poor shot. This is a point to guard against. The finger-tips should slip off at the same time. With a little practice you will soon contrive to do this in a successful fashion. The amateur will complain that his finger-tips seem to get blood-stung in drawing the arrow, but this will pass as the tips grow calloused; in time you will discover

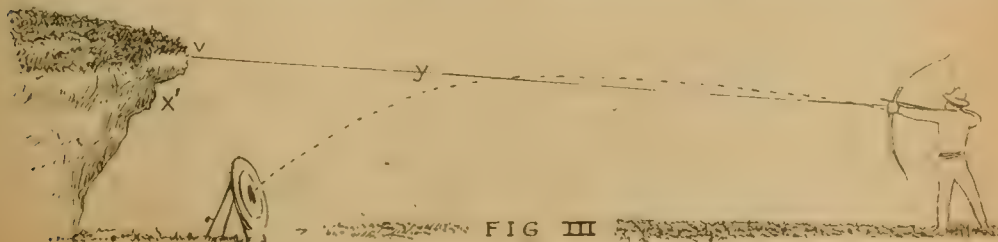


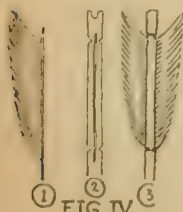
FIG III

that you have what is known as archery fingers. Gloves are often used in archery; at least it is a good idea to cut the fingers off of an old pair of gloves and use these on the fingers that do the pulling of the cord.

While in hunting small game the blunt-headed arrows are all that are necessary, for large game the arrows must be tipped with sharp triangles of tempered steel, often an inch and a half long and one inch broad. These are held in place at the tip by inserting them in a slit made with a knife, and then the end below the triangle is very closely and tightly bound with steel wire.

The amateur inevitably makes the mistake of creating for himself arrows of soft wood, like pine, for instance. These are practically useless. Another thing; do not start to practice up on arrow shooting until you have perfect arrows. The large sporting goods establishments handle ready-made arrows and the amateur who is desirous of obtaining some examples to fashion after should obtain a few of these. Birch dowels are excellent material for arrows, and the wood should be from a straight-grained piece. It is carefully trimmed down with a block-plane, and then sand-papered. These arrows should be three eighths of an inch in diameter and twenty-eight inches in length. Arrows used on small game are made blunt in the end and round-headed screws are inserted. Then they are tightly bound with a fine grade of wire.

Personally I am a crank about the feathering of arrows and I can see only one way and that is the method taught by an Indian in my youth. In the first place never try to feather an arrow with feathers whose filaments are upstanding, or outstanding—and stiff. If these filaments are stiff when the arrow passes over your finger going out, the stiff filaments do not yield and in consequence the arrow is thrown up and out of place. What is an idea of a stiff, outstanding feather? That of an old turkey for instance. What is an example of a soft, smooth, easy—giving feather? Try that of the goose.



1. Showing one side of a feather severed, with a portion of the trunk.

2. A sunken slit in the arrow to receive the feather which is glued into the slit.

3. The completed arrow.

In Fig. IV I show the process of feathering

an arrow. Note in (1) we have one side of a feather with its filaments. This is cut down so as to leave part of the trunk of the feather adhering to the filaments. In (2) is shown the end of the arrow with its notch. Now down the end a matter of an inch from the notch a thin slit is made to receive the feather with its portion of trunk. This is made deep enough so that when the trunk portion is pressed down into the slit it will lay even with the wood. (That is to say the outer surface on which the filaments are attached will lie even with the wood.) Now the arrow is reversed and a slit is made on the other side like this one. When this is done the inner portion of the trunk of each feather is coated with glue and is pressed into each slit. Note the nicks at the end of each slit ditched in from the side of the arrow. When the feathers are in place, and glued down they are also bound in with silk thread into these slits or nicks cut into the arrow so that when completed the thread lies even with the outer wood. You then have an arrow as shown in (3) of Fig. IV. Mistakes are generally made when tying on the feathers to allow the thread to stand out over the surface of the wood. This produces a ridge and when the arrow is shot over the finger the ridge throws the arrow up. Therefore the necessity of cutting the nicks so as to sink the threads into the wood; leaving them smooth with the surface of same. When the arrow is completed it is oiled and varnished and is then ready for active service.

It will be noticed in (c) of Fig. I, one of the limbs of a bow from one end to the centre. One foot down from the centre it will be noted that the other edge of the bow presents a wider surface than on its inner edge, as shown more fully in the example underneath, indicated with an arrow pointing up. This gradually dwindles until toward the end the limb is more or less round as shown below the limb; indicated also with an arrow. Judge this very carefully. The idea of having the wood wider on the outer surface down from the centre on either limb is to give the bow more strength. A light bow of strong snappy wood may be only one inch through at the centre. Stronger bows up to six feet should be nearly one and one half inches through at the centre.

To aid you in getting a firm hold on the centre of the bow see to it that it is wound at that centre with wireman's or electrician's tape; a matter of six or seven inches at the direct centre will be plenty.

In beginning your target practice erect a

target about four feet in diameter and set it up on a slant instead of perpendicular since the arrow falls at a slant. Make a bulls-eye to it and two other rings. Regulation targets may be made of oil-cloth with a wood backing. However for the beginner all that is needed is the tar-paper target painted white, with black rings out from the bulls-eye. In the amateur target the arrows used have no sharp barb or point, consequently they do not lodge in the target but go right through, since it is tar-paper without a wooden backing. Start shooting at about twenty or twenty-five yards and true yourself so that you understand distinctly the puzzle of the "point of aim" past referred to.

One of the first things that the amateur has to overcome in the game of arrow shooting is the flinching that is bound at first to be; the releasing of the arrow before time; for if the arrow is "let" before time the result will be a poor shot. Instead of thinking too much on what your hands are doing concentrate your attention on the head of the arrow and the point of aim. When the time

comes let the bow-cord slip off of the finger tips easily, both finger tips slipping at the same time. Your left arm holding out the bow should be perfectly rigid. You assume the position as shown in Fig. II; which will tell you more about the "how" of drawing the cord than any amount of words can. There are a few points to be recognized in archery, and when these are recognized and gotten hold of mentally, the rest will follow as a matter of course.

You call archery; the use of the bow; child's play. You are very much mistaken. If you want to try out your skill in a manner that no rifle or revolver can possibly prove just get you a good bow and see what you can do toward placing an arrow through a target, (through its centre), a matter of thirty or forty yards away. Archery is certainly no child's play, but it is a clean sport that every growing lad should master. For boys from ten to eighteen, and from eighteen to ninety there can hardly be found an equal to this as a concentration riveter—in fact a very builder of keenness.



ALONG THE TRAP LINE

EDITED BY

H. C. HADDON



The Fur Markets

THE indications all point towards this coming fur season being as profitable as last year's. The demand for furs continues strong, the supply insufficient. There is a vast new class of people both in Europe and America who now possess more money than ever before, and most of these are demanding furs. A promising feature is that the demand is equally strong both for high-priced furs and also for the cheaper grades, and this demand looks likely to continue for some time at least. At the same time the market will be subject to fluctuations, and a hard winter, with bad times in the labor market may see values closing at a lower figure than they opened at.

The reports of the fur markets of America and London by Funsten Bros., and A. & W.

Nesbitt that follow will give a good idea of present conditions.

Funsten Bros. Report

Since the opening days of the recent world war, customers in a good many lines have undergone marked changes. In no direction has this been more noticeable than in furs. Through custom, furs were only worn in the late fall and winter months, and their use in this way made the fur business a seasonable one of relatively short duration. With the beginning, however, a few years ago of our present prosperous times in America, Dame Fashion interfered with custom in calling for the use of furs in the last spring and summer months, and this summer use of furs increased in popularity until it has reached startling

proportions this year—the volume of operations being surprising. It has placed furs all the world over in the list of all year commodities, with every indication of the custom remaining permanently.

The heavy consumption of furs so far the present summer has kept manufacturers extremely busy and created such a big demand for goods that stocks of raw furs in all parts of the world have shrunk decidedly, and visible supplies in the face of the world's enlarged demand are unusually small. The result of such activity has found expression in increased prices for most kinds of furs since our spring sale. With the entrance also of Central Europe (after an absence of four years) into the fur market, of which they were formerly one of the largest consumers, a further advance of prices on practically all furs can be confidently looked for. Big movements of holdings have been made recently in all markets. The demand is not confined to only a few articles, but all kinds are wanted. The staples, such as skunk, opossum, mink, coon, etc., are apparently the strongest, with heavy enquiries also for practically all northern goods. Foxes, good quality wolves, lynx, fisher and the like recently have been enjoying much favor at advanced prices and give promise of commanding even more attention for the balance of the season. Foreign furs of all kinds, arrivals of which in this country have not been as heavy as expected, are likewise very much in demand. In fact, no article is neglected. All classes of skins, from the short haired to the long haired kinds are meeting with ready sale now.

St. Louis, July, 1919.

London Report—A. & W. Nesbitt, Ltd.

The London fur market is very steady

with a rising tendency, and a good demand for all articles, with the possible exception of fisher.

Muskrat—Completely sold out. Good demand for skins suitable for Seal Dye, also Natural, with some enquiries for southern skins.

Skunk—Excellent demand at prices 10 per cent to 15 per cent. higher than May. Long Stripe and White particularly wanted. This article will sell well in October, as stocks are small.

Raccoon—No stocks on hand. Good demand for Centrals, Northern and Eastern.

Otter.—Good demand both for Natural and Plucking. Should sell well at May values.

Wolverine—Excellent demand, and we strongly advise consignments of this article.

White Fox—Selling well at May prices.

Blue Fox—Good demand; will sell at very high prices.

Silver Fox—Strong demand. Best Silvers will advance on last prices.

Cross Fox.—Strong demand. Will sell well.

Mink—Excellent demand for very best skins of which there are no supplies; medium and low grades fairly good supplies with rather dull market.

Lynx—Strong demand for best goods. Advise consignments.

Ermine—Excellent demand for large white skins; medium and small demand not quite so good.

Bear—Excellent demand for black and brown bear. Will sell well.

The following articles are not in very good demand: Mink, Central and Southwestern, Badger, Fisher, Grey Fox and Southern Muskrat.

A Talk from New Ontario

FRED A. CLARKE

HAVING been requested by the editor of *Along the Trap Line* to give some of my experiences in this part of the northern wilds I will say what I have to say not as a story but as a talk about this trappers', hunters' and general sportsmen's paradise. At least that is what it would be if it wasn't for the billions of blackflies and mosquitos in June, July and August, and the forty, fifty and sixty below in December, January and February.

However last winter was the mildest they have had yet, so the trappers claim, with only about one third of the usual snowfall. This was easily proven by stumps sticking up above the snow that had been cut by trappers and teamsters seasons before.

I might say that last winter was a poor one for the trapper as there was too much water without enough severe weather, also the snowshoe rabbits the last couple of seasons have died off in millions. If one could locate a

district where rabbits are plentiful there one would find rich pockets of fur bearers.

Some trappers don't bother cutting a trail especially the ones that haven't a dog team; they just trim the branches off as they go along, but later nearly every trip they have to keep cutting as the snow raises them up. I consider a trap line along any of the numerous rivers to be the best as it is nearly impossible to pack overland especially when there is no snow or frozen ground. One could cut trails into the dense forest after the freeze-up but one wants to be in and ready at that time.

However a few hundred yards in from each side of the river every mile or so would be plenty. Follow the river down stream north until it empties into some other large rivers. Here make your main cabin, with cabins every eight or ten miles in from the railside. You can explore this other river back upstream to the railside and you will find that you are ten to forty miles from your original starting point by rail.

Or else from the main cabin you can have three large circles with a line of traps back to the railside. Another plan that northern trappers use is to make a line on a line or chain of lakes, setting traps on the portages and narrows. The river with the least portages can be used to get your outfit in by canoe. A canoe is certainly needed unless you want to stick close to the railside and take chances of getting no fur.

A real trapper would go in about the first of September, get his cabins built, his outfit in, wood cut and piled, cubby houses made, lynx, fisher and marten pens made and baited if possible.

Lazy trappers and Indians have traps all along the railroad, also some trappers that are afraid of the timber wolf.

The wolves are certainly getting more numerous and there certainly should be a larger reward offered for them. At present the trapper has to give up the skin to get the \$20. bounty. From the railroad in a few miles, trappers have been known to make from one hundred to five hundred dollars with a dozen or so traps.

I might say the muskegs are very dangerous and in numerous large tracts impassable, as they are full of holes covered over with moss. (Enough said.)

A large canoe is better than a small one; the best size is about seventeen feet at least, either wood or canvas.

I find that the furbearers are easier to trap up here than in old Ontario. Even the fox is not so foxy before the snow falls. However

very few, are caught after a foot of snow has fallen as they don't seem to have a regular route after that.

As for eats the main thing is to take up plenty of lard and tea also a heavy list of bacon. Luxuries such as prunes, figs, dates and raisins should also be taken, at least a couple of pounds of each.

Most northern trappers come out for mail and ship their fur on hand every month so it would be an easy matter to get more provisions in. However, it would pay to get in all the heavy stuff before the freeze-up.

Woollen clothing of the heaviest kind, with Mackinaw coat and breeches is indispensable. For cold days a leather or wind proof vest would also be good, such as the Comfort Auto Robe Co. make. For your feet you want wool socks, and plenty of them. For cold freezing weather one wants moccasins, and oil tanned moccasins or shoepacks for wet weather, without the extra sole or heel, however. The pack with the extra sole would be good, but harder on the snowshoes.

The snowshoes for this country should be a shoe 42 to 60 inches in length, twelve inches wide at the centre, tapered to sharp ends at both toe and heel. The front end of the shoe to be turned up from four to five inches. The factory made shoe with the round bent forepart makes walking very difficult and tiresome, and one has not gone far until it seems as if one were lifting up fifty pounds at each step taken.

The warmest moccasin to my notion is the cowhide topped ones with moosehide bottoms. That is if you get a pair about five or more sizes too large, then soak them in rain water and dry at the stove, then repeat and repeat this until they are the size required, but never put on any thing that is tight or even snug or you'll get that part frozen.

Hang your moccasins outside to dry in the zero weather, and always keep them clean.

Rubbers in any shape or form of shoe or boot should not be worn except before the freeze-up and in the spring.

One will not have any difficulty in getting the winter's meat as moose and fish are very plentiful. Most streams are just teeming with the speckled beauties, that is trout, but they are out of season when the trapper goes in.

Different calibres and makes of rifles are used but there are more 30-30s and 32 specials used than all the rest put together. (Yes, it generally takes from two to five shots to get your moose with them, but still they are the favorites.)

If you happen to be a moneyed man and you are after that moose with a fifty seven inch spread better take along a .30-06, .33 or a .303 British with soft nose bullets. The longer the barrel the better as all shots will be fired from the guide's canoe. If interested write to the Canadian National Railways Sportsman's Guide, Cochrane, asking them for their booklet *Out of Doors*. I will say, if you don't get your moose just blame the guide, or say that your rifle is bent and shot around him.

There seems to be a difference in opinion as regards the size of traps used for each animal, such as the No. 1 for fox, fisher and lynx. Having lost fox and fisher out of No. 1's last winter I say never again.

The No. 1½ is the all-around trap as beaver and otter are out of season for five more years, though they are plentiful enough to warrant the usual permit of ten to my way of thinking.

Trappers take in as many as two hundred traps, but considerably less are sufficient, as deadfalls can always be made if more traps are needed. The lynx are hardly ever trapped as snares are cheaper, easier set and lighter to carry.

There are numbers of black bear, but on figuring things up they come something like this. The No. 5 bear trap weighs about forty pounds. Fasten this to a pole ten or fifteen feet long and weighing from forty to fifty pounds, carry, pull or shove this to the setting point, build your pen or swing your bait up so that Bruin will have to dance to get it, and now suppose the bear has been caught and has made off through all windfalls, swamps and briars. You finally come face to face with his bearship while doing a hand and knee stunt going through some tangle, and if he doesn't get you, you get him. Follows a nice half day skinning him, then you have the trap, clog and bearskin to take back to the setting point. Well, if you are still interested in bear trapping I will say you are

not lazy. Better only take along one trap the first season.

Locating

From Cochrane to Hearst there is a vast amount of timbered land that has been burnt over, but good trapping can be had from five to twenty miles back from the railroad. Beaver, muskrat, fox, mink, otter, fisher and marten with a few bear and skunk, with moose very plentiful around and back in from Hearst.

Hearst to Grant the same, except very few muskrats, no skunk, and black bear and moose in larger numbers. The first thirty miles from Hearst west is pretty well trapped out, but in north should be good.

Grant to Armstrong. This division has its share of rivers and lakes with game and fur plentiful, but trapped by the Indians near the railroad. However, in north on any river would be good. There are the most wonderful canoe and motor boat routes up through these parts, with all kinds of fur and game.

Now Brother Trappers the average station is two miles from the rivers all along the line, but one can get the National to stop and put one's outfit off at the rivers by arrangement.

I might say that the most of these parts have been surveyed and a six foot line has been chopped out. This is to divide the forest into townships. Some lines are six miles square, others are nine miles square. These trails are good for dog teams after deep snow has fallen. We also have on this division the famous Nagogami River which is only about half a mile from the Skunk and a mile from White River. These are all fine trout streams and are ideal for the moneyed man and semi-poor man alike.

If there is any question that is not fully touched on just ask the Editor, but do not ask any trapper up here for sets. This seems to be an unwritten law.

The Use of Scent

H. C. HADDON

TO many beginners in the trapping game the advertisements of some of the manufacturers of scent for the different fur bearing animals read like the prospectus of a promised land. According to some of these modest claims a few drops of this wonderful scent sprinkled on a bush or twig with a trap set

underneath will catch the most cunning fur bearer. Most of the larger fur houses now carry their own line of scents, all equally wonderful in their drawing powers.

Confronted with the opportunity of spending one dollar and cleaning up every fur bearer in his section the amateur will usually

"come across"—and invariably, judging by his results, he makes up his mind that he has been stung.

To the trapper in a small way who sets out perhaps a dozen or two traps in the fall and who quits when the snow comes, scent is not a necessity. On the other hand the man who runs a long line in the depth of winter and who has to contend with frozen bait finds that scent is indispensable. Equally, too, the two men follow entirely different methods of trapping. In the more settled districts, with large areas under cultivation it becomes necessary to rely more and more on finding the regular feeding grounds of the animals required, and even their dens. In the wilderness a trap is but rarely set for one individual animal. Certain essentials are necessary, as water, timber, altitude or open country. Given these and tracks or other indications of fur bearers and the trapper gets to work. The traps are set out in the most suitable places, and usually remain in the same location all winter. One trap for instance might catch three foxes during the season, with the probability that each of these foxes had travelled anything from fifty to a hundred miles from some other direction before they found the trap.

The boy on the farm sets his traps for one special mink or skunk that he knows is there, and having caught it often pulls up his traps until he finds tracks or signs of another fur bearer. Between these two examples is all the wide range of trapping in all its variations. Both amateur and professional are deadly anxious to get the best results from their labors, and both are usually willing to try any new scheme or scent that will increase their catch.

The many wild claims made for advertising purposes by some of the less reputable scent manufacturers have had the result of discrediting the manufactured scents in the eyes of many trappers. In attempting to estimate the value of scents as a whole it is important firstly to get a clear idea of what scent is for.

So potent, so appealing to the animal's appetite or sexual instincts that no bait is needed? Except in a few isolated instances I refuse to believe it. Coyotes, foxes, all the members of the dog family will leave their body scent on a rock or stump or post or similar place. Find such a place where a coyote has travelled and notice the interest your dog takes in it. Here you have an example of what can be done with scent. Bait would merely arouse suspicion. A little wolf or coyote urine used as scent without bait would

make a catch. Substitute some other scent and a catch would be accidental.

Except in a few cases like this scent is not intended to be used without bait. In very cold weather when the bait is frozen it gives off very little odor and an animal can pass it by within a few feet without noticing it. It was to remedy this that scents were introduced. Their real purpose should be to give to the bait the attraction that it lost by being frozen. When asked to do this, scent will be found a tremendous help to the trapper. Simply to sprinkle a little scent on a rock or bush and expect to draw an animal for several miles is to waste your time and money.

With many of the manufactured lures the trouble is that the scent is not lasting. It evaporates too quickly, and while good results might be obtained if it could be renewed every two or three days yet this is not of much help to a man that only gets around this line every week or ten days.

Undoubtedly many furbearers are caught every year with the aid of scent and it would make an interesting argument to know how many would have been caught at the same sets if the scent had not been used. Where the weather is mild and the bait unfrozen I venture to think that the scent would not justify itself as an investment.

To the professional trapper in many cases the manufactured lure is looked on as fit only for the amateur. He has his own recipe for medicine and will back it against any of your fancy dope. The quaint thing is that often and often the same ingredients constitute the two scents, yours at a dollar per small bottle, his at one third the price.

Personally I always use some sort of scent myself, and in very cold weather with frozen bait I admit that it is of very considerable benefit. At other times, with plenty of fresh bait I am afraid that I use it more out of superstition than for any other reason. One never knows and it might easily be the means of catching an extra piece of fur.

Will some of the readers express their opinions on the value of scent as they have found it? The discussion should add to our knowledge on the subject.

In making his own scent at home the trapper has two choices. The one is the good old fashioned "stinkum," rotted mice, fish oil, decayed salmon, or something similar, and the other is the chemical dope that is supposed to be infallible.

Looking at the matter from an impartial viewpoint it should stand to reason that the base on which you build your scent should

consist of something to appeal to the animal's appetite. With many of the manufactured scents the chief ingredients are alcohol or alcoholic extracts used to carry the other ingredients in solution. After being exposed to the air the alcohol evaporates, and that, in my opinion is one of the chief reasons why these scents fail to be as successful as they should be. On the other hand a good old mixture consisting mainly of fish oil or some odoriferous invention will taint up the surrounding atmosphere for several days, and even after the added chemical spell binders have disappeared the old reliable fish oil will still be on the job.

Beaver castor is about the most attractive scent for lynx—in fact it is attractive to most animals, and a small percentage of it figures in most of the manufactured lures. Oil of rhodium is used principally for otter. Catnip, as is well known, has a strong attraction for cats. Aniseed is perhaps best for marten, though it is also more or less attractive to mink and weasels. Sweet fennel is often

used for muskrats. A good cheap scent that can be made at home is the following. This is the scent that I use myself, and I have had just as good results with it as with any of the manufactured scents.

Beaver Castor, 1 ounce.

Assafoetida $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce.

Three in One gun oil, a fifteen cent bottle.

Aniseed, half quantity of Three in One.

Dissolve the assafoetida in alcohol, add the beaver castor and mix thoroughly. Then add the aniseed and gun oil, and fish oil up to double the quantity of the mixture. This makes a cheap scent, and you can use plenty. In using it a piece of gunny sack, moss or anything spongy that will hold the scent is better than sloping it on the bark of a tree or pouring it on the ground.

Put the scent as close to the bait as possible. While some of the odor will leave within a few days yet the smell of the beaver castor is wonderfully lasting, and if you get any on your hands or clothes, especially the latter, you will notice it for weeks.

On Tanning Furs

"BUCKSKIN"

BEING a regular reader of *Rod and Gun* for the last five years I have noticed from time to time that several brother sports wish to know how to tan rabbits, woodchucks, deer and other hides, also wish to know how to make buckskin. Now while these questions have been answered by one or the other to the best, I have no doubt, of their knowledge, yet I have never thought much of the recipes given, having noticed that the most of them contain either alum or salt-petre, and sometimes both. Now there is no need of either of these minerals being used at all, in fact alum is only used as a last resort, in a case where the hair comes off easily, or in other words has started to slip. Alum will contract or thicken up the hide so it will help to hold the fur or hair. Either of these minerals will harden up a hide or pelt so that it will take the heart out of a man trying to make a soft job of a fairly thick hide, who is doing the job at home, and possibly his first attempt as well, so I thought I would give the boys the best that I have on the subject. I have tried at least ten methods. Now the first is a tan suitable for any piece of fur you might wish to make up to wear, or any hide you might like to make into a robe or mat.

No. 1.—Salt, two pounds, soft water one gallon, sulphuric acid two ounces. First take a wooden pail or tub (not metal) and put in the water and salt, then pour in the acid very slowly. Now take some bran or sawdust—bran is best—and stir in as much as will make a thick paste. Then lay your skin or hide flat on the floor and with a flat stick, lay on the paste, about half an inch thick and leave in a warm place for thirty six hours. Be sure to get every part of the hide well covered with the paste. The next operation is to wash the hide well in clean water having a handful of sal soda (washing soda) in it to kill any acid that may be left in the skin. Then hang up and when nearly dry give a good scraping with a steel scraper to break the fibres and finish off with some coarse sand-paper.

—This will make a first class job, and this quantity is enough for any hide up to the size of a deer skin, or will do as many other skins as the paste will cover. All fat must be removed from the skin previous to tanning, and if the hide or skin is hard, soak till soft before applying the paste.

No. 2.—This is the white man's way of making buckskin and I find it much easier than the Indian method. First take the hide and

put it in a tub with enough water to cover, then put in a shovel full of wood ashes or a chunk of lime the size of your fist. Leave hide in this for several days to loosen the hair, which takes from three to five days as a rule. Keep trying it, and when loose take the hide out, throw over a log and scrape off the hair. Next dissolve about two pounds of common soap in two gallons of water (warm water) put in the hide and work same as if you were washing out your socks and keep pulling and wringing, then leave in to soak for two days, after which pull and work till dry. Next give it a coat of grease. I use lard, but almost any oil as coon, bear or ground hog oil will do, or even butter. Leave this on for twenty-four hours, then warm up the soap suds again, adding a pound more soap, and put hide in for another two days, then pull and stretch well till dry, and finally smoke with punky hardwood till you get a nice colour.

This will make first class buckskin which can be used for any purpose. Now boys this is not given by a regular tanner, but by a trapper who has spent many a winter in the north. I don't need to tell you I am no writer, but I may come again and tell you how I caught twenty-three ermine in one night, and how I get my mink when it is 40 below, and a foot or so of ice on the creeks and more on the lakes, and not a track to be seen all winter, also how I can catch beaver and fox, a few ways that you never, or very seldom see in print, ways known only to the old trappers of the north. They don't carry the line of dope that I often see mentioned in the sporting magazines, and don't pay out their hard earned cash to the druggist thinking they will double their catch.

Well boys, I don't know it all, so in closing will ask a question. I have a notion of getting

an autoloading rifle. Having heard the 35 calibre are a little weak I fancy the 351. Now I would like to hear from a few who have used them, how they perform on bear and moose, also have the opinion of the editor on this gun, which make you prefer. I have a notion for the Winchester myself. I have used a 303 Savage for about sixteen years and find it good for anything, but there have been times when I have wished I did not have to stop and pump. This is the reason for wanting an autoloading, but I will always retain the 303 Savage. You can't make a mistake, boys, if you are looking for a deer gun in getting a 303. I am no gun crank. You never heard of a gun crank using the same gun for sixteen years. He would have had sixteen rifles—am I right? I am out of the trapping game this winter, but will be right there next year.

Edit. Note—The following reply has been furnished to your by C. S. Landis, editor of the Gun and Ammunition department.

"In reply to the query of Buckskin I would suggest that he try nothing LESS powerful than the .351 Winchester and that it would better be either the .35 Remington Auto or the .401 Winchester auto.

The two latter having 25 to 40 per cent more energy at 100 yards than the .351. The .401 being the most powerful of the three. Any of the three, the .351, the .35 Remington or the .401 should be good killers on moose and bear at not over 150 to 200 yards. Some years ago two western sportsmen killed 5 Kadiak bears in about as many seconds, almost, with a pair of .35 Remington autos.

Undoubtedly Buckskin is no gun crank if he used any gun for sixteen years, even a 303, but I am willing to wager that he would be bad medicine with that gun after using it that long.

Queries and Answers

Query.—I take *Rod and Gun* and find it very interesting and I always look at the Queries and Answers, but I cannot seem to strike on a good recipe for tanning rabbit skins and also squirrel skins. I have a nice number of squirrel skins and have them in a lot of salt but on looking them over I find it is not doing them any good.

As I am new at the tanning game I am asking you if you can help me, and I will certainly be obliged if you can help me out.
London, Ont. G. A.

Answer.—Generally speaking unless you can tan a skin as soon as removed from the animal it is better to stretch it and dry it than to keep it in salt. In these pages you will find a very interesting article on tanning by "Buckskin" and the first recipe should solve your problem.

Sulphuric acid (H₂SO₄) must not be allowed to come in contact with metal, so be sure your pail and the stick you apply the paste with are made of wood.

Also watch that you do not get any on

your hands. Trusting you will meet with success.

H.C.H.

Query.—I am using sweet apple and parsnip for bait and have been reading a lot of sets for muskrats, but do not seem to have any luck at all. The other day I was on the other side of the creek and was keeping my eyes open for muskrat holes and I happened to see one, and as was to be expected I placed a trap there in the very entrance. The next morning I went round my traps and when I came to this set I had a mink instead of a muskrat. It was only a young one, but I got \$2.50 for it. Not bad for a start I thought, but I haven't got a single thing since then.

I am placing a trap now and then on a log where there is signs of a rat but I don't seem to get anything at all. If there is anything you could tell me to help me I would be very much obliged.

London, Ont.

G. A.

Answer.—You do not say what kind of banks the stream has. If they are fairly high above the water the rat holes are liable to be below water level. Where the rats live in the banks they are bound to have holes, and at the entrance of these holes is the easiest and best place to make a catch.

They never seem to take very well to bait, especially where the natural food is plentiful. You might try changing from a vegetable to a meat bait, say a chunk of rabbit or squirrel, though after you have caught a rat this makes the best bait, especially if you open the musk sacks at the root of the tail. Dig out a little pocket in the bank on a level with the water making it about six or eight inches deep, put the meat at the back and set your trap at the entrance to this little tunnel. Rats usually

do not eat meat, but they will often go up to it and smell it and this is all that is needed. This set is also good for mink. Then if the bank is flat and level with the water look carefully and see if you can find the trails that the rats use in going ashore. They are not easy to describe as in some cases there is very little to guide you, but often in a little bay the rats will come ashore to feed and after a time or two they will make a regular trail. Set the trap in the water where they climb out onto the bank.

Then, too, if there are weed patches in the stream the rats will go there to feed and a trap set among the weeds will make a catch.

The log set is usually good, but be sure that it isn't a hollow log. The rats may be inside the log, you know, especially if the hollow end is in the water.

If the creek is only a small one and fairly shallow try putting a barricade across it, sticking in sticks close enough together so that the rats cannot pass between them, and then in shallow water leave openings for the rats to go through and set your traps there in about two inches of water. This takes a little time, but if you pick out a good place and make a good job of it every mink or rat that passes up and down the creek will have to go through your openings.

Another set that can be tried is some kind of a floating platform, and moor it out where the rats feed, as near a patch of weeds. Set your trap on this and the rat will get caught when it comes and sits on the platform. They make use of floating logs and similar which they use as a kind of a feed table where they bring roots and grass to eat. Trusting that this will help you.

H.C.H.





GUNS & AMMUNITION

The U. S. National Matches

C. S. LANDIS

THE National Matches were held during August on the Navy Rifle Range at Caldwell, New Jersey. This range is situated on a strip of river bottom land almost entirely encircled by the Passaic River.

This section was badly flooded a week or so before the Matches began and the whole range was under from two to seven feet of water. The flood stopped construction for quite sometime and caused an almost unbearable number of mosquitoes to breed all over that section so that the first week on the range consisted of an almost continual battle with the Jersey brand of "skeeters."

The application of oil eliminated this nuisance somewhat so that by the end of the second week, conditions had become more comfortable, and the contestants were getting more sleep at night than was possible earlier in the week.

Toward the end of this series of the N.R.A. Matches, (the Individual Matches) as high as 1,500 men were entered in a single match which will give our readers an idea of the scope and size of rifle match shooting as it now exists in the United States.

Due to the lack of space in this magazine, I am only able to give a somewhat brief outline of the principal matches that were held during this series of individual and team matches that were classed under the general head of "The National Matches."

The Leech Cup Match

The Individual Matches opened with the

Order	Name	Organization
1.	Richard, W. H.	W.R.A. Co.
2.	Faragher, 2d Lt.	U.S.M.C.
3.	Fawcett, M. A.	Iowa City. Team
4.	Costello, I. F. Capt.	Phil. Scouts

shooting of the historic Leech Cup Match. This Match was started in a fog so dense that the 800 yard targets were almost indistinguishable to those who shot in the first and second squads.

The 800 yard stage was held the first day, the 900 the second and the 1000 yard stage the third day.

This match lasted for three days, the 800 yard stage on the second day and the 1000 yard stage on the third day.

During the first day the contestants encountered a dense fog and a drizzling rain. The second day was clear and fairly calm while the third day, a gusty wind swept over the 1000 yard range and made shooting conditions very difficult so that contestants in this match encountered practically every kind of weather conditions. The conditions they encountered depended to a very large extent upon the squad in which they were entered and which had quite a bearing upon the final result of the scores, as the conditions were constantly changing particularly so upon the first and third days.

The match was won by W. H. Richard of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company with a perfect score of 105. The conditions of the match were two sighting shots and seven shots for record at each of 800, 900, and 1000 yards, any military rifle, any ammunition allowed. Captain Richard used the new Winchester Match ammunition loaded with a 200 grain Spitzer bullet. The high scores are as follows:

	800	900	1000	Total
1.	35	35	35	105
2.	34	34	33	101
3.	34	32	34	100
4.	34	31	30	98

The N. R. A. Individual Pistol Match

This match opened the series of N.R.A. Matches. Any revolver or automatic pistol firing a .38 Cal. or larger cartridge was permitted. The course consisted of ten shots slow fire, two strings of five shots each in twenty seconds and two strings of five shots

each in ten second's time at twenty-five yards on the L target.

The winner, Mr. Alfred P. Lane, used a .45 Cal. Colt automatic pistol and shot it against the best target revolvers. His score being seven points higher than the second highest score.

The high scores are as follows:

Order	Name	Organization	Slow Fire	R.F. 20 s.	R.F. 10 s.	Total
1.	A. P. Lane	Norwalk Rifle Club	98	99	96	293
2.	Bayles, H. A.	Conn. Civ. Team	95	98	93	286
3.	LeBoutellier, T.	Unattached	97	96	92	285
4.	Wade, J. A.	Wyo. Civ. Team	97	94	92	283
5.	Bailey, J. S.	Texas Civ. Team	99	92	92	283
6.	Ramee, P.	Phil. Scouts	98	98	87	283

The Members' Match

The Members' Match consisted of two sighting shots and 10 shots for record at 600 yards. Any rifle, any sights including the

telescope and any ammunition were allowed. This match was won by Corporal C.P. Kennedy of the U. S. Marine Corps, who made 45 consecutive bull's eyes.

The first five scores are as follows:

Order	Name	Organization	Score
1.	Kennedy, C. P.	Cpl., U.S.M.C.	50
2.	Hession, J. W.	N.Y.A.C.	50
3.	McGarity, R. H.	D. C. Civ. Team	50
4.	Wierzbowski, J. S.	U. S. Navy	50
5.	Spooner, L. T.	1st. Lt., A.E.F. Team	50

The Marine Corps Match

This match drew 500 competitors. The course consisted of two sighting shots and 20 shots for record at 600 and at 1000 yards. Any military rifle equipped with military

sights could be used and any ammunition was allowed. The U.S. Marine shots took the six high places in this event. They all used the Springfield and Special Match ammunition loaded by the U.S. Cartridge Company.

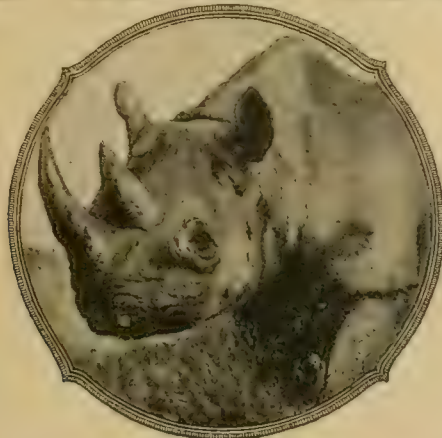
The scores are as follows:

Order	Name	Organization	600	1000	Total
1.	Thompson, C. D.	Sgt. U.S.M.C.	95	98	193
2.	Zimmerman, J. L.	1st Lt., U.S.M.C.	97	96	193
3.	Thompson, G. F.	Sgt. U.S.M.C.	98	94	192
4.	Faragher, J. J.	2nd. Lt., U.S.M.C.	95	95	190
5.	Durham, M. W.	Sgt. U.S.M.C.	99	91	190



Spectators watching the close of the National team match. View taken at the centre of the line.

SAVAGE



Charles Cottar's Surprise at the .250-3000 Savage

IS anything much harder to kill than the rhinoceros?

His temper is bad, his skin is inches thick, and he weighs close to a ton. He charges on sight, and he will hunt a man as a terrier does a rat.

Mr. Cottar has killed a number of charging rhino with his little .250-3000 Savage rifle.

He has learned to expect it to kill them.

But when he killed one that ran away—killed it with one shot—striking in the ham and ranging clear forward through the lungs—at 175 yards—he was really surprised. He didn't think any rifle could do that.

Mr. Cottar has been killing leopard, lion, rhino, hippo and elephant with the .250-3000 Savage for four or five years. He has found it the most generally useful rifle for African hunting.

It is a six-shot, seven pound, lever action take-down repeater, with checked extra-full pistol-grip stock and fore-arm and corrugated steel shot-gun buttplate and trigger. It has the lines, beauty and feel of an expensive shot-gun. And it shoots a vicious little 87 grain Spitzer point bullet 3000 feet a second, straight enough to make possibles on the 300 yard target and hard enough to penetrate $\frac{1}{2}$ inch boiler-plate—or Mr. Cottar's rhino.

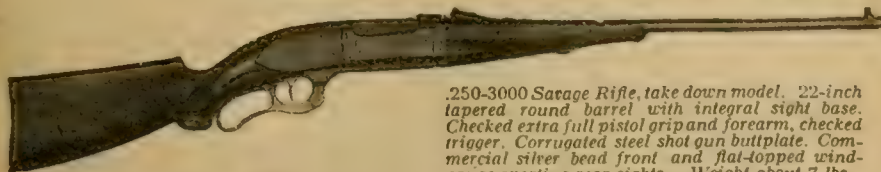
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The Rapid Fire Match.

This match called for ten shots kneeling and ten shots sitting, each in one minute, at the "B" target having a 20 inch bull, firing at 200 yards.

Order	Name	Organization	Score	Bulls
1.	Coulter, R. O., Cpl.,	U.S.M.C.	100	plus 50
2.	Moore, R., Pvt.	U.S.M.C.	100	plus 49
3.	Gettys, C. M.,	Civ. Wyoming Civilian Team	100	plus 39
4.	Spooner, L. S., 1st. Lt.	A.E.F. Infantry	100	plus 19
5.	Parsons, G. A., 1st. Lt.	U.S. Cavalry	100	plus 9
6.	Tupper, J. L., 1st. Lt.	U.S. Infantry	100	plus 9

The Wimbledon Cup Match.

This historic match consisted of two sighting shots and twenty shots for record at 1000 yards. Any rifle, any sights and any ammunition were allowed. The shooting was from the prone position with sling.

This is the most important individual long range match held in America, being generally considered the long range championship. This match was won by Mr. John W. Hession of the Remington Arms U.M.C. Corporation, shooting a Springfield rifle equipped with a special 30 inch barrel made by H. M. Pope, the famous barrel maker. This rifle was sighted with a 5-A Winchester telescope sight. The comb of the stock was fitted with a wooden insert to raise the comb and allow

Order	Name	Organization	Score
1.	Hession, J. W.	New York Athletic Club	99
2.	Arnett, Roscoe, Capt.	U.S.M.C.	98
3.	Stewart, R. R., Com.	U. S. Navy	98
4.	Durham, N. W., Sgt.	U.S.M.C.	97
5.	Raymond, P.	Conn. Rifle Team	97

The Presidents' Match.

The President's Match consisted of 20 shots, rapid fire, at 200 Yards, 20 shots slow fire at 500 yards —10 prone, 5 kneeling, and 5 sitting, and 20 shots prone at 1,000 yards.

The tricky wind that played over the 1,000

Order	Name	Organization	200	500	1000	Total
1.	Rhine, J. B., Sgt.	U.S.M.C.	98	96	95	289
2.	Phillips, E., Sea.	U.S.N.	97	97	94	288
3.	Newcomb, E. M., Civ.	D. C. Civ.	97	97	94	288
4.	Dyer, O. L., Sgt.	13th. Inf.	100	98	90	288

The National Individual Match

More than a thousand riflemen contested for the honor of winning the National Individual Match. This match began on Monday morning August 25th and was started in a drizzling rain. The weather conditions moderated so that when the 500 yards stage was shot, conditions were much better.

	200	500	1000	Total
Crawley, T. B., Sgt.	99	96	94	289
Andrews, J. J., M.G.	98	93	95	286
Brown, C. M., Capt.	99	96	91	286
Henson, L. V., Gy. Sgt.	98	94	91	283
Christofferson, C. J., Lt.	100	94	89	283

Sixteen possible scores of 100 points were made in this match which ended up in an exciting shoot-off, the match being finally won by Corporal R. O. Coulter with an unfinished run of 70 consecutive bulls' eyes.

Scores are as follows;

the stock to fit the face of the shooter when using the telescope sight.

Mr. Hession used Remington U. M. C. 180 grain match ammunition loaded with Hercules Hi. Vel. powder in winning this match. Mr. Hession placed both sighting shots in the bull and stayed in until the tenth shot which was a four. He then scored ten additional bull's eyes for a total of 99, getting twenty-one bulls and a close four out of twenty-two shots at 1000 yards, a most remarkable performance.

Rifle, sights, ammunition and shooter must all be practically perfect to do such shooting.

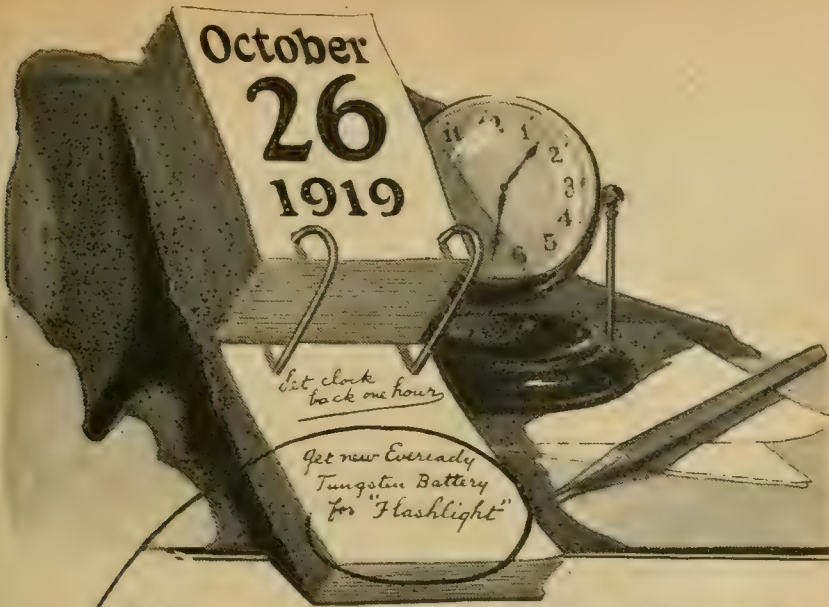
High scores are as follows:

yard range, a feature that made the Caldwell 1,000 yard range famous, made this anybody's match until the last shot was fired at 1,000 yards. The weapons used were Springfield with regular sights and Frankford Arsenal ammunition.

The scores are as follows:

At the 1,000 yard range those riflemen who were on the right of the line had a strong puffy wind to contend with, so that the scores were not as high as might have been expected at this stage of the race.

This match consisted of 20 shots each at 200, 500 and 1,000 yards. The high scores are as follows:



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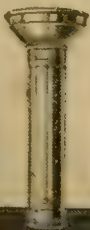
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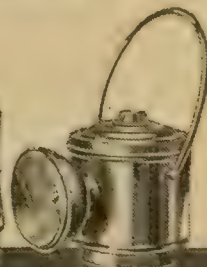
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The right end of the 1000 yard firing line at Caldwell during the shooting at that stage of the National team match

National Team Match

The National Team Match was THE MATCH of the whole series. It was the match for which the 72 teams had made the long trip to the Caldwell range coming from as far west as California and Washington, and as far south as from Florida, Texas and Arizona and other far distant points all over the United States.

This match was won by the United States Marine Corps. The conditions of the match called for 20 shots rapid fire at 200 yards, 20 shots slow fire at 500 yards, 10 of which were from the prone position, 5 kneeling and 5 sitting and 20 shots prone per man at 1,000 yards. Each team consisted of 12 shooting members all of whom shot through this course. The team totals of the high teams are as follows:

	200	500	1,000	Agg.
	yds.	yds.	yds.	yds.
	R.F.	S.F.	S.F.	
U.S.M.C.	1182	1125	1022	3329
A.E.F.	1168	1112	999	3279
U.S. Cav.	1166	1110	996	3272
U.S. Infantry	1160	1107	978	3245
U.S. Navy	1156	1102	966	3224
Conn. Civilian	1155	1091	970	3216
Mass. Civilian	1105	1098	987	3190
Texas Civilian	1122	1074	982	3178
D.C. Civilian	1131	1084	952	3167
Mo. Civilian	1131	1093	941	3165
Great Lakes	1120	1065	966	3160
Philippine Scouts	1148	1074	921	3143
Iowa Civilian	1127	1068	942	3137
Mich. Civilian	1144	1019	943	3136
New York Civ.	1099	1074	957	3130
Arizona Civ.	1141	1054	933	3128
Wisconsin Civ.	1111	1056	929	3126
Presidio of S.F.	1077	1053	976	3166
Pa. Civilian	1097	1055	949	3101
Camp Custer R.O.T.C.	1122	1032	944	3098

The lack of space prevents us from giving the results in the many other matches that were held on the Military Rifle Range and on the Pistol Range and from giving a complete description of the activities of the small bore range where a large assortment of matches modeled after the Military matches were held at the 50 and 100 yards ranges.

The international match held between Great Britain and United States on the small bore range for the De War trophy resulted in very keen competition. Teams of 20 men each contested from each country. Those from Great Britain shooting in England and the American team shooting on the Caldwell range. Each man on the two teams fired 20 shots prone slow fire at 50 yards and 20 shots prone slow fire at 100 yards.

The American team won by quite a substantial margin, but the results will not be given here as I do not have the names and scores of the members of the English team, which for some reason have not as yet been published in the American magazines.

The 22 matches held a very considerable place in the minds of the riflemen at Caldwell, but I regret that I do not have the space in this issue to give a complete account of them.

I trust that in future years the National Matches may be so arranged that they will include teams from Canada, as well as all of the various states so that National matches may be not only National Matches but all American Matches as well.

I would like to call the attention of Cana-

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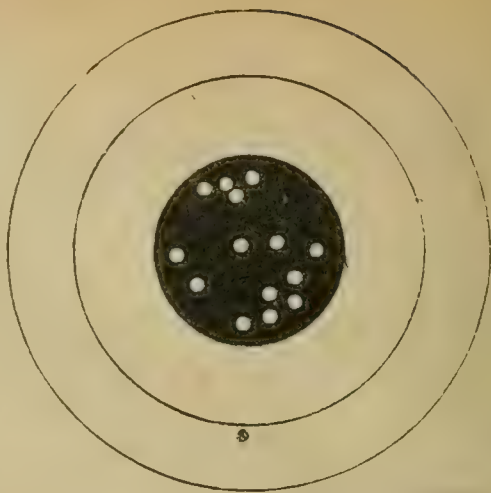
dian riflemen to the advisability of an organization being perfected and put in operation in Canada for the holding of a series of National Matches, the possibilities of which cannot be over-estimated. This year's meeting drew possibly 2,000 contestants or three times the entrance of the Grand American Handicap, which will give riflemen an idea of the scope and magnitude which has now been attained by the so called National Matches in the United States.

General Observations Concerning the National Matches

The most interesting things that I noticed at the National Matches this year were the exhibits of Ordnance and the sham battles held almost every night. These sham battles consisted of machine gun, tank and infantry attacks and also in protective barrages put down by one-pounders, machine guns, Stokes, trench mortars and by rifle and hand grenades. Practically every device used in trench warfare was used. The display of very lights, sky rockets, phosphorus bombs and illuminating bombs of various kinds were very interesting and also very beautiful.

These sham battles were staged in a very realistic manner and as the ground on which they were held was covered with a mass of tree stumps and water puddles, the whole setting blended together to make a very realistic counterfeit of the real thing. Sniping ranges for both the .22 and for the .30 Springfield were provided and well patronized after the contestants discovered that they were in use. Snipers' posts were built and various figures were worked from protected abutments.

I enjoyed this feature of the National



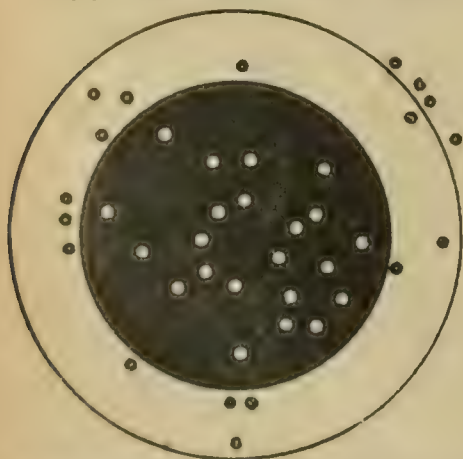
15 consecutive shots at 500 yards by C. S. Landis, 8/15/19, at Caldwell, N. J. Springfield rifle and 150 grain Frankford Arsenal ammunition.

Matches more than any other, in fact as much as all of the others combined, and was so fortunate as to make fifth high score on the Sniping range, making 44 hits out of 50 shots on "head" targets exposed at different positions for intervals of three seconds each at a range of 100 yards. One rifleman connected with the range missed but one head in 50 shots.

The Pennsylvania Team with which I was connected had quite a few hunters on it and we pulled down 2nd, 3rd and 5th places on the Sniping range. The 200, and 250 yard sniping ranges were considerably more difficult. The main trouble was to get the Springfield rifles which were equipped with telescopic sights sighted in correctly. The editor had one run of 5 hits out of 6 shots at head figures at 200 yards but had his usual share of misses also.

The rifle and pistol ammunition furnished the shooters was of splendid quality. Several targets are reproduced herewith that will give an idea of its excellence. The ammunition troubles of last year were conspicuous by their absence which was very, very fortunate and appreciated. We had all the ammunition we could use furnished gratis and it was all first quality 150 grain stuff after the matches had started. If you speak of ammunition to any one of the contestants of this year's matches, he is likely to close one eye and smile quite contentedly. There is a reason.

The great drawbacks to a perfectly successful shoot this year were the almost continuous rains and fogs that lasted for the first three weeks in August and to the abundance of mosquitoes.



40 consecutive shots at 1000 yards by C. S. Landis, 8/9-8/11-19 at Caldwell, N. J. Springfield rifle and 150 grain Frankford Arsenal ammunition.



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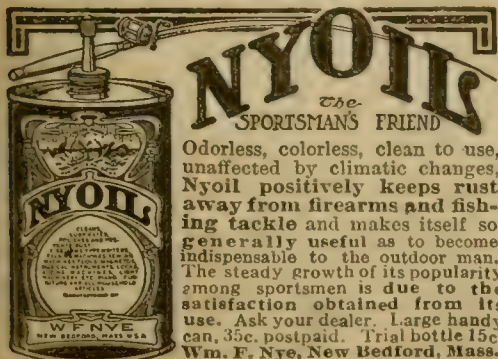
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Approximately eighty teams of 17 men each in addition to hundreds of individual shooters and thousands of visitors spent from one day to a month on the range. The competition was the keenest I have ever witnessed and with the exception of occasional trouble from poor marking service was carried off very satisfactorily. The National team match being a hard fought affair from start to finish, a very few points separating a dozen teams in many instances, the principal difference being among the first dozen teams and the last dozen or so.

Commercial Row was quite an interesting place and was visited by most of the shooters during the evenings. The Winchester Repeating Arms Company, P. J. O'Hare, The Savage Arms Company, the United States Cartridge Company, The Western Cartridge Company, The Peters Cartridge Company, Colt's, the Remington Arms—U.M.C. Company and the Hercules Powder Company all having exhibits on Commercial Row. Among the new goods of interest to riflemen on exhibition and for sale on the grounds were the new Winchester and Savage .22 Cal. bolt action rifles, the B.S.A. Model 12 single shot .22 Cal. match rifles, the new Hercules No. 300 and 308 military rifle powders, the new Win-

chester match-ammunition loaded with 200 grain bullets. The special 180 grain match ammunition put out by the U.S. Cartridge Company and the Remington Arms U.M.C. Co. and the National Match edition of their score book and their .22 Cal. cartridge holders were much in evidence.

Among the sporting writers I met on the grounds were Mr. C. G. Williams, Editor of the Guns & Ammunition Department of Outdoor Life; Mr. Kendrick Scofield, Editor, Arms and the Man; Mr. Edward Cave formerly editor of Recreation; Mr. Henry Walter Fry of Australia, Mr. E. Newitt, New York, Mr. J. R. Mattern of Pennsylvania, Lieut. Col. Townsend Whelen, Mr. Van Allen Lyman of Panama Canal Zone and many others.

The gun crank who attended the National Matches and who did not have a good time in spite of the various discomforts with all that there was to be seen and do and with all the other gun cranks that were there to meet and talk to, was, I am afraid, a rather hard person to please.

Here's hoping that we may meet at the National Matches next year, that we have good ammunition and that it doesn't rain.

Changing the Tune of the 35 Rimless

J. R. MATTERN

WHEN the war put the kibosh on the making of ammunition for hunting and target purposes, we were using 35 Remington rifles of the slide-action denomination, and Marble adapters with 380 pistol ammunition for short range. It was a handy combination, accurate and powerful, but more than a little expensive, especially when a fellow would lose one or two of the adapters through a hole in his pocket, as he did every now and then. It was decided to get reloading tools and make short-range ammunition.

To get the tools, however, proved to be impossible. We were located off in a neck of the woods where shooting supplies were scarce, though were fortunate in having on hand some No. 80 powder and some Lightning, and plenty of primers. It was necessary to devise a 35 caliber load out of materials and with tools available, and the latter consisted of sizes for 30-40, 45-70 and 38 S & W. Special.

The 38 revolver bullet was selected. It had

a sharp front shoulder and weighed 150 grains. Since the twist of this rifle is one turn in 16 inches it was thought the bullet did not need to be very hard, therefore it was cast about one part tin to twenty parts lead. The Ideal handbook lists the gas check bullet for the 35 Rimless as .358 in diameter, but the factory cartridges with metal cased bullets show .359 diameter, consequently it was judged best to resize the revolver bullet at least .360. One or two thousands larger probably would have been better.

The load was tried with various charges of powder. In general the stiffer ones gave the greater accuracy—some of it very fine, as the targets accompanying this will show. Sixteen to 18 grains of Lightning or 15 grains of No. 80 seemed to be the charge that worked best. When the rifle was held to the spot these loads could be depended on to drift that blunt shouldered bullet right there.

One five-shot group at 25 yards measures an inch and an eighth. One group at 50

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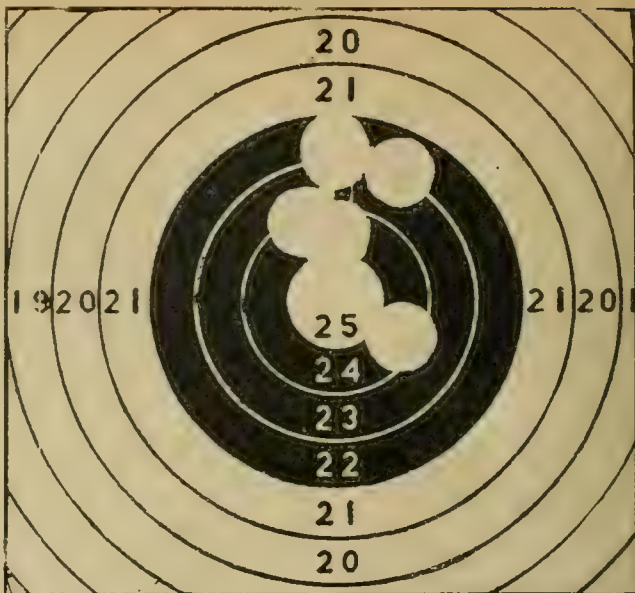
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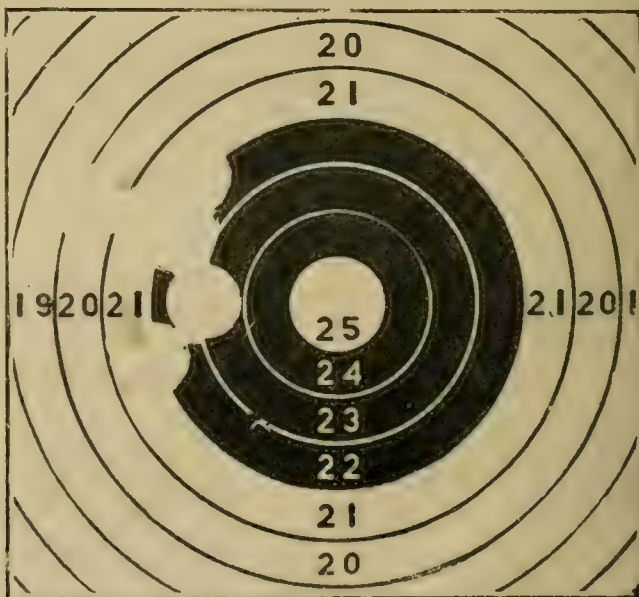
yards measures an inch. The elevation of the sight required by these loads was the same for 25 and 50 yards, and at that same adjustment the full power factory ammunition shot right at 100 yards, making an ideal combination. The load seemed to have a lot of speed and power, as shown in the elevation and in the penetration. The bullet plowed through three inches of dry red-oak and seven inches of pine.

The shells fired with full power loads always were expanded in the necks too much to hold these .360 bullets friction tight. Eventually we made a muzzle or neck sizing die with the help of a reamer, but before that was finished we depended on crimping the shells into the forward groove of the bullet with the 30 caliber double adjustable chamber of the Ideal tool. When this chamber was set just so the neck encountered the mouth of the 35 Rimless shell it would turn in the lips of said shell properly, though it would not leave much of the bullet project. After getting the resizer into operation, all bullets were seated friction tight, just deep enough to cover all grease grooves.

The reduced load makes a fine squirrel and turkey medicine. It is a killer. It equals the black powder 32-10 in power, or nearly so, and it is accurate, clean, pleasant and cheap. It adds to the usefulness of the 35 Rimless caliber and rifle.



25 yards, .35 Rem. Reduced load. 15 gr. 80-8, Bullet .360.
July 7, 1919. J. R. M.



50 yards, 35 Rem. Reduced load. J. R. Mattern, July 7, 1919.
15 gr. No. 080 and Bullet .360

The Alberta Provincial Rifle Meeting

R. H. DAVIDSON

THE fourteenth Annual prize meeting of the Alberta Provincial Rifle Association held August 5, 6, 7 and 8th, was brought to a successful close Friday evening August

8th. A down pour of rain two days previous to the opening day gave all a feeling that the meet was to be a rubber boot and rubber sheet session. However the morning of the

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5th broke clear and sunny and the remaining three days could only be described as "ideal." At no time during the meet was the weather squally and the wind although tricky and fishtail at times and never in the same direction morning and afternoon never exceeded fifteen miles per hour. The attendance was not up to the standard of previous meetings owing to getting back to a peace basis and some of the regular attenders not yet home from overseas. The entry for all matches being about sixty. All members are grateful for the untiring efforts of Lt. Col. Armstrong to make the meet a success and also for the way range officers Major Ferguson and Mr. McKenzie handled the matches on the range. Shooting is done in an easterly direction. A low range of hills borders on the left or north side about 800 yards away and extends directly behind the targets used as a back stop. On the right is the Bow River about 400 yards away with a nice growth of cottonwood trees lying between it and the range. The range might be termed open as there is little influence by these surroundings. Twelve targets of the double revolving type makes marking very rapid and squadding three men on a target accommodates thirty six men at a time. The meeting opens with the Nursery match at 200 and 500 yards, 7 shots and sighter each range open to tyros only and closes with the "Twa Freens" match at 1000 yards shot by a team of two friends who may coach each other, 5 shots each, no sighter. Aggregate score of the two to count. Space will not permit giving the Extra Series results only to say this aggregate was won by Lt. Alex Martin with a score of 121. Grand Aggregate comprises following matches No.'s 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9. The Ottawa aggregate comprises matches 2 to 8 inclusive, except the 800 and 900 yard stage of No. 4 only is counted. Grand Aggregate H.P.S. 465. Ottawa Aggregate H.P.S. 485. The McDonald Rapid fire match open to Veterans only proved very interesting. Following are matches by number and name and the winners in each—

Nursery Match

1. Forbes, J. Sgt., 103 rd., 68, Doyle Cup and Cash \$8.00.
2. Davidson, R. H., Lethbridge, 67, cash \$7.00.
3. Wright, M. H., Edmonton, 66, cash \$6.00.
4. Townsend, Insp., Edmonton, 66, cash \$5.00.
5. Snell, A. E. Pte., 103 rd., 65, cash \$5.00.
6. Merritt, C. R. Lt., 103rd., 65, cash \$4.00.

Alberta Match

1. A. D. Miles, Pte., 103rd., 68, cash \$12.00.
2. M. H. Wright, Mr., Edmonton R. C., 68, cash \$10.00.
3. Brown, S. S., Edmonton R. C., 68, cash \$8.00.
4. Forbes, J. Sgt., 103rd., 68, cash \$6.00.
5. S. A. Annand, Lt., 103rd., 67, cash \$4.00.
6. F. W. Fairn, Capt., 103rd., 66, cash \$4.00.
7. R. Moffatt, Pte., 103rd., 66, cash \$4.00.
8. W. Brankley, Insp., Calgary R. C., 66, cash \$4.00.
9. C. C. Jackson, Pte., 103rd., 66, cash \$3.00.
10. Townsend, Insp., Edmonton R. C., 65, cash \$3.00.

1st stage—City of Calgary

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|
| 1. Annand, S. A. Lt., 103rd., | 101 |
| 2. Sinclair, Pte., 103rd., | 99 |
| 3. Lunn, P. Sgt., 103rd., | 99 |
| 4. Brankley, W. Insp., C. R. C., | 98 |
| 5. Bowen, P. E. Lt.-Col., Edmonton, | 98 |
| 6. Downie, R. Capt., 103rd., | 98 |
| 7. Forbes, J. Sgt., 103rd., | 96 |
| 8. A. D. Miles, Pte., 103rd., | 96 |
| 9. Noel, C. F. Pte., 103rd., | 96 |
| 10. Martin, A. Lt., 103rd., | 96 |

2nd stage—City of Calgary

- | | |
|---|---------|
| 1. Lunn, P. Sgt., 195, Gold Medal | \$25.00 |
| 2. Martin, A. Lt., 195, Silver Medal | 20.00 |
| 3. Sinclair, J. H. Pte., 192, Bronze Med. | 15.00 |
| 4. Carmichael, A. R. Sgt., 192, | 90.00 |
| 5. Forbes, J., Sgt., 192, | 10.00 |
| 6. Annand, Lt., 192, | 10.00 |
| 7. Moffatt, R., Sgt., 192, | 10.00 |
| 8. Downie, R. Capt., 192, | 8.00 |
| 9. Wright, M. H. Pte., Edmonton, 191 | 8.00 |
| 8. Downie, R. Capt., 192, | 8.00 |
| 10. Bowen, P. E., Lt., Edmonton, 191 | 8.00 |

Stokes Match

- | | | |
|------------------------------------|----|--------|
| 1. Lunn, P. Sgt., 103rd., | 50 | \$9.00 |
| 2. Downie, R. Capt., 103rd., | 50 | 9.00 |
| Tie shot off, won by Lunn. | | |
| 3. Jackson, C. C., 103rd., | 49 | 5.50 |
| 4. Annand, S. A. Lt., 103rd., | 49 | 5.50 |
| 5. Noel, C. F. Pte., 103rd., | 48 | 5.00 |
| 6. Wright, M. H., Edmonton | 48 | 5.00 |
| 7. Sinclair, Pte., 103rd., | 48 | 4.00 |
| 8. Martin, A. Lt., 103rd., | 48 | 4.00 |
| 9. Scott, F. Pte., 103rd., | 48 | 4.00 |
| 10. Angear, T. Mr., Cal. Rif. Club | 48 | 4.00 |

Payzant Match

- | | |
|---|----------|
| 1. Wright, M. H. Mr., Edmonton, 49, Rogers Cup and \$12.00. | |
| 2. Freeze, I. S. Sgt., 103rd., | 17 10.00 |
| 3. Annand, S. A. Lt., 103rd., | 46 8.00 |

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4. Herring, F. W. Capt., Cal.R.Club, 46	6.00
5. Noel, C. F. Pte., 103rd.....	45 6.00
6. Forbes, J. Sgt., 103rd.....	45 5.00
7. Martin, A. Lt., 103rd.....	44 5.00
8. Fairn, C. W. Capt., 103rd.....	44 5.00
9. Angear, T. Mr., Cal. Rif. Club	44 4.00
10. Hill, A. Pte., 103rd	44 4.00

Calgary Brewery Match

1. Hill, A. Pte., 103rd.....	69 \$10.00
2. Bowen, P. E. Lt.-Col., Edmon.	69 8.00
3. Miles, A., 103rd.....	68 7.00
4. McNaughton, Didsbury.....	66 6.00
5. Lunn, P. Sgt., 103rd.....	66 6.00
6. Hughes, S. J., C. R. C.....	66 5.00
7. Sinclair, Pte., 103rd.....	66 5.00
8. Moffat, E. Pte., 103rd.....	65 4.00
9. Chamberlain, R. W. Sgt., 103rd.	65 4.00
10. Brankley, Insp., Calgary	65 4.00

City of Edmonton Match

	Cash
1. Davidson, R. H., Lethbridge....	66 \$15.00
2. Bowen, P. E. Lt.-Col., Edmon.	65 12.00
3. Martin, A. Lt., 103rd.....	64 10.00
4. Angear, T., C.R.C.....	64 8.00
5. McCrae, R. Sgt., 103rd.....	64 8.00
6. Fairn, C. W. Capt., 103rd.....	64 6.00
7. Freeze, E. S. Sgt., 103rd.....	63 6.00
8. Chamberlain, R. W. Sgt., 103rd.	63 6.00
9. MacDonald, J.A. Sgt., Maj.	
C. R. C.....	62 5.00
10. Lunn, P. Sgt., C. R. C.	62 5.00

Rutherford Match

1. Martin, Lt., 103rd., Lt.-Col. May Chal-	
lenge Trophy and cash \$10.00.	
2. Sinclair, J. H. Pte., 103rd.	48 8.00
3. Esdale, M. Mr., Edmonton	46 6.00
4. Herring, F. W. Capt., C.R.C.	45 6.00
5. Downie, R. Capt., 103rd.....	45 5.00
6. Baker, W. E. Lt., C.R.C.....	45 5.00
7. Forbes, J. Sgt., 103rd.....	45 4.00
8. Miles, A. D. Pte., 103rd.....	44 4.00
9. Annand, S. A. Lt., 103rd.....	44 3.00
10. Bowen, Lt.-Col., Edmonton	44 3.00

Grand Aggregate

1. Annand, S. A. Lt., 103rd., 429, A.R.A.	
Gold Medal and cash \$10.00.	
2. Bowen, P. E., Lt.-Col., Edmonton, 427,	
A.R.A. Silver Medal and cash \$9.00.	
3. Miles, A. D. Pte., 103rd., 426, A.R.A.	
Bronze Medal and cash \$8.00.	
4. Lunn, P. Sgt., 103rd., 425, cash.....	\$8.00
5. Sinclair, J. C. Sgt., 103rd., 424, cash	7.00
6. Forbes, J. Sgt., 103rd., 423, cash.....	7.00
7. Downie, R. Capt., 103rd., 421 cash.	6.00
8. Martin, A. Lt., 103rd., 417, cash.....	6.00

9. Brankley, W. Insp., C.R.C., 417, cash	5.00
10. Noel, C. F. Pte., 103rd., 416, cash ..	5.00

Highest Twenty Competitors in the Ottawa Aggregate

1. Gowen, P. E. Lt.-Col., Edmonton	451
2. Annand, S. A. Lt., 103rd.....	451
3. Lunn, P. Sgt., 103rd.....	448
4. Wright, M. H. Lt., Edmonton	446
5. Forbes, J. Sgt., 103rd.....	443
6. Miles, A. D. Pte., 103rd.....	442
7. Brankley, W. Insp., Cal. R. Club	440
8. Noel, C. F. Pte., 103rd.....	440
9. Downie, H. Capt., 103rd.....	439
10. Sinclair, J. H. Pte., 103rd	439

The above form the provincial Team for Ottawa.

Waiting Men

11. Martin, A. Lt., 103rd.....	438
12. Fairn, C. W. Capt., 103rd.....	438
13. Moffat, R. Pte., 103rd.....	437
14. Herring, F. W. Capt., Cal. R. Club ..	432
15. McNaughton, A., Didsbury.....	431
16. Brown, S. S. Sgt., Edmonton.....	430
17. Davidson, R. R., Lethbridge.....	429
18. Freeze, I. S. Sgt., 103rd.....	429
19. Chamberlain, R. W. Sgt., 103rd.....	428
20. Carmichael, A. R. Sgt., 103rd.....	427

Twa' Freens Match

1st

A. McNaughton, Didsbury.....	22 Trophy
Davidson, R. H., Lethbridge.....	23

45. Two gold

medals.

Macdonald Match—Veterans Only

1. Angus M. Sgt., 31st. Batt., hits 7, Mac-	
Donald Trophy and cash \$8.00.	
2. Downie, R. Capt., 31st. Batt., hits 6, cash	
\$6.00.	
3. Cooper, F. B. Capt., 56th. Batt., hits 5,	
cash \$5.00.	
4. Wright, M. H., Pte., 202nd. Batt., hits	
5, cash \$5.00.	

Walker Trophy

1st 103rd Team

Fairn, C. W. Capt.....	93
Martin, A. Lt.....	96
Sinclair, Pte.....	99
Chamberlain, R. Sgt.....	94
	382

Walker Trophy and cash \$7.20.

2nd Calgary Rifle Club

Herring, F. W. Capt.....	96
Baker, W. E. Lt.....	91

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Here is a little free pocket compendium in book form, illustrated with 40 half-tone photo reproductions, and containing 8,000 words of easy advice on private matters which I gladly send to any man anywhere in the world absolutely free of charge, and enclosed in a perfectly plain, sealed envelope, so it is received by you like an ordinary private letter. I take all this special precaution in sending my free book because, where the health is concerned, and especially with reference to debility and nerve weaknesses, people everywhere prefer to keep the matter entirely to themselves. For this reason I seal the envelope and prepay full letter postage. I have thus mailed over a million of the books to men all over the world who requested them.

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SANDEN, Publisher.

Reader, did you ever stop to consider that it is not looks which make the real man? Nor is it necessarily a large man who wields the most power in his community. However, whether big or small, young or elderly, we invariably find that vigorous, manly manhood stands behind all of the world's greatest achievements and successes. In this respect, I give it as my honest opinion, based upon over 30 years' experience, that no man need lose hope of himself restoring his full manly power, if he but be willing to make a fair, square effort, and will lead a decent, manly life, free from excesses and free from dissipations. My free book gives you all the desired information. According to my belief, lost manly strength is no real organic disease in itself, and, for that reason, should easily respond to any mode of treatment which puts new vital force into the weakened nerves and blood.

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Therefore, first get the free book of general advice to men, which also describes my VITALIZER. Then if in the future you feel you would like to use one of these little appliances in your own case, I will make some special proposition whereby you may have one to wear. If you happen to live in or near this city, I would be pleased to have you call. Otherwise, just use the coupon and get the free book by return mail. Office hours, 9 to 6.

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Remember, I will send you, as stated above, my little book or pocket compendium, containing 40 illustrations and 8,000 words of private advice free, sealed, by mail.

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MacDonald, J. A. Sgt.-Maj.....	95
Brankley, W. Insp.....	98
	380

Cash \$4.00	
3rd 19th Dragoons.....	372

Calgary Brewery Team Match

103rd Regiment Team	
Miles, A. D. Pte.....	68
Lunn, P. Sergt.....	66
Downie, R. Capt.....	65
Forbes, J. Sergt.....	63

Total 262

Trophy and cash \$3.00

2nd	
19th Dragoons. Edmonton	
Bowen, P. E. Lt.-Col.....	63
Brown, S. S. Sergt.....	69
Wright, W. H. Mr.	61
Saidler, J. Pte.....	60

Total 253

Cash \$2.00.

3 Calgary Rifle Club.....	246
4 103rd Team.....	241

City of Edmonton Team Match

1st 103rd Team	
Noel, C. F. Pte.....	58
Martin, A. Lt.....	64

Freeze, I. S. Sgt.....	63
Chamberlain, R. W. Sgt.....	63
	248

Reid Trophy.

2nd 103rd Team.....	242
3rd 103rd D. Coy.....	236
4th 19th Dragoons Edmonton.....	235
5th Capt Fairn's Team.....	232

Fifth Regiment Match

1st 19th Dragoons Edmonton	
Downen, P. E. Lt.-Col.....	91
Wright, H. Pte.....	91
Saidler, J. Pte.....	92
Brown, S. S. Sgt.....	90

364

Trophy, Martin Cups and \$24.00.

2nd Fairn Team (103rd)	
Fairn, C. W. Capt.....	89
Martin, A. Lt.....	95
Lunn, P. Sgt.....	89
Annand, S. A. Lt.....	87

360

Cash \$16.00

3rd 103rd Team.....	353
4th Calgary Rifle Club.....	353
5th 103rd Team.....	335

Cash \$12.00.

Cash \$10.00

Cash \$8.00.

An Accurate Method of Adjusting Smith & Wesson Target Revolver Sights

E. G. BREWER

(Reprinted from *Arms and the Man*)

HOW often have you heard a beginner in the revolver-shooting game ask how much he should move the wind gauge or elevation screw to bring his group in the vicinity of the bull? Nearly all shooters guess and try for another group. Perhaps they have guessed correctly, more likely not.

A better and more accurate way is to use the screws as micrometers by determining the number of threads to the inch, and then by a simple calculation the distance the point of impact is moved, by one turn or a fraction of a turn, at any range, is easily found.

The table that follows is calculated on a basis of 42 threads to the inch for the elevation screw, and 48 threads to the inch for the wind-

gauge screws of Smith & Wesson revolvers having sight radius of 7 and 8 inches.

As an example of how this table can be used to advantage:

We will suppose you have been using your revolver at 20 yards all winter, but now want to shoot at 50 yards outside, perhaps with heavier charges. You choose a calm day with good light and shoot for a group, holding carefully and calling each shot. Let us assume that the center of the point of impact of your group is 4 inches low and 4 inches right (or left.) Now consult the table and you find that, if the gun you are using has an 8-inch sight radius, that three-quarters of a turn of the elevation screw (turned in the proper



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C. E. Horning
Union Station
Toronto

direction to elevate the back sight) will give you exactly 4 inches elevation at 50 yards.

† The wind-gauge screws are each moved one complete turn, which gives you 4.7 inches, or near enough to the $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches wanted.

Your gun is now accurately sighted for 50

yards without firing another shot, which is a consideration these days of high prices.

The greatest value these tables have, however, is the confidence it gives you when making sight changes, as they entirely eliminate all guess work.

S. & W. TARGET SIGHT ADJUSTMENT

	Sight	Radius	Range	Distance point of impact moved for			
Elevation		7 in.	20 yds.	$\frac{1}{4}$ turn	$\frac{1}{2}$ turn	$\frac{3}{4}$ turn	1 turn
(Screw 42 threads to 1 inch)		7 "	50 "	.61 in.	1.22 in.	1.84 in.	2.45 in.
		8 "	20 "	.53 "	1.07 "	1.61 "	2.14 "
		8 "	50 "	1.33 "	2.67 "	4.0 "	5.35 "
Windage		7 "	20 "	.53 "	1.07 "	1.61 "	2.14 "
(Screws have 48 threads to 1 inch)		7 "	50 "	1.34 "	2.68 "	4.1 "	5.36 "
		8 "	20 "	.47 "	.94 "	1.41 "	1.88 "
		8 "	50 "	1.17 "	2.35 "	3.52 "	4.7 "

Queries and Answers

The .303 and .33 Compared

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I wish some information on the .303 Savage and the .33 Winchester Model 1886. Which is the better deer and moose gun?

Will the Savage .303 solid frame feather-weight with 20 inch barrel shoot as well and as accurately as the regular Model 1899 Savage rifle 26 inch barrel solid frame?

I am going to get a featherweight if it is as good as the regular rifle.

Would a King No. 23 rear sight be good for it for hunting? For front sights would you advise a King No. 4., or No. 43, or a Sheard No. 7?

Can the Winchester Model 1886 be bought anywhere in Canada?

Tusket Falls, Nova Scotia, Russell Raynard.

Reply—In reply to your enquiry, there is very little difference in power between the .303 Savage and the .33 Winchester. Both of these rifles are splendid moose and deer rifles.

I do not have the King catalog handy as I reply to this, but either a medium size gold or ivory bead front sight and a No. 6 rear sight or one very similar to the No. 6 with the white diamond to the rear makes a most excellent combination for a hunting rifle.

You should have no trouble in purchasing a .33 Winchester in Canada. Try one of the firms that advertise in *Rod and Gun* or write to the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, New Haven, Connecticut, U.S.A. for the names of Winchester dealers in your locality. Which rifle to choose depends mostly upon whether you prefer a hammerless or hammer rifle. —Editor.

Various Questions

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I would like a little information concerning my firearms. I have three guns, a 12 gauge double barrel hammerless L. C. Smith shotgun, a .22 Autoloading Remington rifle and a Model 1892 Winchester .25-20 Carbine. What I want to know is what you think of the .22 Auto Remington as a target rifle. I have done fairly good shooting with this rifle. Would the Lyman rear sight better my shooting any? If so, what sight would I get for this gun?

In reloading the .25-20 cartridges what powder and size of load would I use to get a medium range load? (I mean a shorter range load than the regular factory load). What powder and size of load would I use to get the same velocity as the factory loaded shell.

Is it safe to use the .25-20 Winchester high velocity cartridge in this Model 1892 Carbine?

Could you tell me where I could get reloading tools for this cartridge and also a name of a good book in which I could find general information concerning these guns. I have.

St. Louis, Mo.

J. A. Downer.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry, the .22 Autoloading Remington will make you a very nice little weapon for general shooting.

The Lyman rear sight will certainly add to the accuracy that you will secure with this rifle. Write to the Lyman Gun Sight Corporation, Middlefield, Connecticut, for a catalog.

In reloading for the .25-20 Winchester to obtain a reduced load, I would suggest that you use a 77 grain bullet No. 25720 and about



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15 grains of black powder or the same bullet and 5 grains of Hercules Unique or 7 grains of DuPont Schuetzen.

You should clean your rifle with a good nitro cleaning fluid when using smokeless powder.

It is perfectly safe to use the .25-20 Winchester high velocity cartridge in the Model 1892 Carbine.

You can secure reloading tools for your .25-20 Winchester from the Ideal Manufacturing Company, New Haven, Conn. You could obtain information concerning the guns that you own from the catalogues of the firms that manufacture these weapons.

Editor.

Fitting the .303 Barrel

Editor Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I am looking for a new gun and want to know a few things before buying. The cartridge I would like to have is a .303 British if I can get a rifle to suit me as I have 1,000 empty shells which I want to load.

I was wondering if I could get a good barrel made to fit a Springfield action. Do you know where I could obtain one? I wrote Mr. Neider but he could not supply it so I thought perhaps you could.

What do you think of a Ross action as used in the militia?

I intend making a stock myself as I cannot buy one to suit me and can do the trick myself. What size bullet moulds would you get for shooting at 50 ft. and 50 to 100 yds?

Which would be the best reloading tool Newton or Ideal?

If you were getting a Springfield made what would you use for a rear sight, a Lyman No. 48 or one to go on the end of the bolt?

Does the No. 48 look quite clumsy when mounted?

Where could I get a Springfield action? Neider will make a barrel for \$20. How should it be chambered when one expects to reload and possibly use different makes of ammunition?

What is the price of primers for the .30-1906?

Which would you buy a Newton powder scale or an Ideal Powder measure?

What extras would I need for the Ideal tool for the .303 using two or three different bullets?

Can one ease the trigger pull of the Springfield to suit him and how is it done?

I realize that I have asked you a lot of questions but I want a real gun but don't

want to pay more than about \$55 or \$60 for the barrel and sights antion.dac Granite Hill,

Lower Southampton, R.F.D. 2.

New Brunswick, R. T. Morrison.

Reply—I hardly know how to answer your inquiry concerning the .303 Ross barrel. The Winchester Repeating Arms Company make barrels for the .303 British cartridge but whether Niedner could fit one to a Springfield action is more than I can answer.

I would prefer the Newton Scales to the Ideal Powder Measure for reloading full charges.

A. W. Peterson, Denver, Colorado, would probably be able to fit a .303 barrel to a Springfield action but the express charges from your home would be considerable. Your main trouble would very likely be in securing a Springfield action.

The No. 48 Lyman rear sight does not look clumsy on the Springfield rifle and I like it very much.

In securing a new barrel for a Springfield action you should have it chambered for the 150 grain bullet and then you can use any of them in it.

Primers for the .30-1906 will cost you about \$3 per thousand. You can secure a Newton scale or an Ideal powder measure from any of the dealers who advertise in our magazine.

To seat bullets in the .303 cartridge you will need an extra bullet seating chamber for each one of the styles of bullets.

You can ease up the trigger pull of a Springfield rifle by grinding off the lower edge of the cocking piece that is attached to the bolt. You can do this with an oil stone. It is a very simple operation.

If I were you I would use the .30-1906 cartridge unless you can secure bullets for the .303 very cheaply.

Editor.

The .303 Ross

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I have a .303 Ross Special match rifle supposed to give about 2800 f.s. velocity, while the sporting model is only rated at 1800 to 2000.

Will the regular Remington loads work in either rifle and would the quicker twist of the match rifle cause it to shoot harder than the other using the same ammunition or would it require heavier loads for better results.

Very truly yours,

Athabasca, Alta,

I. M. Hanley.



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Reply—In reply to your inquiry you can use either of the .303 British cartridges in your .303 Ross.

Your rifle will require different sightings for each load.

The Spitzer bullet cartridge will naturally shoot higher at long range and have a flatter trajectory.

Very truly yours,
Editor.

Reloading Information

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I am seeking a little information concerning reloading. I wrote the Ideal Manufacturing Company asking them for their hand book and mentioned .303 and .32 Remington reloading tools. They are out of their hand-books but hope to be able to send me one soon.

I have never done any reloading so would ask you to advise me as to the outfit I will require for both calibers mentioned.

What kind of powder and how to keep it in small quantities as I would not require a great deal?

What composition of material for bullets and about the jacketing of them?

How often is it safe to reload a cartridge, if for hunting? A broken shell in the chamber at a critical moment is not desirable, to say the least.

The following is a list of tools mentioned by the Ideal Manufacturing Company.

No. 10 tool with double adjustable chamber .32 Rem.....	\$4.00
Separate bullet mould .32 Rem.....	2.00
Gas checks.....	1.65
No. 6 tool with mould attached .303 Savage.....	4.00
No. 3 tool without mould attached, double adjustable chamber, .303 Savage.....	4.00
Separate bullet mould .303 Savage.....	2.00
Muzzle sizer for any one caliber.....	.65
Shell resizing tool for any one caliber.....	2.65
Dipper.....	.65
Melting pot.....	.65
Melting pot holder.....	.65

Hoping that you can advise me about the above, I am,

McVittie via Sudbury, J. S. McVittie.

Ontario.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry of July 4th, I would suggest that you use the Ideal bullet 308292 for the .303 Savage and 22 grains of Hercules Lightning Powder or Du Pont No. 21. For the Remington Auto use Ideal bullet 321317 and 21 grains of Hercules Lightning Powder or DuPont No. 21. You

should have the following tools for proper reloading: an Ideal melting pot, dipper and stove lid, and Ideal powder measure No. 5 with a .30 Cal. drop tube. You will need a *bullet resizing chamber* for each of these bullets. This is the most important thing about the whole tool as each bullet must be resized or it is not likely to prove accurate. You will need the proper reloading tool with double adjustable chamber for each cartridge. Order each tool for the proper bullet that I mention.

The Ideal gas checks are small cups that fit onto the bases of the bullets. These enable you to use slightly higher velocities than would otherwise be practicable. Cast your bullets of nine parts lead and one part tin. After casting the bullets each bullet is dipped into melted lubricant and a copper gas check fitted onto its base and then it is forced through the bullet resizing chamber which resizes the bullet to its proper size and removes the surplus grease.

Always resize the bullets base first so that all irregularities are left at the nose of the bullet.

Your powder will come in one pound canisters which you can keep as easily as you would keep any other commodity. The full length shell resizing tool is quite an advantage. You can reload your shells until they crack at the neck. I have reloaded thousands of rounds of ammunition and never had a shell to break off at the neck, and I would not expect that you would have this trouble if you do not attempt to reload any shells that *have been cracked at the neck*. A great deal of this supposed trouble about shells breaking off in the rifle chamber is purely imagination on the part of some people who have never reloaded ammunition.

There is only one "safety first" rule in using reloaded ammunition and that is, "never use a heavier powder charge than is recommended." Be very careful not to load any cartridges that you have forgotten to fill with the proper powder charge.—

Editor.

The .303 Lee-Enfield

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

What has happened to the Rod & Gun Mechanics Department? Just lately I had a chance to look over my back copies and I notice that that department is conspicuous by its absence.

I would be very sorry to hear that you have dropped it because I think it would be one of the best parts of the magazine, with the

The three words that tell the whole story of a perfect cup of coffee, from plantation to breakfast table——— “SEAL BRAND” COFFEE.

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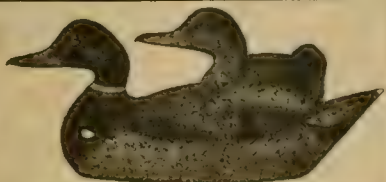


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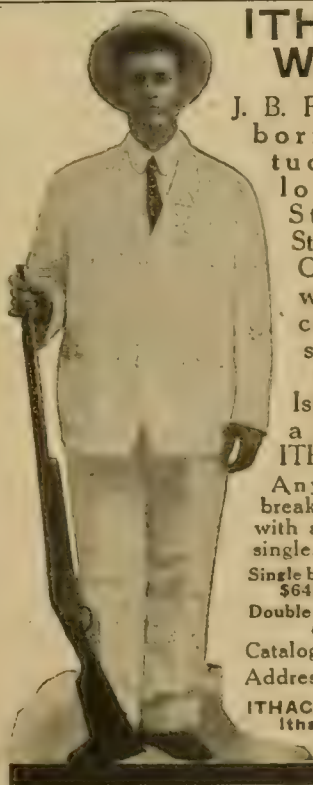
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exception of the Guns & Ammunition Department.

I suppose, it being July already, the competition for the best collection of kiñks has closed. I would be very glad to hear who the winner of that splendid prize is.

Now for the Questions:

1. What effect, if any, would the shortening of the stock of a shotgun have on the shooting?

2. I have a .303 Lee-Enfield service model, I think, with a sporting stock. I would like to get as much information about it as possible, as to shooting, sights, reloading, etc.

3. What is the best cartridge to use in connection with a Maxim Silencer, .22 Winchester 1906.

Toronto, Ont.

David A. Schemnitz.

Reply—The Mechanics Department was re-opened in September issue. The winner of the oil painting was Mr. J. Ward, whose kink appeared in February issue.

Shortening the stock of a shot gun would probably cause it to shoot lower. If it did not cause it to shoot lower, it would not have any effect upon its shooting. This difference, if any, would be most noticeable with a gun that was unusually long in the stock, and which was later shortened to the normal length.

I have not personally used the .303 Lee-Enfield. There is an article concerning this rifle in the October issue. This article is written by Mr. Alfred B. Geikie, formerly editor of this department, who used this rifle in France. From what I have heard from other experienced riflemen, I should judge that this rifle was a good war rifle, but nothing extra as a target rifle.

The .303 cartridge is a very good cartridge to reload and I believe you would have very good success in reloading for the .303 Lee-Enfield.

I fired approximately 500 shots from the U. S. model 1917, which is sort of a hybrid between the Lee-Enfield and the Springfield, and which does not reflect very much credit upon either of them.

You will secure the most accurate results by using the .22 caliber long rifle cartridge in the model 1906 Winchester when it is equipped with a Maxim Silencer, but you will hear a very slight report. In using the short cartridge you do not hear any report, but it is not as accurate as the other except in a rifle chambered especially for it.

Editor.

Selecting a Rifle for Moose

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I shall be greatly obliged if you will enlighten me on a few points regarding rifles. I want the best possible rifle for moose hunting solely, not an "all round" rifle. I have used several rifles of .45 calibre shooting heavy bullets at moderate velocities, and at present have a 9 m.m. Mauser shooting a 280 grain bullet. I am quite satisfied with these rifles so far as ability to kill quickly and humanly is concerned, but the trajectories leave much to be desired. I have come to the conclusion, after having done considerable moose-hunting, that a rifle is reliable and efficient just so far as one may shoot without elevating the sights, or in other words, to the limit of the "point blank" range, owing to the difficulty of correctly judging distances in the woods, the waste of time, and the fact that one's attention is given to the rifle at a time when the eyes should not be removed from the game. My ideal would be a rifle capable of keeping the group within an 8 inch circle shooting at ranges varying from 50 to 200 yards, without sight adjustment. Are any of the cartridges of the 3,000 feet per second class capable of doing this, and if so, are they in your opinion as thoroughly reliable for this class of game as the larger though slower cartridges of the .405 class?

Have always regarded these light weight .25 to .30 calibre rifles of extraordinarily high velocity as the carrying of a tad to extremes, sacrificing everything to flatness of trajectory. I consider the type of rifle of which the .318 Westley Richards shooting a 250 grain copper capped bullet at about 2,500 ft. sec., is a good example, as about the most powerful and efficient arm of medium weight, all things considered. Do you think I can improve upon it, for the sport mentioned, by any other selection?

N. S.

Subscriber.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry, your best rifle for moose shooting would probably be a .30-1906 loaded with the 180 grain Spitzer soft point bullet. If you could obtain a Springfield rifle and re-model it to a Sporting rifle and use this load, it would suit your purpose admirably. Your best choice of a commercial rifle, would be either a Newton chambered for the .30-1906 cartridge, and using the same load or the 172 grain bullet, or the model 1895 Winchester, using a similar load. I would not care to use any of the 3000 F. S. cartridges for moose shooting, as I would prefer one of the slightly lower velocity cartridges, using a good heavy bullet.



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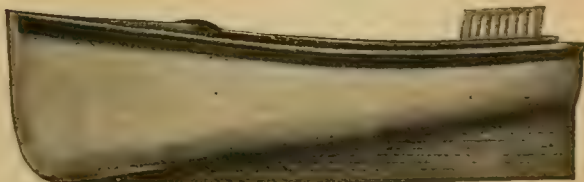
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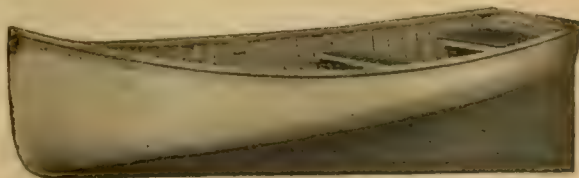
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The .318 Westley Richards should be the most satisfactory rifle that you can obtain from the standpoint of power and clean killing qualities. Its disadvantages being that it is extremely difficult to secure cartridges for this rifle, but if you can overcome that difficulty, it would prove more effective than a .30-1906. It would not be as comfortable a rifle to use, due to its considerably heavier recoil.

Editor.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I am a reader of your delightful magazine, *Rod and Gun*. I wish it were a weekly instead of a monthly magazine. I have read the many questions and answers in your magazine and have seen the many satisfactory answers, so have decided to take up a little of your time by asking a few questions.

Recently I bought a Stevens Marksman .22 Cal. long rifle which I find to be a perfect rifle. The front sight on this rifle is a very fine one. In fact it is too fine for my eyes.

Could you suggest a sight or set of sights for this rifle which would show up against any back ground, where I could get them and the cost of them.

I also have a .32 Cal. Hopkins and Allen rifle. Do you think this rifle accurate enough for crows?

Orangeville, Ont.

N.R.F.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry, I would suggest that you purchase a medium size gold bead front sight which can be purchased from the Marble Arms and Manufacturing Co., Gladstone, Michigan, or the Lyman Gun Sight Corporation, Middlefield, Connecticut. The D. Pike Company, 123

King St. E.; Hallam's, Hallam Building, or Lion Sporting Goods Company, 429 Yonge St. all of Toronto, will be glad to secure your order for these sights.

The Hopkins and Allen .32 Cal. rifle ought to be sufficiently accurate to kill crows at short range but it is not as accurate as some of the other Calibers of small bore rifles.—Editor.

The 7 M M Mauser

Editor Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I have a 7 mm German Mauser Sporting Rifle and have not used it much, but found it to be good for the time it was used. What is your opinion of this type of a rifle? What is the largest game one would be safe in killing with this gun?

This rifle is in fine condition. Do you know what they would approximately be worth at the present time.

I appreciate the work being carried on in this department as I am a constant reader of *Rod and Gun*.

Vancouver, B.C.

K. A. Ross.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry, I would consider that the 7 mm Mauser is sufficiently powerful to be used on any American game with the probable exception of the Kadiak bear, but it is rather light for moose. This is quite a long range rifle and has a good reputation as a clean killing weapon.

I cannot tell you how much this rifle is worth as it depends upon its condition and upon the grade of the rifle. There were several grades of 7 mm rifles manufactured, ranging from the perfectly plain military rifle to the fancy sporting rifle.

Editor.

REMEMBER THESE RULES

The New Mexico Game Protective Association has six rules which all sportsmen in all sections should read and follow. They are printed below and each one is worthy of careful thought:

1. Be a Real Sportsman. There is more honor in giving the game a square deal than in getting the limit.

2. Make Sure It's a Buck. If you can't see his horns—she hasn't any.

3. Help Enforce the Game Law. Game and fish are public property and only a game-hog will take more than his fair and legal

share. Violations should be reported to the nearest Deputy Warden, Forest Ranger, or Game Protective Association.

4. Respect the Ranchman's Property. He regards the man who leaves his gates open, cuts his fences, chases his livestock or shoots near dwellings, as an outlaw. Put yourself in his place.

5. Be careful with Your Campfire and Matches. One tree will make a million matches; one match can burn a million trees.

6. Leave a Clean Camp and a Clean Record. Unburied garbage, crippled game, and broken laws are poor monuments for a sportsman to leave behind him.



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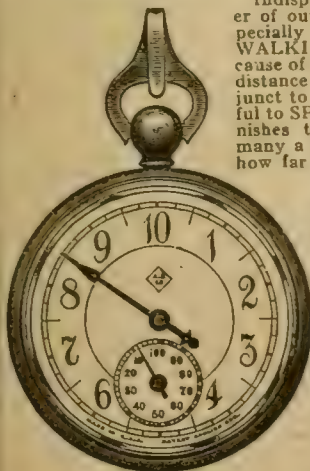


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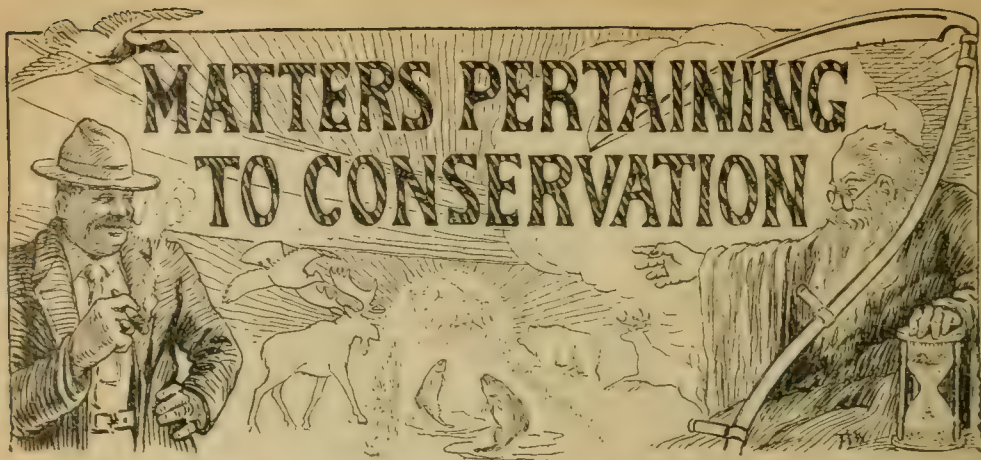
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Relation of Indians to Wild Life Conservation

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

(Deputy Superintendent General of Indian Affairs)

Address delivered before the Wild Life Conference, Ottawa

MR. Chairman and Gentlemen: It would take a good deal of time to deal fully with all branches of the subject which you have allotted to me; therefore, I will only say something of what the Department of Indian Affairs is actually doing to conserve wild life by endeavouring to induce the Indians to obey the laws.

We should have a good deal of sympathy for the Indian. He is the original fur hunter of the country, and, when he was alone in that industry, he had everything his own way. When the fur traders came, everything was changed, and, looking back over the old days, and reading the records of that time, one cannot help wondering that any Indians now remain to hunt or to be subject to restrictive regulations, considering the stormy period they went through in their first relations with the white man. The Indians were then debauched by liquor supplied to them by Government employees, military officers and fur traders, until the middle of the last century—1850 or thereabouts—when laws were enacted, providing that no more liquor should be given to Indians. Then a halcyon period for the Indian set in, when he could not get whiskey in trade, and when the fur trade was in the hands of one or two great companies. The fur-bearing animals were carefully conserved by the companies and by the Indians themselves in their own interests. The number of skins to be taken was limited, and the trade was very carefully regulated. These conditions prevailed until the independ-

ent fur-trader made his appearance upon the scene. Now the trade is so divided and parcelled out between hunters, who are not Indians, and many companies and individuals, who are engaged in buying furs, that the Indian finds it, year by year, increasingly difficult to support himself and make way midst competition and the restrictive regulations which he is expected to recognize and obey.

The Provincial Governments are attempting to deal with the fur trade by enacting restrictive legislation, and the Department of Indian Affairs endeavours to induce the Indians to obey the Provincial laws. That is the fixed policy of the Department. As you are all well aware, we have what we call Treaties with the Indians. These Treaties are really cessions of land, surrenders of large areas of Indian lands over which the Indians had usufructuary title. It has been British policy ever since the year 1763 to require a surrender of these titles before the country was thrown open for settlement. In most of the Treaties, the question of hunting and fishing was mentioned. I will read the clause which is inserted in these Treaties:—

"Her Majesty further agrees with her said Indians, that they, the said Indians shall have right to pursue their avocations of hunting and fishing throughout the tract surrendered as hereinbefore described, subject to such regulations as may from time to time be made by Her Government or Her Dominion of Canada, and saving and

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excepting such tracts as may from time to time be required or taken up for settlement, mining, lumbering or other purposes, by Her said Government of the Dominion of Canada, or by any of the subjects thereof duly authorized therefore by the said Government."

While allowing the Indians this privilege, these Treaties, for the most part, contained the general provision that the Indians shall be loyal subjects of His Majesty and obey the laws passed from time to time by His Majesty's Government.

The Indian Act contains no specific legislation on the subject of hunting and fishing, but contains the following clause, which controls the application to Indians of Provincial laws in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and the Northwest Territories:—

"The Superintendent General may, from time to time, by public notice, declare that, on and after a day therein named, the laws respecting game in force in the province of Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, or the Territories, or respecting such game as is specified in such notice, shall apply to Indians within the said province or Territories, as the case may be, or to Indians in such parts thereof as to him seems expedient."

From time to time, by proclamation we have brought Indians under the provisions of the Provincial Game laws, and, through correspondence with our agents, and, through

the exercise of all the influence we can bring to bear on the Indians themselves, we are endeavouring to get them consistently to obey these laws.

We have not had much trouble with the Provincial Governments on the question of Indian hunting. Of course, we sometimes get exaggerated reports that the Indians are killing all the moose in certain districts, but, when we investigate them, we usually find that there is little foundation for the reports.

On the whole, it may be said that the Indian obeys the hunting and fishing regulations equally as well as the white man. The Indian who has to maintain himself on his hunting grounds by killing animals for food is entitled to a measure of sympathy, and we have found that the Provincial governments are willing to recognize his exceptional position in this regard. The Indians who are difficult to deal with are those who are remote from civilization, living in aboriginal conditions and not open to the influences of civilization, but this class is fast disappearing.

I repeat, Mr. Chairman, that, so far as the Department of Indian Affairs is concerned, our fixed policy is to endeavour to induce the Indians to obey the laws passed by the Provincial authorities for the conservation of wild life and the preservation of game, and to endeavour also to mitigate the laws to meet any special conditions that surround the present mode of life of the natives.

Migratory Bird Law Prosecutions

THE following is a list of cases that have been brought to court by officers of the Dominion Parks Branch of the Department of the Interior. It is intended to publish the details of all prosecutions instituted by the Department for violations of this Act. As many similar cases may be brought to court, by private individuals, bird protection societies and others, it is requested that any person knowing of such prosecutions, will report them to the Dominion Parks Branch for record purposes.

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

Before His Honour, J. G. Richie, Police Magistrate and County Court Judge:

A company was charged with having in its possession, contrary to law, gull parts, namely 47 portions of breasts of Herring and Great Black Backed Gulls. These were to be used for millinery purposes. They had been sold

to the company by an Indian from the State of Maine who probably acted as agent for the Indian plumage hunters in his vicinity.

The company entered a plea of guilty, and a fine of ten dollars (\$10.00) was imposed.

DIGBY, NOVA SCOTIA.

Before Magistrate Taylor:—

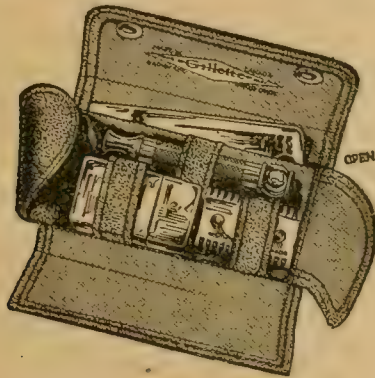
The defendant was charged with buying, selling and having in her possession, the wings and breasts of several species of gulls. There were twenty-nine portions in all. The defendant pleaded guilty, and a fine of ten dollars and costs, amounting in all, to thirteen dollars and twenty-three cents (\$13.23) was imposed.

The bird plumage was shipped to Nova Scotia from the State of Maine, and the defendant was the agent for a resident of New York State. The plumage was being sold to tourists for millinery purposes. The

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United States authorities are co-operating by investigating alleged offences, against the United States Migratory Bird Treaty Act, arising out of this case.

SUMMERSIDE P.E.I.

Before Magistrate J. E. Wyatt, K.C.—

The defendant, was charged with buying, selling, and having Brant in her possession during the closed season. The birds were purchased from St. Elinor's, P.E.I. Some were served on the hotel table during June

and others were shipped by express.

The defendant entered a plea of guilty, and was fined ten dollars and costs.

ST ELINOR'S, P.E.I.

This defendant sold the brant mentioned in the above case to Summerside defendant. As the sale was made during June, which is the close season, action was taken against him; he pleaded guilty and was fined ten dollars and costs. The magistrate, who heard this case, was J. E. Wyatt, K.C.

Conservation of Wild Life

THAT Canada, which once was nothing but a vast happy hunting ground for the Indian and teeming with game and fur-bearing animals, has now become a country where stringent restrictions are often necessary to preserve the wild life from actual extinction, is a fact of which the seriousness is not generally appreciated. The condition is casually dismissed as being due to the spread of settlement and civilization and as therefore inevitable, even if regrettable from certain aspects.

It is not necessary, however, that our wild life be exterminated and there are many reasons that precautions should be taken to prevent this. Let us remember that, in this respect, we are trustees for posterity in a very special sense, since the injury we may do will be irreparable. We ought also to recognize that our wild life constitutes a natural resource of great present and future value.

Game is still a necessity for food purposes in certain frontier districts and for thousands of Indians. The fur-bearing animals constitute a resource which, in the last fiscal year before the outbreak of the war, provided exports valued at \$5,569,476, while even in 1916 the exports amounted to \$1,778,337. In addition to the furs exported, large quantities are used in Canada and the severity of our winters makes it certain that this home demand will be permanent. Further, it will naturally increase with the growth of our population.

Mankind has other needs also than food to eat and clothes to wear. People need recreation. There is no healthier form of recreation than that which is carried on with rod or gun or camera along the streams, in the

woods, across the plains or among the mighty mountain ranges. The attraction of game, big and little, is one of the most powerful lures that leads men into these healthful surroundings. Canada is famous as a sportsman's paradise. She must not lose that pre-eminence. Her splendid stretches of unspoiled nature, still within easy reach of her largest cities, are perhaps the greatest advantage she possesses over older lands.

The biggest difficulty in the way of wild life conservation is wholesale indiscriminate killing for commercial purposes or even, in some cases, from pure wanton lust of slaughter. Much complaint has been made that certain tribes of Indians are the greatest sinners in this respect; but white men are not free from blame. If this ignorant waste is stopped *in time* by well-enforced close seasons, the wild life can be preserved and there will still be enough for legitimate taking. New Brunswick is an example of a province where this has been done and where the number and value of the game has actually greatly increased in recent years. But in the Northwest the big-horn sheep and the wapiti and some other animals are as much in danger of extermination as the buffalo and beaver. It has, therefore, been found necessary to prohibit altogether, for an indefinite period, the killing of certain species.

One of the most effective methods of preserving at least a nucleus of the game and other wild creatures is to provide sanctuaries within which they shall never be molested. This has already been done in the Rocky Mountains, Waterton Lakes and Jasper parks and the increase of wild life has been astonishing.—*Conservation, Ottawa.*

TRAPPERS



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HALLAM'S Trappers and Sportsman's Supply Catalogue

is just out—48 pages illustrated, larger and better than ever—showing traps, animal bait, rifles, shells, cartridges, nets, headlights and 1001 other articles of interest to the trapper and sportsman—

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Soak some in water

this is a test to apply to **Hallam's Paste and Scents** squeeze out a small quantity into water, allow it to remain a couple of days and it will still retain its alluring odor.—

No Liquid Bait can stand this test. This test shows exclusively that Hallam's Paste Baits and Scent are not affected by rain or snow—

They are unsurpassed for drawing animals to your traps—

\$1.00 a tube or 6 tubes for \$5.00 postpaid by us—

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TRAPS

for all animals from a house rat to a grizzly bear—

We carry in stock the largest assortment of animal traps in Canada—

BLACK SHELLS

are carried in stock both in game and trap loads—also metallic ammunition in all standard calibers—

RIFLES

The hunting season is near—order your rifle and ammunition at once—there is a shortage and some will be disappointed.

Address in full as below

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Limited

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Fireside Reveries

Robert Page Lincoln

I. —THE SUMMER NOON.

High noon. . . . no murmur. . . . quietude!
All Nature hushed—e'en in the thicket,
Silenced the piping of the sleepy cricket.
From mid-day's tomb dry gusts drop down to brood
Upon the turf—and still more hotly nude,
The great sun basks deep in the heaven's blue.
And faint at first yet gathering life anew,
A choir in the grass essays an interlude. . . .
The moments wear away. Again that stillness falls,
And then to break my dreams so lightly come,
A heat-crazed gad-fly circles o'er my head,
Then whirrs away with a decreasing hum. . . .
As the long hour wanes the shadows lie as dead,—
Only one bird within the woodland calls.

II.—IN THE ORCHARD.

Prone on the shadowed sod I now have lain,
Full a long hour and no sound
Has risen from the still and voiceless ground—
Still are the trees, the grasses, and the plain.
Barely a breeze has life. All things disdain,
To waken and to stir—and yet around
My passive form small whispering sprites abound;
Faintly the cricket chirrs his musing strain. . . .
Through leafy covert bathed in the sun's flood,
Where red-ripe fruit be-gem the bended limbs,
I mark a hawk's swift flight across the skies:
Then as he veers away my vision dims—
I softly close my half reluctant eyes. . . .
Seeming to hear an apple's falling thud.

Which
are you
going to have
\$45 or \$82^{.50}

IF you have \$100 in the Savings Bank it will pay you 3 per cent. interest, or in fifteen years, \$45.00.

IF you take that money out of the Savings Bank and invest it in Victory Bonds, Canada will pay you 5½ per cent. interest on it, or in the same time, \$82.50

BUY
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and get more interest

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee in co-operation
with the Minister of Finance of the Dominion of Canada

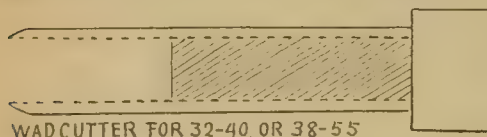
SEE OFFICIAL PROSPECTUS ON ANOTHER PAGE



A RELOADER "Chipmunk"

September, 1918, *Rod and Gun* contained my kink about an auxiliary barrel for a shotgun. The following is a complete reloading outfit for same. Anyone who wishes to find out any more about the chamber or reloading tools etc., can write me.

For cutting wads a piece of 3-8 inch gas pipe will do. It should be provided with a cap for hammering and should be plugged up



leaving about 1 inch space so that wads won't go up too far. The edge should be ground to a cutting edge. For wads I use old felt hat.

About three wads should be used above powder and two above shot.

The powder load should never be the full load of the cartridge. For a 32-40 I use from 15-25 grains of black, or Schultze smokeless. For a 38-55 I use from 20-35 grains. 25 grains in 32-40, and 35 in 38-55 will give a load that will surprise you, as to power.

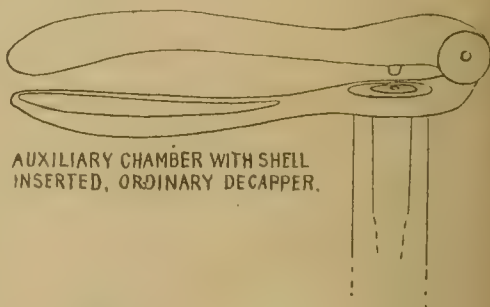
For powder measures I have several old shells which I have calibrated to hold 15 to 35 grains of powder, five grains at a time i.e. 15-20-25 etc.

As to shot, I never weigh it out; I put in just enough, so that when I put the two wads over it, it will be about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch from top of

shell, which helps to keep load from falling out. For a shot measure I also use an old shell (32 long R. F. about enough for average load.)

For a de-capper I use the following piece of brass turned down to fit inside of shell, tightly. It is composed of two parts, which screw together, drawn separately to prevent confusion.

With this tool if the pin, which is a common steel nail, or better still a harder piece of steel, gets bent or blunt, it easily can be renewed, just unscrew end and insert new



pin. Also if pin is taken out it is used as a rammer to ram down the wads, and also to shove out tight fired shells.

For a re-capper I use an ordinary 12 (or 16) gauge re-capper, with which everybody is familiar (price is 10c). I insert the auxiliary chamber in it, and then put the shell in it and insert primer and then use recapper as I would for a 12 gauge shell.

SHOULD BE ABOUT 1" LONGER THAN AUXILIARY CHAMBER



200 ONLY GILL NETS

33 ft. Long

Complete with Floats and Sinkers,
4½ inch mesh, 28¼ cord, each

\$2.50 delivered

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Always Runs"

"America's Standard Four Cycle Engine"

The Man Who Chooses a Kermath Engine Selects the Motor Used by More Than Sixty Per Cent of the World's Boat Builders.

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Whether for work boats or pleasure—there is a Kermath that will exactly fit your need 10-12; 16-18; and 20-25 horse-power—all 4 cylinders.

Use only about *half the fuel usually required.*

Positive starting equipment; Perfect throttling—insuring definite control.

No vibration—no undue wear on the engine—insures long life and freedom from repair bills

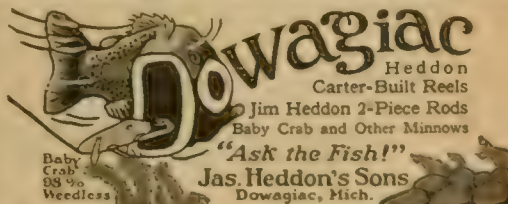
These may be little things in themselves—but they all add to the sum total or value and increase the satisfaction you get from your engine.

The boat builder or dealer who features the Kermath is a man worth knowing. You'll find him an expert in his line and you'll find he has an expert's knowledge of Marine Motors, and their *relative value.*

Prices \$380 to \$530—varying according to equipment.

Write for our very interesting circular. It gives Marine Engine facts that are worth knowing.

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2 minutes of
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All Outside
Rooms

Hot and Cold
Running Water
in every room.

With adjoining bath . . . from \$1.50 up
With private bath . . . from \$2.50 up
Sitting room, bedroom, bath, from \$5 up

W. JOHNSON QUINN, Mgr.
Formerly of Hotel Webster

Enlist Now

THERE are thousands of fine young men in this Dominion of ours who feel as though they will never cease regretting their inability to have been "Over There."

There is another fight on right now "Over Here" and it is just as earnest and just as fierce a conflict as the one waged in Flanders' Fields.

Victory Loan 1919 is marching through our land and we either have to conquer it with our dollars or it will surely overwhelm us with its strength, leaving in its trail wounded soldiers who can never be restored to health for lack of funds, and great financial embarrassment from which it will take the country years to recuperate.

Young men who wanted to be "Over There" show your zeal and your earnestness by flinging yourself into this fight "Over Here" with all your might and main. Win out for Victory Loan 1919!

Irish Rifle Association

J. W. SMITH

WITH the exception of a few matches scheduled for October, the outdoor season of the Irish Rifle Association was concluded with the last Saturday's shoot in September. The usual competition extending throughout the summer months was run by the Association, and proved to be a considerable factor in attracting new members, and keeping up the attendance to a record mark. Each competitor's ten best scores of the available sixteen Saturdays during the four months were taken to decide the winners of the competition, and valuable prizes were donated by Toronto business firms and citizens who realize the importance of training civilians to shoot.

This year's winner, S. Dean, has shown remarkable proficiency in marksmanship, twice making the fine score of 103 points, and scoring a century or over six times. He takes the Lowndes Co. prize of a suit of clothes valued at sixty dollars. The second place, which carries with it the Controller Maguire donation, was won by W. A. Hawkins, the well-known rifleman, who has shot consistently well throughout the season, with six scores of 100 points or over, and a high score of 102 points on September 20th. He was very closely pressed by G. W. Bull, whose ten scores included seven centuries, best of which was 102 on July 26th. Mr. Bull captures the B. W. Essery prize of a gold watch. Lieut.-Col. C. A. Elliott, of Bisley fame, secured the fourth place, winning the Manning Cold Storage donation. R. Edmond hails from Australia, and did remarkably well to work up to fifth place after making a late entry into the competition,

and having only two scores to throw out. Mr. Edmond gets the gold watch presented by Lieut. Col. Elliott. The prize donated by Capt. J. Phillips goes to R. W. Campbell whose steady scoring during the season put him in the sixth place.

Scores were as follows: the possible being 1050 points, ranges 200, 500 and 600 yards, with one sighting shot at each range.

1. S. Dean	1005
2. W. A. Hawkins	999
3. G. W. Bull	998
4. Lt.-Col. Elliott	988
5. R. Edmond	982
6. R. W. Campbell	981
7. J. W. Smith	979
8. R. Clarke	979
9. J. Lonsdale	979
10. W. Reid	976
11. A. Emo	976
12. T. W. Younger	976
13. A. R. Humphreys	974
14. R. Oldfield	971
15. R. Storrar	970
16. G. Lambton	962

It is only fair to mention that many of the Association's best marksmen are not included in the above scores, having failed to register the necessary ten scores. For instance W. L. Dymond put in eight scores, totalling 807 points, with seven centuries. The highest score of the season was made by G. G. Brooks on Sept. 20th when he dropped one point at 200 yards, made the possible at 500 and 600 yards, with a total of 104 points. There are also several other first-class riflemen, who are members of the Association and shoot with them fairly regularly.

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You can rely on a Hockey player's judgment.

Watch him with his STARR skates swing off down the ice.

See him swoop down on the puck, stop with a jerk—he's off with it, running down on his toes—he swerves, he dips, he flashes in front of the goal.

Zip!—he's scored. STARR skates deserve part of the credit.

He has perfect confidence in STARR SKATES; he chose them because they are exceptionally light, made of finely tempered and tested steel and need very little sharpening.

He knows that no matter to what strain he puts them, STARR skates won't break.

His STARR hockey skates are extra strong because of the STARR secret process of tempering and quality of steel used in the runners, which consequently hold their cutting edge longer.

It does not matter whether it's natural or artificial ice. STARR SKATES are best.

Best for hockey—Best for fun.

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REGAL FEATHERWEIGHT



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Regal

FEATHERWEIGHT



WARRANTED TEMPER



Although shooting was not up to the usual mark during the early part of the season, a great improvement was shown at the closing shoots. Many new shots have shown the benefit of their training with the I.R.A. High scoring was the feature of the annual closed shoot on Sept. 20th, and there was a long list of centuries on the following Saturday, Sept. 27th. The scores on these two days were:

Sept. 20th, Aggregate Match, 200, 500 and 600 yards.

	200	500	600	Total
G. Brooks.....	34	35	35	104
R. Williams.....	31	34	35	103
W. L. Dymond.....	33	34	35	102
W. A. Hawkins.....	35	34	33	102
W. Oldfield.....	32	35	34	101
S. Dean.....	33	34	34	101
A. Emo.....	33	35	33	101

R. Clarke.....	33	35	33	101
R. Edmond.....	33	34	33	100
W. Reid.....	34	33	33	100
J. W. Smith.....	31	34	34	99
A. R. Humphreys.....	33	32	34	99
J. Sharp.....	33	32	34	99
R. W. Campbell.....	33	32	34	99
R. Oldfield.....	34	34	31	99
Sept. 27th:				
A. R. Humphreys.....	35	35	33	103
R. W. Murray.....	34	34	34	102
R. Hutchinson.....	33	34	34	101
W. Reid.....	35	32	34	101
R. Edmond.....	35	34	32	101
W. J. Graham.....	31	34	35	100
R. Storrar.....	33	32	35	100
W. N. Lonsdale.....	32	34	34	100
W. L. Dymond.....	32	34	34	100
J. E. Kennedy.....	33	34	33	100
G. W. Bull.....	33	34	33	100

An Afternoon With Mallards

YALNIF

IT was one of those October days when the tedious routine of indoor work became more and more irksome as the hour hand on the clock continued to contradict the generally accepted statement that "time flies;" the call of the open was so strong, so irresistible, it was after all not unnatural that our thoughts persistently turned to the thousands of mallards, many of them "five pounders," flying all day, back and forth between the stubble fields and Leech Lake—the Saskatchewan duck hunters' paradise, and only—15 miles south of the pretty town of Yorkton. Yes it was just a "natural born" duck day—dull, cloudy and with enough wind to make it easy for those fat greenheads to rise from the water as they responded to the lure of the barley stubble.

"You are wanted on the phone," was the welcome message that reached my ears and in response to my "hello" came Dick's confession.

"I can't bear to think of all those mallards going south in a few weeks."

I knew that the spell was upon him and asked what time we would start; early dinner was suggested, and by one o'clock we were speeding towards the famous feeding grounds, with an equipment consisting of two pump guns, 300 rounds of ammunition, decoys, duck calls, shovel, rope and two game bags

that were not to return empty. At a distance of quite two miles, we could see countless flocks of ducks coming into the fields—a sight to gladden the heart of any sportsman. A few minutes more and we were on the spot, the ducks leaving before we got within range, we expected this and were therefore not disappointed. Dick set out the decoys and made a start on the pit while I made use of the rope to carry a hundred weight or more of freshly threshed straw from a stack about forty rods away; together we completed the digging of our pit,—2½ by 5 feet and 4 feet deep, with a seat more or less comfortable at either end; the straw, we scattered over the freshly dug earth and in 15 minutes after we had stopped our car, were just ready for the return of our game, when a pair of lone scouts came sailing in upon us; Dick got his bird with the first shot, but mine turned just as I drew upon it and a second shot was necessary to prevent an unfavorable report being carried back to the lake. Then away to the south, a flock of a dozen seemed to be coming straight towards us, all the while we were vigorously using our duck calls; when within 100 yards they commenced to circle and came in against the wind; now easily within range we opened fire and with three shots each accounted for five beauties. Nothing being in sight, we gathered up our

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with harsh staring coat, materated eyes and high colored urine. There is nothing to
equal them for distemper, mange, eczema and debilitating diseases. You will notice
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Medicine Company, Toronto, Canada and Newburgh, N.Y. A practical treatise
on dogs and there training, 160pp. fully illustrated mailed for 10c to all customers.



game, placing them among the decoys with a forked stick under the head of each,—for a real duck is always the best decoy.

"Look yonder! they're coming!"

And tumbling into the pit we had barely time to fill our magazines before they were within range, and coming straight to the decoys, fully a hundred of them and every one a mallard; our 'pumps' began to speak and this time eight cartridges accounted for nine birds,—my second shot bringing down two unfortunates that happened to be simultaneously in line with the sights on my gun.

"Down," said Dick, "there's one coming straight at us, he's going over, watch me drop him in your hands."

The trigger was pressed at the opportune moment and down tumbled Mr. Greenhead.

"Good judgment," said I.

"Nicely caught," said Dick, and taking the bird from my hands remarked, "Such a beauty, he weighs 5 pounds if he weighs an ounce."

Then we decided to gather up our birds, since at least a couple of them were far too lively. After this, for ten minutes there was not a duck in sight, and while scanning the horizon for any sort of winged movement we observed, two miles to the south-east, a flock of geese; soon we heard their "honk!" "honk!" and seeing our decoys they came straight toward us; when within 200 yards they veered off slightly to the south and passed us at 75 or 80 yards, "bang, bang, bang," and one big fellow came to earth; it was a long shot and had they been twenty-five yards nearer, at least three or four more would have been spared the long southward flight a few weeks later.

Then came a quiet half-hour,—four fellows with black overcoats, that might be seen for miles by even a half-blind duck, located between us and the lake; they shot at everything within 150 yards getting nothing but succeeded in frightening hundreds of birds that consequently refused to respond to decoys and calls. One flock came within doubtful range and we each wasted three or four shells trying to reach them. At four o'clock however, our black-coated sports (?) left us for Yorkton, in response to the persistent horn tooting of their chauffeur.

For the next hour there was not a dull moment; some times they came in pairs, but more frequently six or eight were lured by our decoys to the fatal spot. Our cleanest shooting however, was, after the wind had risen to almost a gale, when seven came in upon us, flying low and against the wind; we opened

fire at about 40 yards and not a bird escaped. Just at this moment we heard a "quack," "quack," and looking around, discovered that one of the ducks that I had dropped near the pit, had recovered sufficiently to attempt a "get away." Automatically my gun went up, and five shots rang out in quick succession, but nothing could stop the determination of that bird to go South.

"What's the matter," said Dick.

"Blank cartridges," said I, but he continued to rub it in by remarking that he really expected the bird to succumb any moment from "shell shock."

It was already dusk as we filled in our pit; Dick brought the car while I took up the decoys and collected the game, in all thirty-nine mallards and one goose. After everything was loaded we sat down in the shelter of the car and while eating our lunch accounted for most of the misses of the afternoon and even modesty did not prevent frequent boasting of long and difficult shots. As we speeded homeward the purring of our engine seemed to spell out one word "satisfaction," and truly it was a great afternoon, but only one of many that we enjoyed while the stubble shooting lasted in the fall of 1919.

A. B. SHUBERT, LTD. are pleased to announce the opening of their Winnipeg Fur House at 324 Donald Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada. "SHUBERT" requires no introduction to the CANADIAN FUR SHIPPER, having been in the field for over thirty-six years. This connection in CANADA is for the sole purpose of a more mutual relationship between the "CANADIAN FUR SHIPPER" and "SHUBERT" and CANADIAN FUR SHIPPERS are kindly requested to address all inquiries or communications to A. B. SHUBERT, LTD.—324 Donald Street, Winnipeg, Canada.

ROD AND CREEL IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

With the above title, Mr. A. Bryan Williams Ex Provincial Game Warden of British Columbia has written the most instructive book dealing with the activities of rod and creel in any one Province in Canada. Beautifully illustrated and printed, the publishers, the Progress Publishing Company, Limited, of Vancouver, have spared no effort in making the book not only useful but interesting to the fisherman and the lover of the out-of-doors.

None of the details of the Art immortalized by Walton are neglected by the author, who in his official position has travelled the Province from North to South and from East

IF YOU

like thousands of other men, wear, for comfort or appearance sake, a **TOUPEE**, you owe it to yourself and your friends to wear one scientifically made. It should fit perfectly, and blend naturally with the hair you still have left. Above all, it should be becoming, and in every respect suited to your type and expression. The Pember Toupee will fill these requirements. Write:

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to West, fishing in all of the famous streams and lakes for which the coast is noted. He not only describes all species of the finny tribe but also tells where they are to be found and the approved method of angling for them.

The value of the book to the amateur fisherman is summed up in the closing chapter of the Introduction which reads:

"If you do not know where to go, or how to fish or what rods and tackle to get, this book will give you an indication; but remem-

ber that from a book alone you can only learn the general rules. When it comes to the actual fishing itself, 'Your hands alone the work can do.' It is only practice combined with perseverance that will enable you to return home with a well-filled creel."

ROD AND CREEL IN BRITISH COLUMBIA should be in the hands of every angler in Canada or the United States who wishes to keep informed of the latest activities of the Canadian angling world.

Canada's Job a Sinecure in Comparison With That of France

IT was a bright, sunny afternoon, the little railway station in St. Pol in the Pas De Calais, France, was crowded with a merry crowd of Imperial and Canadian soldiers going on leave to Paris. Here and there a blue uniformed *poilu* could be seen lowering his pack on to the benches in front of the station. The presence of a lone war plane buzzing in the cloudless sky was the only sign of war, although the grim monster was raising its sinister head but a few score kilometres distant. Everyone was happy—in a few moments the south bound train would disgorge its passengers and those waiting at the station would climb aboard bound for Amiens and Paris.

A train rattled into the station, the crowd cheered; but suddenly as the passengers began to crowd out of the coaches the voices were hushed. Ambulance men were leading out ill clad civilians with their faces swathed in bandages—mostly old men and women with a sprinkling of tiny children—but all bound in bandages of nondescript sorts. A whisper ran through the hushed throng, "It's the first evacuation of the mustard gas cases from Armentieres." Again the Hun had gotten in his dirty work. He had rained mustard gas shells on to the ruins of the fine city of Armentieres until everything was soaked with it. It was a new gas at that time, in 1917, and the medical men did not know

how to deal with it. The Amiens Express pulled into the station and the sorrow stricken gas-blinded civilians were loaded into the coaches, the subdued soldiers followed and the train started on its journey of mercy.

That was in 1917, long before the Angel of Peace was sighted but now the survivors of the war go back to their own city of Armentieres. They are maimed and crippled but still have faith in their country and its ideals. They have visions of a new city rising in the ruins of the old; they see the new France washed in the blood of Sacrifice uniting together to aid each of the war stricken cities and towns and the citizens have fond hopes of a speedy realization of their dreams. And Armentieres is only one of hundreds.

Surely if a nation, that has suffered as France has suffered, can carry on with a united effort, then Canada which has been spared the horrors of usage as a battlefield can at least do likewise. A little unity at the present time on the part of all loyal citizens will soon see us on the grand highway of success. The country needs financial aid at the present time and who is there that will not put his best effort forward at this hour of need. The best assistance can be rendered at the present time by supporting the 1919 Victory Loan. The success of the country depends upon the success of the Loan.





Here is the Light for Sportsmen

Fastens to cap, leaving both hands free. Can be switched on or off instantly. Gives a powerful, penetrating light which wind and rain will not extinguish. Guaranteed to give the usual splendid EVEREADY service. Handsomely finished and strongly made.

Price with 5 cell battery - \$7.25
Price with 3 cell battery - \$6.40



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AND in after years, you and your friends will take great delight in this permanent reminder of that pleasant sojourn you spent in the Canadian wilds—or wherever you went. Your camera snap-shots have possibly not done your trip justice. At any rate, they missed the vivid colorings of the woods, the sky and the water.

Rod & Gun's Artist Can Reproduce Your Trip True to Life

In Oil, Pen and Ink Sketch, or Wash Drawing.

He can illustrate that incident which stands out prominently in your memory, just as it actually happened—full of life and action.

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He will do this, either from descriptive matter furnished by the sportsman, or from his snap-shots, or better still, from a combination of both. You'll be delighted with the result and number the picture among your Den's treasured articles.

Send us the details and photos; we'll turn them over to the artist. He'll work for you just as well as he does for us. And the price will be moderate. Address—

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO



Condition Your Hunting Dogs

See they are in shape before season opens; Special attention should be paid to the feet; Food also calls for particular care.

See they are in shape before season opens; Special attention should be paid to the feet; Food also calls for particular care.

Care should be given the hunting dog, and those who shoot over dogs will benefit by reading what follows on the subject:

Perhaps he has not been hunted before this season; it may be that he is just off the chain, and not in what one would pronounce field trail condition. His muscles are flabby, his flesh is soft and long continued work will not tire him for the day, but will be quite apt to incapacitate him for the next day.

Unless old and steady his spirits will be exuberant, as well as those of his master, and on this account he will be deserving of quite as much forbearance and patience on his master's part as his master will require of his own conscience.

A short preparatory run where there is no game will often tone down a dog under such conditions and fit him for work.

If one be away from home on a hunting expedition, the first care should be to see that the dog has proper quarters for the night; and the care of him should not be delegated to the hotel servant, but the master should by personal inspection assure himself of the comfort and proper feeding of his dog.

For hunting a dog should be fed very sparingly in the morning. Give him a bite or two of your lunch at noon, and let the full meal be given at night after the day's work is finished. A dog will not hunt well on a full stomach, nor will his food digest while he is working in the field.

If you have a brace of dogs work them alternately; let one do the hunting while the other is resting at heel. Do not permit a dog to lie in water for any length of time while afield; though an occasional plunge will do no harm.

The first care upon returning at night should be to examine your dog to see if any harm has befallen him. A slight hand rubbing all over will discover if he has met with any accident from thorns or briars; if any of these are found they cannot be removed too quickly.

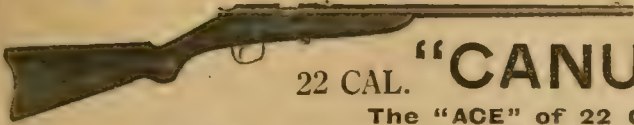
Special attention should be given to the feet. If these are inflamed and have the appearance of being made tender by his work, they should be bathed in beef brine, which can be procured from any butcher. If the skin be much worn, or the foot wounded, vaseline should be applied; and if very badly off, the dog should be laid up until in condition again.

Here, as elsewhere, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Slight attention paid to these matters will insure a dog's good condition while neglect will often cost dear.

So much for the physical well-being of our faithful companions. It might be added that their efficiency and good performance will be increased if they have a good example in their masters. Nothing is more conducive to a dog's unsteadiness and slowness than inattention and careless hunting of the human being who is handling him.

No man who cannot control himself should attempt to control a dog.

COOEY RIFLES



22 CAL. **"CANUCK"** MODEL

The "ACE" of 22 Calibre Rifles

MADE IN CANADA BY THE

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47 years of square dealing has earned us the confidence of trappers all over America, Canada and Alaska.

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"Those decoys are 'Jake' and I am more than satisfied with the results. Anyone who understands animals or trapping can see directly they buy the formulae, they've got to make good; they're compounded perfectly." (Name on request.)

That's what they all say and what you'll say after you try them.

Never Fail Decoys

are nature's own lures for fur-bearing animals. They are the result of Indian and white trapper's experience and research, and as such have been used exclusively by them. The set of formulae covers all animals; absolutely guaranteed to increase your catch when instructions are followed; and cost but \$2. Why hesitate?

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"Sure death" capsules will kill foxes, mink, skunks, etc., almost instantly. Write for full information. E. T. Sherman, Dept. 15.

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WE'LL PAY THE MOST

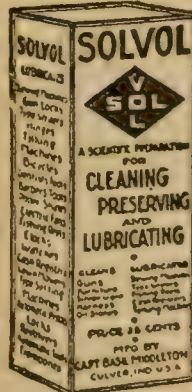
REMITTS QUICKEST. PAYS CASH. Holds shipments 5 days. **FURS ARE HIGH.** Catch all you can. Send for **FREE ILLUSTRATED TRAPPER'S GUIDE.** Make big money. Frequent **PRICE LISTS** keep you posted. **TRAPS AND BAIT** the kind that increase your catch at wholesale prices. In business half a century. Ask any bank about us. Originated sending Price-lists to trappers. Cash for Beef Hides. Let us quote. Known wherever furs are trapped as the Old Square Deal House. Valuable **PIPE FREE** with each fur shipment.

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The Comfort Closet for Homes, Summer Cottages and Camps. Entirely odorless. Scientifically ventilated. Strong chemicals dissolve contents; kills all germs. Easily installed. Convenient to move. Contents disposed of easily as garbage. Prevents fly breeding and water contamination. Provides sanitary, odorless toilet in home protected from cold and stormy weather. Only closet with porcelain container. Easily cleaned. Approved by U.S. Health Bureau. 30 days Free Trial. Agents make \$60 to \$100 weekly. Exclusive territory. Ask for booklet - FREE. Comfort Chemical Closet Co., 8071 Factories Bldg., Toledo, O.



Before using hounds in the hunting season they should be given plenty of exercise and runs over country roads previous to the season. Never take a hound to the woods, for the real hunting, without first seeing that his feet are in good shape, long nails clipped and filed down.

Whether hound or spaniel, dogs used in the severe weather of late fall, the most important thing and one that is often neglected or overlooked after a hard day in rough weather, is proper kenneling of the dog for the night. Such a faithful servant, one without whom you could not enjoy the full benefit of the days' sport, should have first consideration. Give him a snug corner in the cabin or tent or if at a permanent hunting lodge make him a dry, warm kennel outside where he can be chained up.

Ch. Lynnfield Salex, (Wire-haired fox

terrier) owned by Daniel E. Lynn of Port Huron, Mich., often exhibited in Toronto, London, Montreal and other Canadian shows, died last week.

Lynnfield Stormey, smooth fox terrier bitch that went from puppies to reserve winners at Canadian National Exhibition Dog show at Toronto last September, has been sold by Daniel E. Lynn to E. H. Ingwersen of Chicago, who owns one of the best strings of smooths in the U. S. Stormey also took winners at London, after the Toronto show.

Mr. Lynn also sold Lynnfield Sector, wire-haired fox terrier that took second in the puppies classes at Toronto last September. One of the largest puppies classes of year. Purchaser is Mr. Vance of South Bend.



Timber Wolves in Parry Sound District

Editor, Rod and Gun:

I am enclosing a photo of five gray Timber Wolves, which were poisoned by Archie Brooks in the Township of McConkey last March, about eight miles from Loring, I might say that Timber Wolves appear to be on the increase in this part of Parry Sound District. Very few people realize how many deer a single wolf can destroy in one winter or season. A single wolf will often kill dozens of deer. In one case two years ago, I knew of one wolf that killed fourteen deer in two weeks, in a swamp, in most cases the deer had just been bled.

I am very much pleased to hear that our Provincial Government have, or are about to increase the wolf bounty from twenty to forty dollars per head, this in my opinion is the only way to destroy this pest, and the increase in bounty will be some inducement to trappers to go after wolves, as at twenty dol-

lars it did not pay, as a man often spent most of the season without results.

Our deer appear to be fairly plentiful at present time, a large number were taken last fall, but it did not appear to decrease the general numbers to be seen on our shores of lakes and rivers during the present summer.

Partridge are going to be very plentiful this fall, they are reported to be seen in large flocks at present time.

We have very few ducks in this section on account of no wild rice, or other duck food.

Fishing has not been as good as usual, on account of the season being very dry and warm. Usually we have splendid catches of Pickerel, Pike, Bass, (three kinds, Black, small Mouth, Rock, and Silver,) Maskinonge and Perch.

Yours, truly,

E. H. Kelcey.

Loring, Ont., August 25th., 19.

Auto-Strop Razors

Military Pattern

In waterproof khaki canvas case, complete with 12 blades and mirror postpaid

\$3.75 each

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Feed your dog a balanced ration of meat, wheat and cereals. For healthiest, strongest condition in hot or cold weather, 5 or 10 lb. containers—also in bags for kennels or park animals. Send for Free sample, prices and book—how to care for and feed your dogs.

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This is that BIG little book of the open—America's new outdoor manual. It comes to you bound as you see here. It is "woodsly" from cover to cover—stirred by lake-breezes and redolent of pine. It is endorsed by outdoor men everywhere.

Authors of country-wide reputé have, with their enthusiasm and familiar knowledge, aided its making. Dan Beard, Emlyn M. Gill, Captain Kenealy, Oliver Kemp, Dr. E. H. Forbrush—these and others join this camp fire council. They say their

say about a hundred little practical details that hold close interest for you; and they spin a yarn or two by the way.

"The Camper's Own Book" measures 8x5½ inches over all. It is a goodly generous volume with over 200 pages and 21 of the finest illustrations you've ever seen. Everybody should have a copy who believes that a day under the free sky makes the pomp of emperors ridiculous. And you're one—you know you are.

PRICE PER VOLUME

In the appropriate green T-cloth - - - \$1.00
Post-paid

W. J. TAYLOR, Limited, Publisher - - Woodstock, Ont.



PORT HOPE SHOOT

Port Hope, Sept. 18.—A most successful clay bird shoot was held here yesterday afternoon, 43 entrants from Toronto, Oshawa, Cobourg, Belleville, Peterboro' and Port Hope participating.

Mr. C. N. Candee of Toronto made the highest score, 99 out of a possible 100, and made a straight run of 83. He won the hound pup, George Dunk, presented by Mr. Robert C. Smith; also the silver flower stand presented by Senator Mulholland. T. D. McGaw of Toronto had a score of 72 out of a possible of 75.



Wm. Hamilton, Winnipeg
Champion Western Canada



C. N. Candee, Toronto

JORDAN SHOOT

Jordan Station, Sept. 11.—The Jordan Gun Club held its twelfth annual fruit shoot yesterday, and notwithstanding the inclement weather, the largest crowd of shooters that has ever been at Jordan was present. Shooters from Toronto, Hamilton, Tillsonburg, Brantford, Galt, Dunnville, Niagara Falls and many other points were on hand and all went home with a liberal supply of luscious peaches for which the Jordan district is famous.

Nelson Long, of Hamilton, the well-known professional, was high over all with 97 out of 100. W. J. Marshall, the Galt crack, was high amateur, with 96 out of 100, and won the beautiful trophy donated by the American Trapshooting association, with which

The Moose

All Canada is the natural home of the "King" of Canada's big game, but New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba afford the best moose hunting.

There are two methods followed in moose hunting—"calling" and "still hunting." During the rutting season the first method is the one usually followed, but there is more satisfaction in tracking. Absolute silence is the one great essential in still hunting and stalking must be done "up wind."

The tracks of a bull moose can be readily distinguished from those of the cow. The former are rounded and blunt—the cow's long and pointed.

During the winter, moose gather on the hardwood ridges between cedar and spruce swamps, through which they make beaten lanes. A "yard" sometimes contains twenty to forty animals.

Opinions differ as to the most suitable cartridge for moose hunting. Choose one with shocking power back of it and be sure the big "D" trade-mark is on the box.



DOMINION Ammunition

is always dependable for moose and other big game. Users of 30-30 rifles should look for the yellow label on the back of the box—it insures more speed, flatter trajectory and greater shocking power.

Dominion Cartridge Co.
Limited
Montreal, Canada

25



the Jordan club is affiliated. M. Fletcher, of Hamilton and H. Newlands, of Galt, tied for second high, with 34 out of 100. G. Runchey, of Niagara Falls; D.

Konkle, of Beamsville; J. Murphy, of Weston, and R. Choate, of Brampton, tied with 93 out of 100 for third high. The scores were as follows:



1—E. M. Treach, Vancouver, Wash. 2—John Ebbetts, Buffalo; W. H. Serger, St. Catharines. 3—S. G. Vance, Tillsonburg; F. H. Simon, Rochester; H. Pendeast, Phoenix, N. Y.; F. Wright, Buffalo; J. Jennings, Toronto

	E	Shot at.	Broke
E. Corby.....	100	88	
O. J. Pearson.....	100	65	
G. Runchey.....	100	93	
George Robbins.....	100	81	
N. Long, Hamilton.....	100	97	
W. Root.....	100	86	
A. J. Thomson.....	100	84	
W. Frankland.....	100	66	
N. Gillop.....	100	71	
P. Dealtry.....	100	67	
H. Burke.....	100	59	
G. M. Dunk (pro.).....	100	85	
M. E. Fletcher, Hamilton.....	100	94	
M. E. Goodale, Hamilton.....	100	89	
A. Glover, Hamilton.....	100	86	
D. J. Munro.....	100	67	
Dr. Ward.....	100	73	
T. Smithers.....	100	61	
J. Crumb.....	100	82	
J. Stewart.....	100	63	
S. Vidakovic.....	100	73	
P. Mather.....	100	87	
J. Dennis.....	100	77	
E. Stewart.....	100	79	
W. W. Livingstone.....	100	81	
W. Elliott.....	100	89	
A. Notman.....	100	78	
G. Clatterbuck.....	100	70	
W. Ashbury.....	100	58	
R. Watt.....	100	86	
F. Blackwell.....	100	90	
F. Edie.....	100	84	
F. Thatcher.....	100	75	
W. Dynes.....	100	87	
H. Schofield.....	100	83	
W. Marshall.....	100	96	
H. Newlands.....	100	94	
A. C. Newlands.....	100	81	
C. A. Lewis.....	100	90	
J. Murphy.....	100	93	
G. Beattie, Hamilton.....	100	89	
J. Lisson, Hamilton.....	100	70	
P. Friend, Hamilton.....	100	70	
F. Watson, Hamilton.....	100	83	
J. Gompf, Hamilton.....	100	92	
H. Cooley.....	100	90	
A. J. Oliver.....	100	77	
A. R. Oliver.....	100	83	
F. Palmer.....	100	86	
D. Konkle, Hamilton.....	100	93	
W. Pow.....	100	76	
J. Vance.....	100	92	
W. Gaetz.....	100	69	
J. Hunter, Hamilton.....	100	88	
C. Choate, Hamilton.....	100	92	
M. Lucy.....	100	66	
A. H. Schneck.....	100	88	
R. Choate.....	100	93	
G. Stroud, Hamilton.....	100	82	
E. Harris, Hamilton.....	100	89	
E. Sturt, Hamilton.....	100	91	
T. Gardiner, Hamilton.....	100	87	
A. McGhie.....	60	51	
I. Hazell.....	40	22	
W. C. Pratt.....	60	52	
F. Watson, jun., Hamilton.....	20	16	

Hunting Rabbits With a Ferret

ALBERT E. JOHNSON

In the creation of animals by the supreme ruler of the universe we marvel at the great wisdom displayed in furnishing the weaker animals with a means of protection against the stronger ones. Nature has supplied every single living creature some means of defense against its enemies. If such were not the case, many species of the smaller birds, and

animals would have long ago become extinct. Unique indeed are some of the weapons furnished. The elephant is supplied with enormous strength, in order to combat the more active animals, even this does not wholly protect it against some of the larger species of the cat tribe. The wild boar, with all its fierceness, falls a prey to the combined

FOR SALE KIT BAGS R.A.F. STORES

Slightly used, but in good condition. Made of heavy Khaki Duck, Cord and Grommet fastener. Size, 10 ins. diameter at bottom, 23 ins. deep, top to bottom.

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BRANTFORD, ONT. Ralph H. Reville, Editor and Publisher

Automobile Troubles and How to Remedy Them

By CHARLES P. ROOT

CONTENTS—Back firing, Blow-back of gas into carburetor, Popping noises, Buzz in coil (other than contact breaker buzz), chatter and grind in gear box, Compression, faulty, Compression, none, Explosions, Irregular or uncertain running, Metallic or puffing noises, Misfires, Resistance slight when operating starting handle, Start, failure to, Steering erratic, Stoppage of engine, Water escapes, Air lock, Batteries, Bearings, Bent axle, Brakes, Carburation, Change Speed gear, Clutch, Coil, Connecting rod or crank shaft broken, Contact breaker (High tension magneto), Contact maker, Knock in bearings generally or in Transmission system. Leaks: Loss of power, Gear, Governor, Hunting, Ignition, Lubrication, Misfires, Muffler troubles, Noise, Overheating, Pipes burst out or fractured, Piston troubles, Popping in carburetor, Pressure leaking (in case of pressure feed) Pre-ignition, Short circuits, Spark plug, Steam bound or air lock, Steering, Supply pipe choked, Timing, Tires, Valves, Valve springs, Water circulation, Wheels.

Prices: Flexible Leather.....\$1.75

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W. J. TAYLOR, LIMITED, PUBLISHER,

WOODSTOCK, ONT.

numbers of the jackals, hyenas, and wild dogs. The deer, antelope, eland, and zebras must depend upon their speed and cunning for their very existence. The opossum plays dead, the porcupine rolls itself into a ball and with bristling quills, gives the laugh to its enemies. The hare and rabbit, neither being carnivorous, or insectivorous but almost purely vegetarians, are supplied with a rich, tender flesh, making them the real delicacy of the larger, or even the smallest of animals, or birds of prey. I have no doubt of the ability of a field mouse, or an English sparrow to put a full grown rabbit to flight, and but for their prolific breeding propensities the hares and rabbits would have become extinct years ago. The only means of escaping from its enemies afforded these animals is flight, and they certainly are well supplied in this particular. Not that they really fly, but they come pretty close to it. They have not even cunning, as in the case of being pursued by a fisher or mink, they have been known to take stage fright, and simply quit cold. But, notwithstanding their timidity, there is no animal in the world that furnishes sport to so many people as the hare, or the rabbit. They have almost a boundless range, from the Behring Sea to Capetown and from the Statue of Liberty to the Golden Gate, they are to be found in some specie of snow-shoe, sage brush Jack, or cottontail. In Africa they have the coney, parkas, or calling hares. These are not of the speed type though.

While neither the hare nor the rabbit is a fighter, yet we must admit he is a dead game sport as a rule, giving the hound and huntsman a run for his money. Jump one, does he leg it for his hole? He does not, if he is a full grown animal, he feels pretty certain he can show a clean pair of heels to any dog, and is no wise averse to doing so. In a long sweeping circle he skims over the surface of the earth, like a grey shadow, if not too hard pressed he side-jumps, buck-jumps, in apparent glee. He almost laughs at the efforts of the hounds to overtake him. Coming back to where he started from, he swings off in another direction if not cut down by a shot from the hunter's gun, and is away in another dash. Unless closely pressed, he usually begins to manoeuvre to throw his pursuers off the scent. He will stop, sit erect, and listen, and if safe will back track a few jumps, skip nimbly to one side, and allow the dogs to go tearing past. Then he leisurely gallops off, and conceals himself

under some cover to await developments. If the chase is too long, or should he become wounded, he will slip into a hole, his only refuge, and with sides almost bursting with fear listen for signs of his enemies. Now my friends, I leave it to you, is he not entitled to his freedom? He has given you your sport, will you not be as good a sportsman, as he, or will you steal up to the hole, and drop in a ferret one of those stealthy sneaking beasts that ought to be exterminated, and you crouch over the mouth of the hole, with a sack. Is this the attitude of a true sportsman? Perhaps you feel that if you don't get him someone else will. That is wrong, give him his chance. Remember these bunnies that escape the hounds are usually the wise old ones that are the parents of our next season's supply.

There is no valid excuse for hunting with a ferret. If game is plentiful, any hunter can get all he ought to bag with dog, and gun. If it is scarce then in the name of common sense preserve it. Have a little patience and give the game half a chance, and it will soon be more plentiful. Where is the sport in ferret hunting? It's just about as sportsmanlike as seining for black bass. I for one am opposed to it. I have never used one, I own a hound, and enjoy hunting with him. But no man or men will ever shoot over a dog of mine with a ferret in the party, nor will any conveyance of mine ever carry one of them to the woods. Not if I know it. Hunt, be a sportsman. Take out your dogs, enjoy the crisp balmy air. Listen to the rustle of the dead leaves underfoot. Let the scream of the bluejay mingle with the music of the hounds. Get close to nature, be a boy again, enjoy yourself to the limit, make your hunting day a holiday. Get a respectable bag of game if you can do it as a sportsman. And when you gather around the festive board, and regale your wife, and little ones, about your prowess as a nimrod, see if you won't feel better in telling them truthfully how you picked him off when he was going a mile a minute or less, than you would telling them how you crouched down at the hole, with the burlap sack, for the ferret to chase the rabbit into, and then whacked him against a tree several times to kill it. The game will taste better to them, and your wife will feel that she has picked a regular fellow for a husband, and the kiddies will be proud of their daddy. Think it over.

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GOOD ADVICE TO AMATEURS.

The following timely extract is from a letter written by a well-known woodsman to his son who is going into the New Brunswick woods after moose for the first time. It is advice that everyone would do well to follow.

Sept. 18th, 1919.

"The following are precautions I wish you would take:— 1st,—Buy a compass, and do not go anywhere, no matter if it is with a guide or an experienced woodsman, unless you personally know the direction you are going by the compass so that at any time you wish to return, or had to return, you could do so by using your compass. For instance, if you were going north-west, and wanted to get back to camp again you would go, of course, south-east; or, if there are any lakes in the vicinity, or any rivers, get to know whether they are north, south, east or west from where you are going and you can always get back to that particular point by using a compass.

"It is generally supposed that the moss always grows on the north side of the tree. It is correct that it does but, as it grows a little all round the tree as well, unless you are an experienced woodsman, you may not notice the difference in the thickness of the moss on the north side, but there is a difference if you are a keen observer; but your compass is the best guide although if there is mineral in the woods sometimes it will put your compass out. Mr. Hutchings told me that some weeks ago he got lost and had to go by the moss, as his compass did not work properly on account of minerals. If the man who is with you understands the woods, and knows how to get in and out, there is always a danger of his breaking a leg or spraining an ankle and not being able to get out; therefore it will be necessary for a green horn to know how to get out and bring in help.

"If a man gets lost and knows he is lost it is very much better for him to sit down right where he is, or get some fairly high point and light a fire. Make quite sure it is a place where it cannot spread. Gather up sufficient wood so that there will be piles for all night, in case wolves should come around, but if they actually do come around be close to a tree that you can climb and have the rifle up the tree and then you will have some good fun shooting them and be in safety. Stay in one place and some of the guides or people in the party will know where you are supposed to be, and they will go to that point to look

for you. If you are only a mile or two away, or half a mile away, they could easily hear a gun shot or see a smoke on a high hill and locate you.

"Carry a full box of matches in a water proof box so that if you happen to get dipped in the water, when you get out the matches will light. Very often a man gets dipped in the water when he is hunting and he will freeze in a short time if he cannot get his matches to go.

"Another precaution is never to go out without at least 20 cartridges. In shooting you may shoot off ten and you will have ten in reserve. Unless you are with someone else or positively know your way home and there is no danger of getting lost never let yourself run below ten cartridges. If you do get lost you would give a thousand dollars to have a few cartridges in order to make it known by an occasional shot where you are; or get some game, in case you see any, for food purposes. All the things I have told you are sensible and reasonable precautions and a wise man will take them. It will cost him nothing to follow these instructions and it may save a good many regrets."

CONDITIONS IN ALGONQUIN PARK

In an interesting letter from Algonquin Park, Mark Robinson, Park Ranger, reports that the game conditions in the Park are very good.

"The number of tourists visiting the Park this year almost doubled those of former years, the increase being largely in young ladies and elderly people. I do not think there was much increase in the number of sportsmen after big speckled trout.

"Some very fine trout were taken this season, one speckled beauty weighing 6¼ pounds was caught by a Mr. Houston of Cleveland. A number of four pounders were also caught. Salmon trout weighing 20 to 27 pounds were caught in Merchants Lake while 20 and 23 pound salmon were taken in White Trout Lake.

"Deer are very plentiful and are in extra fine condition but the wolves are also very plentiful and they are taking their toll, killing many fine bucks. Ranger Audrey Hoy shot a couple of wolves recently, that were running deer.

"Ruffed grouse have had an extra good season. Black ducks do not appear to have done very well this season, however."

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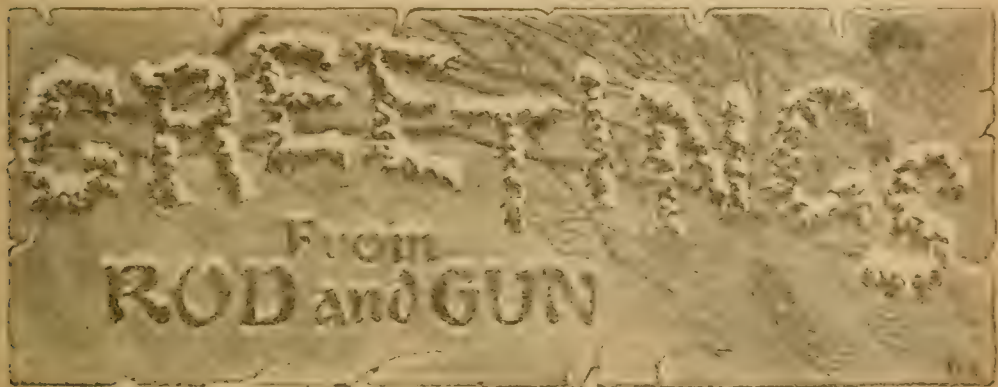
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A Naturalist's Christmas Day

BONNYCASTLE DALE

IF any of my readers in Ontario, to whom I wish A MERRY CHRISTMAS, expect to find ice and snow in my story they will have to look out of their own windows for it, and in other writer's yarns in Rod and Gun, for there is not enough here to make one wee snowball. —

There was a heavy tide running up the Gulf of Georgia this Christmas morning as Laddie Jr. and I pushed the bow of our Rice Lake canoe out into the seething current. There had been wild winds off the Pacific for three days, the last gust a bit more vigorous than the other had blown some eighty miles per hour, and the giant Douglass firs lay like matches in a row. One loggers camp up the outside coast caught a great three hundred foot tree fair along the ridge-pole, the seven foot body, twenty feet up the trunk; buried the long table

and contents neatly and jumped the men out of the side bunks like peas in a pan—all uninjured. All the rushing tides were logburdened from broken open rafts—and many a dory and sloop did we see afloat—Alas! some were fathoms down, crews and all—Still the glad Christmas sun shone as if made only for the pleasure of us two lonely ones in this great green scene—the only snow was on the tops of the far off coast range and the distant Olympics to the south.

We paddled hard—watching meanwhile a cruiser gasoline boat coming down from Alaska—we were in sheltered waters, she far out in the gulf. She was painted white above with a red bottom.

"Say! I can see as much red as white—can't you!" bawled the boy.

It was a wild glorious ride they were having, the waves were long



all this riot of wild green luxuriant—summer-like growth that we do pass—

We were “kitchen-midden” hunting. The only relics of some of the long lost peoples who lived and died on this coast are the shells of the shellfish they have eaten, left in piles called Kitchenmiddens, and the very few bone or iron or

copper tools they have left.

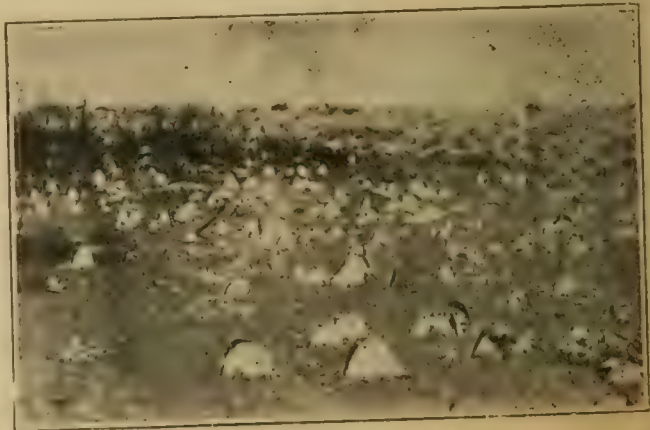
“Looks like a river of shells?”—said Laddie Jr. as we walked along the long embankment of shells that edged a field for fully a quarter of a mile.

whitecrested rollers, fifteen feet to their creamy tops and fully two hundred feet long—she bucked these as a horse runs away up a hill, and dashed down them as one of our tobogganists takes a shute—just here we met a “run out”—swift and deep, and it took all our skill to force through it and the lean, arching, hungry waves of the “tide rip” which followed.

“Creak—crush—scratch” went our glad bow ashore on the long sandpit where the piglike wallows showed where the harbour seals had basked and played yesterday. With a rush the boy headed off a youngster—a late fall pup, while I frantically made motions with the camera, some of which were right. We have been deeply interested to meet these fish eaters at night in the dark, the pup is always extra inquisitive and both it and the mother drift along the tide runnels close behind the canoe—looking for all the world in the moon’s glare like a wrinkled old man and a baby—suddenly there comes a mighty “whack” and the big hind flippers and tail hit the water a sounding blow—and the two have disappeared.

“And that’s a good blanket too,” said the lad, as we passed beneath the branches of a huge hemlock used for holding the carved mortuary box of some dead Coast Indian, it was roped and swathed in native method, and was a silent reminder in

For stretches of fully a hundred yards piles of shells, twice the lad’s height, formed the outer bank of the field, along the beach, and these were deep into the earth too. I pictured a place ten feet high and many feet deep of clam and mussel, cockle and giant clam. Laddie Jr. dug into these until streams of clattering shells descended many feet wide. The greatest number were clam shells; but as we dug into the shifting mass long stratas of sea urchin shells were exposed, these dissolved into so much dust, then came layers of salmon bones, the whole bone perfect—the boy lifted a long piece by sliding his hand under it; and on a hint from me blew on it; the entire section fled away before his breath like frost before the sun; ages old no doubt. We wondered this bright warm



Christmas day, while your christian children were playing with civilized toys, what manner of wee kiddies played with the rudely carved deer bones we found far down in the pile? or what Indian woman fashioned what kind of clothes with the rude bone needle we picked up?

You know it did not seem a bit like Christmas to us, this delving into an unknown past, but we were camping in a lonely spot and there seemed to be no use staying in the damp tent to celebrate the day of His birth. In fact we were mighty short of all that makes to remind one of the glad day—when we *feed* much more than we *worship*.

"Oh! hurrah! for the Pin Cushion!" shouted the happy boy as he grabbed a huge Sea Urchin from the lowering tide line, "Nice soft juicy thing for an Indian boy's Christmas dinner eh! oh!" he laughed. It was a big limey shell all covered with "long moveable spines, like a thousand spears on a round water fort, why this animal wears its skeleton outside and only uses its spearlike spines to wave a bit is beyond us all. Its feeding mouth has five long teeth protruding and many a fishing tentacle—and the whole thing beautifully colored green or brown or reddish or purple, one of the widely scattered wonders of the seashore.

There had been heavy frosts all over these great sea beaches lately and some weird results were there. We think we are most fortunate in arriving at just the right moment to see just how a colony of clams lives under the sand. We are all interested in clam broth or clam bakes and the dull looking shellfish does not usually make us sit up and wonder about it—Yet I have known them beat Laddie Jr. digging down into the sand, time after time—they would hear his none too small feet coming by the vibrations cast ahead in the sand, and the suction foot would get to work drawing them down faster than a boy could dig. A raccoon can usually scratch a few up out of many, as they live upon them all along this coast, you can see the big flat palm of the hind feet of the coon pressed



into the wet sands everywhere. "Oh Joy!" squealed the boy "Come here—come a running."

I ambled over—you can hardly call my best a run now-a-days, and a sight of wonder met my eyes; such as a naturalist has seldom gazed upon. The very heavy frost of last night had frozen the exposed tidal sands down for a distance of fully a foot. In that chilled space all the shellfish perished. Then along came the good old sun and melted the frost, the tide ran in and washed away the melted sand and lo! ten thousand clams were exposed—killed insitu, dead in the actual positions of their everyday life. As far as the eye could reach, the sands were dotted with dead colonies of shellfish, some were in digging positions, others had been feeding, some neighbors had evidently been holding a Christmas Eve gossip and got it hard. In many the abductor muscle, which hold the shells tight together, had relaxed, and these were true dead shellfish with their shells gaping but the colonies as a whole looked like live clams.

We sat down to our frugal Christmas luncheon, a couple of cold boiled crabs with bread and a nice wee bit of shortbread a dear old Scotch lady had sent me—Laddie assures me it was sent to him, but possession is nine points of the law and I opened

the package the moment the Indian handed me my mail. I can smell goodies through many covers.

"Someone's telegraphed!" said the boy between mouthfulls—truly the news of the great Christmas day feed had spread, and hoarse black ravens were flapping down onto the sands near us in numbers, great flocks of crows were coming from every direction. A private message had evidently gone to the gulls—as a perfect snowstorm of Glacous winged gulls were speeding towards the luscious feast. A lone fish hawk sailed in on great pinions, and two eagles came along—telling all and sundry by sharp whistles to leave lots of room for them—and they took it the moment they landed too.

"Look at that fool!" laughed the boy—a raven had gone below the frost line and snatched a big live cockle up—up flew the bird and down fell the cockle on the sand—evidently this agreed with it for the raven gave it another air flight and dropped it again; as it was used to doing on the rocks elsewhere. This only freshened up the shellfish and sixteen times more the foolish bird sought to break open that firm shell on the soft wet

yielding sand—then it gave it up—with a foolish side hop or two, then an eagle tried its hand, no better results after a few more return trips; and at last reports the cockle was snuggling down in the sand waiting for the next tide.

A tremendous black cloud brought over a flood of rain and we hid under the canoe, then rat-tat-tat beat the hail down upon us—far out in the bay we could hear the great flock of feeding wild ducks rise with a noise like thunder as the big hail stones struck them—away off to the east, over the Gulf, the storm sped and the big pale sun over Vancouver Island made a bow in the clouds, a rainbow of promise and we remembered the words—as we peeped out from beneath the canoe—"While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, summer and winter, day and night, cold and heat shall not cease," and we took the gleaming arch for a renewal of the promise—even though the world rocked beneath the horrors of war—To add to the beauty of the scene the great black weaving flock of wild ducks flew off over the Gulf *right through* the shining glories of the wondrous bow that rested with both feet on the heaving waters of the Gulf.

We arrived back at the little tent on the sandspit tired and hungry—The arrow-pointed hoof marks of a deer showed where a blacktail had nibbled up the fragments of salt and bread from our last meal near the door.

"Let's order turkey and plum-pudding; and say! a bit of candy," suggested the boy in mournful tones (I had filled his stocking with a few small things that morning but they had all disappeared down that great food gulph of his) I stumbled over some hard things as I reached into the tent to light the lantern—"Hurrah and Hurrah," bawled the big boy in my ear "the mail's come and all our packages." How we blessed that Indian, even if he was paid to get our stuff up he need not do it on Christmas—then we remembered he did not know of the good day—His manitou was a big Killer Whale that



lived in the Gulf, so we rejoiced that we were of a civilized nation and that this day was almost universally held—I delivered quite a lecture to Laddie about it while I was heating the good things for the evening dinner—Yes! and I continued the

lecture while we were seated around the low table—a perfectly good lecture too—until I discovered that the boy was getting at least two thirds of all the goodies our friends had sent up—then I fell to—so Merry Christmas is all I have time for now.



No. 4---Canadian Natural History Photos

BONNYCASTLE DALE

Laddie Jr. on natural history studies intent. The horrid looking fish beside him is the wolf eel. As it has a mouth literally filled with teeth—roof and tongue a solid mass of crushers, it must be an unpleasant neighbor for a soft shelled crab.



JEAN W. STEVINSON

(Part II.—Concluded)

"Klahowya," I responded genially as he stalked majestically into the tent. Perhaps I should have been awed by his greatness, for he was really a great chief, and had won his greatness by a very cruel custom which, I am glad to say, is now done away with. In Jackson's youth if a tribesman died and left children unprovided for, his klootchman went back to her people. If the tribe did not put up money for their support, the children, if boys, became slaves, and four of these innocents were blindfolded, their hands tied behind their backs, and they were made to kneel on the four corners of the place of worship. The chief then stuck them in the back, between the shoulders, and let the blood run down onto the four corners of the building. When he did this, if the chief were opulent, he was allowed to take a white man's name. Chief Kicking Horse had killed his four boy slaves, so he took the name of Jackson. This honor, however, was now surpassed by the intellectual status he received through wearing the white man's glasses on his nose.

He now solemnly informed me that he was ready to give a great potlatch. His Indians were scouring the country for miles to gather in the

scattered tribes, and they were gathering along the river, camping with their papooses and dogs until the first great day arrived. The potlatch would begin in three suns and four moons. He was a hyas tyee, a great chief, and it would be a hyas potlatch. There would be hyiu tillicum, many people, and hyiu muck-amuck, plenty to eat. His heart would be glad if his friend, the King George man, would come and dance and eat.

"Hyas Tyee," said I, "I thank you. I will be there."

He then stalked majestically out, without further speech. My partner, Sam, he noticed not at all. I think he felt that all the time Sam was laughing at him.

"Farewell, old top," Sam flung after him, and though the tone was *solto voce*, I think Jackson, with the trained ears of the Indian hunter, heard and laid it up against him.

Sam, I knew, suspected a secret in me, but had he known that that secret lay in the breast of the red man, and not in mine, he would have turned himself inside out to get into the graces of the old Indian chief, and not have bothered looking through my trunk and belongings to find some chart or secret map, for this,

I felt, was what he was after when, on different occasions, I found him rummaging through my things. As he never stole anything, however, I let well enough alone, and we worked along very well together.

CHAPTER IV.

Hummingbird.

The next day Sam and I went back to our washing, our meat hung from a convenient tree where we could slice it at will and it would be safe from marauding wolves. About ten o'clock we were startled by the sound of dogs barking in the trees across the ravine, and suddenly a pack of starved Indian curs dashed across and made for our tent, drawn, I suppose, by the smell of moosemeat around the camp. Sam and I started for our guns, but the snarling beasts made to spring as we moved. Their ugly lips were drawn back over their yellow tusks, and we kept them at bay only as we stood perfectly still and looked them in the eyes. We noticed to our chagrin that we had left a box on which we washed right under the hind quarters of moose meat, and the dogs by springing onto the box could easily tear the meat from the limb of the tree. We dared not move, and there we stood, paralyzed to all appearances, and holding our pans of paydirt with the gold dust sifted here and there. For some minutes we stood there, waging a mute tug of war against those mangy curs, but the minutes seemed more like hours. At last, in spite of our attitude, the dogs began to creep stealthily forward, like slinking wolves, snarling down in their ugly throats.

"Down!" I commanded, but my strange tones seemed to infuriate them.

The hideous snarls, which I can only connect with hell-dogs, rasped from their ragged throats, and I began to feel their fangs in my creeping flesh, and to wonder how long before they would be on me, when a movement at the edge of the wood caught my eye and held it.

"Agh! klatawa! off with you," came

the command as a rawhide whip cracked in the air. The dogs crouched, though still snarling, and a girl of eighteen summers came running like a hare across the ravine. She was brown and straight as a willow, and her face seemed to be cast more in the mould of an Egyptian princess than in the mould of the dull faces on the klootchmen I had seen. Her eyes, large, brown, sombre were glorious, and the Egyptian effect was enhanced by a broad band of finely-wrought beadwork around her forehead, which held in place two long plaits of raven hair. The two braids fell over her shoulders as she ran, and I noticed that the ends were caught with two broad circles of beadwork.

"Anah," she exclaimed as she neared the dogs. "Klatawa! Away with you! Be off!"

She advanced to the leader of the pack, an old mangy brute with half an ear gone, and a cross between a mongrel and a wolf, and fearlessly she brought the whip down on his cringing back.

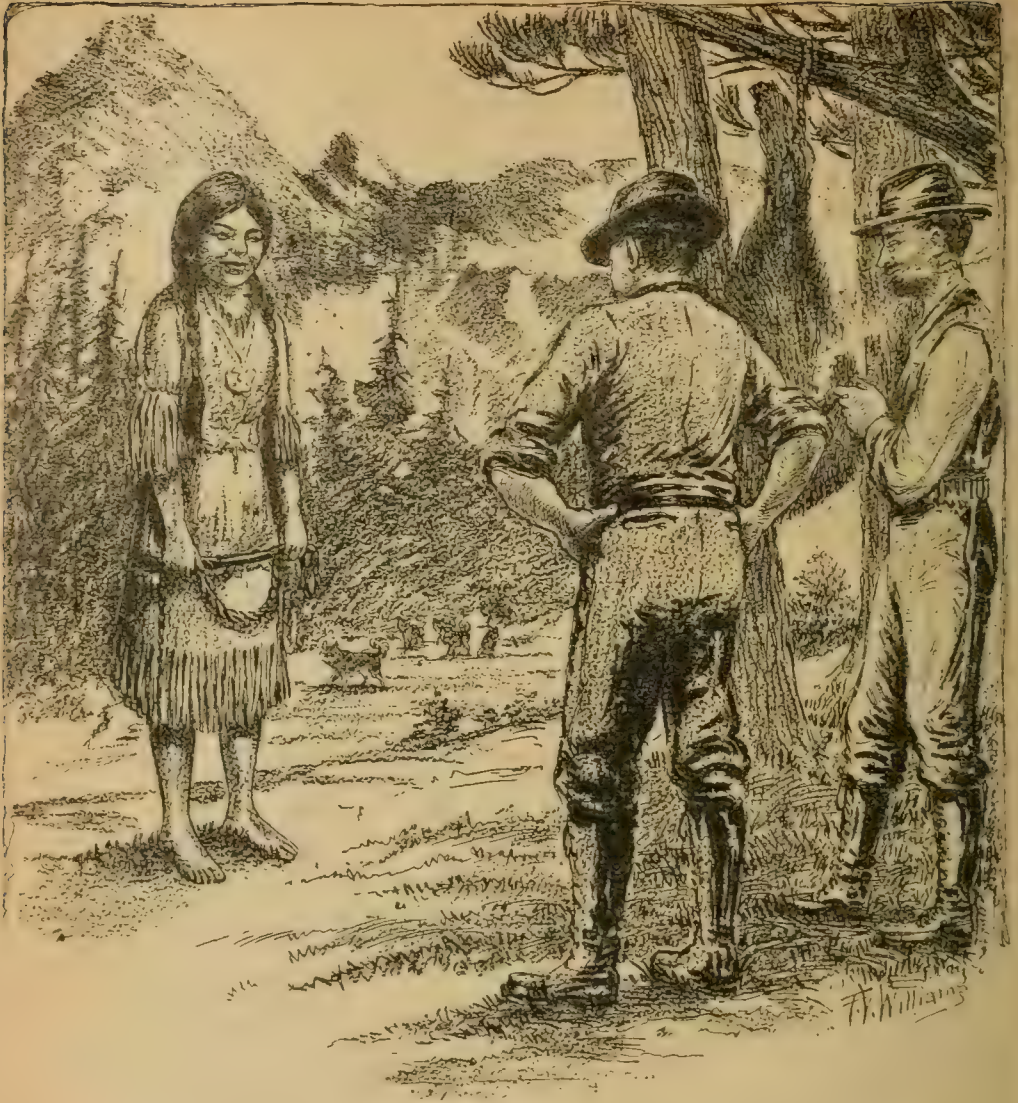
"Mahkhl!" she commanded again, "be off!" and the dogs slunk whimpering back to cover.

The girl, stood looking shyly at us and the meat slung from the bough. I think she was really hungry. She was, I gathered, one of a visiting tribe camping in the woods until the great potlatch began. The footprints along the river, which we had noticed on our return from the moose-hunt, doubtless were made by this tribe.

"Fair damsel," said Sam, glancing at the round brown legs which showed bare from her short buckskin skirt to the tops of her laced moccasins, "will you accept a haunch of meat with our heart-felt gratitude?" He prostrated himself in a Louis Quatorze bow as he awaited her answer.

"Anah," she exclaimed angrily. She did not understand Sam's remark, but she knew he was mocking her.

She had really done us a great service, so I said kindly to her; "Winapie wait. King George man make potlatch." I cut off a great chunk



"The girl stood looking shyly at us and at the meat slung from the bough."

of the moosemeat and offered it to her, and she took it eagerly.

"Nawitka, yes," she said, showing her white teeth.

I was entranced. Who was she? I would have carted the meat to her lodge, but I feared the dogs. Also I knew she, being an Indian girl, would not expect to be waited on by a man. Nor did she, for at once she raised her voice in a throaty call—"Yakwa, chitisu—this way."

An old woman the color of parchment, came at the call, and together

they carried the meat I had dressed back to the wood.

"I am Hummingbird," the girl said in Chinook as she passed, "I thank you, King George man."

CHAPTER V.

The Great Pottlatch.

The great day at last arrived. Bucks and klootchmen, in their gorgeous blankets, streamed in from every direction. The first three days were to be given over to the ex-

change of presents, and after that the real thing was to commence. I went in and out as I wished during the three days, but for the most part stuck to my work. I began to feel that I must make things pay, for I despaired of ever approaching Jackson in regard to the Hummingbird mine. Though he was my friend, he was ensconced behind an unsurmountable barrier of reserve and dignity. I did not know how to approach the subject.

The fourth night of the potlatch came. There was to be dancing, eating of muckamuck, and great speeches by Chief Jackson.

Now Jackson had lived beside Snake River for a long time, and he had a cabin with a window in it, also a stove, and a fat klootchman named Ponoka for a wife. As the bucks and klootchmen entered he watched the doorway. Suddenly I caught my breath. The young bucks with heads lifted like wild animals scenting prey, were watching the doorway, and as we all looked a beautiful young klootchman, her lissom body covered with a rich, red blanket, entered the doorway. She was accompanied by a bent old hag, her grandmother. It was Hummingbird, resplendent in necklace of bears' claws, chains of gold nuggets and bracelets of elks' teeth, her buckskin dress caught in at the waist with a fine bead belt from which hung a Sioux scalplock won by her father in days gone by. She was a barbarian, yet with all her barbarism I would have given at that moment all I possessed to call her mine. Then I glanced at Jackson. His eyes were on Hummingbird, and the greed and triumph of possession pictured there showed me his game. The potlatch was to get rid of Ponoka so he could marry Hummingbird. He was in a frenzy over her, though she could have been his granddaughter, but according to the law of his tribe he could not take her to wife unless he got another brave to marry his first wife, and he had invited a great horde of Siwashes so he would stand a good chance of getting Ponoka off his hands. He meant to

be good to Ponoka, and not allow her second husband to beat her, for, unlike the white man's laws, an Indian could not beat his wife without the consent of his chief.

"Klahowya, klahowya," he welcomed right and left as he ladled out the hootch. He was drinking hootch, the bucks were drinking hootch, and when they finished their dippers, they stuck them into the keg and ladled out more hootch which they seemed to swallow at a gulp. It was an awful mixture—alcohol, ginger ale, axle grease and everything else you could think of. It had been mixed together and left standing for a week, and believe me it was some drink. One gulp of it nearly killed me.

But there was more than hootch. There was hyiu "muckamuck," as Jackson said. Two caribou, three deer, a bear and all of fifty rabbits and beavers were hung around in convenient places, and with their hunting knives the Indians cut strips off the meat as they wanted them. With one end of a strip in his mouth a solemn buck would give a slash with his knife and cut off the bite right under his nose. The klootchmen did the same, and all the jumps I made that night, expecting to see noses fly off, nearly sent me into nervous prostration. Truth to tell, though, there was not so much as a scratch made from all the slashing, but as they ate their eyes grew greedier and greedier, and I knew when the potlatch was over there would be little or no meat left. As for me, the sight of it turned me sick at the stomach, but I gnawed doggedly at a strip of dried caribou when Jackson gave it to me. What were fly-blows to me, I asked myself at each gnaw, so long as I could be one of the bunch?

Jackson was about to make a speech he informed us, so he drank some more hootch and began:

"Hyiu tilicum, braves and klootchmen, and King George man, I, your hyas tyee, make you welcome. Drink of my hootch, eat of my muckamuck. The Saghalie Tyee has told me to marry Hummingbird, for over her I have the sick heart. Pon-

oka is the good klootchman. Her back is strong, she is skookum—mamook tesick, mamook illahie—she is good to paddle, good to dig. How many skins, oh braves, do you give for Ponoka?"

There was no response.

Jackson passed the hootch around again, and again he dilated on Ponoka's good points—how many rats she could skin in a day, what big loads she could carry on her back. It made no impression on the Indians. One got up, took a look at Ponoka, then went back and sat down without a bid.

Again Jackson passed the hootch, and the Indians danced around, beat their tom-toms and chanted their weird songs.

Hummingbird sat quiet, pale, beside the old chitish, who mumbled now and then through her toothless gums.

Jackson made another speech. He turned Ponoka round, showed the cords in her legs, the strength of her neck, the muscles on her arms.

Still there was no bid.

More hootch was passed.

By this time the Indians were pretty jolly. There was more singing, more dancing, more tom-tom playing, more hootch, but still no bid for Ponoka.

Again Jackson got up. He explained how many red foxes, how many silver foxes, how many black foxes, and how many rat skins, would go with Ponoka.

Still no one bid.

He passed the hootch again, and the dance grew wilder. The tom-toms beat faster, and the singing was terrifying in its wildness.

Then Jackson jumped up again. He would give chickamin, his cabin, his window, his stove, his chair—all would go with Ponoka.

A buck got up. A great scar ran up from his chin to his ear, cutting his mouth wider on one side than on the other, but Ponoka had no voice in the matter. He looked at her, examined her good points, then took her off to one side.

Jackson grabbed Hummingbird. He made her kneel before him, then

took his hunting knife and placed it between her shoulders to show that he exacted submission. She was very pale, but said not a word.

As Jackson placed his knife between Hummingbird's shoulders the young bucks began to grunt, and the grunting grew into growling. They all wanted Hummingbird, and for that reason no one had bid on Ponoka. The growls increased, and several bucks began to edge toward Jackson. I grew scared and backed out, for I felt sure there was going to be bloodshed. I went to my tent and soon fell asleep, as I was tired after listening to the brawling and watching the weird motions of the dance. When the revelers went to their tepees, now grouped all around Jackson's cabin, I could not tell, but in the morning when I looked out, in the direction of the tepee village, not a tent was in sight. Even Jackson's cabin had been lifted bodily and carted into oblivion, and I stared into empty space.

CHAPTER VI.

The Secret.

Sam and I went on with our placer mining, for I was in earnest now. At times I wondered how the trouble at the pow-wow had been settled, but in a few days it dropped out of my mind.

Three weeks went by, and one morning I got up feeling punk. The gold wasn't panning out very well, and I wondered if the game were worth the candle. A strong cup of tea, I thought, would do me good, and as I went to the door to throw out the old tea leaves I nearly fell over something that lay in the doorway of the tent. It was Jackson. He sat up as I bent over him, but he was dull and heavy. I wondered if he were drunk.

"Jackson," I asked in alarm, "what is the matter?" I saw that he was not intoxicated, but the life had gone out of his eye.

He told me. He had been down with yellow fever. It had broken out among the Indians since the potlatch. An Indian who was dancing had brought it to the pow-wow,

and all the others had taken it. It spread like wildfire, and many had died. Indeed, there was only a handful left of the brave village that had clustered around him at the potlatch.

I asked about Hummingbird.

"Humph!" he said, "you know Hummingbird—him dead. You know Ponoka—him dead."

I said "That's too bad, Jackson."

He said "Him good. Him bucks, him steal Hummingbird. Me call on Great Spirit, Saghalie Tyee, kill him Ponoka, kill him Hummingbird, and Great Spirit answer me."

I said again "That's too bad, Jackson."

He said "Me stay here."

I got him a strong cup of tea as soon as I had the kettle boiling, but did not waken Sam, who seemed to be sleeping heavily.

Then Jackson showed me something which did more to jerk me up than a hundred teams of horses could have done. It was gold—gold such as I had never seen before, chunks and chunks of it.

"Heaps big pile," Jackson grunted.

Where, Jackson?" I asked excitedly.

"Three moons, two suns, in boat," he answered, "three moons, three suns, on land."

"Will you show me, Jackson?" I asked.

"Humph," he said, "get ready."

He drank cup after cup of tea, and with each cup he seemed to feel better, and finally reached down inside his shirt and pulled out his glasses, one eye gone, but the other intact. He put them on his nose, and with all the sadness of him I had all I could do to keep from choking to death with laughter. I was thankful that he really thought I was choking on my tea. Finally I regained control of myself.

"Him bad Indian," he told me, "him try steal glass, me kill."

This only added fuel to my sense of humor. He had let Hummingbird go, he had let Ponoka go, he had let his cabin, his window, his stove, his chair, and fox skins by the hundred go, but he had hung onto the worth-

less smoked glasses with his life. One eye was out, broken past recall, but the remains were still dear to him. One dark glass would have given me the razzle-dazzles, and I knew it could do him no good, so I went to my chest and got a good pair, which I gave him. He was solemnly grateful, and put them on, handing me back the broken pair. I have it yet, and shall keep it as a souvenir of a true friend.

All day we were getting ready. Sam worked like a trojan without asking any questions beyond "Moving again, eh?" and I had a hunch that he had not been so fast asleep that morning as he had seemed. Far into the night we plodded on, back and forth from the canoe to the tent, packing, strapping, whipping things into shape. When all was ready the canoe was piled high with pans, tents, blankets and provisions—so high that there was room at the stern for only one man and in the bow room for one more. Where Sam was to go I could not make out. We snatched a couple of hour's sleep, ate a hurried breakfast, and then I jumped into the stern of the canoe. Jackson was already in the bow, paddle in hand, and I knew he wanted to slip off without Sam. But even as he made to shove off—we were in deep water, and had been tied to a strong stake—Sam came running out and jumped straddle-legs right onto the middle of the load.

The next thing I remember Jackson was standing over me rubbing my hands and pouring some concoction down my throat. The canoe, at the impact of Sam's body, had turned turtle and spilled everything. Our outfit was gone. The heavy things had sunk and the lighter things had been swept away by the strong current. The current had taken the upturned canoe three miles down the river, and I had gone along, unconscious from a blow on the head as we all went over. In some miraculous way Jackson had saved himself, the canoe and me. Sam he had left to himself, and he had come through without a scratch.

Jackson still bent over me, and

when I opened my eyes I thought I saw a glad flicker in his. He was my true friend, I knew.

I gulped a bit when I realized that all our trappings were gone, for there were things in the outfit that had become dear to me, my Navajo blankets, my Ross rifle, and my old silk tent. Still, I was thankful that my hurt was only temporary, for I found in a few minutes that I could sit up, and walk a bit too. We set off for camp, and by the time we reached the big tent I seemed to be all right, and eager for a good cup of tea. We soon had a fire going and were refreshed by a good meal, and then decided to rest up for the remainder of the day. Jackson, I suppose, felt that I had got quite a shock.

The next day we got together another outfit, a parody on the first,

but Jackson refused flatly to take my partner, Sam Hill.

"Anah," he spit out, angrier than I had ever seen him, "Him go, hyas tyee stay. Him go, hyas tyee, go, hyas tyee kill, slay."

This was flat. Sam heard.

"What will he do?" I asked Jackson.

"Klak, klak," said he shortly, "him go back Boston."

There was nothing else for it, Sam must shift for himself. Nothing could move Jackson. I must go alone or take Indians. Finally Sam said he would go back to the coast. He knew he was down and out as far as the gold strike was concerned. There was no use trying to sneak in on the strike. Jackson was too wise a bird to be caught like that. So it was settled.

We got together nine Indians and once more started off up the river. The strength of the Indians' lithe bodies drew expressions of admiration from me again and again. There was no tipping of the canoes on this trip. Though there were ten Indians and myself, we had only two canoes, as our outfit this time was so light it needed little room. Most of our load consisted of provisions, as we counted on getting little fresh meat along the way. Jackson took charge of everything, and all went along smoothly in the canoes. When we finished the water trip and were about to portage, I was for taking all our stuff along with us, but he would not have it.

"No," said he, "we go one sun, make camp, make cache, Indians go back, get more muckamuck. We go one more sun, make him more cache, Indians go back. We go more sun, make him camp. Na?" He appealed to his Indians and they nodded solemnly.

"Nawitka," they assented.

So this was what had to be done. We started to relay, taking in the provisions. We travelled for one day and made a camp, caching part of the provisions we were carrying. Three Indians then returned to the canoe for more food. Then we travelled another day, made camp and



"Three moons, two suns, in boat," he answered, "three moons, three suns on land."

another cache, and three more Indians went back to the first cache to get the stuff we had left there. They would bring it on to the second cache as the stuff was removed from there to the third, and the Indians who went back to the canoe would bring a fresh load to deposit in the first cache, which would then be empty. So it would go, back and forth from one cache to another, and things usually went like clockwork in this manner, though a white man would prefer to stagger under a big load and make only one trip. The Indians, however, seemed to prefer being on the run with a lighter load. The third day we camped, we cached nearly all the provisions we had left, while the third relay of Indians went back for the second cache to bring on what was left there.

The last day, by this method, left Jackson and me travelling alone, and we carried only enough food to last us until we arrived at the Hummingbird mine, and one additional day, as the last relay of runners should be up with us by the time we needed more food.

That last day of our journey, with only the silent Jackson beside me, I shall never forget. It seemed sacrilege to think of food amid the vastness of those far-flung mountain tops. I was awed into silence by the magnitude of nature's form and coloring, for that day the pinks and mauves and purples seemed to wave and scintillate on the ice-crowned mountain tops, and the dark blue shadows were like velvet in their lovely contrast to the higher lights that played on ridges and mammoth beds of snow.

"Nanitsh yahwa, look," said Jackson, pointing into a crevice where a creek came down from the mountain snows. We turned into the ravine. The water flowed crystal clear in its mad plunge down the slope, and in the light of the setting sun I saw what made me think I was mad. Gold! I had never seen its equal. The pebbles of the mountain stream were full of it, and the lumps shone and sparkled like a dream of "the promised land."



"It seemed sacrilege to think of food amid the vastness of these far-flung mountain tops."

We had carried our pans for washing gold all the way from Snake River, though what washing this gold would need I could not see, for it was beautiful enough as it was to string in rows around my lady's white neck.

We washed away till long after sunset, however, and were so hungry that we ate the food we had left, and turned in. The next morning, we said, the Indians should be there. We awoke with keen appetites, but there was no food and there were no Indians. We drank water from the icy stream, and began again to wash, piles of nuggets knee-high rising up by noon. Still no Indians came, and again we drank all the water we could take down. There were no fish in the stream, but we said our men would be up with us at night.

Night came, and they did not come. We rolled up in our blankets and wept to sleep. In the morning the Indians had not come, though the second relay could have been there by that time. What was wrong? We were growing weak for want of food. Jackson in days past had been able to fast for three days, and then, without food, to go on a bear hunt, but now he was growing old, and had been recently ill with yellow fever, so he seemed less able to stand the hardship than I.

"What can be wrong, Jackson?" I asked.

"Humph!" he grunted, "bad spirit, Diaub, follow us. We go back last cache."

All day long we travelled, dragging our tired feet along the rough way, and at night, weary, footsore and famished, we arrived at the last cache.

There were tracks of the Indian runners around the cache, but there were other tracks too—tracks which drove despair into our tortured souls—tracks of the Indian devil, the wolverine. They had been there before us all. No wonder our runners had not come with empty arms and empty stomachs, wasting time to tell us there was nothing there. Everything was destroyed. There was not a morsel that we could eat.

We would have to go back to the second cache, but it was now nearly dark, and we must have rest. We found a mountain spring, took another drink of water, and lay down to troubled sleep. The next morning we drank again and stumbled on. All day we limped along, and at night, so slow had been our travel, that we were still some miles from the second cache. We dare not spend the time in sleep, for fear that the morning would find us too weak to move, so we dragged ourselves on by the light of the stars. It was hard going, and several times Jackson fell, for he was very weak. I do not think he had fed himself properly nor cared for himself since he lost Hummingbird, and he was in no wise fitted to stand the terrible trip we were making.

At midnight we reached the second cache, and found it, too, rifled and befouled by the devil wolverines.

We could go no further. Jackson had been grunting and talking to himself nearly all day, and I now became alarmed, for I, too, was in a very weak condition. We knew without being told that even if we had strength to make the distance back to the first cache we would find it like the second and third, for the devil wolverines had followed us from the river, and had destroyed each cache in turn. As each relay of Indians had gone back for food they had found only stench and refuse, and had gone back still further.

We had now been three suns and three moons without food, and as we sat weakly by our fire at two o'clock in the morning I heard some person in the distance holler what I thought was "Hello." Thinking it was one of our Indians with provisions I grabbed a torch from the fire and ran stumbling in the direction of the sound, waving my torch and hollering as I ran "Hello."

Again, away to the left, I heard someone call "Hello."

Again I ran in that direction, waving my torch to and fro and calling as I ran "Hello."

Yet the answer came from the right, away in the distance, "Hello-o."

I felt the hair on my head rising, for I knew now that the sound was from no human lips. I began to wonder if I were going mad.

Again I heard the call "Hello-o" from the opposite direction, and with icy chills chasing down my back, and my knees knocking together, I made my way back to the tent.

Jackson was sitting in the corner mumbling away to himself with his hands and arms crossed over his breast. I went up to him and shook him.

"For God's sake, man, tell me what it is," I whispered hoarsely.

He said "Sit down."

As I sank down beside him he whispered "Great White Spirit. Listen. Many moons gone by, white men come this way. No fear him

Great White Spirit, and find this place. One man, feet freeze, can go no more. Friend, him stay too. No leave. Two suns, three moons, maybe, one man him die. Friend try go back. Go one sun, and moon find him back by dead partner. Next day him start again, travel one sun, when moon look down him by dead man once more. Friend try next day, go half sun, freeze where him stand. Him skookum. White Spirit yell "Hello" ever since. Great White Spirit call you, call me. Hyas Tyee and King George man no more see sun. When sun look down me see Hummingbird, me see Ponoka."

I could get nothing more out of him. He sat mumbling and gnawing his fingers. Then I seemed to sink into oblivion.

I remember nothing more until the sun was shining in my face the next day. Two Indians were standing over me pouring something down my throat, and I thought at first I was

back on the river bank with Jackson bending over me. Where was Jackson?

The Indians who had come back from one starting point at the river just in time to save my life, pointed mutely to something under a blanket.

Hummingbird and Ponoka had beckoned Jackson to the Happy Hunting Grounds—The Hyas Tyee was dead.

(Note.—The narrator of this story said there was no question about his hearing the word "Hello." He had made enquiries as to the explanation, and concluded that the sound came from glaciers and mountain peaks not far away. As the glaciers moved a bit they scraped and echoed, and the sound was like the word "Hello." Jackson's story of the two white men was authentic. They had been found as stated, and footprints in the snow showed that the one had travelled in circles trying to find his way back to camp.)

Indian Blankets

ROBERT G. HODGSON

IN the North Country a rabbit skin blanket is the magic word among Indians and white men, for worth and comfort. Although formerly used extensively by trappers of the north to-day, woollen blankets and sleeping bags are taking their place, even if they are inferior in every way.

These blankets are made of rabbit skins, by squaws, (I never knew a white man to make one, as the process, like many Indian processes, seems to be known only to the Indians) and the method of making is a very laborious one. The rabbit skins are first of all dried, then cut into the right sized pieces, wet, frozen and worked alternately. This procedure is continued for an indefinite period, until the skins are properly ready to be made into blankets. When complete they are the warmest and lightest apparel that has ever been made. Their lightness was of great value where a man had to limit his

pack down to the barest necessities and they are so warm, man can sleep comfortably in them even in the cold arctic regions where, if a woollen blanket of the same weight were used, he would be apt to freeze. White men



who trap or follow other similar activities in the cold north will pay fabulous prices to secure one, almost any price an Indian cares to ask and even then he considers himself very fortunate in having secured it.

The reason of their scarcity is due to the rapid decrease of both rabbits and the Indians. In the north a plague strikes the rabbits every seven years and they die off so fast and in such large numbers that where they were formerly very numerous, by spring there is scarcely one to be found, seldom even a dead one. By the next season, when this disease is over and rabbits are again in evidence they are in such small numbers as to make it impossible for the Indians to secure many for their blanket making, it taking a large number for one blanket. Although

they continue to increase they have only begun to assume normal proportions when the plague again overtakes them causing their numbers to be much depleted at all times. The cause of this is not known but it has been noticed that at each season when this disease becomes rampant the lynx, which practically lives on rabbits, also decrease in numbers and whether they also die or only migrate is not known.

There is not the slightest doubt of the value of these blankets nor of the Indians' appreciation of them for in as much as Indians are very fond of money it is a rare thing nowadays for them to part with one. The one shown in the photo was owned by an Indian and he refused absolutely to sell it although he knew he could secure for it any sum within reason.



H.R.11. The Prince of Wales, K.G. (with duck), Sir Godfrey Thomas, Bart., private secretary, Lord Claud Hamilton, D.S.O., and a party of Indian guides at Cameron Falls

—Courtesy of Canadian National Railways



F. V. WILLIAMS

IT was Christmas morn. Five miles away down at the little settlement, the old and young kiddies were all smiles and gladness. The happiest day of the whole year had arrived and the weather was perfect. Even up here on the hills the wood folk seemed to be enjoying themselves, for here and there you would see where some red squirrel had scampered across an open place—Oh yes! there were still a few of them about, these red rascals.—It had really been very mild up to a few days before Christmas when there had been three days of real winter; first the creek had almost frozen over, then there was a two days' snow storm and now to-day it was just fine and frosty with a clear sky.

Weather conditions to the North, twenty or thirty miles away had been

quite different, and the snow that had fallen on the hills back of the village was merely the tail end of what one could rightly call a blizzard, and with the tail end of this blizzard had drifted into this neighborhood a white terror of the air, more feared than the storm itself by the little folks of the woods, and this same terror had settled comfortably down in a fir thicket, not two hundred yards from the little bit of open water that still remained of the creek.

It was a fine cock partridge that discovered the white one first, said partridge strutted out from under a bit of cover where he had spent the night. We are wrong in this: he had spent not one but several nights in this cover, and, as he had not been disturbed he felt quite sure of himself and his surroundings, as he emerged

into the open to look for his breakfast.

Five minutes before this, another had decided he would look for a bite of something to eat himself, and had sailed suddenly and swiftly to the top of an old stub that overlooked the open places there about. Now it was unfortunate for the big snowy owl that he had to drift—drift, we say because there was no sound, no rustle of wings, that should accompany the flight of any honest bird, but DOES NOT accompany the flight of owls.—As was mentioned it was unfortunate he should have drifted down past the dark branches of some evergreens. The dark back ground gave him away and the partridge with a rush and whirring of wings was away before the owl's rush, leaving him a goodly lead to make sure of his escape from a pair of talons, that once they are set are sure death to the luckless one that happens to be in their grip.

The big owl wheeled in the air without the least attempt at pursuit of the partridge and returned to his stub. He had sat there for an hour and the sun mounting above the tree tops was flooding the whole landscape with his winter warmth. The big owl was actually beginning to feel the need of his daylight sleep; for although he hunts in the day time as well as the night, this big snowy one, a day like this, was far too brilliant to make for the success of any hunter. At his back was the thicket of evergreens that we have mentioned before, and dropping from his perch, he sailed silently over these and dropped to a secreted little nook that he occupied a part of the night before. The gloom under the snow-laden firs was far more to his liking than the blazing sunlight on the snow, and he settled himself comfortably on a low branch of an ancient wind-fall. In the midst of making his morning's toilet he snapped his head about and gazed directly back of him into a pair of blazing eyes some twenty feet away. The eyes were set in the battle scarred face of a he-cat; now this was not a pretty picture to have forced on one's priv-

acy, to say the least, and evidently this he-cat was looking for trouble, and he got it.

For the space of perhaps five minutes, the big white wild domestic cat and the big white pirate from the North mixed in a way fearful to behold. A blue jay, inquisitive as all his family, who came to see what all the racket was about, was scared into a silent witness, as feathers and fur mixed in a fight, such as even the oldest fir tree thereabouts had never seen. The big Tom suddenly discovered he was fighting something that was not easily hurt. Those great blazing yellow eyes showed no signs of fear and met his own devilish glare with a look that was ominous to say the least, fighting on his back and using all four feet as well as his teeth, he began to feel something as near fear as he had ever experienced. The owl got a grip with one powerful claw in the cat's shoulder and the cat twisting around with lightning-like quickness wrenched himself free and crawled under a nearby log, crawled way under, so far indeed that he was two feet beyond the reach of any possible attempt of his enemy to reach him; and the owl?—Oh! he sat on the ground at first, the snow-covered ground that was now plentifully spattered with red blotches, white feathers and tufts of white fur.—Yes indeed it looked like a real battle ground, did this little open space amongst the firs.

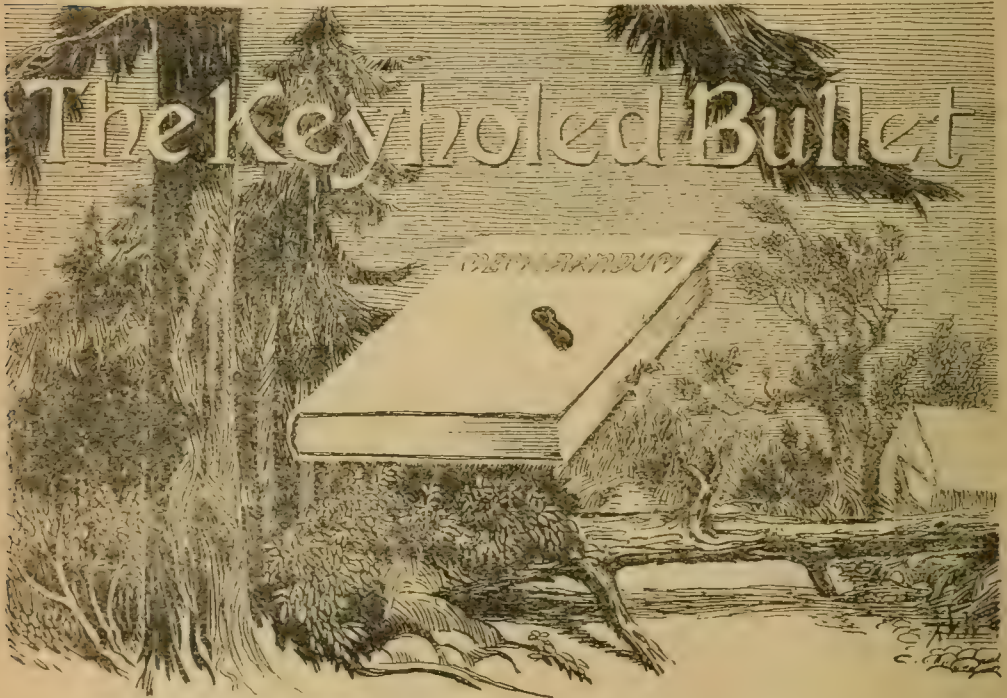
After a bit the big white demon floated up to a nearby stub and sat there and watched. But he watched in vain. That cat had had enough, no more owls for him, and he stayed right where he was, safe till well into the night when he crept forth and sneaked back to the little settlement from whence he came, and a nice old lady who thinks him the most wonderful pet in the world, will tell you to this day how her big white cat had been nearly killed by "dogs," but this fact remains that that "wild" domestic "Tom" does not venture into that piece of fir woodland looking for game that he should by reason of his well fed existence leave alone.



"After a bit the big white demon floated up to a nearby stub and sat there and watched."

And Christmas night while the badly whipped cat was crawling away to his home in civilization, a big white owl sat right out in the open, and ate his Christmas dinner consisting of a big mink that he caught near the open water of the little stream; and looking at him sitting there in the moonlight you

might perhaps had you been a naturalist, or one who has studied birds a heap, have discovered a few feathers missing here and there, but to the ordinary observer, you would never have dreamed that this bird had whipped the biggest white he-cat in four counties.



GEORGE GILBERT

MONSIEUR will regard that the daughter of Jean Lachine is *my betrothed*," remonstrated Pierre Lagrange to Paul Clavier, who was up in the Lac a Jim region for an autumn's shooting. Pierre was Clavier's guide.

Clavier's fresh, clean face sparkled into smiles; his white teeth shone, eyes of blue twinkled. His six feet nothing, of good flesh and bone and nerve stretched itself out the more luxuriously before the camp fire on the dry pine needles in the little grove beside the brawling Petit Brule. With Clavier was his friend, John Armstrong and Armstrong's guide, pie-

It was early afternoon and they were almost ready to break camp for home, their game license limit filled and no more to do in the way of biggame hunting.

"All right, Pierre," Clavier said, lazily offering new incense to Lady Nicotine, "I meant nothing by flirting with Marie Lachine when she came in with the buckboard and brought out our supplies from Melchoir. Fact is, Pierre, women have rather spoiled me; but I don't want your sweet little girl, even for a forest flirtation. I'm sorry I spoke lightly of and to her——"

Clavier's powerful hand went careless-

ly out to Jean. He did not even do the offended one the honor to stand when making the *amende*. Jean, as if he did not see the peacefully offered palm, a thunder cloud in his brow that seemed low because the curly black hair of the French Canadian habitant swept so far down over it, turned, his eye-corners puckered into an intense scowl. He strode toward the spring. Armstrong's guide, old Anton Poulet, sturdy, grizzled, followed the offended man.

Gorgeously-colored leaves, chatter of squirrels, the distant drumming of grouse, an occasional gusty sigh from the wind, told of the seasonal change soon to come over the Nescopern.

* * * *

"I don't think you managed that very well, Clavier," Armstrong scolded, stepping around the fire to where his companion was lolling; "you are too devilish nonchalant about this girl fad of yours. Your way of offering your hand to Pierre was in itself an insult."

Clavier forced himself up onto his haunches and sat gazing moodily at the fire for a moment, then drawled:

"I meant him no harm—nor the girl."

"But you take such matters too easily."

"Just what you said last year when I told you that I meant nothing by paying attention to Ethel Whitcomb back home—"

Armstrong's face went white; his black eyes snapped. But his features softened again at once, yet his voice held a tinge of bitterness as he interposed:

"Let's not discuss her. I could have had her—but for you."

Clavier glanced quickly at the other, who went on:

"When she refused me she intimated at the end of our talk that she thought well of you—"

Clavier snapped erect and interrupted:—

"She is the only girl that really ever interested me, John, but I got out of your way with her because we have been friends for years and I

wanted you to have the first chance with her."

Clavier turned shortly, started up the little path leading up the slope from the brawling stream. At the top of the little rise he called back:—

"When Pierre comes back, tell him I've gone up into the glen to pick some wintergreen berries. I'll make a birch-bark basket to carry them in. There are heaps of big ones up there. Have him come and fetch my rifle. I'll pretend to shoot at a mark when he comes. But really I want to get him apart and apologize to him in due and ancient form. And I'll add, John, that after what you've told me about Ethel, and as she's refused you definitely, I think I'll try my luck with her when we get back home. "I know I can win—now."

With a crisp "All right!" Armstrong turned his face toward the fire again.

* * * *

"Pierre," urged sturdy old Anton Poulet, leaning his broad back against a silver birch beside the spring and gazing down on the jealous man who was sitting there, dappled over with golden sunlight and umber leaf shadows, "it is not well to quarrel with the good people we guide. Monsieur has made the *amende honorable*, perhaps not graciously, but of a sufficiency. Soon he is home and, *pouf*, your Marie sees him no more. What say you? Shall I go ask him to shake the hand again, in true sincerity, all anger aside?"

"If you think best," Pierre grunted, still stubborn, but yielding to the moral force of the older man.

Old Anton went swiftly, joyfully, glad to have the squall pass so. His mocassined feet made no sound.

Armstrong, fumbling at the pocket of Clavier's shooting coat that hung at the tent-entrance, started back hastily as Poulet called to him asking where Clavier was. Anton saw something that Armstrong had taken from Clavier's jacket fall. With the true courtesy of the good guide, the older man stooped quickly, found it amidst the pine needles. It was a cartridge for a rifle. He handed it to Armstrong, who thanked him. For one to

borrow of another like that was usual in the outer spaces, so Anton made no remark, on that point, but instead gladly announced:—

"Pierre, he is sorry he was so angered with the Monsieur Clavier, and so is ready to shake the hand in all sincerity with him."

"It falls out luckily, then," Armstrong eagerly cut in, "as Mr. Clavier asked me to send Pierre after him up to the berry patch and to have Pierre take his rifle to him, as he may wish to shoot at a mark and when they are alone up there they will be the more easily reconciled."

"Indeed, it falls out very well," old Anton agreed hastening to inform Pierre.

"Anton," Armstrong said an hour later, "there goes the rifle again, Clavier seems to be enjoying himself shooting at the mark. No doubt he and Pierre are reconciled, eh? Well, I shall take my 24-gauge shot gun and go down the Brule to the dead pine and see if I can shoot the big osprey that roosts there at times when he is watching for fish."

"*Oui, Mo'sieu*, that so light a gun of yours is a beauty and with *poudaire* smokeless makes almost the crack of the rifle, *non?*" and Anton smoked lazily as the other strode off, gun under crooked arm.

An hour later Anton flicked to his feet as Pierre came running into camp, calling:

"Anton; Monsieur Armstrong! Monsieur Clavier is shot, is shot!"

"Bad?" snarled old Anton, springing into action.

"Vair bad, I fear. Take his friend and get him to camp. I in the canoe will speed to Melchoir for the *doctaire*. He lies on the path, near the berry patch—you know where. He said for me to come, then he fainted—"

Casting down Clavier's rifle, Pierre sprang into the canoe and was gone.

Old Anton, before starting for the place where Clavier lay, placed his right palm thoughtfully on the barrel of the gun. It was still warm. Then he called for Armstrong, who

answered from down the little Brule. He came in, panting.

Armstrong and Anton laid the limp body on the pine needles before the tent. Anton, stooping over, fumbled in the pocket of Clavier's shirt, over his heart. His hand showed blood when he withdrew it, clasped about something.

"He shot him close to the heart like a dog, did Pierre," Armstrong snarled; "he seems near to death. Pierre shot him—like a dog."

"Some one did," Anton said.

Clavier stirred, sighed, even essayed weakly to sit erect.

"Not so," Anton prevented, his brawny hand on the injured one's breast in kindly restraint; "lie prone, easy, till the *doctaire* he is here. Luckily we are at the edge of the settlements again. He may come in time."

Breathing heavily, as a man will after running up hill, Clavier fought for his life against the deadening shock of the bullet wound over his powerful heart. Doctor Verlaire, fortunately found within three miles, having been called into the woods to dress a hunter's broken leg, encouraged the patient with stimulants, stirring words, the while listening to Anton and Armstrong debate, while Pierre sat apart, grim, dumb.

"He must have done it," Armstrong was insisting, over again.

"Why must?" Anton queried, his lips to a white line.

"Pierre was with him; no one else. He was shot with a rifle bullet. Pierre had the rifle when he came in. The barrel was still warm, you admit, before he bolted after the doctor."

"True, so far, but if Pierre falsely attacked Clavier, why did he go for the *doctaire*. Eh, so?"

"It was a blind, to quench suspicion—"

"But one thing more, please, Mo'sieur John; why did not the bullet from so strong a rifle kill, at once?"

Perhaps the ball hit something in Clavier's pocket and was turned aside."

"Ah so? What think you of this I found in his pocket?" showing a fat,

flat little memorandum book. In it was a hole, slightly oblong, not clean-cut, but smashed through the layers of paper."

Armstrong made as if to take it, but Anton kept it.

"Regard," he said, "the hole! How strange that at such a short range the bullet from the high-power rifle should key-hole, go and over end, wild, instead of spinning and cutting clean. How odd that the bullet should keyhole, instead of going true, when Pierre at best was but 50 feet from Clavier. Explain me that, Mo'sieu."

"Well," and Armstrong's lips drew back in a snarl.

"Well, it is so. Where are the cartridges I saw you take from Mo'sieu's jacket? You had two then, can you show both? No; you lost one? Eh so? I myself have put a heavy bullet, taken from the end of a rifle cartridge, into a shot gun when short of ball cartridges, to kill a bear when out of rifle ammunition and in the deep woods on a winter trap line. And in such a case, regard, Mo'sieu, the bullet is *vair* apt to keyhole, to go end over end, as this one did, not true as from a rifled barrel—"

"You go too far, Anton," Armstrong bellowed; "this matter must abide the decision of the coroner when we get out of the woods."

"Oui, Mo'sieu. But you—and Pierre—must remain here."

The long road that Clavier labored up steepened; the sun dipped, the wind rustled the golden leaves, the crows cawed, the squirrels chattered and the sudden night came to make the camp fire leap into its true position as the centre of the scene about which the doctor, Pierre, Anton and Armstrong went oh, so quietly about whatever tasks came to their hands. And the little Brule talked and whispered the night away.

"Where is Armstrong?" asked Clavier, as he came to full consciousness next day. The shadows, far-slanted, told of afternoon's close.

"He was called home suddenly by a telegram he said a runner brought in," said Doctor Verlaque, "and has left you with us to get well before you go back, too."

Overhead a woodpecker drummed. A trout, rising in the pool below, splashed the tingling water deliciously. Afar they heard voices. Anton and Pierre came up the river path together.

Anton glanced inquiringly at the doctor, holding up a paper.

"He is strong enough now," the physician said, taking the sheet.

"Then read it to him; let him know the truth," Pierre said eagerly. The surgeon read:

"I shot Paul Clavier with my shot gun, using a shot gun shell, from which the shot has been extracted by me and a rifle bullet inserted, in place of the shot. I hate him for coming in between me and a woman he knows of. I thought to slay him and lay the blame onto Pierre La-grange."

Clavier glanced up at Pierre, reached up to him weakly and shook the young guide's hand.

"I knew it wasn't you, Pierre," he said, then queried: "did you turn him loose—or take him in to Melchoir for trial?"

"We let him go; we thought you would like it best so. Was it for the best?"

"Yes; for the best," assented Clavier, his head falling wearily back onto the friendly mound of coats the doctor had ready for him; "I'll rest now and get up strength enough for the return trip to Melchoir in the canoe and then—home as straight as I may go."

"Paul," Clavier's wife said to him a few days after he had changed her named from Whitecomb to his own, "how odd that John Armstrong should have disappeared so queerly up there in the woods? His business affairs are in good shape. Can you imagine why he went?"

"Why no Ethel," he puffed lazily at his pipe, "I can't."

In the Basin

H. C. HADDON

IT is in the late summer that the Basin is at its best. In the background stands the Sphinx, grim, majestic, eternal, a monstrous upheaval of rock. No tree breaks the harshness of its appearance, no vegetation softens the hardness of its outlines. Rock, sheer rock, vast and barbaric, gray and weatherbeaten with the snows of the forgotten years, its slopes sprawl out in tumbled confusion.

On the north side, where the sun holds no empery, in the sombre shadow of the frowning peaks is eternal snow—and the glacier. The Basin itself lies on the south west side. Here, where the elements have obtained some slight footing is the chaotic confusion of the rock slide brought down from those grim peaks by snow and rain.

Every once in so often comes the clatter or falling debris as some portion disintegrated by the action of the elements breaks off and adds its mite to the vast accumulation at the head of the Basin.

Presently when the wound in the silence is healed and the echoes have died away a big marmot sits up among the boulders and whistles with monotonous regularity. A golden eagle comes gliding through the pass, and after it half a dozen whisky jacks, bold and fearless in their numbers, tumbling and diving and doing their best to confuse the big bird, and profaning the silence with their graucous cries.

Big balsams dot the Basin, singly and in groups, their thick branches growing right down to the ground, though the lower ones are killed and broken with the weight and depth of the winter snows. Over towards the pass, along the ridge of rocks that form the rim of the Basin, a few stunted tamaracks struggle for an existence, their trunks crooked and bent, their knotty branches twisted into fantastic designs. Everywhere on the drier ground is the matted

turf of the heath, with its pink, bell-like flowers. Among the trees, free from underbrush and parklike in their perfection, the open glades are rich with flowers, white and pink and yellow; asters in all shades from blue to purple, saxifrage, speedwell, slender ferns, tiny stout flowering rushes, false Solomon's Seal with their berries already ripening—and everywhere the nodding, dancing feathery seed heads of the wind flowers. Gradually the nights grow longer, and the chill winds of autumn whisper of the snows. The marmot and the grizzly have heeded the warning and are sleeping till the spring—the wonderful new-young spring—shall call them out again. The frosts have touched the flowers, so that now they hang brown and discoloured, their life work finished.

And then, gray and leaden, the clouds collect around the Sphinx. The wind goes sighing down the valley, and Winter, in her robes holds her court again!

Relentlessly, unceasingly, day after day, week after week the pitiless snow fell deeper and deeper. Dry and powdery, at first it imposed no great obstacles in the way of travelling or finding feed, but with each day's added quota the total mounted up rapidly as December ebbed and waned. And all through the weeks of the new year the same monotonous regularity of the fall continued. Down below in the valleys came occasional spells of rain that reduced the depth of snow, but up on the summits with their rarer atmosphere and greater altitude the cold prevented any thaw. Almost the first big fall of the winter wiped out all irregularities from the outlines of the hillsides. The boulders, the big granite boulders that were scattered so lavishly through the mountains appeared at first as only a mound in the snow. As the weeks dragged by these disappeared and the face of the snow took on the

level, unbroken appearance that concealed all the character of the ground. Here a terrible half mile of rockslide appears as smooth and even as the treeless slopes that lie on either side of it, where in the summer the wild mountain flowers form a little garden in the wilderness, and where the big grizzly likes to come in the late afternoons to drowse in the sunshine.

The fallen trees that littered the hillside and that in summer form such a drawback to travel in the mountains lost their terror, buried under the heavy blanket that obliterated all traces of their outlines.

Even the tangle of "down timber" that proves so effectual a barrier when the ground is bare was covered up, and travel became possible now where before was no highway.

In the Basin the great balsams struggled unceasingly with the never ending snow. Down below in the valley the thaw that usually follows each snowfall would enable the trees to shake off much of their burden of snow, but up here on the summit, and with the constant fresh falls, the trees were loaded down almost to the breaking point. Now and again a wind would strip off part of their burden, but always the fresh snow was adding to it, so that the branches were dragged and weighed down out of all semblance to their shape.

No glades now, a riot with their flowers—only the bleakness of the snow-bound mountains, the gray hopelessness, the utter loneliness of the silent places!

Then with February the clouds drifted away and the weather cleared up. The sun came out, but brought no warmth, and the white moon that ruled the night rode pitilessly across the frozen sky. With the tremendous depth of the snowfall and now the weeks-long length of the cold spell came a time of terror and hardships to the people of the hills. To the smaller carnivora even the rigours of an exceptionally hard winter seem to impose no added strain. Only now the snow remained unbroken by the tracks of marten and weasel. They did not run, cov-

ering the snow with the records of their wandering miles as they had done earlier in the winter.

Instead, secure under the great white blanket that kept the earth loose and unfrozen, they lived in a world of their own. Among the tangle of fallen trees that are everywhere in the mountains they hunted and kept warm in the subterranean tunnels and runways that the snow and the logs had made for them. Here the mice burrowed and slept, and here, where there was feed aplenty came the smaller hunters, living and keeping in good condition and making their kills in a grotesque world of snow caverns and snow tunnels, safe from the prowling eyes that watched the hopeless snows in search of them.

But from the others, the larger meat eaters, denied this world beneath the snow by reason of their size, the severeness of the winter demanded its remorseless toll. The yielding cold (cold so bitter, so intense, so pitilessly penetrating that one wondered if ever the world could be warm again) and the depth of the snow could only be overcome at the cost of the vitality that it was so easy to lose, and so hard now to replace.

The winter trails, the grim winter trails are an epic in themselves. To each, to hunter and to hunted comes this stern annual test that decides if they are to go on through the halcyon summer and reproduce their kind or whether they are to die, unnoted and unremembered in some corner of the lonely mountains, unable to overcome the conditions that have proved them unfitted.

An off year with the rabbits, now hardly a track upon the snow betrayed the presence of one that had come through the sickness of the summer, to go skipping through the thickets, ghost-like, tantalising, elusive, a red-blooded, firm fleshed morsel that could be tossed as a sop for a few short hours to the insatiable gods of hunger.

Around the evergreen thickets or lifeless, leafless alder swales, or through the shadows of the timber

now and again a big lynx would patiently patrol his hopeless route. The wandering erratic tracks are pitifully eloquent of the patience with which the big cat has hunted in all likely and unlikely places, covering the miles with the same steady determination that is usually so successful. Pity for the big cat one must feel, and admiration for his dogged hopefulness, with nothing in his stomach except a little acid pine needles to help stay that awful endless hunger. One can imagine him growing thinner and weaker as the days pass, each with their miles—but never the bloodstained snow to tell of the game surprised and the hurriedly bolted meal, crouching in the snow and growling, savage-eyed, at the shadows.

Warned in advance in some occult manner the caribou had deserted their usual range, drifting southwards before the storms, grayish white, shadow-like, surrounded by the steam from their breath and bodies; and the trail that they had broken was long since filled up with fresh snow.

Down below in the valley, sheltered in the side hill benches, the white tailed deer were forced to yard up and here, confined in a prison of their own making they suffered terribly from the big cougars that hunger and cold and the snow had sent slouching down from the uplands.

Late one afternoon a huge dog wolf emerged from the timber that fringes the Big Slide. It was over a week since he had tasted food more satisfying than an occasional mouse, and now, gaunt and lean and ravenously hungry he started to follow up the course of the slide. Below the Twin Dogs' Teeth, where the wind wails and sobs through from the valley on the other side he lifted up his voice in the mournful eerie wolf call that is the rallying cry of the pack. From afar down the hillside he received an answer, and later was joined by a female wolf, his mate of the season before. At odd intervals the big dog sent his terrible

blood-curdling summons echoing through the silent hills, the invitation for the pack to assemble. During the night the four cubs of the spring heard the call and answered it, each one from their own barren trails that had led to nothing but starvation. Two other wolves, ranging over from their usual hunting grounds driven far afield by their terrible necessity also responded, and morning found the wolf pack assembled and miles away from their rallying point.

Never as abundant as is believed, yet by their very potency, the deadly accuracy of their killing, their insatiable blood lust when the occasion offers, their strength and endurance, the wolves of the mountains command respect and attention.

All spring and summer and fall their trails are as harmless as the bear's, for small game is abundant and Life demands no heavy payment for any favours that she may give. Grubs and beetles, mice, birds, gophers, rabbits, the small fare of the mountains all play their part in the wolf diet. Even the wild berries are eaten eagerly, especially the red haws of the wild rose.

But with mid-winter, with its snow and hunger, the trails that have run singly unite into the pack that becomes strong enough to tackle the larger game, even the caribou bands with their great legs and splendid horns. This latter is usually only as a last resort, though, and is only adopted when other means fail.

With the big dog that had assembled them in the lead the pack travelled southwards all that night, apparently as tireless as though they were full fed and rested.

For a few hours in the morning they snatched what little sleep the cold and their hunger would allow them, and then, in the gray bitterness of the late afternoon they continued on their way. So, till they struck the end of the range that radiated like the points of a star with the Sphinx as the centre. Here, at the end of the arm the pack dropped down into the valley, meeting with no success nor finding, for that matter any tangible signs of the game that

they were after. Among the willows and alders that fringed the creek they broke their formation, each hunting on their own account to try and snap up a rabbit, assembling again as the dusk deepened. One or two had managed to stay their hunger for a brief hour or so, but the country had proved hopelessly empty of life.

So they worked back towards their starting point, ascending the hillside and following the ridge on the opposite side of the valley. Once they crossed the trail of an old bull caribou travelling by himself, but the tracks were so old, so filled with snow that it seemed hopeless to follow them.

Towards morning it grew warmer. The sky clouded up and then it began to snow again. With the coming of the daylight the pack continued on their way, for food now was of more importance than sleep.

And then, a few short miles of valley separating them from their starting point the pack ran onto the tracks that they had covered so many miles to find.

Some time before the snow had started a bunch of black tailed deer, some fourteen or fifteen strong had come up out of the valley into the range, and now were headed towards the Sphinx. The great scar through the snow that marked their passing was already drifting full with the flurry of flakes of the new fall, but the pack took up the trail with new-born eagerness. Somewhere at the other end of the trail were the deer that had broken it, unaware of their peril, perhaps still travelling, perhaps resting up till the snow should have ceased—the snow that could not come fast enough now to blot out the record of their passage, to save them from the danger, avidly eager, white toothed, blood crazy, that eat up the miles between them.

An hour passed, an hour of grim pursuit with the game not yet in sight, nor their trail any fresher. Only the silence of the forest, the unending snow of valley and hollow and ridge, with ever the great trees, moss grown, snow burdened, marching on endlessly up hill and down

again—and eight gray silent shapes that slipped noiselessly among the tree trunks with heaving sides and red tongues protruding, slaves to the master-hunger.

The miles slipped by before their flying feet, a mile, another mile, and then suddenly the gaunt leader put his nose down to the snow—and then, terrible, eerie, ghastly, the hunting cry of the pack echoed and re-echoed among the silent hills. A bare hundred yards and they came to the beds that the deer had used for a few hours and then vacated, their trail fresh now, new-broken, eloquent of firm flesh and red blood steaming hot!

Another hundred yards and the timber broke up abruptly into scattered clumps of trees that dotted the open hillside below the summit.

Oh, big buck at the head of the band, you rested too long in the timber, dallying till the storm passed when you should have travelled with all speed that the snow that the gray North wind is bringing might have wiped out the record of your passing! Too late now, the snow, even though you seek shelter from the wind among the trees of the Basin!

The sheer gap of the pass loomed ahead, opened up, passed behind the speeding pack. The ground sloped away under their feet as they descended into the Basin, the fresh newly broken meat trail pointing straight as an arrow.

A sudden cloud of breath-steam, of snow sent flurry by flying bodies and the blacktail band broke cover from among the tress. And like a cyclone the wolf pack was in their midst, merciless, pitiless, driven mad with the lust of blood and slaughter.

Here, both his hamstrings cut, the big buck that had led the way into the Basin sunk onto his haunches, to roll over with a great sighing sob as the leader of the pack found his heart with one great snap, snap of those terrible white teeth. There a yearling doe, big-eyed, frightened, separated from the rest of the band set up a wild snorting of fear and surprise at the gray forms that sud-

denly surrounded her, to go slithering down into the snow as a slim male wolf, his eyes alight with madness leapt in and out again and left her lying there, all her throat torn out in that one second's space.

Here a single deer slipping away unseen, here another, a big buck, making a vain attempt to beat off the attack, rearing up on his hind legs, snorting with the lust of battle and trying to beat his attackers into the snow with his fore feet; there a couple of wolves madly tearing great

chunks of quivering meat from a crippled animal that still lived and that struggled unavailingly to rise to its feet—a scene of slaughter, of carnage, of excitement indescribable.

The fresh snow will cover the blood stained trampled killing ground. The Chinook wind and the rain will usher in the spring—and the sun and the summer will bring back the flowers that riot through the glades among the trees.



H.R.H. The Prince of Wales at Cameron's Falls. The end of his canoe trip on the Nipigon.
—Courtesy of Canadian National Railways.



SOME said that he had a splash of white on his stomach—others said it was snow gathered in his fur—also, some said he had a strain of grizzly blood in him, and that was where he got his great size. But every hunter, trapper or lumberjack in the Marbleau country who had seen him agreed that he was mostly cinnamon and mean as his hair was brown; and the dash of super-meanness that put the silver nose on him and gave him his name was the worst kind of blood that could have been mixed. In half-breeds the bad qualities are usually predominant, and Silver Tip was no exception. The bear was known from Windy Lac to the Nipigon's headwaters, and he had committed every crime on the bear calendar from purloining bacon in unguarded cabins to stealing sheep from an embryo rancher down at Gargamon. His taste for mutton had sent the would-be sheep raiser back to the States in disgust and had whetted popular desire for his hide. He was probably the most hated and at the

same time the most feared bear in the Canadian woods. He came down to the Marbleau country in the winter and in the summer he disappeared, where, no one knew. Some said he had got matters mixed in his bear mind and hibernated during the wrong season of the year, at any and all events it was strange that he should persist in roaming abroad during the bitter winter months when other bears slept.

The best bear hunters and trappers in the whole Marbleau country had trailed, chased, and still hunted and been baffled in turn by the wily bear, to say nothing of an army of sportsmen from Ottawa to the Gulf who had come equipped with high power .30 calibre rifles fitted with telescopic sights, and returned still possessing them but no bear hide—at least not the hide they wanted. And not a few there had been who had had narrow escapes from the bear.

So when Pierre Baptiste swore to trail Silver Tip down, he did so with a full realization of what he was swearing to do. But the fiery blood

that ran in Pierre's veins when aroused knew no cooling till justice was done. For Pierre was no bad man, he was a stickler for justice and the trait had often seen him in tight places. Once he had decided that when a certain prowling cougar had stolen into his camp and chewed up a quarter of moose, justice demanded that he rush out in the darkness and shoot the animal, and its screams had dropped a mate from a tree onto Pierre's shoulders. The work the big cat had done with its teeth and claws before Pierre's knife found its throat was responsible for his peculiar twist when shouldering a gun. There were other things, which do not concern our tale. Therefore we come to the winter when Pierre was trapping in the upper Marbleau country on the very edge of the barren lands.

For several mornings Pierre had found the catches in his traps mutilated and torn. Often there would be only the leg of an animal left in a trap where some marauder had feasted on a marten or fox worth many dollars to Pierre. The robber would follow the line of traps unerringly and as its appetite became satisfied would content with merely killing and mauling the trapped animals. There had been a blustering wind for several days that had kept the snow fields moving in ever changing drifts, and Pierre had found the robber's tracks obliterated each morning. Then one night the wind had died and Pierre set forth in the early dawn to run his line.

It was as before, the first traps were robbed of their catch for the marauder's breakfast, the others held mutilated remains. But what sent the hot blood coursing through Pierre's veins were the tracks that followed his line, plainly visible in the undrifted snow. Bear tracks, they were—huge lumbering tracks such as only one bear in the Marbleau country made!

So it was that standing by a trap which flaunted a mass of torn fur that had once been a silky marten and almost brought tears to Pierre's eyes, the outraged trapper swore to

avenge all the crimes of Silver Tip, he would trail the marauder down.

Pierre stood in the snow staring at the trail that switched off the trap line and twisted away toward the north. He was already on the edge of the barren lands, and the bear's trail led up into those desolate snow fields where few men venture and from whence fewer return. But Pierre Baptiste knew not fear. And so with his lips set firmly and a light of determination burning in his eyes he took up the trail of Silver Tip—the sworn Nemesis of that outlaw of the north.

Two hours later Pierre stopped. The last blur of the timber line had melted away behind him and to the north and on all sides stretched interminable snow. Pierre was sweating from his super-exertion and during the momentary rest his clothes froze to board-like stiffness. His legs were dog-weary and even the weight of his rifle seemed tons. But still the bear's trail led on and on into those God-forsaken regions. The trail Pierre's practised eyes read, was new, he must be not far behind the bear.

"Mon Dieu!" muttered Pierre. "Why mus' he come up here so far?" And a strange uneasiness began to take possession of Pierre. But there still burned in his eyes that same light.

"There ees surely a reeson for heem goin' so far," muttered Pierre again, then added determinedly, "but, eet mus be one of us." He gritted his teeth and pushed on, a great mystery in his mind.

After a while Pierre began to lose sense of time. He just plodded doggedly ahead, his eyes glued to the bear's trail. Uneven contours of the snow fields and ice ridges stuck a finger of frosty warning at him. He knew he was getting far, far into the arctic regions. That a bear should wander so far—again he marvelled?

Then Pierre came to an ice hummock which the trail led up and over. On the ridge Pierre halted, then dropped to his knees and stared at something.

Hairs, he saw, that the jagged edge of the ice had pulled from the

bear as he clambered over—but they were white!—white as the snow itself!

And there came to Pierre's mind the stories of the splash of white on Silver Tip's stomach—which some had thought to be snow; but now, Pierre knew that he was following a bear with a strain of polar in him—those white monsters whose home are the regions where no men live but the brown skinned esquimaux. That was where Silver Tip went in the summer, when the south grew too warm for him!

He, Pierre Baptiste, was trailing a bear that knew no boundary of snow and ice—a chill wind began to creep over the snow wastes and Pierre's snowshoes seemed to be tugging to drag him down. But had he not sworn to trail down Silver Tip? True, only the snow and the wind had been witnesses to his swearing, but it could not have been more binding had he sworn before Father Lestel down at Gargammon. Therefore it was that Pierre stumbled on following that never ending gossamer thread that spun a streak of despair over the snow wastes into the dim distance.

It was an hour later and miles farther that Pierre stopped before a huge ice hummock in an uneven stretch of country that he knew must not be far from the great ice sheet of Hudson's Bay. Some instinct prompted Pierre to loosen the mitten on his right hand and gently try the action of his rifle to make sure the cold had not gummed the oil. Then he worked up the ice ridge.

On the top Pierre halted. At first he saw nothing, then, less than an eighth of a mile away, he saw something moving, a lumbering figure plodding over the snow, a figure brown haired and with a Silver Nose—and a splash of white on the belly as though snow-dragged. A smile of grim satisfaction cracked Pierre's frosted features as he slipped off his mitten and raised his rifle to his shoulder.

As Pierre pressed his cheek against the stock of his rifle he thought he saw something out the corner of his

eye that made him turn. He lowered his rifle and scanned the snow fields on all sides. But far as eyes could reach there stretched only the white barrens. The only living thing besides himself was that lumbering ball of brown. Again Pierre raised his rifle. But as his finger touched the trigger he lowered the gun once more. Something, the barest flit of a glimpse, had drawn his attention. But he saw no moving thing other than the bear.

"Eet ees so ver' funny!" muttered Pierre, and prepared to raise his rifle determinedly. Then, on a ridge, and the color of the ice it moved against, Pierre saw something move. One moment Pierre stared, and his keen eyes distinguished the silver fox from its icy background!

With steel-like steadiness Pierre raised his rifle and sighted. A spurt of flame cracked the frosty air and shattered the white silence into a million echoes. The next moment Pierre was stumbling madly across the snow to where a growing red blotch showed clearer than the fox.

The trapper fell to his knees by the dead animal and examined it almost reverently. Fortune of fortunes! There was not even a blemish, the bullet had passed into the brain through the eye. Pierre ran his fingers through the silky fur with the tenderness of a connoisseur.

"Worth two t'ousan' dollaire eet eet ees worth two cents!" cried Pierre almost tearfully.

Then suddenly Pierre sprang to his feet and gazed out across the snow. Silver Tip, alarmed by the shot, was fast lumbering out of range. Pierre raised his rifle and sighted. The bead hovered over the bear's back a moment, then dropped to a spot just back of the huge fore shoulders and steadied.

Then, very deliberately, Pierre lowered the rifle and watched the bear clamber from sight over a snow ridge. He, Pierre Baptiste, had sworn to trail the bear down, and he had, and—Pierre was glad he had not sworn to kill the bear.

The trapper looked at the ball of silver lying at his feet, the fur which

every trapper of the far north sees in his elaysian dreams.

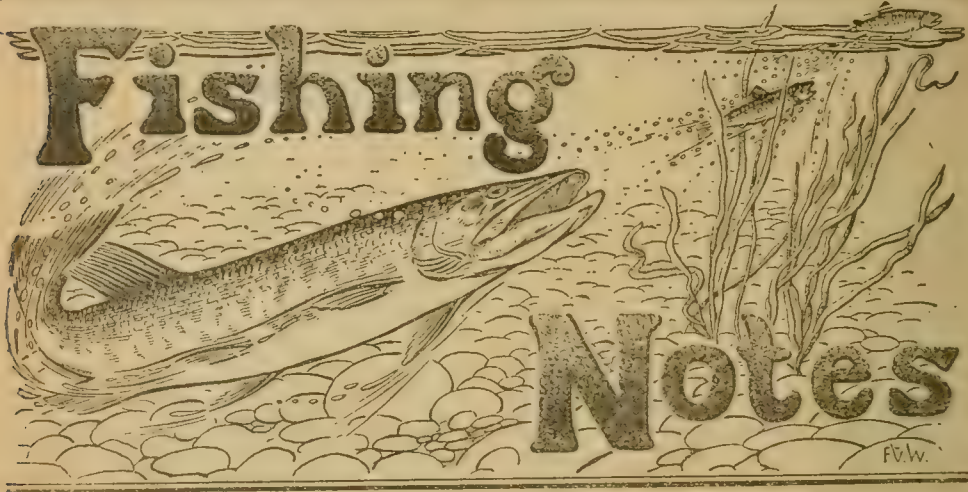
"So," Pierre spoke after the re-treated bear. "Thees ces the reeson you cum so far, to pay your debt!"

Then Pierre looked away toward the south. He no longer felt tired, how could he, with—he dropped to his knees beside the fox.

"All night," he said, "we will travel, by morning we be home!"

Then Pierre's white teeth flashed in a smile as he again looked in the direction in which Silver Tip had disappeared.

"Seelver Teep," he said, "you pay, weeth eenterst!"



The Propagation of the Brook Trout

JOHN W. TITCOMB

Fish Culturist, New York State

FISH culture in the usual sense consists in the conservation of fish eggs which would otherwise be wasted and it is made possible by the knowledge that the process in nature termed fertilization can be improved upon by manipulation. The fertilization of fish eggs may be compared to that of flowers. The eggs are to the fish what seeds are to the plants. The seed of the plant is not complete until it has been united with the pollen. Bees and other insects when in search of honey shake off the pollen and carry it thus from one flower to the other thus bringing it into contact with the seed; or the wind may be the agent. The milt of the fish corresponds to the pollen of the flowers and it is carried to the eggs through the agency of the water after both eggs and milt have been expelled by the parent fish. The fish culturist takes advantage of the know-

ledge by bringing the eggs and milt into direct contact, this effecting almost perfect fertilization before water is applied.

Generally speaking, fish cultural operations may be divided into two classes; *First*, artificial propagation; *second*, pond culture. The discovery that fish eggs could be artificially impregnated by "stripping" both the eggs and the milt from the parent fish was first made in Germany in the year 1758. It is interesting to note that the author of a treatise published in 1851 referring to the discovery, writes; "So occupied were the people of Europe in the art and science of cutting one another's throats that it was lost sight of and was re-discovered in 1840, in a more valuable form by two poor, illiterate French fishermen."

Seth Green, is accredited with being the first man in America to take advantage of artificial propagation, and from this fact he is

generally known as the "father of fish culture" in this country. In the early days of fish culture the eggs were expelled into a span of water and the milt was then added. Under present-day methods the two elements are brought into contact before the water is added, and as a result a very high percentage of fertilization is achieved. The eggs may be taken from fish caught by commercial fishermen, which are destined for market, or they may be taken from fish caught expressly for the purpose of obtaining their eggs. In the latter case the fish may, after the operation, be returned uninjured to the water. After impregnation the eggs are protected by providing the most favorable conditions for hatching, and then, with the trouts and the salmons the various stages of fish rearing follow which we are accustomed to see at different seasons of the year. Owing to the cannibalistic nature of other species artificially propagated and the enormous numbers produced, it is customary to plant them as fry.

Among the fish which have hitherto yielded the most satisfactory results by the methods of artificial propagation are mentioned the various members of the trout family, salmon, whitefish, pike-perch, muscallonge and a number of other fish and also salt water species. On the other hand, small-mouth and large-mouth black bass, calico bass, crappie, bream, catfish and other fishes of similar habits do not submit to the "stripping" process. These species thrive best in warmer water than the trout family, and are ordinarily handled by the so-called pond culture methods. It is in connection with the increased propagation of these varieties that so many amateurs are concerned. As the warm water fishes do not yield to the artificial methods described in the foregoing paragraphs it is fortunate that a very large percentage of the eggs of these species are fertilized when spawning occurs naturally. Additional advantage is gained by the habit of the parent fish in caring for and protecting their young until they are free swimmers. The cultivation of these fishes, therefore, consists in providing ponds which shall give to the maximum number of breeding fish and their young all the essential conditions of a natural environment, while at the same time protecting them from their enemies and holding them under control. The breeding of fish in artificial ponds, dates back to the luxurious days of ancient Rome. China for many centuries has propagated fish in ponds

and as far back as 1611 shipped goldfish to Europe. Many improvements have been made over the methods of pond culture conducted in those days when the ponds were stocked by the transfer of eggs from other waters, or perhaps by the transfer of fishes. It is important to state that the young of the black bass and other nest building fishes cannot be confined in the troughs or small ponds used for trout rearing and will not accept artificial food. They depend for sustenance upon minute forms of animal life and upon one another. At a very tender age they develop cannibalistic tendencies and when larger numbers are confined in artificial ponds even where there is an abundance of natural food, they may reduce their own numbers 60 to 80 per cent within a month or six weeks from the time of hatching. Not even with a judicious selection of a profuse growth of aquatic vegetation, which, besides providing a refuge from one another, produces directly or indirectly the small crustaceans and other minute forms of animal life upon which the young bass feed, is the fish culturist able to prevent a large loss by cannibalism.)

There are some variations in the methods of spawn-taking according to species but in general the operation consists in expelling the eggs by a gentle pressure of the thumb and forefinger along the walls of the abdomen, the strokes being continued until all the ripe eggs have been secured. The fish is usually grasped near the head and to hold it firmly may be pressed against the body of the spawntaker. The receptacle into which the eggs are expelled is usually a 6-quart milk-pan which has been dipped into the water and then emptied, thus leaving it slightly moist. The milt is obtained by the same process as the eggs and applied to the latter in the pan used to receive them from the fish.

Heavy eggs, such as those of the trout, are incubated in wire-bottom trays set in troughs of running water. The mesh of the wire is of a size to suit the size of egg and to permit the young fish, as they hatch, to drop through into the trough. The troughs are usually plain open boxes varying in length from 12 to 16 feet and in depth from 4 to 12 inches, to suit conditions. An arbitrary width of 14 inches, inside measure, has been adopted, uniformity in width being desirable for economy in interior equipment. For brook trout eggs (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) one often depends upon commercial trout raisers, eyed eggs being obtained from them at lower cost

than it is possible to collect from wild fish at most places or from brood fish maintained only for their eggs. The eggs are annually purchased from four to six dealers. For the purpose of making a just comparison as to quality and final cost of fish produced from each purchased lot of eggs received from such, each dealer is accounted for until their product is ready for distribution. Eggs also are obtained from trout inhabiting natural lakes or artificial lakes on private preserves. During September and October, principally, and continuing into November, the fish ascend the streams in large schools on each rise of water. The fish culturist has only to provide suitable racks and traps in anticipation of the period of migration, constructing them in the streams that have been dammed to make the lakes. The fish are dipped from the trap into adjacent pens above the rack, the pens being kept covered to guard against the escape of the fish in case of a possible flood. A field station of this character is sometimes managed by one man, who constructs the trap, rack, and pens, cares for and strips the fish, and then cares for the eggs, which are incubated until "eyed," then are packed and shipped to the central station. After the fish have been manipulated for their eggs and milt they are returned to the water with but a trivial loss, if any at all. Thus some clubs and individuals annually replenish their stock of fish by the maintenance of hatcheries in connection with their ponds.

The scope of this article is to show how individuals may comply with the law and stock their waters at a minimum expense by procuring the eggs of trout which can be bought at a low figure, and hatching them on their own premises. It is hoped also that some may be interested in stocking public waters and to all such Fish Commissions should furnish eggs free of charge. Fry delivered in the months of April and May in small lots cost at the rate of \$2.50 to \$3.00 per thousand at commercial hatcheries. The fish are either shipped by express in patent cans or sent in ordinary cans accompanied by a messenger. Thus ten thousand (10,000) fry at three dollars per thousand will amount to thirty dollars. Add the expressage to this and you have something like five dollars. Added up this is an expense to you of thirty-five dollars. If a messenger accompanies the fish (which is the customary method), add \$2.50 per day for his services; add his car-fare and subsistence *en route* and the bill will be at least twelve dollars more. The cost of the fry will then amount to from thirty-five to

fifty dollars delivered at the railroad station. In the above we give an instance. As to whether you pay more or less depends wholly upon what part of the country you happen to be in.

Eggs can be bought for fifty cents per thousand and expressage. Estimating the expressage at \$1.50 and the total cost of \$10,000 eggs is \$6.50. In large lots, eggs sold as low as thirty five cents per thousand one season. In the case of the United States Fish Commission it is possible to obtain the eggs free of cost, in which case the only expense would be the expressage. At the lowest estimate on the cost of 10,000 fry and the highest estimate on eggs, there is a balance of twenty-three dollars and fifty cents in favor of the eggs. The eggs must now be hatched which means that you must equip yourself with a miniature hatchery and then give the eggs care and attention a short time daily for two or three months. Two advantages of purchasing eggs, aside from the financial question are that the product can be planted at your leisure, a few at a time and the fish will be fresh and strong. The cost of fingerlings is so much greater than that of fry that I have not brought them into my comparison with fry and eggs, although the results obtained by planting them are most satisfactory.

In this article I shall only give the details for procuring and hatching trout eggs, receiving the eggs in the form of "eyed ova" and are ready to be fed or to be planted.

The subject of rearing to fingerlings belongs to another chapter, when the fish require more water, more critical care and at a season when farm work demands more attention. It will be touched upon only in brief.

II.

THE WATER SUPPLY.

This is the most important question to be considered both as to quantity and quality. If a hatchery is to be constructed the water supply is the first consideration and the location of the hatchery is dependent upon it. As this article contemplates the necessity for only a small floor space to hatch enough fish to stock one stream or a portion of it, room for the hatchery may be found in the barn, barn cellar, cellar of house or some other available space protected from the inclemency of the weather. Assuming that there is floor space somewhere about your buildings can you run your present water supply into it and have you sufficient flow of water to spare some of it for fish cultural purposes? A

consideration of the following requisites will enable you to decide: *First*, the supply may be from a spring, a brook, a pond or a lake. Fish culturists differ as to which is preferable, but conditions vary in different localities and climates. In Vermont, very few brooks are free from sediment at all seasons. Springs, if tapped at their sources are practically free from sediment. That is, it must not become roily during the frequent thaws in winter or the heavy rains of springtime. *Second*, it should be of an even temperature throughout the period of incubation. This last is not essential, but preferable. In New England the normal temperature of spring water at the sources of springs is 46 to 48 degrees and does not vary from that amount summer or winter more than five degrees. If allowed to flow along the surface until it forms into a brook, the temperature will of course be reduced in winter and raised in summer, but will be comparatively even. Trout eggs can be hatched in any temperature of spring water or in a temperature varying from 33 to 50 degrees Fahrenheit. I prefer a temperature of from 33 to 44 degrees during the period of incubation, rising to 60 or 65 degrees for the little fishes as warm weather approaches. Ordinarily the water supply for a house and stable is suitable for this work. If a sufficient volume of it can be spared to flow steadily 24 hours a day for every day the hatchery is in operation. A city water supply can usually be regarded as suitable. Trout cannot be hatched successfully unless the eggs have a constant flow of water. It cannot be diverted temporarily for creamery or domestic purposes without danger of weakening or smothering the eggs. The quantity of water depends upon the number of eggs to be hatched or the number of hatching troughs to be used. The minimum amount of water allowable for one trough whether to contain 10,000 eggs or double that number should not be less than two gallons per minute. The simplest way of ascertaining whether there is a sufficient flow of water is to catch the flow in a pail of known measure and see how long it takes to fill the pail. If you have a spring of unknown volume put in a temporary spout with earth packed around the intake end long enough to conduct the water to a point where it can be caught and measured. Do not attempt to run the smallest hatchery on less than two gallons of water per minute.

It may be best to construct a small building for a hatchery near the source of supply and

save piping the water. For an isolated building, spring water has several advantages in that it is not liable to freeze either at the intake or in the hatchery and that artificial heat for the hatchery is unnecessary except for personal comfort in working over the troughs. There is one disadvantage in using spring water; the fry may develop so rapidly that they will be ready for distribution before the waters to be stocked are free from freshets. Brook water, a considerable distance from the springs which are its source may give trouble by freezing at the intake or still more in the troughs unless the hatchery is artificially heated. Water from lakes and ponds if taken several feet below the surface gives an even and favorable temperature for hatching eggs slowly. Do not take water from a bog or stagnant pond. Eggs and fry need air which is taken through the medium of clear, sparkling water.

The water may be conducted in pipes of lead, iron or wood, the same as used in conducting water to your house for domestic purposes. It is preferable to use pipe two or three times larger than is absolutely necessary to give the requisite volume of water and the following statement may be used as a guide as to the size of pipe required:—"A straight cylindrical pipe, one inch in diameter, inclined one foot in ten will convey about eleven gallons of water per minute. The same pipe with an inclination of one foot in twenty will convey eight gallons per minute; with an inclination of one in fifty, five gallons per minute; with an inclination of one in one thousand one gallon per minute. A two inch pipe will convey about five and one half times as much water as a one-inch pipe; a three-inch pipe nearly fifteen times as much." Angles or bends in the pipe will materially reduce the capacity. A square conduit made of boards or planks well jointed ~~does~~ as well as anything else to conduct water, and if spring water it may be laid on the surface of the ground, reducing the temperature slightly to its advantage. A perforated zinc or copper strainer with much more surface than the size of the conduit is preferable for the intake but an ordinary packing box perforated with small holes and connected with the conduit will do. Any spring should be thoroughly cleaned before each hatching season. It should be covered sufficiently to exclude falling leaves and debris of any kind. The intake should be examined occasionally to guard against its becoming clogged.

While not essential it is desirable to have

the hatching room well lighted to avoid the necessity of using artificial light in working over the eggs or fry. No artificial heat is necessary in a hatchery supplied with spring water but if the water gets below 36 degrees in temperature artificial heat may be necessary

one additional trough against the walls on each side.

Figure 1 shows the arrangement of troughs in pairs side by side. Figure 2 shows how the troughs could be arranged so that the second trough would utilize the same water as

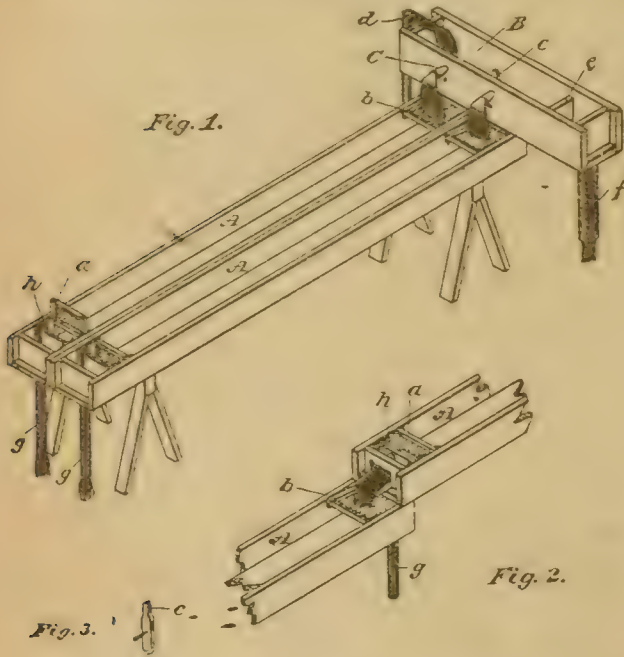


Figure 1. A A, Hatching troughs. B, Supply trough. C, Spigot. a, Tail screen. b, Aerating screen. c, Water gate. d, Supply pipe. e, Surplus water overflow. f, Waste pipe water trough. g g, Waste pipe to hatching troughs. h, Slash board.

Figure 2. Sections of troughs, A A, set tandem.

Figure 3. Water gate.

to prevent its freezing over the surface in the troughs. There is no objection to artificial heat so far as the eggs are concerned.

In selecting a site for a hatchery, place it far enough from the intake to secure a fall of five or more feet to the floor of the building. The object of this is to raise the troughs about two feet from the floor for convenience in working over them. Bear in mind the heavy snows of winter and high waters, that the building may not be inundated.

III.

THE HATCHERY BUILDING.

A simple house may be built at small expense with a plain shed roof. Use rough boards and cover joints with 3 inch by 1 inch battens. A suitable building paper will of course make it less susceptible to changes of the weather. The roof should be made water tight. There should be a drain underneath the building to conduct the water from the waste pipes. The outside should be well drained around the bottom. A building 16 ft. by 9 ft. will accommodate a pair of troughs 12 ft. long placed side by side in the center and

pine. The man who is experimenting with a home made plant can use matched spruce and nail the bottom of the trough cross wise. It will not make so smooth a working surface inside but it will serve the purpose if a water tight box is secured.

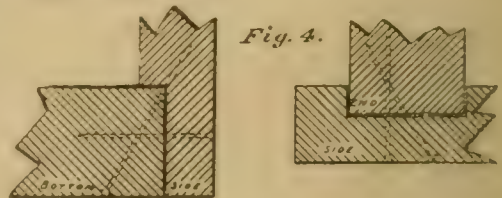


Fig. 4.

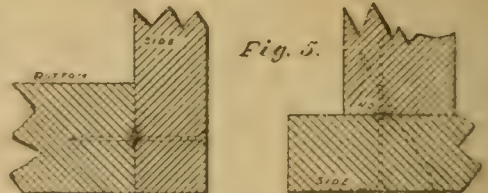


Fig. 5.

At the prevailing prices for good pine or cypress lumber, he who would buy his troughs or have them made may find it economy to go to a manufacturer of maple sugar evaporators

and sap tanks and order galvanized sheet iron troughs of dimensions herein specified. One great advantage of these is that they are sure to be water-tight, an important consideration if to be set up where it is desirable to keep the floor dry. If sheet iron troughs are adopted, ears of the same material may be soldered to sides where saw kerfs or cleats have been suggested for the wooden trough.

Make two screens like Figure 8, thirteen and three-fourths inches by the depth of the trough inside. If the trough is 8 inches deep inside, make the frames of the screens 8

the alevins under the screen. If you wedge the screen on the back side as shown in Figure 6, at AA, pressing it firmly down at the same time, you will ensure secure a tight fit in the trough. The object of the aerating screen is to spread and aerate the water and break its fall on to the fish in the trough. It also acts as a cover for that portion of the trough where it is placed. Make the hatching trays, Figure 7, thirteen and one-half inches wide and 18 inches long, outside measure. (The length of the trays may be governed by the length of the troughs

Figure 6. Section of hatching trough, showing method of wedging a hatching tray and tail screen in place.

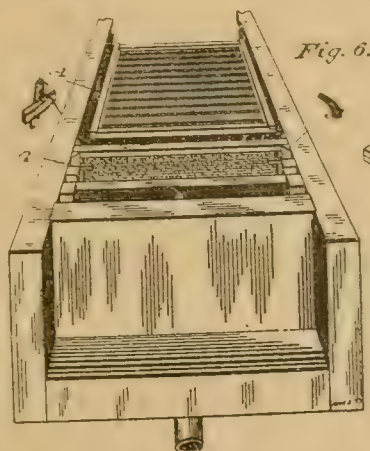


Fig. 6.

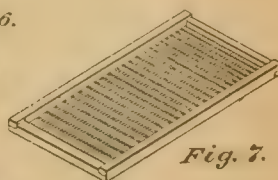


Fig. 7.

Figure 7. Hatching tray.

Figure 8. Tail and aerating screens.

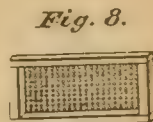


Fig. 8.

inches by thirteen and three-fourths inches outside measure. For the upright pieces of frames, use 1 inch square stock and for the top and bottom pieces use five eighths inch by one inch stock, nailing the thin sides of the top and bottom pieces to the end pieces as shown in Figure 8. Cover the frames with No. 9 zinc, perforated with holes, 3/24 to the square inch., 033 diameter. A frame thirteen and three-fourths by 8 inches requires a piece of perforated zinc seven and one-half inches by twelve and three-fourths inches. While the perforated metal is more expensive than wire cloth it is far more durable and is more easily cleaned. If, on account of expense, wire cloth is to be used for these two screens get material described as "24 by 24, number 24 galvanized wire cloth."

For equipping a large hatchery it would be best to obtain for the aeration screens a metal with coarser perforations than for the tail screen, but in fitting up only a few troughs it will be cheaper to make the two screens alike. To the one used as a tail screen, tack two thicknesses of flannel or several thicknesses of cotton cloth on the edge which comes in contact with the bottom of the trough. This assures against the escape of

and with a view to economy in space.) Use for the sides, seven eighths inch by seven eighths inch and for ends, five eighths inch by seven eighths inch. Mortise together as shown in Figure 7. Cover with "galvanized wire cloth, 2x9 mesh. No. 24-23 double warp." For a tray thirteen and one half by 18, cut the cloth 13 by seventeen and one half.

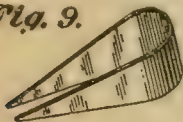
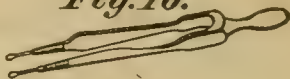
The wire cloth may be purchased through your local hardware dealer. He will be glad to secure prices for you from various sources. In ordering perforated metal, give the size of pieces required, in order that the stock sent you can be cut economically. Use three oz. copper tacks to fasten perforated metal or wire cloth on to the frames. If not easily obtainable use three oz. tinned carpet tacks. Most all of the stock required in making trays and other equipment can be gotten out of the waste lumber from the troughs.

Paint troughs inside and all trays and other equipment which comes in contact with the water with two coats of turpentine asphaltum paint. The outsides of the troughs may be painted with turpentine asphaltum or with lead paint.

Having equipped a hatchery with a con-

stant and suitable water supply you are ready for the eggs but there are some hatchery tools which will be convenient, most of which you can make yourself. Figures 9 and 10 show two forms of egg pickers with which to pick out dead eggs. Figure 9 is made by taking a piece of galvanized sheet iron about 22 gauge and cutting it into a strip about 12 inches long, one to one and one half inches wide at the centre and tapering to about one-eighth inch wide at each end. Bring the two ends together as shown in the figure. Figure 10 is a more elaborate form of a picker made by

45 to 75c per yard, 54 inches wide. The side of the wire frame opposite the handle should first be covered with some coarse material to which the bobbinet can be fastened. This is because the bobbinet would wear out too quickly if sewed directly to the bottom of the frame. The triangular net, Figure 12, is much smaller than the other and does not require so heavy a wire frame, either 4 or 5 inches to a side is a good dimension to follow. Otherwise it is made by the same method as the larger one. It is well to paint the wire before covering it to prevent rusting. Figure

Fig. 9.*Fig. 10.*

Figures 9 and 10, Egg Pickers.

Fig. 12.

Figures 11 and 12, Scarf Nets.

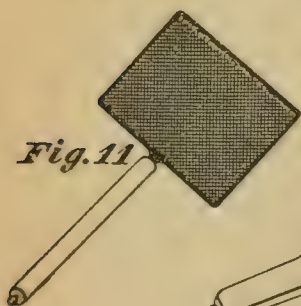
Fig. 11.

Figure 13, Feather Brush.

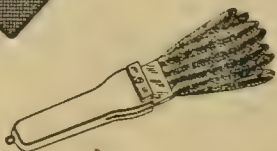
Fig. 13.

Figure 14, Side view of Spigot.

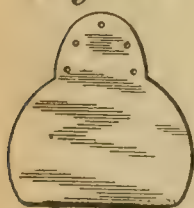
Fig. 16.*Fig. 14.**Fig. 15.*

Figure 15, End view of Spigot.

Figure 16, Tin Hood for Spigot.

Fig. 17.

Figure 17, Wedge.

cutting the tweezers out of a solid piece of clear pine about six inches or seven inches long and attaching to them some fine wires with rings at the ends about one eighth of an inch in diameter. A more simple picker can be cut out by trimming down a clothes pin or cutting plain wooden tweezers out of a piece of pine. Nearly every fish culturist makes a picker to suit himself.

Figures 11 and 12 are scarf nets used for picking up eggs or fry and for cleaning troughs, etc. The rectangular net should be about 10 inches wide by 9 or 10 inches deep. It is made by bending a wire into the form shown fastening the wire to a light handle and covering with mosquito netting or bobbinet. The bobbinet is preferable and costs from

13 shows a feather brush made by slitting the end of a piece of wood with a fine saw, inserting tail feathers of a crow. A rectangular pan 14 in. by 20 in. and four inches deep, bound at the edge with wire is a very handy implement in transferring eggs from packing trays to hatching trays and in many other ways. The sides and one end of the pan are to be perpendicular to the bottom the other end flares like the side of an ordinary milk-pan. The ordinary No. 2 bench brush, more commonly called in the kitchen a dust brush, and a palmetto scrub brush are convenient tools which can be purchased at the stores. The spigot, Figures 14, 15 and 16, is made as follows. Make a round plug of clear pine, and two and one-half inches in diameter at

one end and tapering to one and three-fourths inches at the other, six inches long. Bore an inch hole through it horizontally. Notch as shown in Figure 14. Cut a piece of tin into the form shown in Figure 16, the upper portion to fit the end of the spigot as notched, the lower edge about four inches wide. The tin is tacked to the end of the plug, producing the effect shown at C, Figure 1. The tin hood can be bent forward or back to direct the flow of the water on to the centre of the aeration screen. A wooden cider spigot with an inch hole would serve the same purpose. If one is willing to go to a little more expense, a one-inch molasses spigot is an improvement over the homemade wooden one herein specified. If troughs are made of galvanized iron, metal spigots in the supply trough would be almost a necessity.

Figure 17 shows a wedge. Make it out of one half inch square stock or dimensions approaching that size and from 4 to 5 inches long. You will need two wedges for the tail screen, two for the slash board and two for the hatching tray. The method of wedging the

hatching tray so as to hold it in place above the bottom of the trough is shown in Figure 6, A. By this method the tray can be suspended at any height in the trough and is used most frequently where roily water is encountered. As water has been selected which is not going to be roily, I will describe another method of setting the hatching trays in the trough. Drive two 4d wire finish nails into the opposite corners of one end of the tray and two 6d nails into the opposite corners at the other end. Drive them in just enough to be firm and so that all four legs thus made will rest firmly on the bottom of the trough. When the tray is set in the trough, put the shorter legs towards the head of it and wedge the tray firmly into place on one or both sides. All these preparations should be made before the eggs are received. I have written quite a detail to prepare you for the reception of the eggs for it is these details which must be looked after in fish hatching and much more might, of course, be said.

(Concluded in January number.)



Emma Brown, twelve years old, and her two hour catch at Penantan Lake, near Kamloops, B. C.

(1) the preservation of rivers, lakes, harbors, estuaries and shore waters in a normally pure condition; (2) the prohibition of methods and seasons of fishing which have proved too destructive or clearly would prove to be so; and and (3.) the destruction of such creatures as prey upon food fishes, and the encouragement and growth of plants and animals which serve them for food. The first of these aids to fish culture has as yet scarcely been attempted. Every town befouls the neighboring stream with sewerage and with the refuse products of manufactories.—W. N. Lockington.

A river may be quickly emptied of the fish which visit it periodically such as salmon and shad by overfishing in the spawning season as well as by dams which cut off the fish from their spawning grounds and by the sawdust and refuse from mills; numerous rivers in America and Europe might be named in which this has occurred. But it is now equally as well known that such destruction of valuable property can easily be prevented, first by wisely restraining the capture of the fish, and their destruction by refuse in the water, and second by cultivation and the placing of fishways in the streams.

Fish culture in its broadest sense consists not only in the art of fish breeding but includes

Viscount Grey

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

THE appointment of Viscount Grey as the temporary representative of Great Britain to the United States while an ambassador is being selected is bound to awaken some interest amongst the anglers of this continent mainly through the fact that this notable Briton is a true Waltonian and ranks very high as an exponent of the gentle art of angling. The present writer does not care to judge a man in this instance by his political affiliations nor by his state record, but rather to esteem the man for what angling has meant to him and what effect it has had upon his character. We are wont to align the most honorable of men with anglers of the world and we rarely find a man in those ranks who has not some pure ideal which actuates his best thought and impels him to give his worthiest to the cause of humanity. There are always mistakes made it is true,—but then life is at best a mass of complications: we have to make the best of circumstances and conditions as they are. It is well for the true Waltonian to keep a-breast of the times and not to reject a plan of life without sound reasoning and deliberation. I believe that Viscount Grey is a thinking man: one in whom a certain trust is reposed. But, as I say, I judge the man not in the very least by anything he has ever done politically: what positions he has held. I thrust all that aside and judge him as an angler. What a man says as an angler amounts to what a man is worth in this world.

And so we judge Grey as an angler. He is known to fishermen who otherwise have not heard of the man's political record extending over so many years. His book "Fly Fishing" tells you all about trout and salmon fishing, it is finely illustrated by Rackham, has colored plates of the most desirable of flies to use and is said to have gone through four editions. In the foreword to this book he says:

"I cherish a belief that I am entitled to rank high amongst those whose reputation as anglers is measured, not by skill but by their devotion to angling, and by the delight that they have in it. A chief object of this little book will be to express some of this pleasure, to explain some of its qualities and virtues, and to say how it is that we who are anglers congratulate ourselves upon having one of the best and most wonderful recreations that have ever been known to man."

Grey looks upon Walton as the Supreme High Apostle of the Brotherhood of Anglers. He delights in Walton and has tried to fashion his life after him. He has obtained from him comfort and broadmindedness. "With the exception of Gilbert White's 'Selborne,'" writes Grey, "I know of no book in which it is so easy for a tired mind to find refuge and repose as in the 'Complete Angler.'"

Grey is a devoted admirer of Charles Kingsley, the novelist, who was also a devoted angler. He writes;

— "There is an onset of enthusiasm in such a piece as 'Chalk Stream Studies,' which must stimulate the keenness of any angler, and Kingsley has a good store of knowledge of plants, weeds, birds, and all the life about a river. Who would not have kindled at the thought of a day's fishing with Kingsley? Who would not have been the better for it? Walton feels that all he has to tell us is visibly leading to some new discovery which any man with a good will may hope to make in a lifetime. In Kingsley's time, and still more now this delicious sense of impending discovery is gone, fish and flies are classified and indexed. We may still argue some points such as the number of different species of salmonidae or whether fish have a keen sense of color, but we know enough to be dogmatic and to make even things which are still uncertain appear not to be open questions."

The later-day school of anglers do not believe in the above to the extent that all angling lures and flies have been thought out and are now a common thing. The field, as Charles Van Horn tells me quite frankly, has scarcely been touched. We shall in the future give some ideas along that line that will prove this conclusively.

The joys and gains afforded through angling, Grey holds are many and one should approach the recreation in a right mood. He says:

"If we are to enter into the moods of Nature we must bring with us some vigor and elasticity of spirit. A feeble mind looking upon fair scenes with a languid eye will not feel the joy of them, and it is with Nature as with friendship—we cannot take all and bring nothing. On the other hand, work, if it be of an interesting sort and not crushing in amount is a fine preparation for the country."

Such work is stimulating and when we make our escape we do it with faculties erect and active, with every sense alert and eager for sights and sounds and all joys, which are not to be met with in cities. These we bring with us such an uprising of the spirit that we seem to be fit companions for Nature even in her finest and best days in spring."

Viscount Grey is a world-wide known statesman and has been highly spoken of by some of the most brilliant of men. Perhaps the greatest compliment paid him was that spoken by Gladstone when he said of Grey: "I never knew in any man such aptitude for political life and such disinclination for it." When Gladstone said that Grey was yet a young man and was making ready for his career. Viscount Grey has never gone in search of positions. They have come to him and he has filled them with marked merit. Grey has never shown out on the platform as an orator: he is quiet and unassuming. When the European world was at the brink of warfare and hostilities gave evidence of brewing Viscount Grey was at the head of the British foreign office. The thought of war-fare, of the world plunged into a mad whirlpool of blood and carnage was something from which he turned in dread. His had been the ways of peace. Like all anglers he had learned the futility of warfare, and modern warfare least of all as a means to any end worthy of sanction. He knew that wars meant the complete overturning of Nature's laws, for in modern wars the pick of the lands are marshalled out to be shot and murdered while the unfit are left at home to propagate. This fact he had learned by the study of Nature.

He knew that it is Nature's law that the weak and unfit fall first and the strong survive for the betterment of the race. When the world was torn with cries for early war and the patrioteers were busy Grey, kept a cool head and with all his might and main sought to bring about a peaceful settlement. But such a condition was impossible. Europe was boiling. The mad were set on making the world abide by their dictates. Says a contemporary:

"No man clothed with official responsibility ever labored harder to avert war than did Viscount Grey. But Germany's mad ambition was settled, unreasoning and arrogant in the extreme. Full preparations for the conquest of Belgium and France had been most deliberately planned in all its details, and that was but an initial step in the German scheme of conquest. No German official or militarist of note questioned her ability to put the program through and they were not to be denied the glorious day they had so long planned. Viscount Grey did his best and failed. The war had been decreed at Potsdam, and the war came. To read the record of those few days of struggle to avert a world disaster is to form a very high estimate of the moral integrity as well as high patriotism of the man who comes to Washington to begin the responsible work of representing one of the very greatest world powers in the labor of international reconstruction. No man could possibly have been chosen whose genius for cementing the international sentiment which just now seems to mean so much to the world could inspire greater confidence on both sides of the ocean."

A Pernicious Practice

A clipping from a Hamilton, Ontario, paper reads as follows:

WOULD you believe that it is possible for a man to woo, fondle and caress a fish in its native haunts?

No!

Well, if the affidavit of Frank Wall, 148 Park street north, is to be respected, don't make a bet that this is beyond the scope of man's winning ways.

Listen to Frank's tale:

"When one of the Duckworth brothers who are members of the Bay Shore clan, told me he could go up in the marsh and catch pike without the aid of a spear, of course, I laughed at him, but he afterwards convinced

me that he can catch this species of fish with his two naked hands.

"At this season of the year the female of the species is selecting her spawning place, and the jack pike is always near as a protector. Duckworth, in his flat-bottomed boat, paddles slowly and quietly into the spawning quarters, usually in shallow water, and seeing a pike lying lazily in the water, he puts his hand cautiously down, and, with a tickling movement of the fingers, commencing at the tail, plays along the back of the fish with his hand until he reaches the gills, when he takes hold of the fish and lifts it out of the water."

"Yes, I laughed, too, when I was told that this man could catch a fish in the marsh with his hands, but I ceased to laugh when I had the feat demonstrated to me over and over again.

"The Duckworth boys have been around the bay all their lives, and it may be that they are on more friendly terms with the fish than the rest of us. You can tell the world that there is no fiction about their being able to catch pike with the naked hand. And they know much more than most of us about the nature and habits of the furbearing animals and feathered creatures to be found on the bay and in the inlets."

Catching fish by the tickling method is one of the oldest gags in the gentle art. It is immortalized in Shakespeare's line:

"Here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling."

To which a true sportsman replied in the same paper as follows:

To the Editor.

I notice in your issue of even date, a man priding himself in taking pike by hand in the bay during spawning season. This is easy for anyone to accomplish.

I would like to know what kind of sportsman he is who would do things like that? He is not only destroying unclean fish, which are not fit for food (as pike are not fit for food during spawning season), but, on the other hand, he is destroying thousands of other fish by not allowing them to spawn.

In England it is against the law to kill fish during spawning season, and I think the same law should apply here.

However, no true sportsman would be guilty of such unsportsmanlike conduct. At least there is the opinion of yours very truly,

GEO. H. HILL.

Angling Editor's Comment:—The reply is a good one, and well put. The practice of indiscriminately harvesting in spawning fishes by any method or system that will make the wholesale performance a complete success is one that should be put a stop to. Of course we realize that the pike as a game fish is as nothing in comparison with the trout, and we are liable to class it too freely with the rough fishes, hence kill the specie without any thought for its future. That the pike are assailed during the spawning season in whatever part of the continent they happen to be found is only too true. In some places they have decreased to such an extent that measures are being taken to restore them to somewhat near past numbers. It is always

true that the large fishes suffer during the spawning season being hunted out with shot-guns and spears in the hands of thoughtless men and boys. Usually the fish is shot as it lies in the water and then as it turns up, stunned for a moment, it is speared. As the correspondent to the above Ontario paper states, fish taken during the spawning season are of little or no value as a food, and this is especially true of the pikes and the rough fishes, also the trouts. Fish when in the state of milting and casting eggs are truly in an "unclean condition" the same as the salmon. Not knowing of this fact thousands of people consume fish taken in the spawning season, when the flesh is certainly at its worst, and with probably little or no food value to it at all. Because fish are easy to obtain during the spawning season when the hordes are easily speared any number of the populace will go forth to reap the harvest. They spear fish at this season of the year, then hang them up and have pictures taken of them. Usually these photos will be shown around later, and of course those who look upon these photos are told that they were caught on rod and reel. It is always instinct with these clumsy butchers to do this, and place rods and reels and creels around the speared fish so that their pseudo-provess might be caroled later on.

No man with one-eighth of an ounce of sportsmanship in him will spear and murder wholesale the spawning fishes. Be a man out of Nature at least. Let the fishes spawn and so replenish the water before you kill the parents. Abide by the natural laws of Nature, please!

MAN'S CONTROL OVER NATURE

Both the jay-hawk and the man eat chickens but the more jay-hawks the fewer chickens, while the more men the more chickens. Both the seal and the man eat salmon, but when a seal takes a salmon there is a salmon less, and were seals to increase past a certain point salmon must diminish; while by placing the spawn of salmon under certain conditions man can so increase the number of salmon as to more than make up for all he may take, and thus, no matter how much men may increase, their increase need never outrun the supply of salmon.—Henry George.

Food springs not from Agriculture alone and non vegetable food may be multiplied almost without limit by the free agency of man.—Henry George.



DUSK AND EMBER PAPERS

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

THERE is that in the pleasure of angling that is not easily understood. Perhaps this is so because fishing and all that pertains to the art affords such happiness that defies comparison, and whether one be young or whether one be past his prime incapacitated it matters not. The charm of angling is in the blood and will not out. I hope I will be forgiven what some may believe is a mental failing. It is that I look upon all anglers as the chosen of the Lord, if I may make so bold as to say so. This failing has grown with the years. We will say we are given to the law of selection and elimination. We put men through the hopper of our estimation. Some remain true to our calculations, and those we set aside. It may be that we are prejudiced and slip by every angler when no one is looking, and of course one may be forgiven for that, considering the possibilities stored up in every Waltonian.

So long as a man fishes there is hope. He has good nature and a kindly outlook upon life. Financially and intellectually he may be at a shallow margin and nevertheless be wealthy and mentally the possessor of just that knowledge that men, otherwise bent, have spent their whole lives hunting for in the Great Grist Mill and yet have not discovered. Suddenly as one sits angling one day the whole purpose of life will reveal itself in one flash. Of course we who angle know just what that something happens to be, but we refuse to part with our information. And yet anyone who will lay a line to water and will spend a certain number of hours every

year in courting chance upon the good waters will sooner or later discover the very essence of life.

Once a man has angled he will always angle and he will always live in hopes of some superior attainment toward which he is forever instinctively reaching out. I suppose you have all heard the story about the man who grew young while busy at the art of angling. He entered the ranks rather late in life as one would say—commercially; that is, on the walks of trade he had long died the death of the dead whose souls are eaten out in the lust for gain. But he was not too old to angle. And when he was to die he still refused to expire until he had tried out a bit of water which he just knew held the big one he had been after. It is obvious that he was stubborn. He refused to leave us. He ordered his tackle laid out all around him and he had a rod placed in his hand so that he would be ready to start fishing at the word go. He died but has been fishing right along. Men will tell that up there at the Big Pool they can hear him come wading up the shallows and they can see the invisible flies fall to water and they can hear an inarticulate chuckle of delight as he turns up a good one under that submerged bank at the "Twist." It amounts to this; That angler knew perhaps that extreme caution was necessary to obtain any luck along that stream so what was to stop him from becoming invisible so he could better fool the wily ones. Nothing that I can see. Anything, (no matter what you can think of) is possible with one who angles.

The closing assertion in the paragraph above set down I have quite often made use of. I am the originator of it: the sole possessor and founder of it. Men from far and near realize that I have made an original assertion and have been quick to come to me for advice. I have risen on all occasions with alacrity and have guided my disciples right. They have been able to fish even though handicapped. I feel at times though that I am strained for the right answer. I will prove that a man who undertakes to be guardian and adviser to the goodly clan must needs have qualifications out of the ordinary.

I was opening my mail one day when the letter arrived. I opened it. The writer went on to state that she was the sister of a soldier who had returned from over-seas and while in conflict he had incurred total blindness. He had always been a lover of fishing and now wanted me to explain to him how it would be possible to fish now that he was blind. I at once sat down and wrote him a courteous letter wherein I endeavored to inform him that blindness was rather an aid to fishing than a stumbling block. I pointed out that whereas he had been deprived of one of his senses, that being the sense of sight, it was one of Nature's wise provisions that the other senses, as a direct result, become the more active and therefore the more useful. Thus I pointed out that if a man lost one arm the other arm becomes as possessed of the strength of two. Thus if a man were deprived of his eye-sight his sense of touch makes up for what his eyes are incapable of detailing to his mind. Thus being blind and *sans* eye-sight a man's hearing, too, is at the height of its usefulness. Guided over good waters a blind man can cast all day long, thumb the reel better than ever since the sense of touch is now so heightened: and in every way comport himself so as to absolutely deceive the onlooker. At still fishing the blind man is of course in his element. As we all know the bobber to the line is a hindrance rather than an aid. The catch is made two thirds of the time while the fish is nibbling at the lure. The blind man with his intensified sense of touch learns to judge the nibbles so accurately that he rarely pulls up without hooking the fish. It is for that reason I continued that we list amongst the successful anglers of the world a great number of blind men.

"So many anglers," I wrote, "waste their time in aimlessly looking around without paying attention to the matter to hand. The

blind angler however pays strict attention to his fishing, and being in the darkness as regards the sight he is mentally in the broadest daylight and discovers speedily the tricks so many anglers, possessing all the senses, rarely come to understand. I hardly need to state that angling and success are as one with the blind man. He has his hours off that the man possessing his eye-sight can rarely make use of. A blind man is at once the friend of every man. A blind angler is the friend of every man—and woman!"

I dispatched the letter and quite forgot it all but the incident returned again with a rush upon receiving a letter one day. First of all out dropped a photograph. It was signed: "Morris S. Earl, the blind angler, and a 32-lb. muscallonge caught by him." The letter stated that he was having good success and had beaten all the anglers in his territory and could "pound the pads" without making a hook-up in them once. He stated that before the season was over he expected to land a 40-pounder 'longe. He said he was growing tired telling angling visitants where to go for this sort of fish or that. He said he made his own flies now, and his own spoons, and that he enjoyed catching the common fishes in the shallows with his fly-rod.

I put the above down as a unique case and I wished Mr. Earl the best of luck. No doubt he will be one of the best guides in that part of the country in a couple of years.

But to continue.

I was going through my mail one day when I came across an epistle that I read twice before I laid it aside. The writer of the letter stated that he had been on a visit to France and that it was more than a pleasure jaunt to gay Paree. In trying to break the back of the Hindenburg line he had met up with about twenty bullets and a consignment of shrapnel, the result being the loss of two legs and his left arm. But he stated in the letter that he was feeling in fine fettle and had decided to spend the rest of his days fishing and wanted to know just how he should go about this in the most efficient manner.

I at once uncovered my typewriter and I wrote a singularly courteous letter in which I stated quite emphatically that whereas most anglers find their legs useful in fishing, still, legs are, in the sense of the word, luxuries. It follows that legs may be dispensed with and one may still be a successful angler. I pointed out that legless anglers have been some of the most industrious students of Walton and the most efficient contemplatively speak-

ing. I went on to declare most emphatically that legs are often the worst detriment to the average angler. It is often as not a race from morning till night. A few casts in this pool and then up and away to the next pool, never trying out any one spot before its up and hurry on to another locality. Legs, I pointed out, were, therefore, one point scored against the efficiency of the average angler. For so long as the average angler has legs he will use them. Without legs an angler speedily becomes a progressive Waltonian. I further went on to state that evolution is doing away with many needless appliances found in our bodies such as the tonsils and the appendix. No doubt, I averred, the legs will be the next to pass into the beyond, since we are given to riding over wheels most of the time, and therefore will have no use for those implements. I stated that whereas he had lost his legs he had merely come in on the ground floor neck to neck with evolution.

I stated that whereas he had lost his left arm that was fortunate. So long as it was not the right arm it did not necessarily impair his fishing ability. Most of the angling people rarely use the left hand save as guiding the line on the reel and pretending that it is a useful member which is not always true. Again one does not have to use a casting rod and reel to be a successful angler. Far from it. It is with the cane pole that some of the lustiest fish swimming the lakes are caught. The one armed angler resting the butt of the pole against his body and using the leverage system is able to bring the fish out of the briny deep with such remarkable finish, that, if seen by other still fishermen possessing three arms they will at once discard two and use only one since that is the method proclaimed far and wide as the one best bet. The fact that a one-armed man has the strength of two arms in one makes it possible to derrick up a fifteen pound musky with such finish that he can say: "Never mind the gaff, me lad; it is my good right arm that is doing it."

I had a few more things to say in the line of encouragement. Mr. Perry wrote me a letter telling me that he had found life much rosier by reason of my comforting words, and that he can use a cane pole in such a successful manner that he marvels he ever had use for a left arm. The other day he tells me he played a large bass for fifteen minutes and brought him to the boat, picked him up and unhooked him without moving much, if any, in his seat. He tells me that he displayed a

string of fine bass and pike to five or six non-successful anglers the other day who had cast over three lakes all morning without any luck and were using the best outfits money can buy. He tells me that he likes the small Number 3 spinners with trailers of red flannel attached to the hooks; he works these in the pot-holes and along the weed banks and in amongst the deadheads with a great deal of success. He says:

"One bit of advice I have to give to anglers having legs and two arms and that is, do not try to cover a whole lake in the morning. Pay strict attention to what you are doing. Fish carefully, *with caution*. Most fishermen hereabouts cast over a nook in a bay but two or three times and then they move on. It is far better to cast a couple of times at one place, then cast over in another end of a nook. After a while come back to the first place and like as not you will find a bass waiting that was only stirred up and interested during the first casts. I always manage to pick out some fine ones in that manner. I find small baits far better than large baits. The one trouble I have to find with large baits that are cast with the rod with a reel attached is that it falls to water with a crash that is likely to frighten a fish more than interest it. Select the smaller baits, whether live or artificial and you will be doing the right thing. Then see that you place them to water without it sounding like you had dropped in a cobble stone. That is one reason I like the long cane pole. I just hold the butt against the pit of my stomach, then I move the tip of the pole forward at the same time releasing my bait and it swings out and drops without any sound to water. Then I move the bait with little jerks through the water and it is not long before I have some elegant bass or pike in my boat. I know now since I have lost both my legs and my arm the value of study and concentration about one's fishing. I actually think it took a world war to make a good fisherman out of me!"

I can find no faults with the above. On the other hand I find that it contains many hints about fishing that bear careful study and a following up by those who have all their limbs and yet complain about the poor fishing.

ADDENDUM

I must stop writing at this point as I have some letters that must be answered, one of them being from a soldier, Arthur Gwyn, who has had both arms amputated through frightful injuries sustained in the fearful battles in Flanders when the German com-

mand was hurling its grey masses through the gap between Bethune and gas-drenched Armentieres. He expects to be on the lakes

again this autumn and would like to know a few good lures to be used for fishing for the great northern pike



GUNS & AMMUNITION

How Much Does Your Bullet Fall?

JOHN LYNN

THE following contains little that will be new to the seasoned rifleman and hunter, but it is a new assemblage of data that perhaps never before has all been presented together. In an effort to put a finger on reliable figures as to fall of bullets, all published information was found to be badly scattered, and much of it dealt only indirectly with fall. The handbooks and catalogs we are all familiar with contain tables of trajectory, but no satisfactory statement of the ratio between trajectory and fall. A few writers have touched on the fall of bullets in discussions of other points, notably Col. Townsend Whelen, but no one seems to have made a special point of the matter.

Ever since I was a small boy believing that a bullet carried "flat" and superintelligently found its mark, however, this subject of fall has forced itself on me whenever I tramp over the mountains and through the woods. It is a very practical question. Why did I not figure it out and be satisfied? The fall of bullets is easily calculated, it is said. The ballistic sharp can figure it by means of various mystic formula that are preserved deep in books on ordnance and physics. But as a ballistic sharp I have never been put through promotions and advancements to the point where this thirty-second degree knowledge has been imparted to me for everyday use. On this subject, therefore, and particularly

for the purposes of this article, I stand with thousands of other hunters and ask: "How much fall have I got to hold over for or raise the sights for, on any particular shot?"

All these years manufacturers of rifles have been telling how much their bullets *rise* while passing over various ranges. Those facts are of the greatest value to manufacturers themselves in determining the height of sights to put on and to hunters in adjusting the sights before going into the woods. But the tables of trajectories do not answer the question that flashes up in the mind of the fellow who gets a shot on game at a range beyond his point-blank adjustment. They do, however, bear a certain relation to the amount of fall, which is useful when known, but the popular catalogs and hand-books are silent on what this relation is.

Once in a while a magazine article has speculated on the point, sometimes with reasonable accuracy; sometimes in an absurd way. For instance, it has been printed that the fall for any distance is three times the trajectory height at the halfway point to that distance; and again the fall is stated as four times. A very old idea is that the fall is just double the midway trajectory height. At this point the ballistic sharp will interrupt with scorn in his eye, and say that the matter is absolutely simple. You simply square the trajectory, or the velocity, or some other

data figure (I've heard which, but the detail has slipped my memory) and multiply by the number of scratches on the stock of your rifle or by some other easily obtained number.

Again, Urey Maines says he can tell in advance of shooting exactly how much his 32-20 bullet falls by sighting over an ordinary match stick held at arm's length. If falls just the space hidden from the eye. And Cal Holt, who has a 32-40, knows that his bullet falls precisely two inches at 300 yards, for one fine day he fired at a knot in a board that distance away and the bullet struck two inches under it. A 44-40 carries up as well as a 30-30, in the opinion of another fellow, because he saw a deer wounded with one at a long range while another hunter with a 30-30 was plowing up the leaves this side the deer.

In other words, the woods are full of poor guesses, and something better is needed.

Before discussing the shooting that was done in this investigation, it is well to glance over the scraps and odds of dope in the books which may be made to give light on bullet fall.

Perhaps of most importance, because most complete, are the tables giving the "Angle of departure (of bullet) for every 25 yards from 100 to 2,000 of the 30-06, the 30-40, the 45-70, and other military cartridges. These tables are all to be found in Col. Townsend Whelen's "The American Rifle," and separately in different ordnance pamphlets, in the old Newton catalog, and in some foreign publications. The Lyman sight people also issue a leaflet which carries something of a similar nature under the title "Elevation table."

The angle of departure or the number of minutes of angle to which the bore of the rifle is elevated above the line of sight readily can be translated into inches of bullet fall, since one minute of angle equals one inch for each hundred yards of range. The new Springfield rifle and the 30-06 cartridge, for instance, must be given about 2.4 minutes of elevation for 100 yards range. Therefore this bullet falls 2.4 inches at 100 yards. At 200 yards range the necessary angle is 5.1, and the fall, therefore, is 10.2 inches, though here enters several other factors that will be discussed in separate paragraphs. At 300 yards the angle is about 8.3, with consequent fall of 21.9 inches; at 400 yards the angle is about 12 and the fall 48 inches, and at 500 yards the angle is about 15, the fall 80 inches.

For the 30-40 cartridge the angles of departure and fall are as follows, small decimals being eliminated: 100 yards, 4.5 minutes, 4.5 inches fall; 200 yards, 10 minutes, 20

inches fall; 300 yards, 16 minutes, 48 inches fall; 400 yards, 23 minutes, 92 inches fall, 500 yards 31.6 minutes, 158 inches fall.

The outstanding fact about these figures is their size. To a hunter they seemed absurdly big. Few will believe that the Krag bullet falls 20 inches at 200 yards, or the 30-06 ten inches. And if these high power bullets fall so much, what in the world must the low powers do, such as the 38-55 and 32-20? The tables of trajectory give the 200 yard halfway height of the 30-06 as about 2.9 inches, and of the 30-40 as about 5.5 inches. The actual fall, therefore, in these instances is three and a half to four times the trajectory height. The 200 yard halfway trajectory of the 38-55 is about 13 inches—is then its fall at 200 yards upwards of four times, 13 inches or about 50 inches?

Every user of a 38-55 knows that he does not hold over or adjust his elevation for 50 inches at 200 yards in order to hit, and every 30-40 man knows he allows for no 20 inches. Evidently there is something the matter with figures of absolute fall so far as woods use is concerned. They may be correct, but they do not fit conditions. No tables giving angles of departure of bullets are available for other than the three or four military cartridges, anyhow.

A little further examination shows where several errors can creep into the calculations. There is the matter of barrel flip. A rifle may sling a bullet higher than the bore is pointed. This is a thing that can not be calculated. It must be found through actual firing, and it must be allowed for, lower or higher, in the setting of the sights. Also, there is a matter of the limit of vision, and of light on sights. A person may think the tip of a bead was in exact line with a certain spot on a paper or animal's hide or bird's feathers, but it reality a little space was between. If there had not been, the spot would have been hidden. For this reason rifles nearly always are sighted to shoot above the exact point at which aim is taken. The eye may not distinguish the fact when the setting is close, but the fact is there just the same.

And this leads directly to a third error that interferes with the usefulness of figures of absolute fall. The "point-blank" adjustment of a rifle's sights may be anything the owner wishes. It consists of enough elevation to make the bullet rise to the line of sight, which means the half inch to full inch or more of distance between bore and tip of front sight, plus the allowance for limit of

vision mentioned, and plus whatever distance the bullet falls in travelling to the object aimed at. If the point blank adjustment is for short range, as for squirrel shooting at 10 to 50 yards, the setting necessary on some rifles may be higher than is needed for 50 yards or more, and fully high enough for 100 yards and more. Thus Col. Whelen describes a 25-35 rifle he owns which requires exactly the same elevation for 50 yards as for 100 yards. The reason is that when the bullet climbs up to the line of sight abruptly, it gets an upward slant that is not overcome by its fall (that of course starts as soon as it leaves the muzzle) for many yards.

Figures of fall that are to be useful, therefore, must give the part of the absolute fall that remains after the lift and range of the point-blank adjustment is deducted. In a very few instances such figures may be found in print. Original Ross literature gave them for the 280, for instance, as something like 3 inches at 200 yards, 7 inches at 300 yards, 15 inches at 400 yards and 35 inches at 500 yards. Col. Whelen gives a table for the 30-40 cartridge on page 248 of his book, "The American Rifle," which tells exactly what hunters want to know. It gives the fall remaining at 100, 200, 300 and 400 yards, when the sights are set to strike the point of

is the information that is needed. As a means of getting it in the cases of four rifles that happened to be standing behind the door of the author, they were taken out and fired just as sighted for shooting in the woods. All of them have been used to kill game. The 35 Remington was the only one with the factory sight adjustment for point-blank unchanged—actual distance unknown, as the catalog does not say. The Springfield was set for 150 yards, the 38-55 and 35-70 for 30 to 40 yards, I should estimate.

The target in each case was a 9-inch bullseye with a strip of paper about 30 inches wide behind it and hanging down far enough to catch the bullets, and it was fired on from 25 yards, 75 yards, 150 yards, 200 yards and 300 yards. Firing was first done at 25 yards, the aiming point being a square of white paper the size of a postage stamp. Aim being as near as the eye could determine on the center of this white spot. The small paper was pasted in the upper half of the bull at a point where the 25 yard aim would be held as nearly as could be estimated to the point that the aim at the longer range would fall normally when sighting at the whole bull.

The result of the firing is summarized in the following table.

Fall of Bullets, as Determined by Shooting, With Other Data

Cartridge.	25 yards	75 yards	150 yards	200 yards	300 yards
30-06	$\frac{1}{2}$ -inch rise	Net on center		5 inches fall	15 inches fall
	$\frac{3}{4}$ -inch group	$1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch group		$5\frac{1}{4}$ -inch group (3-inch traj.)	8-inch group ($7\frac{1}{2}$ -inch traj.)
35 Rem.	1-inch rise	$2\frac{1}{2}$ -inches fall	5 inches fall	11 inches fall	
	3-inch group	$4\frac{1}{2}$ -inch group	$2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch group	14-inch group ($5\frac{1}{2}$ -inch traj.)	
38-55	$1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch rise	3 inches fall	16 inches fall	34 inches fall	
	2-inch group	6-inch group	8-inch group	9-inch group (13-inch traj.)	
45-70	1-inch rise	4 inches fall	18 inches fall	35 inches fall	
	$1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch group	7-inch group	14-inch group	20-inch group (13-inch traj.)	

aim or just above it at 50 yards, 100 yards, 150 yards, 200 yards, 250 yards and 300 yards. With the 200-yard setting, as an example, the bullet falls about 8 inches at 250 yards, about a foot and a half at 300 yards and more than 4 feet at 400 yards. It is a wonder that rifle-makers have not presented similar information for all the hunting cartridges they desire to push. The table mentioned could hardly be bettered as a model.

The relation of 25-yard sighting or 100-yard sighting or whatever the point-blank may be, to longer ranges up to 500 yards or so

Observe that at 25 yards all bullets struck above the point of aim with a setting of sights that was dictated by experience in the woods. All these rifles had been used for shooting game such as deer and bear, and rabbits, groundhogs, weasels and other small stuff, and had delivered the goods when called in. The number of shots at each range, three, is hardly enough to swear by, yet the results preserve a certain relation to other known facts, a fact that helps to justify conclusions. With the 30-06 the fall is about one and a half times the trajectory at

hunting ranges; with the 35 Remington it is twice; and with the other rifles it is two and a half times.

Here we have the figures which connect the ballistic data with ordinary shooting experience, and make the catalog facts of some use in the field. From the trajectory tables one can learn the midrange height of the curve of any hunting bullet for 100, 200 and 300 yards, and often for 500 yards. With the rifle sighted as usual, the fall for any longer range within hunting distances can be learned roughly by multiplying the trajectory height by one and a half, two, or two and a half, depending on whether the rifle is of the 2700 to 3000 foot velocity class, the 2000 foot class, or the black powder class. Some shooting then should be done to check up these figures. It is unfortunate that the article can not be completed with a list of figures for a large number of hunting rifles, but such a project is too expensive for an individual to undertake, besides being something that each rifle owner can settle for himself.

Once the amount of fall is known for each range, the rifle owner should proceed to mark his sight for correcting it accurately on short notice. Each division on the stem of the peep sight, if one is used, or each step on the elevator of the open sight such as the rifle factories furnish, will correct a certain number of inches of fall for each hundred yards. How much each division or step corrects can be figured accurately by counting the number of them in a half inch or an eighth inch. Peep sight divisions usually measure about .04 or .05 inch, though some are as small as .02 inch, while the scale on one or two peep sights has the marks farther apart the higher the elevation is. Open sight elevators usually have a range of about 3-32 of an inch from bottom to top, and within this space three, four or five notches, which makes each notch measure, quite often, about .025. To learn the correction that a division or a step will give at 100 yards, divide the number on inches between front and rear sights into the number of inches in 100 yards, (which is 3,600) and multiply by the decimal measurement of the division or notch. Almost always this correction will be found to be between 3 and 6 inches, and mostly about 4 or 5 inches.

The next step is to mark down somewhere on the gun the figures of fall and the figures of sight correction. Thus if one notch of elevation equals 5 inches, put down 1-5 and

follow with the inches of fall thus, for illustration:

100 yards.	150 yards.	200 yards.
7 inch fall	16-in. fall	34 in. fall

The figures may be put on the wood of the stock by pressing them into it with the point of a nail or other blunt tool, or even with a hard pencil point, and finishing with an indelible pencil. Or they may be lightly carved. Another way, still better, is to stamp them on a nickel or silver plate which can be screwed lightly to the side of the stock.

The influence of different ammunition must never be overlooked when making allowance for bullet fall. Some cartridges shoot higher than others. Light bullets, particularly if pointed, commonly fly higher than blunt-nosed bullets. The fall of the bullet is always less when the gun is pointed downhill. It is also less when the shooting is done uphill at the same distance as on the level, a fact that is not understood by many hunters. Therefore uphill and downhill shooting take less holding over or less sight elevation than shooting on the level.

For holding over, it is invaluable to learn the appearance of the front sight against objects commonly seen in the field, including the game to be shot. The ordinary front bead is 1-16 of an inch in diameter, and on the usual rifle seems to hide about 6 inches of space for each 100 yards of distance, though in theory it should hide 8 inches or more. When the United States Government equipped its soldiers with its model 1917 rifle, it supplied score books and charts showing the exact appearance of the front sight for different wind holds, and the width of the blade was the basis for all calculations. On a hunting rifle it is easy enough to hold over for 12 inches of fall at 200 yards, for instance, when it is known that the bead just covers that space.

With a bolt rifle the number of inches of absolute fall can easily be determined with fair accuracy by sighting the rifle in by shooting, then sighting the bore accurately on the target and without moving the gun noting how far below the center of the target the line of sight strikes. And yet this result will be almost valueless just as most ballistic computations of fall are.

One of these days some sight maker, ammunition maker or rifle maker is going to wake up to what figures hunters can use, and immortalize itself by publishing them, complete for all the good hunting cartridges and rifles, in a catalogue or handbook.

International Small Bore Match

C. S. LANDIS

THE international Small Bore Match was one of the most important features of the National Matches this year. Due to a lack of space in the November issue, I could not incorporate the results of this match in that issue and as a match of this type is of great interest to nearly all riflemen who are interested in the .22 cal. rifle, I am giving an account in this issue and separating it from the regular military rifle and pistol matches, the account of which featured the November issue.

The English team was picked from the various small bore riflemen of England and was assembled at one place in Great Britain where they fired their scores and the results were forwarded to the statistical officer of the matches at Caldwell.

The American Team shot their scores on Sunday, August 24th. The match began at 8.30 in the morning and was completed about 1 P.M. The match consisted of twenty men per team, one team from Great Britain and one from the United States. Each man fired twenty shots slow fire at 50 yards upon a target whose inner scoring circle was one inch in diameter and also twenty shots slow fire per man at 100 yards upon a target whose inner scoring circle was two inches in diameter.

The scores were as follows:

International Team, United States of America

Name	Individual Total
Wotkyns, G.....	391
Morgan, A.....	388
Richard, W. H.....	386
Stokes, W. R.....	386
Hart, A. E.....	385
Raymond, P.....	385
Miller, J. E.....	384
Preussner, D.....	382
Rice, E.....	382
Lec, W. A.....	382
Andrews, W.....	382
Renew, J.....	379
Chesley, G.....	379
Stewart, R.....	377
Crossman, Mrs. E. C.....	377
Denny, H.....	376
Laudensack, A.....	375
Boles, J.....	374
Schneering, J.....	374
Wade, J.....	373

International Team, Great Britain

Name	Individual Total
McIntosh, H. J.....	384
Tyerman, A.....	383
Bayley, A. J.....	383
Samways, W.....	383
Harper, R.....	381
Cole, H. L.....	380
N. S. Stuart.....	380
Ridler, A.....	379
Oakey, D.S.....	379
Butt, A.....	376
Deeley, G. P.....	376
May, J. H.....	375
Huck, F.....	375
English, H.....	374
Willcox, G. C. M.....	373
Scott, W. R.....	373
Rickarby, A. G.....	371
Norton, W. T.....	369
Keir, A. D.....	367
Richardson, F.....	362

As will be noticed, the American Team won by quite a substantial margin, and I am rather inclined to believe that both countries could turn out a team who would defeat both of these teams. The American Team as will be noticed, is composed largely of expert military rifle shots, very few of whom have given the time to the small bore shooting that has been done by many other riflemen throughout the United States. There are many small bore riflemen of splendid reputation in the United States who would have been almost certain to have made this team but who were not at Caldwell as the National Matches are generally considered a series of military rifle matches and the teams that represent the states at the National Matches are picked from men who are likely to make a good showing with the military rifle. For that reason, I believe that a team that was picked from individuals who were sent to the National Matches for the one purpose of competing upon a small bore team would be likely to turn out higher scores than any team that could be picked from an exaggeration of expert military riflemen.

I suppose that it is also true that the riflemen in Great Britain have suffered very much more severely from the war than those in the States, which may account in large measure

for the difference in the scores. However, the fact remains that the American Team turned out a remarkable set of scores considering circumstances and considering also the fact that many of them were just as busy on the military range during the early part of the matches as they were later on at the small bore range.

The writer hopes to see the time arrive when a National Small Bore Match will be held each year for the purpose of holding an International Match between Great Britain,

Canada and the United States where men will be sent, for their proficiency *with the small bore* and where each country will send the best they possess in this particular line. If this is done and if the small bore international match is made the ultimate goal of the series of matches instead of being an incidental attraction at the National Matches, I believe it will do much to boom the sport of small bore rifle shooting throughout these countries.

More Hunting Experiences With Various Arms

W. L. DECKER

MR. Ashley A. Haines' article in August *Rod and Gun* is responsible for this attempt to break into print. I am unable to agree with Mr. Haines on a couple of points. I am aware that I am "bumping into something" when I attempt to dispute a man of his caliber but I am unable to understand how a man with his experience can recommend the .30-30 class of rifles for deer, in preference to the later rifles.

I have hunted deer for 16 successive seasons and some years ago used to hunt them out of season as well as in season, whenever I wanted meat. I do not know how many deer I have shot but I have shot deer every season and one season shot 15 deer when I was acting as guide for a party and we were allowed two deer per man. The last few years my count has gone as low as one deer to the season, but two or three is my usual number.

Living as I do in a big game country and always hunting with a party I have had a good chance to observe the effects of the various cartridges on deer.

My first three deer were killed with a single shot each from a .32-10 black powder rifle but who will say that the .32-40 black powder is a good deer cartridge? Not I! (Possibly it might suit Mr. Haines because it doesn't spoil much meat.) This good start was followed by a long string of wounded deer escaping and a few shot full of holes before lying down for good, so I finally changed to the 2,000 ft. sec. rifles and for a long time thought that they couldn't be beaten but since then "I've had my eyes opened."

If Mr. Haines finds that the .30-30 class of rifles suits him, all well and good. That is the rifle for him to use but I do not think

he should make an attempt to prove that they are ideal deer rifles, for the fact that he and others have killed many deer with a single shot from such rifles is no proof that they will always do so. I have proven to my own satisfaction that even a properly placed bullet will not always stop them at once and it is not always possible to place your bullets where you want them, especially on a running deer.

In this part of the country there is so much underbrush that if you wait to make the first shot count you might almost as well stay at home although I agree with Mr. Haines that it is best to do so whenever possible.

I hunted for several seasons with a man who always made the first shot count but he only shot three deer in that time and one of the three was not found until the next day several hundred yards from where it was shot and the bullet just missed the heart. The rifle used was a .303 Savage. He was always the first man to leave camp because he didn't get enough sport.

Personally, I hunt for sport as well as meat and I agree with Mr. Haines' brother Jay that "it is no sport to shoot a standing deer." The faster they go and the more shots I have to fire, the more sport it is for me and the rifle that will kill with the first fair hit is the rifle I want, providing it is light enough to carry on an all day hunt, has a quick action and light recoil.

My experience with the .30-30 class of rifles is that the deer usually have more holes than a pepper duster before they do go down for good and often they get away wounded especially if the user is not good on quick repeat shots on running deer. My experi-

ence is that even a shoulder shot does not save them from being shot up for they will often go far enough to have several other bullets tear through them, for who will not keep firing at a wounded deer that is making a get away?"

One bullet from a 3000 ft. sec. rifle is usually enough and although they do spoil some meat, still one such bullet will not spoil as much meat as several .30-30 bullets. I do not claim that the 3000 ft. sec. rifles will always stop a deer with one shot but they will do so with much greater regularity than the .30-30.

Some years ago old hunters would not use even the .30-30 because they said it spoiled too much meat and for a time stuck to the old black powder rifles but they gradually came to it. Now we have more improved cartridges and again a bunch "from Missouri."

One would think that Mr. Haines' experiences on "shooting them up" would have been sufficient to convince him that the .30-30 is not the best to be had for deer. Let me quote from his own article. "The shooting however, was under a bit more favorable conditions, the first shot, broadside, being a standing one, the next two as she slowly walked along beside a fallen tree but she did not fall until the third bullet struck her. These three shots were easily covered with one hand and were grouped right where they should have been just behind the front shoulder. All told that deer was hit ten times." What was wrong with the .30-30? He will not admit that the rifle was at fault but I can think of no other explanation.

About seven years ago, I used a .22 H.P. Savage and sighted a deer, about 100 yds. away. All I could see was the hind parts, from the paunch back, past a pine tree. I was on a small rock and could not move and if that deer moved he was completely out of sight. I fired one shot, so as to barely miss the tree and hit it in the paunch. That deer did not go 30 feet and there was no meat spoiled. This is only one of several I got with a single paunch shot from the Imp. Mr. Haines' deer as above related had one paunch shot but "it was a long ways from there before that deer was finally killed."

About 10 years ago, a club of twelve of us hunted at an old lumber camp. An old camp foreman, who knew the ground perfectly, was the leader of the party. He placed us along an old log road, on the edge of a hardwood and then set out the dog. The dog took a fawn past almost the entire crew and things

happened fast and kept happening for some minutes. I do not pretend to remember how many shots were fired but each man fired several shots. There were .30-30, .32 Spl, .38-55 and .45-70 rifles barking. The last man in the line, seeing that the deer was hard hit, quit shooting and watched the deer stand for several minutes before it finally fell dead. I do not know how many bullets found the mark but almost every part of that deer, from head to tail, was shot up. All the meat, that was fit for use, could be put in your hat. This was the worst case I ever saw of "shooting them up" but was only one of many I have seen.

One day, I was walking along an old road and saw a deer standing about 30 feet to one side of the road. I was using a .32-40 H. P. Savage and fired for the shoulder but that deer sure went some and although several other bullets went after him, he kept going. I trailed him a long distance, getting an occasional shot and finally finished it. There were six bullets through that deer, two of them clear through endways and the one through the shoulder, from my first shot. The other three were poorly placed shots.

Another case was a big buck, standing in a small clearing about 50 feet away. I fired at his shoulder but he started for the tall timber. I fired several other shots before he disappeared. Then I ran along an old road, about 200 yards and headed him off at the end of a ravine, two more shots, at about 25 feet and he quit. He was hit five times, three of them shoulder shots and one just forward of the hips and ranging forward and out just back of the front shoulder, the other one was only a flesh wound.

A few days later I was standing on a small rock overlooking a small ravine and had three deer run past me within 20 feet. I fired four shots at them and had one dead deer. The other two got away wounded. A couple of hours later I found one of the wounded deer, by chance, about a quarter of a mile away. The one killed at once had one paunch shot and one end shot and the other had two shoulder shots.

The rifle used in the last two cases was a .303 Savage. I didn't get one clean kill, that fall, with that rifle although the fall before I had five clean kills in a string. I cannot account for this as I had the poorest chances the fall I got the clean kills. I have often noticed that one often has a run of clean kills even when using rifles of inferior

killing power and then a long string of badly shot up deer or wounded deer getting away.

I could go on and give many other cases of "shooting them up" but I think that those given should be sufficient.

The fact that a deer is killed with a single shot proves nothing. I have known of three deer being killed with a single shot each from a .22 rim fire but is the .22 R. F. a deer rifle? Well, I guess not. I once knew a big buck to be killed with a .32 Spl. and all that bullet did was to knock off a piece of hide and flesh about the size of a silver dollar just back of the front legs below the heart. Perhaps that is the proper place to hit them. I don't know but anyway it got that one.

The last seven years I have been using .22 H. P. Savage and .250-3000 rifles mostly. My experience with the .22 H. P. is that, while it is a wicked little pill and although it gives a tremendous shock, it has not got quite enough punch to make it a clean killer at all times, although I never shot up a deer as badly with it as with the .30-30 class of rifles and I shot a lot of deer with it. It gave a majority of clean kills and I would certainly choose the .22 H. P. in preference to the .30-30. My biggest objection to it was that the bullets seldom went clear through and left no trail of blood to follow if the deer got out of sight and besides was not good in thick brush.

I have used a .250-3000 Savage for the last four seasons and while I have not shot very many deer with it, I have had no cases of "shooting up." A couple of years ago, out of about 20 deer shot by members of our hunt club with .250-3000 rifles, there were only about four deer that required a second shot and as near as I can remember only one that required a third shot. My experience is that, while it makes a dirty mess to clean up, a paunch shot, from a .22 H. P. or a .250-3000 rifle is as sure a kill as any and spoils little or no meat, while a paunch shot with a 2,000 ft. sec. rifle is a worse than useless shot.

The above are my own conclusions arrived at from my own experiences with the various calibers. The experiences of others may differ from mine, due to different hunting conditions in different sections of the country and to the individualities of the user. What one may find best for his own may not be best for another but I believe, however, that most deer hunters, who have given all the different rifles a fair trial, will agree with me.

It is a well recognized fact that even a .22 rim fire, will kill a deer with a single properly placed bullet, on rare occasions, while the powerful modern rifles will unaccountably fall down sometimes. Any single incident, or even short series of incidents, do not prove the killing power of a cartridge, but, it is by comparing the results of many such incidents, that the facts in regard to the killing power of the various cartridges can be arrived at.

Personally, I prefer to "shoot them up" once in a while, rather than take a chance of using a rifle which may let them get away to lie in the bush.

Mr. Haines' advice to withhold the first shot, until sure what you are shooting at, cannot be too strongly impressed on shooters in general, for, while we have never had a shooting accident in any of the hunt clubs I have hunted with, still, I could fill *Rod and Gun* with accounts of close calls and of the many times they were avoided by taking time to make sure it was a deer. Many deer have escaped for this reason but I do not regret it, "better no deer than a dead comrade." Therefore, first, be certain it's a deer then blaze away.

In conclusion, let me say that I have always enjoyed and expect to continue to enjoy Mr. Haines' writings and this is the first occasion I have ever felt justified in criticizing anything in his writings and I am not looking for a quarrel now and trust I may be pardoned for expressing views, differing from those of a man of his experience and ability.

Queries and Answers

A Cure For Flinching

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

The writer has been a lover of flight shooting for many years, but two years ago unconsciously developed the habit of closing his

eyes at the moment of pulling the trigger. The result is generally satisfactory to the bird. Can you suggest how this habit can be overcome?

Yorkton, Sask.

W. N. F.

Reply—The best way I know of to cure your habit of gun shyness would be to use a heavy weight shotgun fitted with a rubber recoil pad and practice shooting at tin cans thrown into the air until you are able to control your nerves. The habit of flinching is the most distressing one that can be developed by a sportsman, but as far as I know there is no absolutely certain cure for it.—Editor.

The Newton Rifle

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I have been a reader of your magazine for sometime and enjoy reading the discussions on guns. I would like to read more about the Newton rifle. In my opinion, this is one of the best rifles on the market due to the high velocity and consequent flat trajectory developed by them and to the fact that they retain a higher striking energy at 300 yards and over, than any other rifles manufactured in this country.

I would like to have your opinion of the .30 Newton as to its qualities, and defects, if any. Would you choose the .256 Newton, the .30-1906 Winchester or the .405 Winchester for use on big game in Canada?

Would you select a solid frame or a take-down model if you were purchasing a Model 1895 Winchester?

There has been quite a controversy in some of our magazines here regarding the Lever action and Bolt action rifles. It has always appeared to me that the superior ballistic qualities possessed by the Newton rifles as compared to other types, would offset the speed obtained with a Lever action rifle. My reasons for believing so are due to the greater energy of the Newton bullet, at impact which is where the game is when it is hit. I would like to have your opinion of the above and a comparison of the ballistics of the Newton and other leading big game rifles.

Chicago, Ill.

G. D. Marsh.

Reply—I recently had the opportunity of thoroughly testing a .30-1906 Cal. Newton rifle on the Navy Rifle Range at Caldwell, N.J. during the National Matches. This rifle was equipped with a gold bead front sight, and a Lyman peep sight was mounted on the cocking piece.

This was a Newton sporting rifle manufactured by The Newton Arms Company at Buffalo, N.Y. and which had been purchased and sold by the re-organized Newton concern located in the Woolworth Bldg. New York City. I found by trial that the rifle shot 2½

feet to the left at 500 yards. As there was no wind gauge on this rifle, we drove the front sight over by the aid of a tack hammer until the rifle was sighted correctly. Fifteen shots were then fired on the 20 inch bull at 500 yards, using Frankford Arsenal ammunition loaded with full metal cased bullets. These 15 shots scored 71 points out of 75, there being 11 bull's eyes and 4 shots out for wind, the last 12 shots being in a group approximately 15 inches in diameter. This is the most accurate shooting that I have been able to do with a sporting rifle. Two of us tried it out at rapid fire at 200 yards and we both had trouble with the gun jamming in rapid fire. This was caused by the rifle not loading well from the clip. The greatest number of shots that either of us could get off in one minute was eight, although I have no trouble whatever to shoot 10 shots from a Springfield in 45 seconds with sufficiently good aim to score well at 200 yards.

Whether to select a .256 Newton, a .30-1906 Newton, a .30 Newton or a .35 Newton depends altogether upon your ammunition supply more than any other one thing. I would suggest that you select a rifle chambered for the .30-1906 cartridge as it is the most accurate one of the lot and the easiest to obtain ammunition for. This cartridge loaded with the new 200 grain Winchester bullet is more powerful than the .405. Whether to select a Newton or a Winchester rifle is entirely a matter of personal taste.

I would prefer a solid frame rifle to a take-down, unless it would be necessary to pack the rifle in a very small space. The .30-1906 Winchester is ballistically equal to the .30-1906 Cal. Newton and the others compare in proportion to the ballistic qualities of the cartridges they shoot. For shooting big game in brushy country, I would prefer the .405 to any of the others, and for shooting big game at long range, I would prefer a .30-1906 Newton when loaded with the 180 grain bullet to any of the others.

Editor.

Various Inquiries.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

Which is the best caliber for shooting moose and deer?

What is the extreme killing range of it?

Where can I get waterproof balloon silk to make a tent or something like it?

Yours truly,

Port Arthur, Ont.

S. Sanford.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry, the best

calibers for shooting moose and deer are entirely a matter of personal preference. For use in brushy country I would prefer a weapon like the .35, the .405, cal., Model 1895 Winchester or .35 Remington Automatic or the .303 Savage. For a rifle to be used in localities where occasionally one would score long range shots, I would prefer a Bolt Action .30 Cal. rifle shooting the .30-1906 cartridge loaded with the 180 grain bullet.

The extreme killing range of any of these cartridges for all practical purposes is as far as you can hit your game in a vital spot. Under ordinary circumstances that would be 300 yards, the number of actual hits beyond that range being so small on running game as to be hardly worth considering.

To obtain water-proof balloon silk, I would suggest that you write to Abercrombie & Fitch Company, New York City, or Schoverling, Daly & Gales, also of New York City. Probably Hallam's, the D. Pike Company or the Lion Sporting Goods Company, all Canadian firms who advertise in this magazine could also obtain it for you.—Editor.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

Would you kindly answer the following questions:

1. I have a .280 Ross and I would like to get a peep sight for it. If possible I would like to get the one which fits just over the bolt such as the Ross Factory puts out. Is there any other peep sight that could be fitted to this rifle?

2. I would like to get a white ivory bead for this gun too. Is there any firm that makes a bead that would fit this rifle?

3. Is the Ross Factory completely shut down, or is it possible to get spare parts, etc. for guns at present?

4. I have a .303 Ross Mark II target rifle which I am altering myself into a sporting rifle. I have made a very good job so far, but would like to know where I could have a piece cut off the barrel. It is now 30 inches long. How much should I have cut off, four or six inches! Do you think it will be a good sporting rifle? What sights would you recommend for the above rifle and how could they be attached?

5. My collection of guns up to the present are: .280 Ross, .22 High Power Savage, .303 Ross, No. 1 Grade 12 gauge Remington Repeating shotgun, which I had made to order, all engraved, and a matted rib down the barrel. What do you think of this shotgun, its shooting qualities, etc?

6. Is there any other arm that you would recommend to make my collection more complete?

Yours very truly,
Ottawa, Canada. A. G. Hamilton.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry, the Lyman Gun Sight Corporation, Middlefield, Connecticut, can supply you with both front and rear sight for your .280 Ross rifle.

In regard to your inquiry in reference to the Ross Factory being completely closed down, I will be unable to answer this question definitely until a month or so after the reply to this inquiry as at present writing it is not definitely decided whether they will resume operations or not.

In regard to cutting off the barrel of your .303 Ross rifle I would not advise you to do so as it will materially change the balance of the rifle. However, this can be done for you by A. O. Niedner, 1 Beacon St., Malden, Massachusetts or by A. W. Peterson, Denver, Colo.

Your Remington shotgun is undoubtedly as good a repeating shotgun as you can secure and is thoroughly reliable. To make your collection of arms more complete, I would suggest that you secure a good .22 Cal. target rifle which will give you more real sport than any of the others. Among the rifles which are properly adapted to this work are the B.S.A. No. 12, the Stevens No. 404 and 414 the Winchester single shot musket, the new Winchester bolt action, .22 Cal. rifle (as soon as it is retailed) and you might also like one of the lighter weight repeating rifles like the Savage bolt action, the Remington No. 12, C., the Marlin Model 1897, or the Winchester Model 1890. However, I would suggest a good heavy single shot target rifle equipped with the finest sights or a telescope. This latter would complete your very satisfactory outfit.—Editor.

A Remarkable Shot.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

I use a .30 U.S. rifle with Lyman receiver sight on the rear and a gold bead on the front. This rifle was lost in the White River for about one year but is still effective and does good business.

On one occasion my collie dog ran a lynx out on a small lake that was frozen over and had about one inch of snow on the ice. The lynx was 300 feet ahead of the dog and was travelling fast, making long high jumps. The dog was running low with his tail straight

out and was gaining on the lynx. I broke the back of the lynx with the first shot at a distance of 800 feet. This distance was correctly measured.

Is this considered good shooting?

Matoniska, Alaska. Geo. S. Moshier.

Reply—This certainly was a most extraordinary shot and undoubtedly is one that you will remember for many years as one seldom makes a shot of this nature.—Editor.

Notes on Reloading.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

Will you be good enough to advise me what the best reloading tool on the market for a .38 New Army Colt's Revolver would be. I don't want to make any mistake in buying this.

Will you also give me the address of someone in your part of the country who would be liable to stock the above, as it is impossible to obtain same here.

I should like to know if there is a book published on the subject of "Reloading" and where same might be ordered.

Yours sincerely,

Calgary, Alta.

Sergt Mat Park.

Reply—The tool you want is the Ideal No. 3 with double adjustable chamber and a separate bullet mould. A good bullet to use would be the Ideal bullet 360271 with 3 grains of Bull's Eye. In addition to the loading tool you would need to order a bullet mould for bullet, No. 360271 and a bullet resizing chamber to fit the No. 3 tool for the same bullet. Another good bullet to use would be Ideal bullet 358311 and 3 grains of Bull's Eye. Use the Ideal tool for this bullet also.

Ideal tools are sold by P. J. O'Hare, 33 Bruce St., Newark, N.J. by the Abercrombie & Fitch Company, New York City, by Hallam's, the Lion Sporting Goods Company and by the D. Pike Co., all of which are Canadian firms that advertise in Rod and Gun. All of these firms will be glad to receive your order.

The only book published upon reloading is the Ideal Handbook which is now out of print.

Very truly yours,

Editor.

Talks on the .22 Caliber Rifle.

Having noted with much interest the Guns and Ammunition talks in *Rod and Gun* I thought I would give my experiences with the common .22 Caliber rifles made in the U.S. to-day.

Any man has a large assortment of rifles to choose from and also a variety of cartridges after he has chosen the rifle which, to his way of thinking, is the best ever. I have tried the different single shot rifles but at last I have taken to the repeaters. The gun which may suit my requirements may not suit another person. Then there are the different makes which are all good, but that is not saying that they could not improve a lot on their products.

Having used and liked the cheap Stevens rifles, I thought I would try the visible loader they had on the market some years ago. I purchased it and was well pleased with the shooting qualities of same. But that was the only good point, the worst being its short barrel, poor extractors and also its loosening up in the action after shooting a good deal.

The next rifle was a Remington target grade. This gun was a good shooter, but one day a friend of mine and I were out hunting. My friend was shooting and I was standing a little to one side, when "bang" and the extractor whizzed by my head and as far as I know it is flying yet. That finished the Remington for I sold it the following week. About this time, I met a friend who was using a nice pump action Winchester. It was built nice, the action worked right, but still the gun could have been improved.

I had my mind set on one particular gun and one day I came across a fellow using one. It was the Marlin Model 1897.

Boys, if you want a reliable, accurate, strong and nicely finished gun, get the 1897. I have shot mine thousands upon thousands of times and I have yet to have a shell stick so that the extractors won't pull it out. For the trapper, it ought to be the best ever, as he can load it up in the morning and the chances are that one loading will be enough for the day. For the hunter or gun crank, its nicely finished stock and lines ought to appeal to him the minute he lays his eyes on it. Anybody having the above gun certainly must be some tough customer if he is not satisfied with it.

I know there will be some who will say that there are lots of rifles just as good. Maybe there are, but I wish to state that there are lots of rifles being made that are worse.

Trusting to see somebody else write about the most used of all calibers the .22.

A .22 For Target Shooting.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

Would a Remington U.M.C. Model 12 C.,

N.R.A. target grade rifle make a good target rifle, if not what other make should I select? (This is a new grade in 1918-19 catalogue?)

Would you advise sights listed on rifle per catalogue or what others?

Would you kindly tell me how our laws govern firearms particularly revolvers in this province, or could I get some book or copy of them, and how and where.

Toronto, Ont.

F. J. Benham.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry, the Remington 12C., N.R.A. target repeater would be as good a .22 repeater of light weight as you could secure for target shooting. However, it is not as accurate nor as easy to hold for very fine work in target shooting as one of the heavier single shot rifles. It is a splendid rifle for hunting and for light target shooting, shooting at tin cans and things of that nature, but for shooting at a 2 inch mark at 100 yards, or its equivalent, it is not as good as a heavier weapon.

The sights that are furnished on this rifle are quite satisfactory.

I cannot give you any information concerning the laws governing fire-arms in Ontario. It will be necessary for you to inquire of your local authorities to obtain this information.

Editor.

The .32-20 for Wolves and Deer.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

Will you kindly answer this question in one of your issues? I have a .32-20 Winchester model 1892 repeater. Is it a good rifle for game such as deer, coyotes, or wolves? I have found it fair for ground hogs and other small game. I am thinking of taking up deer hunting this fall. Would I need a more powerful rifle?

Orangeville, Ont.

Norman I. Phillips.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry in regard to using a .32-20 Winchester for deer, coyotes, and wolves, I would suggest that this rifle lacks both range and power for anything but close range shooting.

I would suggest a rifle like the .250-3000 Savage, a .30-1906 Springfield, Winchester or Newton or some similar rifle that has both long range and a flat trajectory, both of which are necessary in successful shooting at coyotes and wolves. Almost any rifle from the .30-30 to the .405 Winchester will do good shooting at deer in the usual brushy country.

You will undoubtedly be able to kill deer occasionally with a .32-20, but you are far more likely to lose wounded game than if you used a more powerful weapon.—Editor.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

Will you kindly let me have your opinion in your magazine as to a suitable rifle to purchase for a sixteen year old boy for use upon game in the district of Parry Sound. At present I am considering a .32 Winchester Special with a short barrel and a .30 Remington. Do you think the mechanism of the latter will stand up as well as that of the Winchester? How do their respective ranges compare? Do you consider the advantages of a take-down style of rifle exceed its disadvantages?

Toronto, Ont.

A. A. Jackson.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry, in regard to the comparison between a .32 Winchester Special and a .30 Remington, these two cartridges are almost exactly equal in power and range and also in accuracy, so the question resolves itself into a choice between the two types of rifles.

If you use open sights exclusively, I do not think that a take-down rifle is any particular disadvantage in regard to changing the sighting, but if you use a tang peep sight, your sighting will be continually changing whenever you take the rifle apart and put it together again. This change will not be very great with a new rifle, but it will exist in spite of information to the contrary.

Either of these two rifles would be well adapted to the use of a young man of 16 and I would suggest that you let him handle both of them if possible and then have him use the one he seems to like the feel of the better. He should have either rifle sighted with a medium sized gold or ivory bead front sight and a rear sight similar to the No. 6 Lyman or King rear sights or 1A Lyman tang peep sight or the corresponding type of marble sights.—Editor.

The Question of Snapping Firearms

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

Much confusion and many different opinions exist as to the advisability of snapping empty pistols, rifles and revolvers. Some claim much injury is done thereby, others that snapping practice may be indulged in with impunity, while still others claim pistols and rifles with firing pins should never be snapped but that those equipped with firing pin and hammer may be, without harm to the arm.

The writer was much interested in Mr. James Whyte's letter on page 410, September, 1919 issue of your most excellent magazine and especially where he states he may write a short article on snapping practice. It is

sincerely to be trusted that he, or some other expert, will do this.

Like many other ardent lovers of firearms, the writer possesses quite a collection of the very finest pistols and revolvers put out by the famous Smith & Wesson and Colt's factories and it is felt an article under the subject of snapping empty hand guns would be appreciated by all such owners. Such an article would be particularly valuable, if written by somebody in an authoritative manner and with sufficient expert knowledge of the mechanism of hand guns to expound logically the reasons for or against the snapping of empty guns. Such an article, it is felt, would be more than welcome and would certainly assist in putting the writer's mind at rest as to whether or not snapping may be indulged in without damage or whether it can be done with certain guns.

Advantage is taken of this opportunity to express admiration of the method in which your entire magazine is conducted, especially interesting and valuable are the many articles contributed by your editor and others on the subjects of fishing, guns in general and ammunition.

Kansas, City, Mo.

S. Harris.

Reply—My personal opinion has always been that it was perfectly allowable and not injurious to the weapon to snap any bolt action rifle as often as desired, but that this should never be done with any weapon that uses a rim-fire cartridge. I have never seen anyone actually break a revolver by snapping it, but I notice that very few target shots seem to care to have their pet weapons snapped unnecessarily.—Editor.

A Rifle for Moose, Deer and Bear.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I have been thinking of getting a rifle for hunting moose, deer, bear and so forth, but I cannot decide which would be a good gun for them.

I have had in mind a .32 Special Winchester or a .30-30 Winchester. I would like something like the above mentioned. Are they strong enough for above mentioned game? If so, will you please tell me which would be the best of the two?

Winnipeg, Man.

B. Molecey.

Reply—In reply to your request, there is very little difference between the .32 Special and the .30-30, the .32 Special being more powerful.

Either of these would be a good selection for deer and small bear, but for heavy bear

and moose, I would prefer something a little heavier. For instance, the .30-1906 cartridge, shooting the 180 grain bullet; a .35 Remington Automatic, the .35 or .405 model 1895 Winchester and 8 m.m. or 9 m.m. Mauser or some other weapon of similar power.

The two rifles that you mention will both be quite satisfactory for the majority of your shooting, but occasionally you will hit one too far back and lose a cripple that you would hold if you were using a more powerful cartridge.—Editor.

Another Moose and Bear Rifle.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I take much pleasure in reading your publication. I would like to know your opinion of the Winchester Automatic .351 for big game, moose, bear, etc.

Swift Creek, B.C.

F. B. Ells.

Reply—Replying to your request, the .351 Winchester Automatic is a good weapon for the game that you suggest, but I would prefer a rifle that shoots a more powerful cartridge like the .30-1906, using the 180 grain bullet, the 8 m.m. Mauser, the .35 or .405 model 1895 Winchester. I would prefer the .401 Winchester Automatic to the .351 as it is more powerful.

I would rather have a rifle using a more powerful cartridge than is used in any of the automatic rifles.—Editor.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition, Dept.

Does it harm a .22 long rifle by shooting .22 short ammunition in it? If so does it harm the rifle by shooting .22 long ammunition in it?

Could a person shoot as accurately from the left shoulder as from the right?

Newmarket, Ont.

Geo. Cave.

Reply—I would suggest that you use nothing but .22 long rifle cartridges in any rifle chambered for them.

The continued shooting of short and long cartridges will naturally result in gas cutting and the roughening up of the chamber of the rifle, which eventually destroys the accuracy and causes the rifle to fail to extract the fired cartridges.

It is possible to shoot as accurately from the left shoulder as from the right. Some of the best shots I know shoot from the left shoulder.

A person who shoots from the left shoulder will nearly always require a different sight setting than one who shoots from the right shoulder due to the difference in the way the

recoil is taken. This is particularly noticeable with a military rifle or any other high power rifle. Those who shoot from the left shoulder are usually at a disadvantage when shooting rapid fire with a bolt action rifle or when shooting a rifle that ejects to the right side. Whenever possible, those who shoot from the left shoulder should choose an automatic or lever action rifle that ejects from the top or from the bottom of the receiver.—Editor.

A Special B.S.A. Single Shot Rifle.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition, Dept.

I would like your advice concerning a B.S.A. Martini single shot which I intend to have built for the .25-20 single shot cartridge. I wish to use it for target and crow shooting and to have a 28 or 30 inch barrel.

What charges would you recommend in both black and smokeless and what is the longest range at which such a gun would be most accurate. I have used a rifle of this make before and for accuracy would ask for nothing better.

Yours very truly,

Lewisville, George Huntingford.

Moncton, N.B.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry, the Special B.S.A. .25-20 single shot rifle that you mention would make a most excellent rifle for the purpose for which you intend to use it. Your best charges would probably be about one grain of bulk smokeless powder like Scheutzen, DuPont or "E.C." smokeless shotgun powder in the bottom of the shell and the balance of the shell full of F.F.G. L & R Orange Extra black powder on top and an 86 grain 25720 Ideal bullet cast about 1 to 30 and the usual black powder primer. One grain F.F.G. black powder in the bottom of the shell and the balance of the shell full of DuPont Scheutzen bulk smokeless and an Ideal bullet 25720 cast 1 to 15, tin and lead also makes a splendid combination.

Seat these loads with two bands of the bullet projecting from the shell and do not crimp the shell upon the bullet to any appreciable extent. In using the Scheutzen load it will be necessary for you to clean your rifle with stronger ammonia to be absolutely sure that you will not have any pitting of the barrel. Either of these loads are extremely accurate.

I suppose that this rifle will be made with an ordinary soft steel barrel in which case it will not be possible for you to use a metal-cased bullet, but if you are able to obtain it

with a special smokeless steel barrel the 86 grain full metal cased bullet and from 10 to 12 grains of Hercules Lightning powder will make a very fast and extremely accurate load. This will be a much better load for crow shooting than either of the previous ones mentioned as it will do very good service up to 125 yards and occasionally you will be able to get one at longer range. This rifle would be accurate at 100 yards but it would not be of much account for crow shooting over 125 yards due to the fact that the cartridge has too high a trajectory.

If you have this rifle equipped with a telescopic sight and a special smokeless steel barrel, you will have a splendid rifle for all small game shooting. I would suggest that you clean the barrel with stronger ammonia (26%), in which case your rifle would last for a life time and will retain its extreme accuracy.

Editor.

A Rifle for the Trap-Line.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition, Dept.

Is a .22 Cal. rifle adapted to use on the trap line by a 14 year old boy?

A Reader.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry, a repeating rifle chambered for the long rifle cartridge would be the most generally satisfactory rifle that you could use for this purpose. If you can secure the cartridges loaded with hollow point bullets they will prove somewhat better than the regular ones supplied with solid bullets.

You will find the .22 rifle to be the best weapon for securing bait for your traps and you will have the added advantage of being able to carry a large supply of ammunition in a very small space.—Editor.

The .351 Winchester for Moose and Mountain Sheep.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

Will you please tell me what you think of a .351 Winchester Automatic for big game hunting such as moose, mountain sheep and bear. I am just a young man and do not know very much about rifles and would like someone who has more experience to tell me what they think, so that I will not select the wrong weapon.

Thanking you, I am,

Calgary, Alta.

C. M.

Reply—The .351 Winchester Automatic would be a good rifle for moose and bear in the brush and at ranges not over about 150

yards but the cartridge does not have a sufficiently flat trajectory to be satisfactory for shooting mountain sheep where the shots are quite often at long range. For such work I would prefer the Winchester rifle shooting a cartridge like the .30-1906 or .303 British or some other long range cartridge of this type.

These cartridges when loaded with a good heavy bullet are also just as well adapted to use in shooting moose and bear at any range that you are likely to encounter.—Editor.

Ammunition for an Old Spencer.

I have an old Spencer Carbine. It takes a rim fire cartridge. Do you know where I could secure ammunition for it? What Caliber is this rifle?

Have you any idea what range it is good for? Would this rifle be suitable for bear and moose hunting and if not what kind of hunting is it adapted to?

Detroit, Mich.

Edward Ross.

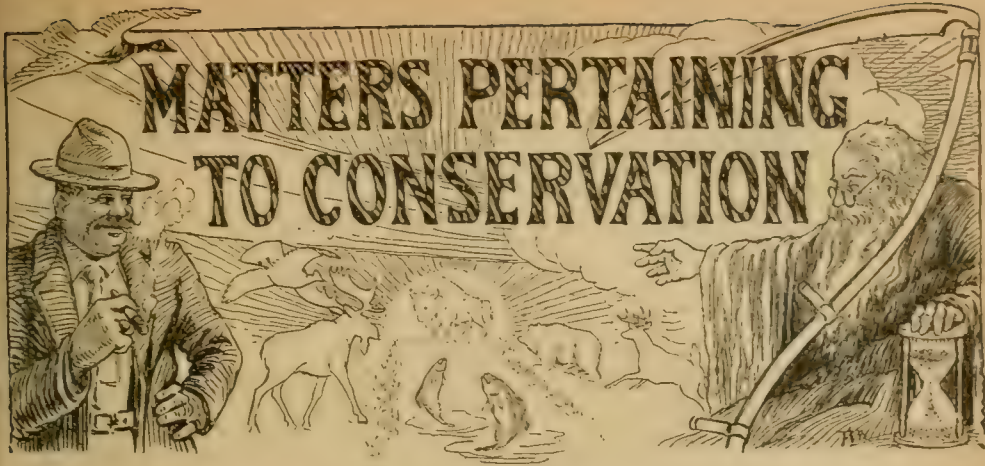
Reply—In reply to your inquiry, you could secure ammunition for this Spencer Carbine from the Remington Arms U.M.C. Corp., Broadway, New York City. This old Spencer might be either a .56-50 or a .56-56 Cal. if it is a Carbine, but if it is a Spencer rifle it is a .56-52 Cal.

If you could secure an old cartridge or a bullet, this matter could easily be determined. This rifle would not be of very much use for hunting over about 150 yards as the velocity of the bullet is too low at longer ranges and you would have trouble from under and over shooting. This rifle was one of the first attempts at designing a magazine rifle.

You could, of course, use this rifle for either bear or moose shooting but I would suggest that you secure a more powerful weapon unless your shooting is at very close range in the brush.—Editor.



Watching the "Running Deer" target at the Nova Scotia Guides' Tournament, Yarmouth, August 26th, 1919



MATTERS PERTAINING TO CONSERVATION

Wild Life Protection

W. T. HORNADAY

Address Delivered Before the Wild Life Conference, Ottawa, February 18th, 1919

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:-
To me this is really a thrilling moment; it means a very great deal to me. During the past four years the boundary line between the United States and Canada has become more than ever an imaginary line. It is 3,000 miles long, but it is not defended by a single gun or a single soldier, or even by a canoe of war. It rests on something far stronger—a gentleman's agreement.

During the past four years we have lived to witness many great events. I am proud and thankful that I have lived to witness two things, the triumph of the treaty for the protection of 1,022 species of migratory birds of North America, and the complete defeat and smashing of Germany on land and sea.

Canada has participated in both those great undertakings and shares in the glory of both those achievements. I invite you to pause a moment and join me in gloating a few gloats over the triumph of the migratory bird treaty; such an opportunity comes to us but once in a lifetime. Events have been moving so rapidly during the past four years that the people of the United States and possibly the people of Canada also, have scarcely had time as yet to take full cognizance of the meaning of the triumph of that international treaty. I know very well indeed that there was a time during the progress of the great war when it seemed not only useless but almost cruel to call upon Canada to pay any attention to that treaty that was pending. In view of the tremendous

efforts that Canada was making to carry on her share of the great war it seemed almost wrong to talk to Canadian statesmen and Canadian naturalists about the protection of birds. But the bird protectors of the continent agreed in their hearts that Canada and the United States were great enough to protect their wild life and forests and conduct a great war at the same time. And so Canada, in spite of the tremendous efforts that she was putting forth in mobilizing men and sending them across, took hold of the matter and promptly and effectively performed her full part in the ratification of the treaty. That left United States nothing to do but play a good second.

Now, when we came to the ratification or the enabling act of congress to carry the treaty into effect, our congress was busy with war measures, and did not want to hearken. So we said: "Look here; see what Canada did during the throes of her great struggle. Can we do less?" Of course, the answer was: "No, we can do no less."

Now, the wonderful thing about that Migratory Bird Treaty is that it covers about four-fifths of the whole of the continent of North America—isn't that magnificent—and it protects 1,022 species of migratory birds. Just previous to that the United States and Canada had enacted laws prohibiting for all coming time importation of wild birds' plumage for millinery purposes, and so far as this continent was concerned north of Mexico, we protected the birds of the world

against the millinery trade. It is no wonder that our colleagues in London have said and printed openly and even joyously that we are to be envied the success that we have achieved in these lines.

What is the wonderful thing about the operation of the migratory bird law? I will try to tell you in a very few words.

In the first place, in the United States there have been during all these years of bird protection certain recalcitrant and incorrigible States. There were certain States that were bad, just as bad boys are bad; there were certain States unethical and ungentlemanly toward their wild life and toward the wild life of the continent at large. The majority of our States did what was right by the birds of North America, migratory and all others, without any international treaty, but there are others, like Texas, South Carolina, and North Carolina, and others that I could name if there were time, that were absolutely incorrigible. That migratory bird treaty did this: it enabled the United States Government, in the first place, to stop all spring shooting in all these recalcitrant States. It enabled the United States government to fix bag limits in all the States where no bag limits had previously existed. It enabled the United States government to declare long close seasons for all migratory birds that were threatened with extermination. Finally, and perhaps most important of all, it enabled the United States government absolutely to prohibit the sale of game so far as the migratory birds were concerned. Four great things wrapped up in the folds of that magnificent treaty—and Canada has done precisely the same. Think what that means from the international boundary between the United States and Mexico to the North Pole. Is not that something so much worth while that we should feel thankful that we have lived to see its accomplishment?

But with all this there are flies in the ointment. The Migratory Bird Treaty does not touch the non-migratory birds. Now, I do not like adjectives that express negation so I am going to call these non-migratory birds the stationary birds. The stationary birds are the birds which do not migrate, of course, and they include all the upland game birds as they are called by naturalists—the grouse, the quail, the ptarmigan, and all their likes. There are a great many of them, and they depend for their existence to-day, to-morrow, and the day after upon local State or Provincial legislation. It is a great pity,

ladies and gentlemen, that the international bird treaty could not protect the upland game birds as well as the migratory birds of all kinds, but it did not, it could not, and so we see this unfortunate state of affairs.

In the first place, there are fifty times too many guns for the upland game. Anybody and everybody can go out and hunt upland game birds, if there are any. In the United States, perhaps 5,000,000 men and boys went hunting every year previous to the war, though not so many during the war. Well, the upland game cannot stand that awful strain, particularly when we add to that fearful handicap the further handicap of automatic and pump shot guns, the awful decrease of cover and natural food supplies, the exposure to the attacks of their natural enemies both on the ground and in the air, and the absence of cover that leads to extra exposure and starvation in the winter. A great many handicaps press heavily upon the upland game birds. They appeal to a greater number of sportsmen, men and boys, than the migratory water fowl or the shore birds, because they are more widely diffused over the land.

Now, I believe in legitimate sport. I am interested in the protection of wild life partly because I wish to help protect the rights of posterity in our heritage of game, and also because I do not wish to see the legitimate sport of hunting with the gun become an extinct pastime. I am not a complete and thorough-going sentimentalist. I think that when game is sufficiently plentiful and the taking of a portion of it does not spell extermination, it is right to take a toll of the wilds; therefore I have been exceedingly interested in endeavoring to promote measures that would preserve the quail and the sage grouse and the sharp-tailed grouse and the pinnated grouse from the extermination with which they have been threatened. I do not wish to see sport with these birds become an extinct pastime. As I have said, the future of these birds depends on local legislation; it is for the states of the United States and the provinces of Canada to say whether these birds shall be protected on an adequate basis or not. We have before us certain object lessons that every American and every Canadian should lay to heart.

The enormous increase in the population of United States and Canada and the enormous increase in guns and gunners must not for one moment be forgotten by the friends of wild life. In the state of New York 37,000



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men go deer hunting every year. There are, in round numbers, about 50,000 deer in the state of New York, and about 10,000 are killed annually. Strange to say, the balance of deer life in the state of New York is to-day fairly well preserved, but we have had the fight of our lives in placing upon our statute books a law forbidding the killing of female deer in the state of New York. Ever since that law was put on our statute book it has been attacked in the Legislature regularly by the deer hunters—of the Adirondacks, except last winter. In the state of New Jersey, thanks to the excellent foresight of the people of that state and its Conservation Commission, there are more deer to-day, I believe, than there are in the state of New Mexico. New Mexico should have 10,000 deer, and New Jersey, by rights, should have none, because of its enormous population and the large number of men who go deer hunting. But, with all that, deer are so plentiful in the little state of New Jersey to-day that 365 were legally and properly killed in that state last year.

I have spoken of recalcitrant states, of incorrigible states. I am going to sketch another picture. In order that I may not be accused of partiality, I will generously and kindly go outside the state of New York and invite you to consider for a moment the virtues of the state of Pennsylvania. Really the history of game protection in the state of Pennsylvania is something of which all Pennsylvanians may well be proud.

Briefly, this is what Pennsylvania has done. Pennsylvania has created nineteen state game sanctuaries, small ones, to be sure, but each situated in a five-acre tract of state forest. Whenever a Pennsylvania deer is shot at, if he is not killed he immediately makes a bee line for the heart of that five-acre forest where he knows he has a sanctuary in which he will find protection; once he goes under the breast-high wire which surrounds that sanctuary, he knows that he is safe and that no hunter dares follow him there. In Pennsylvania automatic guns are prohibited and the use of guns by aliens is prohibited. More than that, the ownership of dogs by aliens is prohibited. That leads to this interesting observation. Sometimes when I and my colleagues over there in wild life protection have, metaphorically speaking, been fighting for our lives against powerful enemies, for their encouragement and for mine I have said: Gentlemen, remember that in this cause, righteous as it is, the boldest policy

is the best policy. Now, New York, is a good game protecting state; in some respects I consider that it stands higher than all others. But we never have dared to pass a law similar to that Pennsylvania law prohibiting the ownership of guns, and even the ownership of dogs, by aliens. But Pennsylvania was goaded into the Alien Gun Act by the murder of her wardens by alien hunters, and so they shut their fists and shut their teeth and said: "we will stop this killing of our wardens by aliens who are hunting." They enacted that law, and of course the aliens fought it. Remember, there is a large, ignorant alien population in Pennsylvania, on account of Pennsylvania's coal mines. The law was immediately challenged as to constitutionality and they fought it clear through to the Supreme Court of the United States and won out on its constitutionality. The same thing happened in regard to the automatic gun; that was carried to the Supreme Court, and the state authorities won out on that.

Just one more word with regard to Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania is now very active in the introduction of wild game. They have sufficient funds and their Conservation Commission are introducing deer, wild quail brought all the way from Mexico—pheasants, rabbits, squirrels. And besides, they are trapping an immense number of animals that are destructive to wild game, ground game especially, which are classed in one word, as vermin. On these they pay bounties.

That shows what a state can accomplish in wild life protection when she puts her mind to it and diligently follows a definite plan. Here is one interesting fact. The hunters of Pennsylvania killed more bear last year than were killed in any other state of the United States—about 300—and they have been so successful in the introduction of white-tailed deer that in many portions of the state they now have excellent deer hunting. They have even gone to the Yellowstone Park and imported elk from that region and turned them loose in Pennsylvania that they might become numerous there; but I regret to report that orchards and farms are so very numerous throughout the state, even in the forested regions, that the elk have made themselves too much at home; they have thrived too well. They immediately began to destroy valuable orchards and crops generally; so the elk experiment in that state must be discontinued. As an animal to introduce in an agricultural country the elk is impossible.



*The light that says
"There it is!"*

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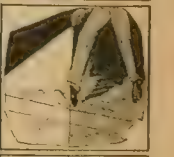
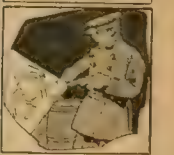
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because he is too large, too courageous, too voracious and too destructive.

There is one matter of which I must speak in this connection, and that is, public sentiment; it relates to the ethics of shooting. The sportsmen at large of the United States have yet much to learn and much to remember in regard to the ethics of hunting and game protection. I mean that there are in the United States an immense number of sportsmen and hunters out of the four or five million men who hunt who entertain the curious idea that it is entirely right and proper and desirable to kill every wild thing that the law permits them to kill; that is to say, in hunters' parlance, to "kill up to the bag limit." Now, a more deadly idea never found lodgement in the minds of sportsmen. The conscientious, educated, sensitive sportsman who sincerely desires to do his part in the preservation of our stock of wild game for posterity is impelled to stop when he sees that the species that he is pursuing is threatened with extermination—even if the law permits him to go on. But there are men who will go out and cheerfully kill the last quail, the last ruffed grouse, the last sage grouse, the last wild duck and the last anything, if the law permits them to do it. Is it not strange that the ethical idea should be absent from the minds of so many intelligent men?

At times I have been positively disgusted by the attitude of some of the quail hunters of Long Island. Men have talked to me about the sufferings of Long Island quail in the severe winter weather and have told me with moisture in their eyes, almost with the tears coursing down their cheeks, of how the quail were slaughtered last winter by sleet, snow and starvation. And when I turn to such a man and say; Will you refrain next fall when the hunting season opens from going out quail hunting, what do you suppose his answer is? Every single time that I have talked to a confirmed Long Island quail hunter in that strain, he has said; Well, it is not the hunters who have exterminated the quail: it is the cold and hard winters. Why should we leave them for the winters to kill? We might just as well have them for ourselves. Now, is that not enough to disgust anyone?

That reminds me of another thing in regard to local control. Beware of the danger of local control in certain cases. We will say that in nine cases out of ten it is all right, it is save and may be trusted, but look out for

the tenth case. Take Long Island as an illustration. I have known for a long time that the quail of Long Island were on the point of extermination. A few quail have existed on the grounds of a number of hunting clubs where they are well protected except during the hunting season, but elsewhere in the open, where Thomas, Richard and Henry may go out with their licenses and shoot them, they have almost disappeared. Long Island men have told me this—men in a position to know—and that is why I state it as a fact.

Long Island men have asked me to help them to give the long close season to the quail of Long Island that six years ago the rest of New York extended to the quail of the whole state. I have said; Yes, but the impulse must come from within; let the men of Long Island show that they are interested in protecting the quail of Long Island from extinction, and I will come forward and help. That challenge was accepted once. Some gentlemen whom I know, only two or three of them all told, made a strong, well-organized and determined effort to convince the state Conservation Commission that the quail of Long Island needed the exercise of the discretionary power of that Commission in the way of a long close season for these quail. This is what happened. A hearing was held in New York, attended by the representatives of shooting clubs to the total number of seventeen; just five people were there to speak on behalf of the quail. So those seventeen men who came for the purpose of assuring the Conservation Commission that everything was lovely and that the quail were on a continuing basis on Long Island and that the proposed close season was entirely unnecessary—why, they talked the rest of us down. We made a very poor showing, the five of us against the seventeen. The same thing was repeated at River Head, only to a worse extent. Only three people were there to talk for the quail, and judging by the weight of evidence that was presented at those hearings, our Conservation Commission was bound to conclude that the contentions of the majority were right. So the quail of Long Island did not get their long close season, and I bade them then a long farewell. If the people of Long Island are indifferent to their fate, I can afford to be. I will never hunt any of them; I can stand the extermination of the quail of Long Island if they can. I was at a Long Island club not long ago on the opening day of the quail season. Four very able sportsmen, aided by four dogs, went

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out and hunted all day in the best covers they have, and they came back at night with one poor, little hen quail.

There is something to be said with regard to the big game situation. The subject is so large that it is impossible to cover even one-tenth of the ground, but I will try to give you a brief sketch of it.

The big game situation is very peculiar in the United States; in no two states is it exactly the same, because of the different manner in which different states handle their game. We have seen moose disappear to the point that only three groups of moose now exist in the United States, in Maine, in Minnesota and in northwestern Wyoming. The moose, as an animal to be hunted in the United States, has almost gone forever. According to law, there is no longer any hunting of antelope anywhere in United States and, worse than that, the antelope are disappearing in spite of that universal protection. As you know, the antelope is a peculiar creature, very delicate, very sensitive to evil conditions; and under adverse circumstances it has no more stamina than a pet monkey, and is easily snuffed out. We noted with extreme interest and delight the action of Alberta in establishing a great, special antelope reserve a short distance southwest of Medicine Hat. That experiment is now a success; the herd that was originally impounded there has increased by thirty head and now contains seventy-four head. It looks like what business men call a going concern. The antelope are living in their own country and are eating their own food; there is no reason why they should not survive and thrive.

We have endeavored to acclimatize the antelope in some of our bison ranges in the United States. In two of these bison ranges the experiment promises to succeed, and we hope that eventually the species can be perpetuated in the eight national bison ranges that we now have.

The mountain sheep is not so badly placed. No hunting of mountain sheep is done anywhere in the United States now except in Wyoming and the state of Washington. Something like twenty-eight years ago Colorado became a great mountain sheep preserve. At the beginning, it was estimated that about two hundred mountain sheep were left; now there are considerably over seven thousand, and the number is continually increasing. There was a case where all the people of Colorado in the regions inhabited by the

mountain sheep elected to observe not only the letter but the spirit of the law to protect these wonderful animals.

A curious thing happened at Ouray not long ago. The people of Ouray regard the mountain sheep that surround their town as you and I regard our pet dogs and cats; they are just as sacred to them. A time came when the state of Colorado wished about six specimens of mountain sheep from the stock at Ouray to use in the park at Denver for breeding and exhibition purposes, so they sent a man to Ouray to capture some living specimens. Of course, everything of that kind had to be done openly and above-board, and the people of Ouray became cognizant of what was proposed. To the astonishment of the state authorities the people of Ouray rose as one man and said: 'Not by any means; these sheep are ours; they are inviolate; death to the man who touches one of our sheep—etc., etc., Well, it took considerable persuasion to bring the people of Ouray around to the point of believing that ethically and sentimentally and every other way it would be all right and perfectly proper to catch some of these sheep and transport them to the city of Denver to exhibit them and to breed them in captivity. That is why Colorado has today over seven thousand living mountain sheep. The mountain sheep has responded to protection.

The grizzly bear, as an animal to be hunted by sportsmen, has almost disappeared from the United States. There are a few regions in Wyoming in which it is possible for a sportsman, if he has an extra skilful guide, to find and shoot a grizzly bear, but the localities in which that can be done can be counted, I think, on the fingers of one hand. The grizzly bear is just that near to extinction in our country.

The black bear approaches the status of the white-tailed deer; it politely but firmly refuses to be exterminated, so that many states—almost an absurd number of states, one may say—in our country contain some black bears. Give the black bear species half a chance—aye, even quarter of a chance—and he will not only survive, he will actually increase. We have black bears in the Adirondacks and in the Catskills in the state of New York. As I have said, Pennsylvania sportsmen killed 300 two years ago. I think that about sixty were killed in New York state during the past year. We hope, therefore, that the black bear will remain with us; I should be sorry indeed to see any species of

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North American bear exterminated. Those of you who are sportsmen know that one single bear on foot and in a healthy frame of mind can cast a glamour of romance over a thousand square miles of wild country.

The white-tailed deer is in many respects the most valuable animal that we have, because he also refuses to be exterminated. Give the white-tailed deer one-tenth of a chance and it will survive. I think it is safe to predict that when the last inhabitant of North America kills the last hoofed animal, that animal will be the white-tailed deer. The white-tailed deer carries his head low: he skulks. When you start him in the timber, in the brush, or anywhere he rarely stops to turn around and look at you and see what kind of clothes you are wearing: all that he is anxious to do is to put space between himself and you. The mule deer is a much finer animal to look at, much more statuesque. He carries his head high, and nearly every time when you start him, before he runs out of gun shot he stops and turns around and takes a good look at you: and that is the moment for which the hunter waits and which is so often fatal to the splendid mule deer. The mule deer, is, I am afraid, doomed

to disappear, but the white-tailed deer remains. It exists in our country in a very great number of states. It is the hoofed animal of all others that responds most quickly and most thoroughly to protection. If you have in Canada an area or territory that is at all suitable to the existence of the white-tailed deer, all you need do in order to have the white-tailed deer inhabit that country is to purchase a dozen specimens at from \$25 to \$50 each, take them there in the spring and turn them loose, and they will do the rest. The state of Vermont once had completely exterminated her white-tailed deer. They put in thirteen head, and in twenty-two years they opened deer hunting and were killing all the way from one thousand to two thousand deer. So it pays to protect and propagate and colonize that particular species.

Dr. Hornaday then showed forty-three lantern slides, illustrating the slaughter of wild life in the United States, Canada and elsewhere on the North American continent, the species that have been exterminated, the influence of protection on wild life, and game in preserves.

My First Deer Hunt

W. H. W.

VERY interesting events stay fresh in a person's memory after a considerable lapse of time and so the details of the following hunting trip still remains a pleasant recollection.

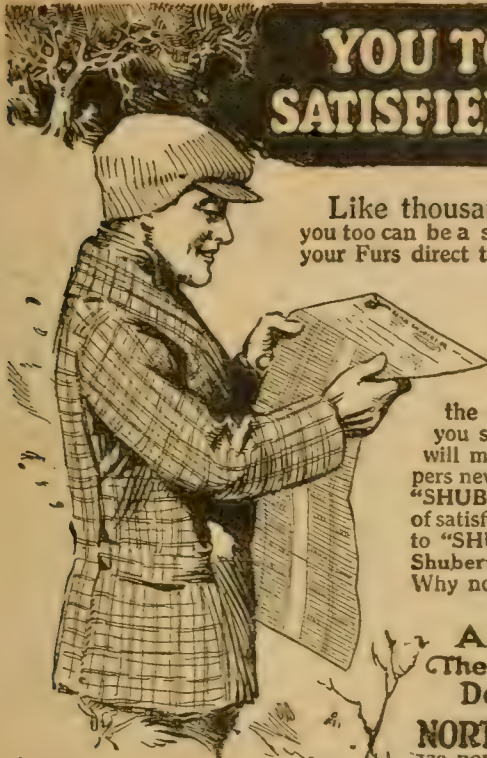
Four years ago last autumn, a friend of mine, who had been in the habit of making his holidays coincide with a deer hunting trip, asked me how a similar trip would suit me. About as quickly as I could say, "Nothing better," arrangements were made. On account of our respective business ties, no exact date for our departure could be agreed upon and I had begun to think that the trip had fallen through, when one evening about 8.30 a telephone message informed me that the rest of the party were making final preparations and owing to faulty telephone service, they had not been able to get in touch with me until the last half hour. However, that thirty minutes was enough for me to get together a few essentials including blankets, waterproof, change of clothing and of course a

few "eats" and a rifle and ammunition. A few summers in a military training camp had given me an idea of how to travel "light."

Well, in brief we arrived at our local station and were soon on our way to Toronto and thence, via C.P.R., to our destination in Parry Sound, where we arrived at eight o'clock.

Packing our duffle about forty rods to a convenient sheltered spot, we decided on a makeshift camp for the night. After getting a bite to eat we spread the tent out on the ground, or I should say rock, for that is about all that you walk on in that section. The blankets spread on top and we undertook to keep beneath them. Well, the frost got a little sharp, the wind a little unruly, and the unfortunate tenderfoot, either by chance or purpose, was allotted the centre where the blankets met. Yes, they met alright and even overlapped for awhile, but the overlap grew less and less until a space appeared and that space grew and grew until the edges of

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the blankets absolutely refused to meet. It took a whole blanket to reach around the "Doc", so every half turn meant half a blanket gone. Fortunately I had no reason to be afraid of night prowlers, for as soon as "Doc" got to sleep he breathed defiance over a large area, in a very sonorous, guttural. Lesson 1. *Don't get where you have to depend on someone else for blankets.*

There were five of us in camp at first. "Doc" was cook, general supervisor and "first aid to the injured." Before we left Toronto he was swinging along with a circular bundle in a bag, sometimes over his back, sometimes in one hand, often changing hands but always in his own hands, and once I fancied I heard it gurgle. Then there was Sile, who has probably accounted for more coons than any other man in this country. Bert, who could eat more toast than any other man in camp. Jim, who always fired a shot once a week whether he needed to or not and always tumbled his deer "end over end," and then the song again, "slipped around a rock and got away," and always "the biggest buck you ever seen." Lastly the writer who was out to see and learn. The sixth member, the "undertaker," blew in about three days later. He was minus a thumb and finger, which made his gun handling look suspicious.

The first day was taken up setting up tents and laying in a supply of firewood. We selected a sheltered wood lot, dry and with enough earth to enable us to stake the tents, and near to a clear stream of water.

All was in readiness for a hunt the next day. "Doc" always took care of camp or hunted near by, his build not adapting him to much rock climbing or marsh wading. We "still hunted" and got under way in fair time and working up the wind or across it. Sile advised me to keep in touch with him for the first day, not being acquainted with this style of country, and this, by the aid of a whistle, I endeavored to do. We had been working along for about an hour when Sile's little rifle began to talk. He used a Marlin 25-20 and usually got the most and best deer. I had heard that he could shoot, but that sounded more like an automatic to me. If a rifle could "sputter" that one could. The deer was at a distance and only visible at times, and he managed to get away. About noon I heard three shots from the same little rifle and in answer to Sile's whistle I helped him hang up a splendid buck, with a fine set of antlers. He weighed over 200 pounds at our local station. The 25-20 did it and yet

there are some who use a .280 Ross or high power Newton to do the same trick. We used three Marlin 25-20's, a Marlin 32-40, a Remington 30-30 and a 303 Savage.

We had been working west and now worked north for several miles and found that we were at the head of an angling, rough-coasted lake that forced us to make a detour of several miles over the roughest country that I have ever travelled, up one rock ridge and down another, through a marsh and then a timber-strewn stretch that would tax our ingenuity to traverse it at all. I believe that if I had carried a pedometer that day that it would have started to repeat. We got back to camp. Bert reported a buck to his credit, but Jim "never saw a flag." The boys had told me that tramping in the north country was a great appetizer, but Oh, Boys! just see those fellows eat, of course I was pretty busy myself, but side glances revealed wonders, whole platefuls just disappearing. After the eating, had subsided "Doc" commanded "All hands to the dishwashing," but they simply couldn't, and just rolled onto the bunk.

We were pretty stiff the next morning, but has some luck and brought home a small deer to help out the meat rations at camp.

The next day Sam the undertaker, came. He was supposed to be a seasoned bushman. You couldn't lose him, no sir, you couldn't get far enough away from him. He was a great trailer.

We had a lively time, one morning when Sile and Sam were working a small swamp, yours truly on the right bank on high rock. A snap in the bushes put me on my guard and then things began to happen. The other two opened fire for a few seconds, then I got a few shots using a 32-40. The deer was running through a thick growth, only being visible for a few seconds each time, and at times the three rifles working on him. Then all was still. I said the deer was still there; the others said he wasn't. But Mr. Deer settled the question by jumping out then and another shot or two stopped him. That deer was just seen by flashes. He had ten wounds on him, some from front sides, rear and top. Bert and Jim claim that they heard over twenty shots.

Another deer was shot on a runway. Sam at least shot at him and claimed him for his own but when told that he was blind he was not quite so enthusiastic.

Sile's 25-20 accounted for another large buck with a splendid head, which we, Sam,



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Sile, Bert and myself, by turns carried part way to camp, but before we got to a familiar section, darkness overtook us. We hung up the buck and made a line as near as possible for camp. Sile was guide and he never used a compass, but we had been consulting it now and then to try and keep our bearings. After tumbling over rocks and trees and falling into holes for an hour or two, Sile said, "Where's your compass? I'm done."

I might say the moon began to rise and then all blackened over. We were certainly "balled up" and could not recognize any of our surroundings. We had been travelling east by the compass for some time without making much headway, when Sile reached for my rifle and fired a shot in the air. A shout from Jim, who had started for camp an hour before us, answered from a march in front of us. You would hear a limb crack, then a splash accompanied by a few adjectives and finally Jim floundered out with "Gee I'm glad to find you fellows."

He had got so near camp, just at dark that he heard the dog bark, but on working his way out through a swamp, he had put the

rising moon behind him, instead of the setting sun and the sky having clouded over he had been travelling west until he met us. We got to camp, but oh! what a tramp! We had carried a small deer out with us and still carried it in case of forced camp on the rock. Some of us were "all in" and that small deer seemed to weigh about 200 lbs. Lesson No. 2 *If in a strange bush country, get to camp by dark.*

The others were getting their count pretty easily and I was getting uneasy about mine. The deer took advantage of my ignorance and started out of, apparently the most unlikely places and always managed to beat a safe retreat. However, one day a fool deer stopped running and just left about three inches of the top of his head showing over a rock about fifty yards away, and in about two seconds that deer's brain-box was empty and I had shot my first deer.

Our twelve days were about up, so we brought in our deer, got loaded on the train and were soon on our way to our respective homes, well satisfied with our outing.

My 1918 Deer Hunt

MELVILLE W. ROBINSON

IT was just ten years since I enjoyed a deer hunt, and this year in particular,—owing to the World's war, and scarcity of meat,—the Government was allowing two deer in number for a license of three dollars.

Fully making up my mind, the license bought (it sure looked like old times to see it) I started preparations.

The tinge of youth seemed to run through my whole frame. It hardly seemed true I was going to one of Canada's solitudes in quest of deer, away from the noise for a rest, and an outing. I felt jubilant at having intact my hunting outfit, (which had been carefully packed for a month previous), and which included my 303 Savage rifle light weight takedown, packed in the outfit with one hundred and twenty rounds of soft nosed cartridges.

I have always taken such pride in my hunting outfit, and no man on the Continent has a finer one. It is all that is needed, everything for lightness and water-proofing, and has been figured from years of experience in the woods, and on the marsh.

Now for deer hounds, being a breeder of Irish Water Spaniels, English Pointers, and Fox Hounds (the intervening ten years having been devoted to grouse and duck shooting, and fox in winter), I have some of the finest fox hounds that ever put a nose to the track, and stayers, but they had never yet smelled deer. An invitation had been extended to me from three parties, all good fellows, and I was at a loss to know which one to take. Then, at the last minute the one which had been decided on, two of the four members did not think they could get away. My partner and I then decided to get a duck hunt on Mile Lake, ninety miles north of Kingston, where ducks were in thousands, and deer also came when hounded. With this now in view, decoys and boats packed, as well as a case of five hundred twelve gauge No. 5 shells, a fish net was also packed, as fish were known to be plentiful in this lake.

Our hunt seemed to be upset, but we were going somewhere at any rate, then near the time to go we arranged with George McIntyre of Douglas, Ont., Robt. McLaren of

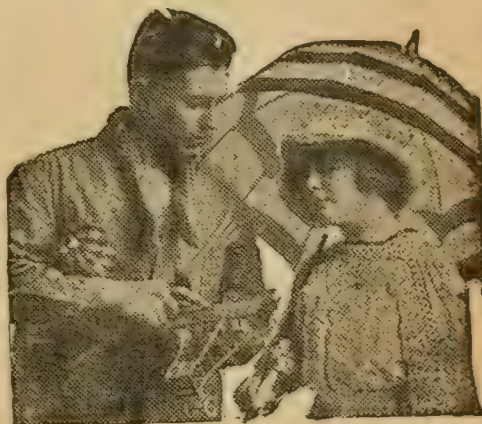
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MANHOOD! The quality which rules the world to-day. My friend, there never was a time in the history of the human race when real, sturdy manhood, manly vigor and manly courage counted for as much as they do now, this very minute. No matter what your years, whether you are 20 or 60, you must be either entirely in the race or entirely out of it. It is invariably the fellow who proves up the strongest in this human strength that forges to the front, while weaklings stand aside. It is he also who is in most demand and most sought after by women and men in his community, simply because he radiates that marvellous magnetic influence which only an abundant vigor and rugged manly health can radiate. I believe any man can hope to completely develop or restore this same vigor of manly strength, no matter what his past follies may have been, provided he is willing to REALLY MAKE THE EFFORT; and provided, of course, he is not weighed down by extreme old age or is not incurably diseased. To my mind, the road of the one who wants more vigor is perfectly plain,



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Renfrew and Harry McGonigal of Flower Station, all three who had hunted near where we were going, and considered good hunters and shots, which proved to be true. McGonigal was to act as guide and dog man, the writer and Robt. Duncan—my partner—having never been in this place before.

Duncan had two fine hounds which had been hunted on deer the past six falls, and McIntyre brought in as fine a deer hound as one would wish to own. Potter, Engineer on the C. P. R. let us have his two, and Michael Amodeo, one of Kingston's Wholesale Fruit Dealers, his one, they not being able to get away themselves, so we were wonderfully equipped for good dogs, which I consider seventy-five percent. of one's success hunting, and when one feeds and cares for them a whole year, for a few week's hunting, they surely ought to be appreciated. We planned to leave on Oct. 29th C. P. R. noon train for Flower Station—two and a half days before the season opened. Some thought it early, but there was camp to get ready, wood to cut, and a host of things to do, so as not to take up the valuable hunting time of fifteen days,—and possibly a week or so of bad weather. Dozens of others on the same quest were on the same train, and at nearly every station hunters and dogs got aboard,—in fact it seemed a hunter's train. Hounds had to be brought into the passenger coaches, so great was the baggage and number of dogs on the train going North.

As hunters need no introduction, there were scores of deer hunts swapped, talks of hunting grounds, great dogs, men who were crack shots, etc. We had one hour's delay at Tichbourne Junction, and also at Sharbot Lake to make connections with trains going east and west, which gave us ample time for dinner. We arrived at Flower Station about six o'clock where our guide, McGonigal, met us. We got some extra stove pipes, and the wagon was loaded early the next morning, with all our duffle. McIntyre came in on the morning train from Renfrew, and the start was made to what was one time Gray's Lumber Camp, in the days of the pine,—which lies about straight west from the Station, eight miles over the most dreadful trail one would wish to take horses, the wheels at times dropping into the ruts where the axle barely cleared, and some holes filled with water, where the hounds, which were tied behind to a long pole, had to swim to follow. Some hills the horses would have to rest two or three times, while we put stones behind the

wheels before making the tops, and from the top of these hills one could see for miles and miles. It was some sight for a lover of nature. We stopped on the way in at a settlers, Mr. Close, to feed horses, and where his pretty daughter, Margaret,—a girl of about sixteen summers,—cooked us a most appetizing dinner. While there we were advised that a wagon had gone in about an hour ahead of us with four hunters heading for the same place, they having no dogs,—which was quite a surprise, and made it look bad for our camp site, but first come first served—we were soon off again. On the way in we raised about a dozen grouse, and as it was a closed season, had to leave behind my pointers "Frontenac" and "Myssie N." My choice of hunting is shooting over good bird dogs, watching their wonderful work, and coming to a point, but some other fall will find us there, all going well, on these birds.

On reaching camp we found it occupied as advised. We had not bothered with tents, as we were assured possession of the camp. The buildings which lay in a hollow between the hills, consisting of the main camp (which had been idle for years, over half the roof having fallen in, but walls and bunks the men used—eight in number—still remained) the tool and harness shack, a building about twelve by sixteen all fixed up. This was the one occupied and contained the stove and the stables and grainery where oats and grain were kept for the horses. All buildings were built of logs, and the roofs were in bad order. It no doubt was a typical Canadian lumber camp at one time. There was nothing left to do but send out for tents, or get busy, and fix up the building. Taking possession of the best half of the big building, we rushed a new roof on,—Earl Close and Harry going out for a roll or two of tar paper, and more pipes and two elbows, which made another trip over that awful trail for horses. We put in two miserable nights without fire, it raining hard the first night, but we had sufficient board cover to keep the wet out, and the back was almost boarded in. This sure was roughing it. Sugar bags which our bread came in were tacked over the windows where glass was gone, and a lot of novel ideas were employed. It was not the first time the writer had roughed it out, and by Thursday night the camp not only surprised the other hunters, but amazed ourselves. About 4 p.m. Harry arrived back with the stove with more duffle, and to our surprise with him were Potter and Amodeo, who were able to get away at the



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last minute. Our original plan was now complete, seven in all, all old timers, and not one tenderfoot in the party. The stove up, a wood fire soon had it home-like and dried out, and the tar paper roof was soon in place, and ready for any weather. Amodeo proved a tireless worker, and a good cook. Everything was got ready for an early breakfast, rifle racks up, rifles oiled and ready for Friday a.m. Nov. 1st., the first day of the hunt. During the evening another wagon had come in with four hunters, who put up two tents, and had things rather nice in a few hours, they having hunted there for the past seven years, and who were greatly taken up with the completeness of our camp, which was later the hangout for all in the evenings. Everyone was up early, and we could hear voices "Hurrah for the Cattle Trail." Some headed out hours before day break, most of them being familiar with the country, and could go the trails in the dark, in fact, some of the older men used to work in the camps. Duncan and McIntyre having looked over the ground Thursday p.m., we were soon at our stands,—which looked rather doubtful for a runway. The morning broke clear and chilly, with hardly a breath of wind. My, such peace and quietness in this country, where the woodman's axe had cleared out the pine and other timber years ago, and still traces of forest fire which had come through, but now thickly covered with underbrush, poplar, some cedar and birch, while some stately old pines, fire swept, were still standing amid the peace and quietness of it all, the air so wholesome and refreshing. There was no honk of the automobile horn, no clang of street cars, or thump of horse's feet and dray wagons. It was part of Canada's Great Hunting Ground, now where deer, moose, bear and wolf eked out a living. The Indians who trapped the beaver and other animals were also gone. I stood there looking over the great hills, and ravines below for over an hour. It was a sight worth all the hard work in and at the camp, and to come miles to see alone.

I could see Potter on another hill east of me, and Amodeo and his red hat to the south on the side of another hill with a man, which proved to be a stranger on the same stand. It seemed about time our dog man had started something, but all was still. I would have been quite content to have sat there all day looking the wonderful sight over hour after hour, the work of Nature—it needed no painter's brush or color—This was the real

thing, but the white man is ever restless and must be adoin'. I could see some dark object on the side of a distant hill moving along, apparently a young bear. What's this I see? It's antlers coming, a deer's head, and crossing on the hill between Amodeo and myself was a monster buck,—Yes all I could see was its head and horns still coming walking fast. Don't hear any dogs. When he gets opposite I open fire,—one shot, still walking,—two shots, he stops,—three shots, he jumps and runs. Two more shots and he's gone. Not over two hundred yards across there, and a clean miss for five shots,—such a fine specimen of deer and not a big haul to camp. Amodeo and the stranger watched me shoot instead of helping, then I see Potter level his rifle, and he also misses two shots. Amodeo and the stranger came across, and claimed I hit him the third shot, but we found no trace of blood, and I felt hurt at missing such a beauty. I even wondered if the rifle was shooting true, as I was too busy at camp to test it out. Other years I had fired twenty to twenty five shots to get the hang of it before going out. The shots had echoed through the hills, but it was quiet once more as though nothing had happened, and I consoled myself that his head was a small mark and the brush a little thick for shooting. Where are the hounds? not a sound yet,—yes, at the last are a pair tonguing. They have lifted their deer and are going, but not ours. To the south I hear more, and a little while later dozens of dogs are tonguing, and to the west are more. The dog men are busy, and it needs no telling that the white man has invaded this solitude. I hear the crack, crack crack of rifles, and in some cases dogs stop, which means a kill,—others go on, which is generally a miss, and it is hounds all over, and hunters where one would little expect to find them. But where are our dogs? I can hear one old bugler of a hound about two miles to the south,—my such tongue,—clear as a bell, and above all the others, such music—I had owned hounds with such tongue years ago, but the present day hounds do not have it.

The great tongue dog stops, and Harry says that's at Middle Branch Lake, the deer taking the water, and no doubt they have it. Seventeen deer were put in that lake by hounds the first day last fall, and it is infested with hunters over there. "Things look blue for us Harry eh?" "Oh no,—the deer are bunched,—they are not fully scattered yet. Just then the "King" Dog and my "Miss



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Mezzo come rushing to us, having back tracked from the Madawaska river, and the leopard is put on them, and in about an hour I shot a big doe that tried to run over me with King and Mezzo on its very heels. About the same time Duncan scores on another big deer, and also wounds another. They are cleaned out, poled, carried to the wagon trail, hung up in the shade, and covered with cedars. I always carry a sash cord and pulley to make work easy, so one can work alone if necessary. A Marble axe is also a great thing to carry, and don't forget a compass, a liberal lunch, and some matches. (Sometime one may get lost like I did some years ago, and put one awful night in the woods alone without blankets or matches). That ended our first day, two deer.

Wood was got and the camp put in better shape still. Shelter made for dogs in other end of camp building, with good marsh hay beds. We all had a good night's rest, and knew our dogs had good quarters too. Some hunters claim dogs work better half starved, but I know I don't, and neither do the dogs, but don't overfeed. We had one hundred lbs. horse meat, lots of bread and biscuits, and many strange hounds came to our camp half starved, these were fed and put out the next morning (two staying with us two days, and another four and a half days, the latter about all in, foot sore, and could not move out next day. He apparently would have eaten the camp out in one meal). Some dogs had the initials cut in their hair, while others were painted or dyed.

Saturday the second we were out early, and got some chases which went to the Madawaska River, and Prince,—one of our best dogs,—failed to come back. Sunday, the third, we took a hike and studied the country more. No deer were seen, although we were not hunting. We saw more hunters moving into a place called Baldwin Depot, another abandoned lumber camp about two miles from us. Later we called on them and had a conversation. Potter went to another camp five miles away in quest of Prince.

Monday the fourth it was raining and snowing. We slid our two deer into camp and hung out after our dogs failed to get a start. We also passed some men in a camp getting out pulp wood.

Tuesday Nov. fifth we jumped three deer on our way to the new ground we had looked over Sunday which we missed, not reaching our runways in time, the dogs ahead of us, being let go too soon. King had a buck ahead

of him, and Miss Mezzo a doe and a fawn going to High Falls. We heard the crack of rifles and her stop, and two deer that should have been ours were gone. Then King stops after a rifle crack, and someone got the buck also. We could see both races for fully five minutes in full view of the six of us, who were cursing the dog man for not giving us more time. Harry coming through jumps a deer, and took shots but failed to score a hit. During the afternoon I also watched a chase ahead with the Baldwin Depot party dog for fully ten minutes. Our Rex dog joined in, and failed to come back, and while we were debating just what to do, the King dog put a small buck, which almost ran over us all, and McIntyre shot it. Amodeo got a snap shot of a deer but failed to score. Mezzo failed to come back, but got in during the night.

Wednesday, Nov. 6th we were out of bed at four thirty, starting out at day break in a heavy frost and fog, which made it difficult to get to our runways. Potter scored on a young buck ahead of Cailie and Sport dogs. Harry widens on a buck at two hundred yards for six shots, which rang up the valley for miles but failed to score. We were on new ground to the north of our camp, and I could hear four dogs to our east and two others further north from us, but deer run out of our Country. On our way into camp the dogs got mixed up with a porcupine while bringing in Potter's deer, and we had some job for one pair of pliers on the mouths of five dogs. We also found Rex dog lost day before. Another wagon load of goods and bunch of hunters arrived with two hounds and a collie, which looked more like a wolf than a dog. This outfit made a total of twenty seven men in all in camps adjoining.

November 7th, in a light rain, we got an early start for our runways. King dog started a large buck, which ran along the side of a hill from us. McLaren opened fire at one hundred yards, and claimed two hits in eight shots. We failed to find blood, lost out on the track, and King was soon back to us. We were unable to locate the buck. It rained hard and we reached camp at twelve noon. After dinner we all had some practice on a stump in a small lake, and nearly all were scoring hits at two hundred yards. After, we went south, and got a buck started and it ran from us to the Madawaska river, we all getting back to camp after dark.

November 8th we all left camp at daybreak with prospects of a good day. We were

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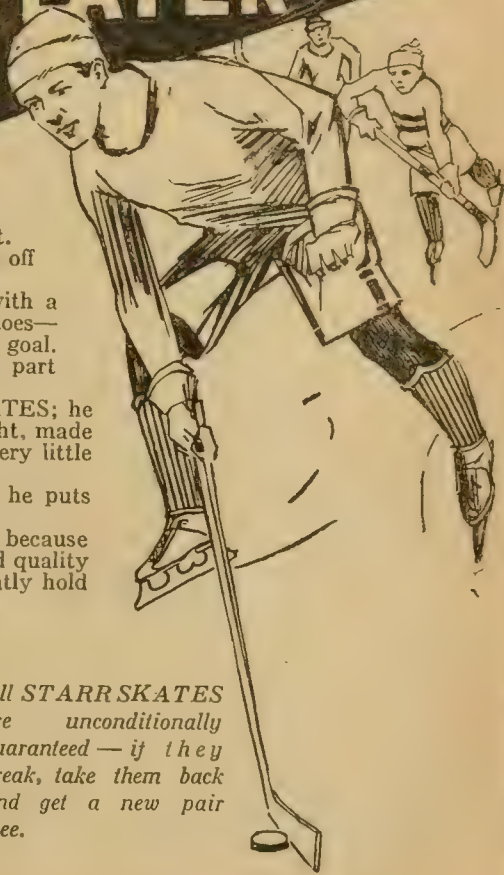
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getting better acquainted with the country. McIntyre scores on a young buck for three shots, and McLaren drops a monster buck ahead of Mezzo and Caillie with one shot from a thirty-thirty, breaking its back. We failed to get another start. We met another party of Kingston hunters who were camped at Mile Mountain, which is about seven miles from our camp,—telling us one of our lost dogs had come to them. One of the camps across from us brought in two deer, another a doe and a buck. It rained hard at seven thirty that evening, so all shaved and wrote letters. One man was leaving for home the next day, and would take out the mail.

All our dogs came back to camp, and we got word that our Prince dog was at another camp with "E" brand some unscrupulous hunter had put on him.

Saturday Nov. 9th we were up at 4.30. It had rained all night, but cleared very well by seven, so we decided on a tryout, and used two dog men. A strange dog was in one of the stalls. He was fed and put out with the others. We failed to get a start at all. It rained hard again at three, so all headed for camp just in time to avoid a heavy down pour. On our way in we saw some good bear signs. Dogs again got mixed up with a porcupine, making an hour's delay. I had two pair of pliers with me this time (all hunters should carry a good pair,—also a lead I will describe to anyone interested, which will keep a dog's mouth open so you can safely work, and is the best thing in a lead I ever saw. They are generally for showing purposes but every hunter should carry one, which does away with the dog's collar, put on and off in an instant. Any worker of leather can make them.) All dogs got to camp, were fixed up for the night, and fed. One of the other camps had got a small buck.

On our hikes we made good use of the wintergreen, which grew everywhere, and made delightful chewing.

Sunday Nov. 10th we took a walk through the hills, and saw more bear signs. Also fresh tracks. We wanted to get the dogs and put on the bears, but Harry said goodness knows where they would take us and the dogs, and no snow to follow, possibly someone else would get the bear, so did not think it worth the trouble. A few deer tracks were seen, but no deer in sight. Potter left for the camp to get our Prince dog which had been located. A heavy west wind blew at times during the afternoon. We could hear an odd shot, but apparently no one was hunting. We jumped

several grouse on our way, arriving in camp at four.

Monday Nov. 11th we left camp at day break, and other camps had also left. We reached our runways in good time, and in a short while I could hear four dogs tonguing near "Middle Branch Lake." At eight a.m. the dogs put a buck near my stand. I opened fire—one shot, "he's hit,"—two shots, "he's down." McIntyre winged another, which we had to chase to a lake, and McLaren waded in the icy waters, and dragged it out. All our shooting was done on runways, as we had no boats. The deer were poled, and brought to camp, which was some job. All our dogs got home safely. Our neighbors reported one of their dogs missing. We again got some firewood, and Potter got in with our lost Prince dog, which had been gone over a week. All being tired, we retired early. About nine forty five we heard a shot fired, and everyone was up, fearing there was a man lost, but the camps adjoining reported all in. We fired two shots out of the shot gun, and got no answer. Men were ready to take the trail with lanterns, but everything being still, we figured all was O.K.

Tuesday Nov. 12th proved to be a fine frosty morning, and somewhat chilly, till the sun peeped over the hills. I was on another new runway this day, and chose the top of a mammoth rock, which gave me a good view of a small Lake, and more of a radius to shoot in,—as I preferred to shoot down. This also gave me a wonderful view of the hills again. There were soon dogs going on the north, east, south and west of me, but nothing near me to shoot. McIntyre wounded a deer, and followed it for a mile, but failed to get it. Duncan also jumped a deer, but failed to get it. Mezzo jumped a buck, but it too got safely away. We all got to camp, and were real hungry and surprised to find ourselves out of bread. We had lots of beans, rice and vegetables yet, and a young boy (who came in for a couple of days' sport) was sent out with a pack-sack for some. I might mention this young fellow had his father's 303 Lee Enfield Carbine, and handled it like one would a sugar cane. The muzzle was under his neck, resting on his foot, or half the time swung across your face, apparently unaware it was a rifle. He had grown so used to it, to caution him was useless. About another day, and I think I would have thrown it into the lake. I have seen some older men about as careless too.

Wednesday Nov. 13th it rained early in the

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morning, but we started out, and it had cleared away about nine. A deer was started and made a good run, but we failed to get it. We got nearly as far as the O'Brien farm, having a venison dinner at a camp situated on a small lake with some more hunters,—which was about four miles from our own camp. We covered a lot of country this day, and on our way in brought in the spike horn buck shot two days before, a carry of three miles from our own camp, through rough country, and again just getting in out of a heavy down pour of rain. Two of our dogs failed to return.

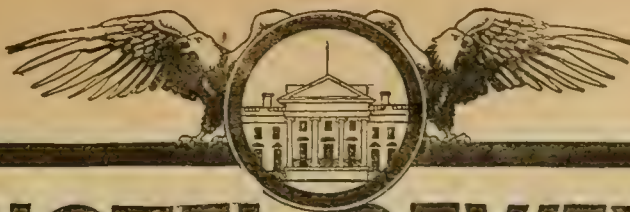
Thursday Nov. 14th we left camp at seven in a strong west wind, and were soon on our runways. Everyone was jumping grouse on the way in. They were apparently on the ground this morning. One old dog and Caillie got away on a fox, which are plentiful in this locality, and no doubt accounting for the scarcity of grouse which were here, in thousands a few years ago, and hardly a sign of fox then, the old hunters tell me. Prince got away on a deer which went to Madawaska river. King got on a deer which went east, none of our members getting a shot. Three of the deer which had been hung up were carried to near the waggon road in readiness for moving out Saturday, and I hated the thoughts of going so soon, but the majority ruled. We met two waggons coming in for some of the other camps next to us, and it required some effort to get the horses past the deer. They, no doubt have a nose as well as hounds. Two dogs again failed to return. Miss Mezzo and King being always such great dogs to return made us somewhat anxious at moving out time. They, however, got in during the evening. Prince also failed to return.

We decided to hunt Friday morning, getting in about one or two o'clock, and start packing up, and all take the same stand we had just two weeks previous the opening day. Two of the men could hardly drag themselves out of bed, so Amodeo introduced some snow under the blankets, which was well rubbed in, and they were soon up and doing, but we were all somewhat late in getting out. Amodeo on going to his stand saw three deer on the opposite hill, in almost the same place the buck was fired at the first day, and he opens fire, Duncan and myself not within three hundred yards of our stand, but could see nothing. We could plainly hear the rifle reloaded. Shooting was slow—Duncan whispers, "That's long range," and we were somewhat afraid to move on. However, we

crept slowly along, and we saw a big buck badly crippled up on the hill, also a crippled fawn. We rushed to our places to get in on the shooting. I crept out on a shelf of rock just as the big buck was passing out of view, and raised my rifle to fire. Another buck jumped from beneath me with a snort, but the brush was too thick for me to get a shot at him. I could just see his flag now and then. Amodeo was on the opposite hill, and he opened on it with what he had left in his Savage Automatic Revolver for one shot. He was not over sixty yards behind the crippled buck at the time, but says he could not see it. Duncan shoots, and I hear him yell, "He's hit," and McIntyre from the hill back of me made a wonderful shot at over three hundred yards, dropping the one buck dead. I felt they could look after that one, so got to Amodeo, who was out of ammunition, having only taken ten for the rifle, as he did not think there would be much doing that morning, and I gave him ten more. We tried to trail the buck, but lost out. Told Amodeo to rush to camp and get a dog, but Harry was on the way, and soon the dogs were gone, Mezzo, King and Sport, and we started in pursuit. I figured the deer as headed for Middle Branch Lake, and we tried hard to cut it off. By the sun I was running about due south. I felt for my compass, and being assured it was with me, went on. I could hear the deer blatting and the dogs were worrying it. Soon I was in sight of it, and it was leaping with Mezzo and King at its throat, and Sport at its back. I tried to shoot, but too much dog. I was about all in, but gradually got nearer, and leaning against a tree took a shot while it leaped to rid the dogs, and all was over.

Amodeo, Duncan and McIntyre were soon in, and we were surprised to see each other. They thought some other hunter got it. This gave us a three mile carry back to camp, but proved to be the best day of the hunt and most exciting. Amodeo told the others all about it. The fawn was somewhere, the doe having got away clean. Duncan too came away with six shots, and was short, so had to hand out a loan again. Luckily they carried a 303 like myself. By the time we got out the dogs were quite satisfied, and we could not locate the fawn.

Time was short, and having a raft of work to do yet, we returned to camp. Potter, on opening his trunk, discovered a bag of bread which had been put away, as we had so much at first did not know where to keep it all, making a useless trip out for the boy. One



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of the other camps going out a few days before left us the balance of theirs also, and we could have made out for half a week longer. That night two wagons came for us, we having a heavy stove and ten big deer to take out, one wagon could not do it all. We were up at four, and were packed, stove and all, waiting for daybreak. The camp was left with the writer singing "Good-bye."

We followed the wagons with their creaking wheels headed for Flower Station. We soon had a few accidents,—one horse fell down, but was going again in a few minutes, then a whistle tree broke, and some fence wire quickly had it repaired. About half way in the lead wagon broke the draw rod in the wagon tongue, and the rod in tail board of number two had to be substituted. Two other hunters walking out from Middle Branch Lake had a laugh, and said we would have a job making the train. We then arranged to have the goods shipped Monday, and bidding Harry McGonigal, McIntyre and McLaren goodbye, good luck and a Merry Christmas, we pushed on ahead of the wagons

to get the Kingston train. The train was forty minutes late, and our wagons made it. The baggage was loaded, and all aboard going south. Potter forgot his rifle, and left it leaning against the station, but later it was expressed to him.

It was a heavier train than going North. Hundreds of deer were put on, and one would wonder that any deer were left in the country. Also a number of bear, including one she bear, and her three cubs. The largest was shot not three miles from our camp, the owner told us, and which must have been the one we saw the sign of so often.

We arrived home about five p.m. The 1918 deer hunt was over all going well, we hope 1919 will see us all at our camp, as well as the other fellows in other camps.

Our old Prince dog was on the train, having been at another camp, a valuable asset to them, as three deer were shot ahead of him for them, and two for another party. He was to have been advertised for an owner. Prince has had over fifty deer shot ahead of him in his day, and has seen his last deer hunt.

His Master or His Master's Bread

A. M. C.

THERE'S a scar on the third finger of my hand that rests on the paper as I write.

It's just a half-inch mark, that ditches through those thread-like lines that arch about the cushion of my finger tip.

Around that scar the memory lingers of a puppy, and a young mischievous boy—a boy, who teasing his small canine friend at supper, and unheeding puppy's warning growl, kept teasing, and was bitten.

"We'll kill the pup," the boy's father said—the fear of rabies on his mind.

But no; boy ruled, and saved his little friend.

In days that followed, puppy grew and answered to the name of Prince. Boy romped with him and roamed about the farm—close friends that romping made. Prince learned to love his youthful master, and Prince, in turn, was treasured by his master.

When boy was half way through his teens, he left the farm for a favored vocation in the city; and Prince was left to fret his master's absence.

It was, perhaps, three years later when

Prince met his former chum again. At the farm yard gate he faced the visitor to growl a stranger's greeting, then stopping to sniff the intruder's presence, his hostile manner changed. A tender light flooded his eyes, and wagging his rope-like tail he sprang into his former master's arms, whining coaxingly and barking recognition.

That was a joyful home-coming for Prince, and for days he followed his old chum about the farm. And when his companion would stop to view familiar scenes, Prince would stop and sit—his presence unobtrusively inviting the gentle pat or pleasant word that his longing heart so yearned.

The same, old puppy-love remained there still.

Again that vocation in the city parted faithful dog and master.

When they met again, two years later, Prince was a bruised and bleeding sight, huddled on a rag door mat placed in the shade behind the woodshed.

Prince always resented the passing of autos on the road before the house, and in running out to bark his dislike at one he had been

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caught in its wheels, just a short while prior to my arrival.

Poor Prince was past all help, and lay in pain, oblivious of the veterinarian and the others bending over him.

"It's best to kill him and end his suffering," said the veterinarian, arising from his knees.

Twice I had heard that remark—once long ago, and now—but this time I knew its fulfilment to be a kindness.

Falling to my knees, I said:

"Poor Prince," and stroked his side.

His eyes opened, and he lifted one ear the least little bit. Then weakly raising his head he gazed into my face with a pitiful, small whine, and tried to thump his tail.

"Look!—He knows Laurie," said my brother in a half whisper.

Our sex is stern, but tears filled my eyes as I gazed at Prince, his injuries all too patently substantiating the veterinarian's verdict.

Two little whines, that were welcome laden with pain, and Prince lowered his head with a pitiful moan.

Gripped with a feeling stronger than pity I arose from my knees, and left Prince to the veterinarian and his duty. I could not witness this last act. I was about to lose a faithful friend.

Somewhere there is a saying, somewhat like this:

"Whether does the dog love—his master or his master's bread?"

I have one answer only—his master.



Good Plan For Boiling Anything In Camp. "Fishing Bill"

Take a stick as shown in Fig. I. and run it in the ground and then take another, Fig. II. and then take a third one as long as you desire



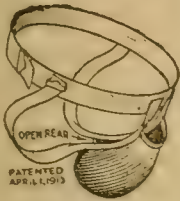
and lay it across the crutch of the second stick and push it under the 1st. stick (Fig. I.) as per illustration and it will be ready for use.

How To Make Matches Waterproof. "Fishing Bill"



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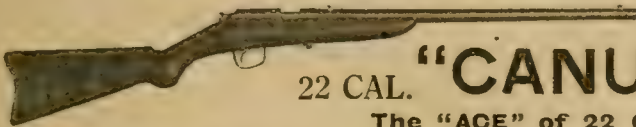
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Future Public Sport With the Shot Gun in Ontario and Elsewhere

E. R. KERR

MANY years ago when Canada was in her infancy and beginning to grow as a nation of the world, industry slow in development, immigration selective, gradual and careful increase in population and consequential cautious demands for increased agricultural areas and activities, marshlands well stocked with wild rice and other migratory water-fowl foods were abundant and as a result Migratory water fowl planned, had the choice of and maintained a spread of flight lanes throughout North America.

Not so many years ago well-thinking and well-meaning and enthusiastic devotees of the sport of duck shooting prevailed upon just as well-meaning and well-thinking legislators to lease to them valuable public ducking grounds that they might confine the killing to a very few guns. The maintenance and protection of vast acreages such as this entailed a considerable private expenditure and, in the majority of cases, the care-taker of the lands was granted the trapping rights as compensation for services rendered in other ways and it is quite possible that the wisdom displayed on those occasions is responsible for the degeneration of marshlands to a point necessitating the use of Indian corn, wheat, barley, peas, beans and other domestic grains to maintain a limited number of breeders to these lands. The number of domestic fed ponds has tremendously increased throughout North America; a goodly number of marshlands no longer hold out attractions or inducements to migration and as a consequence while the flight lanes of former years may seem maintained in some cases, if we consider carefully the results of past wisdom on the part of some "sportsmen" we will clearly observe that while flight lanes are maintained they are maintained only in the direction of the ponds fed by tons upon tons of domestic grains.

This medicine may not agree with some stomachs but as true sportsmen and wild life conservationists we must not ignore the cold truth and in behalf of clearing up a murky atmosphere and with a view to enlightening our people and officials in answer to some of their questions, we are honor bound and duty bound to exploit the wisdom and resulting depredations of men who quite

innocently and conscientiously term themselves "true sportsmen."

In September number the writer dealt with "The Muskrat and Ducking Grounds," and doubtless many people are studying the contents of that article as it promulgated a policy foreign to the preachings of numerous naturalists and ornithologists throughout the width and breadth of our flight lanes who have enjoyed years of public patience to prove any merit contained in their views or contentions. The proof of the pudding is in the eating of it.

Only a very few years ago the marshlands of Point Pelee and their migratory water-fowl foods were rushing pell-mell into oblivion. Those interested and sorry to observe such a splendid acreage degenerating to a point where the visits of migration were only periodical, and exasperated at the necessity for continually, year after year, attempting to interest men in power and authority to put on the brakes and stop the leaks turned their eyes and hopes to the only apparent source of relief, the Advisory Board on Wild Life Protection, an interdepartmental organization of the Federal government the biggest champion the wild life of this nation can have. The membership of this Board are men qualified and not so case-hardened in their opinions that they will not listen to reason. Dr. C. Gordon Hewitt and the Commissioner of Dominion Parks Branch, Mr. J. B. Harkin, made it their personal business and duty to visit the old landmark and the result of their investigations was co-operative with the views of the Essex County Wild Life Conservation Association and the ban was put on.

One year has elapsed since historic Point Pelee passed into protective being as a Dominion Park and Bird Sanctuary and under the watchful eye of the Superintendent, Mr. F. H. Conover, and his able and efficient assistant, Warden Finlayson, the muskrats are multiplying, noxious growth disappearing and wild rice roots, which for the past few years have been lying dormant and thought dead, are reviving from air and water and again sprouting into growth. The higher water level this year is assisting this regeneration of the old roots and the whole marsh is taking on new life. Where approximately 300



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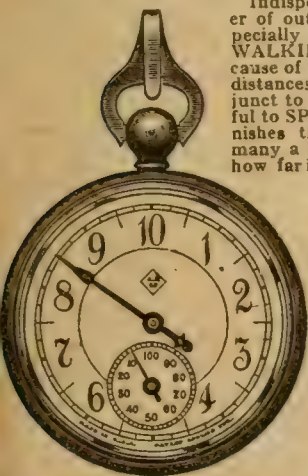
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ducks visited this area last year, over 2,000 now are inhabiting this marsh and this is previous to arrival of the northern flight.

May I be permitted to ask a question? "How many public ducking grounds remain in Ontario? Will some sportsman or other inform me? It is true there yet remains the public domains leased to private ducking clubs and probably it is a blessing that they were leased years ago and thus saved from passing to the interests of agriculture.

For the past fifteen or twenty years numerous sportsmen of Ontario have been contending for "game protection" and "more game." The answer of the legislatures has been "Provide a public policy." If we are true to ourselves and to those who come after us and equally true to the policy we promulgate and utterance we make about "game protection" and "future sport with a gun" the time is rapidly approaching for the passage back into the hands of capable official men the lands leased years ago to private interests.

If I, a sportsman and citizen interested in future sport with a gun in which all law-abiding citizens might participate, could carefully

read and ignore the appeal set forth by the American Game Protective Association—on page 423-424 of September number of this enthusiastic magazine I would indeed be a most callous individual. Doubtless our friends who compose the membership of that splendid American organization are well aware of the truths contained in the foregoing but desire a "Canadian" to strike the keynote to a new era in wild life conservation that they, later, may enlarge the scope of discussion by sportsmen and men in official life on a factor of mutual and international importance to public education, and maintenance and perpetuation of North American wild life resources and haunts in the interests of the people as a whole and future conservation and proper utilization of our food supply.

It is regrettable that the Point Pelee marshes are of an acreage insufficient to entertain all the sportsmen of Ontario and we hope that the foregoing and the matter contained in previous issues will influence immediate action in behalf of more game in Canada for Canadians on more Canadian haunts in the interests of future public sport with the shot-gun, through which we cultivate a spread in flight lanes.

SHOOTS BEAR WITH .42 REVOLVER

The following interesting bear story is reprinted from the Telegraph of St. John, N.B.,

A St. John man had a unique experience in the woods of Albert County a few weeks ago. He was sitting on the bank of a stream with a companion about 5 o'clock one morning fishing, when his companion thought that he would try his luck at another part of the brook and went down stream. Not long after a whistling sound was heard, but thinking that it was his companion returning the man paid no attention to the sound. Suddenly there was a crash and a grunt and turning quickly he saw two lively bear cubs tumbling over each other down the slope. Directly behind the cubs was a large black bear standing upright and coming toward the man. He quickly pulled out his .42 revolver and shot the old bear in the neck, the bullet making a nasty wound. This only aggravated the bear and with a savage growl she made a lunge forward. When the bear was only a few feet away he succeeded in firing three

more shots all of which struck her in the head or shoulders. In her fall forward she knocked the man into the water. Hearing the first shot fired his companion ran through the woods and came upon the scene just as he was getting out of the water. The bear getting up at the approach of his companion afforded an opportunity to the intrepid sportsman who fired a third time, the bullet striking her in the head and taking effect.

With many scratches and much hard work, they succeeded in securing the two cubs which they brought with them to the city. The cubs are now doing well at a farm near the city and are as bright and playful as they were in their native haunts. A farmer near the place where the bears were found said that the bear had killed one of his heifers, had destroyed several bee-hives and other property about the place and had been making herself a general nuisance. The old bear weighed about 600 pounds and was over six feet tall when standing upright—a rather formidable assailant to combat single-handed with nothing but a revolver to defend oneself with.

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Plans and Specifications for a Deer Hunt

ALBERT E. JOHNSON

JOSH Wise, Goodenwise, or some other Wise remarked. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." We do not, however believe this applies to the amateur sportsman planning a trip in search of the Argus eyed, keen smelling, nimble footed creatures, the pride of Sportsman—The Deer. Deer are to be found quite plentifully in every Canadian Province, and in many of the United States. A successful deer hunt cannot be rushed into unprepared like measles or matrimony. It requires more than a rifle, a box of shells, a bottle of hooch, and a railroad ticket. The big woods are teeming with untouched knowledge, and the novice will make several trips before he even scratches the surface of this lore. He can, however, obtain from those who have been through the mill that which will stand him well in hand when he is face to face with the problems.

Contemplating a trip to the deer country, the first thought should be of the general make-up of the party. The party should be made up of even numbers if possible to avoid anyone being left out in the pairing off, which will happen as sure as grass grows. There may be luck in odd numbers, but it rarely shows itself in hunting parties. Four make a nice party. The camp work will be light if evenly divided, and each does his part. This is another problem, will they do it? You never really know a man, not even your nearest neighbor, your best friend, or even your brother, until you have camped with him for a week or so. You unearth real treasures of men unexpectedly in camp, men who are ready and willing to do their share, or more, and then again you find plenty who are willing to sit, and smoke, and watch them do it. These are the boys to shun, as you would smallpox or vermin in camp. A lazy man is usually a selfish one, who would not offer the loan of a pair of dry sox for fear he might need them himself. I recall one instance where a pampered son came into camp, and neatly stacked his high priced dunnage in a corner, and vocally labelled it "Hands Off." It wasn't quite so "purty" when he went away with it, but he was a wiser youth. Of necessity you must have a leader, who is recognized as such. It must be the man who knows, and not the one that

thinks he knows. Then comes the selection of camp, and equipment. To my mind, a tent of the army wall type is a nice cosy little affair. One of this type, twelve by sixteen, will very comfortably house four or even six men if properly arranged. A small sheet iron stove can be made without a bottom that will fit nicely in a trunk, and packed full of kitchen utensils. The number of culinary articles should be cut as low as possible, in fact everything should be. It should be remembered the bath and parlor have been left at home. Two skillets, two galvanized iron pails, one water bucket, six knives, forks and spoons, six tin or aluminum plates, and cups, two large meat plates, and two or three stewpans, should fix you out fairly well. Oh yes don't forget the flapjack griddle, and turner. Tea, coffee, and rice should be packed in tin cans with tight covers, salt and sugar in non-rustable containers of any kind. Take plenty of wholesome provisions, good bacon, bacon, and then more bacon, plenty of beans (dry), wheat and buckwheat flour, dried fruit, and canned goods. Buckwheat flour can be substituted with some patent article, which is nearly as good, and more easily and quickly prepared, Royal or Aunt Jemimah, or almost any of the many brands. For drinks between meals good pure sparkling water: each member of the party should carry a half pint flask of some good brand, if he can get it, and should bring it home intact. It is good in case of accident, and the absence of any large quantity of it is an excellent prevention of the same. As for firearms, there are so many practically faultless rifles on the market it is not so much the selection of the arm as it is in becoming well acquainted with the mechanical workings of the gun. Know your gun, and know yourself. Take it out, and shoot it. A box or two of shells used may save you the loss of a deer. Many times when a rifle jams, or sticks it's not the fault of the gun, but the inexperience of the user. In either case the result is the same, lost opportunity, and strong language. The old timers all swear by their own particular rifle so why disturb them.

In the matter of clothing, good warm light woollens for the inside, plenty of dry warm sox, and heavy strong material for the outer garments, but no dirty yellow or fawn color.

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BRANTFORD, ONT. Ralph H. Reville, Editor and Publisher

it's too easily mistaken for a deer. A bright colored mackinaw if the weather is cold, and strong-leather shoes if the weather is dry. If wet and sloppy get the rubber bottomed boots with leather tops, and soak the tops in neatsfoot oil. The hunting sox should be well dried, and aired at night, and if hard should be well rubbed to soften them. There is no pleasure in sore-footed hunting. As to the selection of a hunting ground, consult someone who has been there, and brought home the bacon. Upon arriving at your destination care must be used in the selection of a camp site. Under no circumstances use one that has ever been used before. Our whole party were laid up with malaria once from this cause. Avoid large timber on account of falling limbs, or trees in the even of high wind. Select a nicely sheltered spot on the bank, or near a clear swiftly running stream, among the small pine spruce or balsam, where there is plenty of fuel at hand, as the carrying of wood will be one of your problems. Dry pine or hemlock for kindling, and for heat, and holding fire, hickory, hard maple, or ironwood. Either of these can be burned in their green state. Your twelve by sixteen tent should be divided into two sections, one seven by twelve for sleeping quarters, and the other nine by twelve for kitchen, dining room, etc. The tent should be kept clean, well aired, and sanitary. A well kept tent is a joy to live in while a slovenly place spoils the whole trip. The dividing place should be a twelve foot log with the top hewn flat. This will afford ringside seats for the bunch. It can be elevated by blocking up each end. The bunk space should be filled to a depth of eight or ten inches with finely cut balsam boughs. This means some work but it is well worth while. The wall canvas of the tent should be turned under to prevent draft. A small table can be easily constructed that can be set aside when not in use. Pipes and tobacco should be kept in their place, and not around the grub pile. There may be non-users who object to tobacco flavouring in their cats. No one should expectorate inside the tent any more than he would on the parlor rug at home, with his wife's eye on him. These are small items but they are important. The first day ought to suffice in getting things in order, and an early start made in the morning. In fact the leader should skirmish around and get the lay of the land if he has never been there before. If you have no guide it is a good policy to keep together. I mean within

hailing distance, and not attempt to hunt all over the country the first day. Remember you are nearly as liable to get a shot within half a mile of camp as you are three miles away, and not half so apt to get lost. Along this line, every man in the party should have a good reliable compass, a large jack or hunting knife, and plenty of matches in a waterproof safe. Then you are prepared for such emergencies as getting lost or following a wounded deer so far you cannot make camp at night. In case you get lost, don't get rattled and lose your head. Sit quietly down and think it over. Remember there is no real or immediate danger. It's all up to you. Remember your forefathers have been in worse places many times, with wild animals, and wild men around them, and only a hatchet or single barrel muzzle loader. You have your gun, your matches, and a knife to build a fire. You can't starve, you can shoot a porky or something, and roast it. It won't be a feast, neither will it be famine. When you have rested, and feel composed, take your bearings carefully. There should be at the beginning of your hunt the usual signal arrangements, three shots in quick succession fired at intervals. If you receive no reply, consult your compass, and go in a straight line. You will come out somewhere. If you have no compass get three trees in a line, and follow the line. When you come to the first one sight by another farther on. Follow this course, and you will come to some landmark or guiding, which you can follow. Keep cool, don't loose your head and run loco, or you will travel in circles, and only wear yourself out. If you shoot a deer, don't rush up to it. First reload, and cock your gun, then advance very slowly, and carefully. Never take your eyes off it for an instant, it may be only stunned, keep your gun ready, a wounded buck is an ugly customer, and moves very quickly: many a hunter being able to testify to the fierceness of their attacks. If you wound a deer badly and it runs away leaving a plain trail, just sit down and smoke for an hour or so, if early in the day, before following it, or if late in the afternoon mark well the location, and let it go until morning. If badly hurt the game will go only a short distance, and becoming sick lie down, and will not get up unless disturbed, but if they find they are followed, they will go as long as their heart beats, and be lost to you. Many a deer has been lost by following too closely.

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head, but simply penetrate the jugular with your knife, slit it down, and remove the entrails; and hang it up. If you feel like toting it into camp don't tote it, unless your worldly affairs are in prime condition. If there is any snow, take a strong piece of cord, another thing you should carry, and slipping a noose over the front feet draw it up to the nose, and take a hitch around the nose, then hook yourself on to it and see how easy it is to slip it along. But never try to carry it, and never lay down to drink at a stream and get up without making plenty of noise. If you do you may not know when you get up. If you are hunting where the shooting of does is permissible bear in mind, the doe will always return if you shoot the buck, but if the doe is killed the gallant buck will light out for parts unknown and forget the address of his lady love.

The favorite method of hunting deer by the men who know how, (the native sons) is to walk very slowly, and noiselessly through the woods. This is called still hunting and takes patience. In this manner of hunting not more than a mile may be covered in a day, the hunter depending on the deer coming to him, rather than he going to them. But in this distance not a thing has escaped his eye. Another way is to station some of your party in favorable spots for shooting, and others beat through the brush toward them driving the game to them. But usually the amateurs prefer to roaming around, walking themselves to death, getting lost, and yelling their heads off, scaring the game all out of the country.

One point to bear in mind is, a running deer will almost run over you if you don't move, but the least move will be seen and acted upon promptly. So if you stand still, and he is coming toward you, you are sure of a shot. Unless he has seen or winded you, a sharp whistle will stop him, but it will not be a lurch stop, and you must act quickly or he will be away again like the wind. In following a deer's trail never expect them to lie near it. They will circle back either to right or left, and lie down where they can observe their own trail, and be prepared for a quiet get-away if followed. Their feeding time is early morning, and after about four o'clock in the afternoon. During the day they lay concealed in a thicket with a look-out opening. They are very wise, and also very stupid creatures. You may fire several shots at one, and if he does not wind, or see you he will not move but when you are discovered a flash of lightning has very

little on their movements. If they know they are being trailed they are smart as a weasel and will elude you with ease knowing all the time exactly where you are and keeping just out of your sight. Deer hunting is a very fascinating game of patience many times with empty results. But when the hunter has been successful and stands beside his first real trophy there is a feeling in a class all by itself. Proud? Well that's not the word. It fails to describe your feelings. You are literally all shot to blazes with your own importance. Boone, Crockett, Buffalo Bill and all others are mere amateurs compared to the way you feel about yourself. I recall my first. He was a fine three year old spike horn and when my companion who was more rational than I at that particular moment, wondered how we would get him out to the road, I handed him my rifle and grasping the buck by the horn raced down the hill like a wild man. I felt I could balance that buck on my finger on the tip of his nose. The only thing necessary to make happiness complete is a good attentive audience and an opportunity to tell how it all happened.

Here are a few resolutions you will make, and break, also. You will come in at night all tired out, after a hard fruitless day, throw yourself on the bunk, and swear you for home on the first train, and never again.

Breakfast over in the morning, you will not be able to restrain yourself. The fever has returned, the call of the silent places, and you head the line down the path across the ravine into the deep woods.

You will resolve to go back every year but you won't, something will probably prevent, but you will feel the call as soon as the season opens. Your blood will tingle, and when you see some other lucky brother with his dunnage headed for the depot, you will almost weep with longing for the big silence where the very air is tonic and the exercise, youth restorer. It is certainly a great treat to those with red blood in their veins and lovers of nature.

In the deep wild woods there are thousands of undiscovered nooks, deep gorges, falls and rivulets, where the song of the birds and brooks are nature's music, where the cry of the wolf and the hoot of the owl lull you into slumber.

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ALONG THE TRAP LINE



EDITED BY
H. C. HADDON

The Amateur Trapper on the Trap Line

C. A. LASHOMB

JUST to mention trapping to the red-blooded boy or amateur trapper is to set his blood a-tingling. The thought that the trapping season is at hand fills him with joy, and he counts the days until he will see himself on the trapping grounds, traps in working order, bait prepared, traps clean and rust removed, new traps buried in the manure pile or boiled in a tea made of the bark of the trees that grow in the greatest quantity in the neighborhood of the trap line, grub list all ready, plenty of warm clothing on hand, Indians mocassins packed, rifle cleaned, plenty of ammunition, sharp hunting knife as well as a sharp hunting axe, the lantern complete and in good trim, tobacco galore—and a few good books to read.

In the very beginning I want to have it understood distinctly that I am not going to give, or try to give the experienced trapper points or hints on trapping. My aim is to give the amateur trapper a mechanic-like start on the trap line. I know from experience that a lot of discouragement could be done away with and the lives of many valuable fur bearers saved if all traps could be set so that once the animal is caught it cannot escape, and will die as soon as possible before the fur can be injured. The fur trade of Canada runs up into millions of dollars every year. Does this not mean something to the prosperity of the country, something that is worth looking into and eliminating every possible source of waste?

Unprime skins are worse than useless, in fact an unprime skin is a dead loss. Small it is in many cases, yet it means a certain loss to the industry. When you consider the amount of unprime skins taken every year in Canada alone, I feel that if every skin could be accounted for the total would amount to staggering figures—and at whose door are we to lay this loss? I claim the amateur, the

small boy trapper and the fur hog. While the amateur and the small boy can be excused there is no excuse for the fur hog—and I know that he exists, unfortunately. The amateur and the small boy do not know the difference, and in their eagerness to make a big catch they start too early in the season, before the skins are prime. How are we to know when skins are prime? some amateur may well ask. Well, for those who are not in possession of this knowledge let me give you a valuable guide as to the time. I find, in my experience, that it is safe to start a week or so after the season has been declared open by the Department of Game and Fisheries, or whatever department of the government in your province looks after the protection of fur bearing animals. In many districts I have noticed that the small boy trappers set their own open seasons, and as I said before they are the cause of the enormous annual loss through unprime furs.

Two weeks after the season opens, and stop a week before it closes in the spring, providing, of course, that the season is one of months. If the season is only a short one of a few weeks one has to be governed accordingly. I have seen unprime skins (muskrats) sold for five cents a skin while those taken in the open season brought as high as forty-five cents. Had the young trapper waited a week or two he would have received seven or eight times as much for his fur. Unprime skins and poor stretching is the cause of a terrible annual loss in the fur markets of the world. This enormous loss must be stopped, or a check put to it. How are we going to do it? By simply asking all lovers of the trap line and fur dealers to appeal to the government to put a stop to all this indiscriminate trapping by young boys and girls. Yes, young girls too. I know of several girls who set traps, for pin money, and I am satisfied



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that pin money is all they got. Trapping should not be permitted by boys and girls under eighteen. The fur bearing animals are part of the wealth of the country, and while we have some laws protecting them, yet there is still a very heavy loss each year.

So it is up to the trapping fraternity to take the matter in hand at once by educating the amateur trapper and the promising girl and boy trapper in a big-brotherly way. Show them where they are wrong in trapping out of season. Explain about the loss in improperly stretched skins. Show them how to set traps correctly for the different fur bearing animals.

Show him that you mean well by him. Show him how to set a twig under the pan of the trap so as to stop smaller animals setting off a trap intended for larger animals, this point is little known to amateur trappers, and, I am sure would be appreciated by them. If possible take him over your trap line and let him see how you set your traps. Make him feel the honor and responsibility of the profession. Tell him quietly and, in earnest what the loss of unprime skins in one season means to the industry, and the difference in value between prime and unprime skins.

The shop owner will not take on an amateur and let him go into the shop and go ahead and build up a machine without having any knowledge of machinery, nor will the builder let the amateur go ahead and build a house without any knowledge of building. So with the trapping profession. The trapper should have some knowledge of trapping, so as to get his animal, and not a leg, leaving the animal to crawl away and die slowly. We must look at the matter from a humane standpoint. We must educate the young trappers along lines pertaining to the profession.

Have you ever noticed the way the amateur looks up to the old-timer? In his eyes the old-timer is a sort of hero, and he would talk 'trap' all day long, he is so eager to learn. And how often he hesitates to ask the questions he is burning to know for fear of offending the experienced one! These very questions answered would be of great value to the fraternity in general: he is keen for information on trapping, on making sets, snares, deadfalls—can't you read it in his eyes—in his very face?

Be a sport! Break the silence! There is a whole lot in doing anyone a good turn, even if they forget it afterwards. If they practice

your good advice the fraternity will get the benefit directly or indirectly, and the fact that you have done someone a good turn is a reward in itself. Teach the honor of the trap line. Teach him also to respect the right of deadfalls. You will readily understand the reason why he does go nosing round. In nine cases out of ten it is because he does not understand how to do the work himself, and is so passionately anxious to learn. So he takes a look round. Chances are that he upsets your set or disturbs the surroundings much to your trouble and annoyance.

Teach him to go about his own business, hands off other trappers' work, and never to interfere with an animal in someone else's trap unless the animal is likely to get away. Then, and then only to kill the animal, as a matter of trapper's interest, being careful not to do more damage to the fur than is absolutely necessary. Show him how to leave the animal close to where the trap is set, or near the trapper's trail; how to kill the different fur bearers, to do it in a humane way, with the least damage to skin and fur. I have seen amateurs almost pound the animal's head into a pulp in order to kill it. This is not only cruel, but quite unnecessary. What would the amateur appreciate more than to have the experienced trapper show him how to lay out his trap line as the experienced trapper does himself, how to blaze his trail, how to mark where he sets his trap, the traps hidden from view to defeat Johnny Sneakum, and yet able to be found when a heavy fall of snow covers everything, how to indicate how many traps are set in a cluster. I myself have discovered that all trappers do not use the same methods of keeping tab on their sets, and I for one use a method that I think is original, and that has never failed me as yet. Every trapper has his own way, so I leave it to the professional to teach the amateur any practical method that will answer equally as well. Another point that I want to bring up in the amateur's favor is this. Teach him where to find the different animals—what furbearers are taken on the highlands, what are found on the lowlands. This is one point that the amateur usually knows nothing about, and any information would be certain to be appreciated by him.

Of all the trapping guides that I have read I failed to find the above much-needed information. In some states there is very little snow, in other parts the fall is very heavy, so that rules that work in one locality do not work in others, so that each trapper is

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We in this Northern Clime are able to enjoy the traditional Christmas more perhaps than the dwellers of any other country. A Canadian fireside is the centre of a thousand charms, a spot where good cheer and fellowship abound—and doubly so if there are a few good books around. So in what better way can we remember our friends this year

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governed by the prevailing conditions in his locality.

Snow sets are seldom touched upon in the trappers' guides. This matter could be covered much more fully for the benefit of the amateur.

Yes, teach him the honor of the profession, and tell him that you expect him to live up to it. Make him feel that he is one of the big men that form the trapper's fraternity. Talk to him slowly and sincerely, giving him time to absorb every bit of advice that you give him. I would rather be pointed out as an instructor in the profession than be spoken of as a man too measly to show anyone a few practical pointers that would help him a long, even if it conflicted with my own business. How often do we hear our fathers talk of Mr. So-and-so, the man I learned my trade with. Why not the same with trapping, Mr. So-and-so, the trapper, who taught me all I know—some person who is a master of the profession.

I feel satisfied that the men in the trapping game are big enough to tackle this amateur problem, and to make a big advance in the quality of the furs taken, also doing away with a lot of unnecessary suffering to the fur bearing animals, and, at the same time, saving the industry from the appalling loss from unprime and poorly stretched skins.

Just one word in closing. Teach the amateur how to shoot. How many accidents we read of where someone has been killed by amateurs who fired at any moving object thinking it a bear or SOMETHING, only to find it was a human being after the fatal shot was fired. Teach him how to get out of the habit of shooting at anything he may see moving in the grass or brush. He should be taught never to point a gun, loaded or unloaded, in a person's direction, nor in the direction of any moving or stationary object until he fully sees and fully understands what he is shooting at. It is far better that the animal should get away rather than someone should be killed. That someone might easily be yourself, for you spend much of your time in the woods, where other people besides yourself have the privilege of shooting. I draw these lines to your attention as a matter of protection of human life.

Give the amateur an idea of the different calibres. I find that some states call for different powered ammunitions. In some districts big game is not often found. In other districts we find all the general run of game from weasels to grizzly bear, in other places from the weasel to nothing bigger than the coyote.

Notes From a Northern Trapper

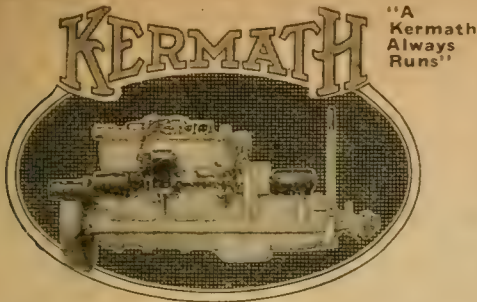
L. A. DICKSON

I HAVE been a reader of *Rod and Gun* for several years, and I always read it from cover to cover with the greatest of interest, but the part that I always look at in particular is *ALONG THE TRAP LINE*. I have been a trapper for a number of years, and I have trapped hundreds of foxes. I am sending you a picture of part of the fur that I caught in the winter of 1917 in northern Alberta. If you look carefully you can see that there is one silver and two cross fox also two lynx and sixteen brush wolves.

(Unfortunately the photo was not clear enough for reproduction.—H.C.H.)

I have been in the army for over a year, but am discharged now, and believe me I am hitting back to the trap line as soon as possible. I will give you a little idea of how I trap as it may be of interest to some other trappers. I always start for the trap line in

September as in the country where I trap we have to pack our supplies from one to two hundred miles from a railroad. I cut a narrow trail through the scrub for about twenty miles, as that is what we consider a fair trap line. I use Victor No. 2 traps for foxes, of which I have about one hundred and fifty. While blazing out my line and building my cabins I always carry a sack full of small fish which I scatter along my trail. Fish are very plentiful in the far north. Then when I get ready to start trapping I have all of my places picked out where I wish to make my sets. I always set my traps on an ant hill or small knoll if one is handy, if not I make one by scraping the snow up into a pile with a spruce branch, leaving a narrow piece of snow between my trail and the hill which I do not touch, then I set my trap on this little neck of snow, being very



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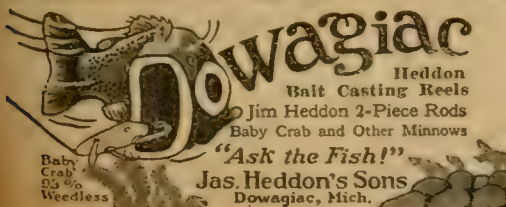
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careful not to touch the snow. I place a little piece of grass or butter paper under the trap, placing it just level with the snow then I cut up some grass into pieces just long enough to reach from the pan to the jaws and these I place carefully on the trap. Then I use a paddle or a shingle if I can get one and shoving it under the loose snow I pick it up without disturbing the snow on the paddle then I hold it over the trap and with a quick jerk let the snow fall on the trap the same as if it had fallen there naturally. Now a fox will not go up on the sides where I was scraping on, but he will go on the little strip that looks as if it was not disturbed. I mostly use fish for bait. Place some on top of the mound; covering with snow and grass, then I use some prepared fish for scent. Now when I catch a fox in a set I am almost sure to catch another in the same place. I never change my set after each catch. I always kill a fox by hitting him on the nose with a little hand

axe I always carry, then when he is bleeding freely I take him up by the hind legs and shake the blood all around over my set. Now how many book trappers claim not to leave any blood signs around when you kill a fox? I have caught as many as four foxes in one set, and I always do, as I stated above.

I always use snowshoes when going over my trap line, and I treat these with a trail scent that I use myself with the result that the animals always follow my trail. When I step off my snowshoes to set a trap or to take out an animal I always cover my tracks up carefully. I mostly catch about a dozen coyotes in my traps each winter, but I do not trap them much as by sticking to fox I have a chance to catch a black or silver. I always get from three to five hundred muskrats every spring as I do not trap for fox after the middle of February as they get rubbed then and are not worth much. I wish you every success with the best hunter's book in Canada.

Hints on Trapping the Lynx

"CAP."

THE lynx is a far less suspicious animal than the fox and the coyote. Added to this they have a considerable amount of "satiabie curiosity" like Kipling's Elephant's Child, so that where they abound they are not hard to trap, especially if the trapper takes a little trouble to acquaint himself with their habits. They apparently travel where rabbits are plentiful, and when the rabbits die off they leave that locality for the time, an odd track now and again at long intervals being all that is seen of them.

Where they are present they are methodical in their habits. They appear to have at special route over which they travel about every nine days, so that when the track of one has been discovered a trap set somewhere along the line of travel will usually get the animal, especially if it is in the neighborhood of a rabbit run, where he is sure to prowl around in search of his natural food.

Lynx are not nearly as keen of scent as the fox and coyote, nor does their sense of hearing appear to be especially strong, but they are very sharp sighted, and their natural curiosity leads them to examine anything that seems strange or unusual. Where a

trap is set in, or beside any open space a small red flag or other conspicuous object placed a few feet away will attract their attention, and they will invariably go to find out what it is. By this means they are lured sufficiently near to see the bait which would naturally be rabbit or partridge or something akin, or to smell the strong scent which is often used with, or instead of bait. Another method of attracting the animal's attention is to scatter some colored feathers around close to the entrance to the trap.

The best set for lynx is a kind of cage made of sticks and boughs and roofed with evergreens to prevent the snow from burying it too deeply. The trap and bait are placed inside, and two crossed sticks are put at the lower part of the entrance, forming a slight bar which makes it necessary for the animal to step high in entering the pen, and, incidentally, put his foot into the jaws of the trap. Besides the cross sticks little sharp pointed twigs are placed, point upwards in the snow around the trap, and outside the jaws. A lynx will not step on anything sharp, so he sets his foot on the apparently smooth space in the centre. After the set is made all rose bush, or other sharp stubs that may be

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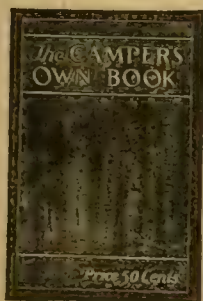
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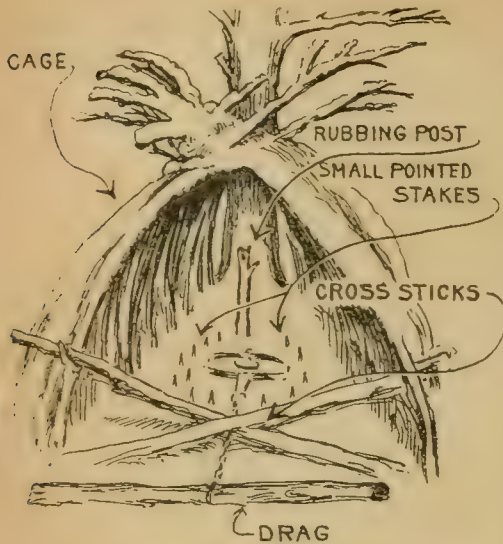
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around outside the pen should be cut down, and loose snow kicked over the whole, leaving everything as smooth as possible.



A lynx only eats cold meat when driven to it by hunger, consequently when his natural food is plentiful the carcass of an animal that

has been killed for some time has little or no attraction for him, and then the scent bait is far more efficacious. The scent should be placed on a stick from fourteen to eighteen inches high, and driven into the ground about twelve or fourteen inches behind the trap. The stick is split, and the scent is put in the division, or it can be placed in moss or grass and wedged in. This stake is known as the rubbing post, and if the trap should fail to spring the animal will rub that stake until it leaves great wads of hair sticking to it. Everybody who has been a cat rubbing the side of its head against the leg of a table, will know just what performance the lynx will go through with that stick.

Four years ago the lynx came in great numbers into the district north-west of Lake Winnipegosis, through which the Overflowing River runs. I followed the method above, using no meat baits, and caught seventy, thus accounting for almost every track that I saw along my line. That year the rabbits began to die off, and by the following winter there were very few, while a year later still there was not a sign of one. Consequently there have been no more lynx in the neighborhood.

The Larger Cats and Dead Bait

H. C. H.

IN an interesting article in this department "Cap" gives his method of trapping lynx, a method, with which he has met with considerable success. In correspondence with the writer "Cap" states that he has only known of lynx eating dead bait on two occasions, and this fact is so interesting that we are asking those of our readers who have had experience with these big cats to give us the benefit of their observations.

"Cap" says: "I do not know if I sufficiently emphasized the fact that curiosity is a great factor in trapping this animal. Green brush piled up, a red flag, or anything likely to attract his attention as being something of value entices him to the cage, and the scent about the rubbing post lures him inside. A lynx, a cat, likes to roll in certain substances that have an odor that meets with his approval. A house cat will rub first one side of his head, then the other in catnip, and then roll on its back if it can, so will a lynx rub itself against the rubbing post with the right kind of scent on it. Have

you ever known a lynx to eat dead (cold) bait unless starved to it? I have trapped in the Alleghanies, Catskills, several of the North-Eastern States, New Ontario and Manitoba, and have only known of them doing so twice. Once a lynx caught in a trap staked solid by the hind quarter of a moose ate a large part of it before he was found. Another time one took poisoned bait put out for coyotes. I have never trapped in the Rockies or B.C. and know nothing about the cougar. I do not at all mind any criticism or the expression of an opinion disagreeing with mine. It is by argument that one learns. Possibly locality may influence to some extent the habits of animals of the same kind."

This is so directly in conflict with my own experience that short letters on the subject will be welcome.

Lynx I caught last winter were full fed and fat, and never failed to clean up whatever bait was in the pen.

The same remarks also apply to the cougar,

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Kreps, an authority on trapping, says cougars are rarely caught in steel traps. I know of half a dozen caught in No. 3 Victors last winter at lynx sets, the largest of which measured when stretched eight feet six inches from tip to tip. It was a particularly open winter, too. In fact cougar, that are supposed not to touch dead bait will often follow up a marten line for miles, cleaning up all the baits and trapped animals.

My own experience, and that of other trappers with whom I am acquainted warrants me in saying that given a large enough trap, in working order and free from snow, an attractive bait and cougar are trapped as easily as any other animal.

The lynx always seemed to me a particularly easy animal to trap. They are so methodical in their habits that one always knows where to find them—in fact there are certain places where lynx always go. Even strange animals coming into the district from outside seem to make for these places, using the same trails and passes. I have never had any trouble myself over their refusing to take dead bait.

The greatest drawback in the mountains is the perpetual snow, and if the trapper can only keep his traps in working order lynx are easy to trap.

"Cap" asks me a direct question, and to this I can give him a direct answer. Yes, I do know of lynx taking dead bait, not once or twice, but in dozens of cases—both at sets made specially for them or in stealing bait at sets for smaller animals.

These big cats are not as well known as they should be. Their eyesight is proverbial, and their curiosity is well known to every trapper who has had much to do with them. Their powers of scent, though, in my opinion are belittled without sufficient justification. That they have not the same sharp scent as fox or coyote is granted, but their nose is far from useless.

If some of you old timers could be persuaded to pry yourselves loose from a few thoughts on the subject the fraternity in general might be able to gain a little new knowledge on the relative attracting powers of scent and dead bait.

The Mail Bag

PROTECTION OF FUR BEARERS

Editor, *Along the Trap Line*—

Can you find space in *Rod and Gun in Canada* to publish this letter, which I think some might make good use of. It is regarding the protection of wild game and furbearing animals. There are many associations that are devoting themselves to inducing the government to protect all furbearing animals, but they do not seem to have the knowledge of what is best to do. The present law in Ontario is that you can trap Beaver and Otter until the last of March; Marten and Mink until the last of April and Muskrats until the 21st of May. If we want to protect our fur bearers nothing should be caught after the 15th of February. After that date it is the breeding season for every animal. Some are later or earlier than others, but after February 15th all-trappers should stop trapping.

I am fifty-three years old and I have spent nearly all my life in the woods, trapping and hunting, so that my experience is long enough to know something about it. I have caught Beaver in March that a few days later would have had five little ones. Fisher all have their little ones during the month of March.

Two years ago I caught four Fisher that had had their young, which, no doubt were all too young to leave their mother. I have also seen Mink running along a stream with her young ones before the last of April.

The trapping season should be from November 1st until February 15th. If the trapping season would close at the same date for all fur bearing animals it would be much easier for the game warden to see that the law is observed. How can two or three men watch over two or three thousand men who have the right to trap in May? Well, if the close season would close for all fur bearing animals there would be no reason for traps to be set after that date and the law could be enforced.

There is another thing that seems sufficiently important to be mentioned here. It is the way our government acts regarding trappers' licenses. The trapper pays \$5.00 for his license and \$5.00 for ten Beaver coupons for which he is not allowed to catch more than ten Beaver; but he can catch any amount of other fur bearing animals. The government is getting only \$10.00 per trapper. Why not have the law as it is in Quebec? Charge a good royalty on all kinds of furs, and let the trapper trap from November 1st to February 15th, and let him trap all that he

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may be able to trap. Make the dealer pay the royalty; the trapper may also pay a small fee for license. In this way the government will get a big revenue out of this natural resource. Have an early closed season for everything and that is the only way to protect our fur bearing animals. The law of to-day will never protect this resource.

This last winter many were fined for breaking the laws. Can we expect a poor man with a big family to support to stay in the woods with all the hardships and not be tempted to trap more than ten Beaver where there are thousands, and especially when he knows that some buyer will furnish him with coupons? The government, as I understand, has made good out of many trappers and buyers, but that does not protect our fur bearing animals. The revenue from this source should be paid by the manufacturer; it always comes out of the consumer. Anyway, whoever wants to wear expensive furs can well afford to pay for it. The consumption of fur last winter at the high prices was just as much as it was 10 or 15 years ago when fur was only one-quarter of the value it is to-day.

The only way to protect our furbearing animals is to have a short open season; have the manufacturers or dealers pay the royalty, and let the trapper alone during the open season. The trapper is the man to protect the fur bearing animals. If justice is given to him we can depend upon him as it is in his own interest to protect the game; it is his life, and if he is getting his rights we can rely upon him for protection.

Never in the world will our fur bearers be protected with such laws. Our government must get other ways; we must get the trapper with us; give them their rights; it is the only way. It is up to some people to explain the matter properly, and to ask the government to take it under consideration.
Sudbury, Ont. G. O.

Edit. Comment—Undoubtedly as it stands at present the Ontario law allows for too long an open season. At the outside the end of March should see the close of all trapping except for muskrat and bear, and the fifteenth of March would be better still. Apart from the question of breeding, as spring approaches the skins of most animals deteriorate, and though the hide may be prime, yet the fur is rubbed and sheddy.

I sometimes doubt if an amicable agreement will ever be reached on this subject of close seasons. For instance Michigan did, or attempted to, curtail spring trapping, with

the result that every trapper was up in arms at once. Their argument (and it was unanswerable) was that freeze-up came so early in the fall that spring was the only time when they could make a catch of muskrats. Undoubtedly the same conditions exist in many parts of Ontario. If only muskrats would be caught the law would not be too bad—but as you know it is impossible to trap muskrats to any extent without catching a certain amount of other fur bearers such as mink—and mink will usually be shedding and fading by March at the latest.

It is a question that the trappers of the province should talk over together. The day of the fur hog is passing. Most intelligent men realize now that if this greatest of outdoor games is to continue protection and close seasons must be encouraged.

I do not think I agree with you on the license question. In my opinion a stiff license is the greatest asset that the trapper has. In my province (B.C.) we pay \$10.00 a year, and for this we are given protection—no one is allowed to touch our traps—or even carry traps without a license—nor are other trappers allowed to trap on ground already occupied. There is too much indiscriminate trapping—boys with six traps, and men too lazy to go into the game properly.

You will always find that at the bottom all governments are anxious to have the natural resources exploited. Only this exploitation must go into reliable hands. The fur of the province belongs to the people. It should not be made a source of revenue to the government except in the matter of licenses which pay, or should pay the cost of protection.

To turn every bush-homesteader loose to catch all the fur he can on a royalty basis would do more to decimate the stock than to license a certain number of men and let them catch all they can of certain species. If other species are in need of preservation by all means limit the number that each trapper shall catch. I have trapped under both conditions myself, and know that I should champion the cause of the license every time.

Of course it is tough on the man wintering in the woods with a big family. I have lived the life myself, from the day when I made my first slashing to the proud and happy present when I have a typewriter and a cigarette holder and a second shirt for Sundays. As far as I can see everything is tough at first for the pioneer. But this stage passes, and a man comes to realize that if it wasn't for the



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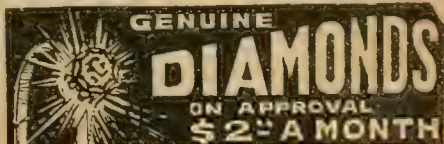
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license he pays, a lot of his fur would be caught by small boys and casual trappers.

It seems to me from your letter that the government coupon system must be beneficial to the beaver. You talk of the settler being tempted to take more than ten—"where there are thousands," and this sounds distinctly encouraging. Perhaps in a year or so better conditions will prevail. Personally I agree with you in the matter of seasons, and I think something should be done to stop all this late trapping. April is too late for marten and mink, and it would make an interesting piece of information to know what percentage of skins caught during this month would grade No. 1. Perhaps you could supply some figures on this matter yourself?

One other remark of yours calls for comment "The trapper is the man to protect the fur bearing animals." Yes, he is. But the pity of it is that he never does, unless he knows that he, and he only will trap the same piece of land year after year.

A license should guarantee him this privilege. Take away the qualification of the license, let every man who can set a trap loot the woods on a royalty basis and you will find that the two words "trapper" and "protection" are not on speaking terms.

H. C. H.

Query—Can you kindly tell me through *Rod and Gun* if an early fall or late spring will cause the fur of skunk, coon, mink, etc., to remain prime for a longer period, or not.
Toronto, Ont.

A. O.

Answer—An early fall will certainly cause fur to prime up earlier, in the same way a late fall will delay the process. Theoretically a late spring will keep fur prime longer, though in actual fact owing to rubbing, shedding and fading colors the skins deteriorate after March. Fox are one of the first to show signs of rubbing.

H.C.H.

Query—Which would be the best place for an amateur to go for the winter, Northern Ontario or B.C.?

In what month should one get there to prepare for the winter, as I know nothing about the country. How much money would one have to have after he got there for traps, supplies, etc., providing he had the guns?

I have an Army Ross, model 1905, it has a 30 inch barrel. I have it equipped with Lyman 48 receiver sight and No. 3 ivory bead front sight. It weighs about nine pounds.

Do you consider this a good rifle to take with me, don't you think it too clumsy? I have a Savage 22 model 1914 which I understand is a good rifle for a trapper. Would you take a shot gun along? Wouldn't it be best (if one could) to get in with some other trapper who knows more about it?

Would telescope sights be better on a big rifle than peep sights?

Broderick, Sask.

R. D.

Answer—Personally I think Northern Ontario. In either case you will have to buck conditions that will appear pretty tough to an amateur, and while the right men make big money in B.C., you would be more likely to make a little money in Ontario than you would in B.C. You have a greater choice of fur in Ontario, too, as there are only certain districts in B.C. where there are any foxes. The inland valleys chiefly produce marten, ermine and lynx. Of course, there are other furs, but these are the staples. To make a big catch of either ermine or marten you have to get up pretty high, and have to fight against the ever increasing snowfall. This, and the hilly nature of the country has discouraged a good many men. In last month's TRAP LINE there was an article by Fred Clark that gives a good idea of Northern Ontario.

If you go into a new valley (which you almost have to do now to make real money) you would have to cut and blaze a trail, build cabins, pick out your lines and get your supplies up. In a case like this a man would almost need to start work in July—it all depends on how far away you are going, but in any case you want to get things in shape by October. You would need enough money for license, purchase of traps, six months grub, etc., three or four hundred dollars anyway, and you wouldn't have much left then, believe me.

If you like the Ross, and can shoot with it, and pack it round, and it suits you I would take it with you. If you don't like it I should get some other gun. There is no set rule, you know. A man just picks out the gun he likes—and then spends the rest of his life defending it against the attacks of his friends. In B.C. you would find there were very few days when you would want to pack anything bigger than a 22 for a bait gun. Leave the shotgun at home. It would certainly be far and away the best thing you could do to get in with a partner. A man has no moral or earthly right to spend a winter in the mountains by himself. I am no amateur, and I wouldn't do it. It's alright from a distance.

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The Culture of Black and Silver Foxes

By R. B. and L. V.
Croft, B.A., M.D.

W. J. Taylor, Ltd., Publishers
WOODSTOCK - - - ONTARIO

CANADA'S leading sportsman's magazine, "Rod and Gun" is being besieged by requests for information, the result of the interest created by the splendid articles that have appeared in recent issues.

To meet this demand, the publishers are issuing the articles in book form, in which enthusiasts are given valuable and hitherto unknown information about foxes, under the following heads: Introduction, Heredity, Origin, Breeding, Mating and Gestation, Pens and Dens, Food and Feeding, Food and Care, Value.

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but familiarity with solitude on the summits doesn't breed contempt. It's more likely to drive a fellow 'bugs.' Don't consider doing it. This is the most serious advice I can give you. A little ad. in *Rod and Gun* might put you in touch with some one who is looking for a partner.

Personally I prefer open sights to either peep or telescope, though for a long shot

at game on an open sidehill where the brush doesn't worry you the telescope sights are the thing. However, in a thick-bush country where game is always seen at close quarters, and where all shooting has to be done quickly I prefer an open sight.

Trusting this will help you.

H. C. H.



Canadian Dog Shows, 1919

GEORGE GOODWIN

NOW that the war is over people are getting around again with increased enthusiasm to their hobbies and sports. Complete and thoroughly organized shows were held at Vancouver, Victoria, and Nanaimo, B.C.; Edmonton and Calgary, Alta.; Regina and Moose Jaw, Sask.; Winnipeg, Man.; Toronto, Ottawa, London, Brantford and Cornwall, Ont.; Montreal, Sherbrooke and Trois Rivières, Que.; and St. John, N.B. In the larger centers like Toronto and Montreal several all breed shows as well as many evening shows are held each year. The most noticeable feature of the shows this year was the increased attendance and gate receipts. This is an indication that the sport and business in dogs is one of the most popular, which with the right promotion will become one of the leading sporting events surpassing poultry shows and equalling horse shows. And why not? Is not the dog the first domesticated animal of man and has been closer, more biddable and put to a more varied use by man than any other animal?

Another indication that more interest is now being taken in dogs, this applies to sporting dogs, is the fact that advertisers of such dogs in *Rod and Gun* find a ready market for their stock. We know of such advertisers selling dogs all over Canada from Nova Scotia to British Columbia and not being able to fill all orders. No doubt those breeding other varieties of dogs, but reaching their customers through other advertising mediums, enjoy this same increase of business.

The Western provinces show more English setters and retrievers (water spaniels and Chesapeakes) than here in the East, but the East is to the fore in Irish setters. There are some very fine retrievers in the West where there is such good use for them. We would like to give our readers more particulars of these Western dogs and in future will endeavor to do so.

Fox hounds and beagles are used more here in the East, though of course we have setters and retrievers. The latter are bred smaller here, to meet our conditions, than those in

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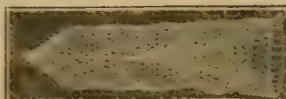
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the West. The cocker spaniel is not being used as much as it should be as a bird dog, for partridges and upland shooting. When built in the right shape and trained for this use there is no better dog than the cocker. However, the show bench proper of late years is too long in body, not enough on the legs to properly undertake the work for which it is intended. There are one or two breeders, though, here in Ontario, who are specializing in a cross of cocker and setter and are producing a most efficient dog.

A few importations have been made of Welsh springers, a dog similar to the cross just mentioned, a bit larger and higher on the leg than the present cockers. These should make very useful dogs in this country but we have not heard of them being used much. Perhaps, because of late years we have had very few partridge and upland birds.

For water work the Irish water spaniel is still the favorite, although we have heard and known of airedales being equally as good and in some instances better. The airedale is a hunting dog and a water dog and was originally bred for this purpose. If you can get one with this instinct paramount and train him for the work, you will have a water retriever that can't be beaten, thick marsh or ice won't stop him.

The Canadian National Exhibition Dog Show, Toronto, was the big event for all dog fanciers of Canada, for here are gathered together the finest specimens of all the well known breeds from all over Canada and the United States. Some eight hundred dogs are usually shown. We are pleased to note that beagles, which were quite plentiful years ago in this country, are again becoming quite popular and some very interesting field trials for these dogs are held each year in Essex County.

THE MANITOBA FIELD TRIALS

The Manitoba Field Trial Club is one of the oldest organizations of its kind on the continent, for years ago that part of Canada had many sportsmen interested in the welfare of the bird dog, who did much to bring him to a high standard of perfection. With the addition of new members, and now that the war is over, this club is again going ahead with increased enthusiasm. A very successful meeting was held this year during the week of August 25th around Storbeck, twenty-five miles out from Winnipeg. The first event was the all age stake, in which twenty started, the winner being the Llew-

ellyn setter, Jersey Prince, owned by Frank Reily of Philadelphia, who always found birds properly with very stylish pointing, running and negotiating the country. Mary Montrose, the famous Field and Bench winner, owned by Wm. Ziegler, was second. Equally as good or even superior in class, in this event she did not prove as good as Prince in finding and handling. The judges gave her second on class alone. There were two other dogs in this even, Shore's Ruby Pearl, and Royal Flush, which found and handled the game even better than Mary, and for this alone they might well have been placed above her.

There were twenty-one puppies started in the Derby, some very high class ones, the winner being a lemon and white pointer bitch. Great Island Diminutive, Kid's Girl Daughter of Ch. Kid was second, C. E. Duffield, owner. This bitch did much winning in Ohio and Indiana last spring. She is quick at finding birdy places, and does excellent work on chickens, but has not the range and speed of the winner. Bob Armstrong brought out Rainbow, a liver and white pointer bitch, which got third. She is fast and good action and with more finish on game will make a real good dog. Armstrong also ran a setter bitch Suffragist by Candy Kid, whom many thought equally as good as Rainbow. Judging from the class of puppies that appeared in this stake we are pleased to note that the standard of bird dogs has not fallen behind during the years of the war.

The championship, the last and more important stake on the program, had but six quarters, but they were all seasoned veterans that put up a nice performance for the coveted title of Manitoba Chicken Champion. In this stake Mary Montrose ran in her championship style, and put up a performance that was a delight and a wonder to the Field Trial experts present. She is always great on covering ground and in the history of field trial has had very few equals. Her sire, Comanche Frank, was noted for great range and speed, and Momoney was also such a dog.

The first brace out in this event were Comanche Rop, owned by Wm. Ziegler (Crane, handler) and Shore's Ben, owned by Dr. Stone of Bay City (Matrin, Handler). Both dogs found birds and made several points doing nice work, but Rop was considered the more consistent of the two. The next pair down was Royal Flush and Jersey Prince. Neither ran as well as in the all age stake, owing per-

Automobile Troubles and How to Remedy Them

By CHARLES P. ROOT

CONTENTS—Back firing, Blow-back of gas into carburetor, Popping noises, Buzz in coil (other than contact breaker buzz), clatter and grind in gear box, Compression, faulty, Compression, none, Explosions, Irregular or uncertain running, Metallic or puffing noises, Misfires, Resistance slight when operating starting handle, Start, failure to, Steering erratic, Stoppage of engine, Water escapes, Air lock, Batteries, Bearings, Bent axle, Brakes, Carburation, Change Speed gear, Clutch, Coil, Connecting rod or crank shaft broken, Contact breaker (High tension magneto), Contact maker, Knock in bearings generally or in Transmission system. Leaks: Loss of power, Gear, Governor, Hunting, Ignition, Lubrication, Misfires, Muffler troubles, Noise, Overheating, Pipes burst out or fractured, Piston troubles, Popping in carburetor, Pressure leaking (in case of pressure feed) Pre-ignition, Short circuits, Spark plug, Steam bound or air lock, Steering, Supply pipe choked, Tining, Tires, Valves, Valve springs, Water circulation, Wheels.

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ROD AND GUN IN CANADA
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haps to the hot sun at this time of the day. Prince's work in this heat was not equal to that of Comanche Rop in his. The final brace was Mary Montrose and Shore's Ruby Pearl. The hot sun appeared also to affect Pearl's going, but Mary, hardened dog as she is, kept on going, working the course thoroughly and truly for over a half hour, until the spectators began to wonder if class was again only going to carry her through. Neither dog had yet found birds. Finally, Mary, as if to prove her championship calibre, was seen in a clear set point, away out on the sky line of the virgin prairie where the summer flowers of red and yellow mingled with the purple of the Canadian asters, where the pink of a late prairie rose lifted its modest head out of the grasses. As the men and horses

came up the birds evidently moved on for Mary was seen to move on, and then point again. Her handler, Tomlinson, coming up and after Mary had moved a couple more points, finally flushed a bevy over Mary who stood steady and true. Continuing her work, she again found birds, and with the rays of the evening sun playing all about her as if to glorify the picture she made with her beautiful work, she stood perfectly steady to the rise of the birds.

This finished the stake and Mary had nosed her fourth championship in the fourth year she had been out.

We would like our deer hunters to send us in some accounts describing the work of their dogs on the hunts of the past season. We would also like to hear from the duck shooters.



ILL. II, The Prince of Wales, K.G., arriving at Cameron Falls at the end of his 30 mile canoe trip. Andro Lexy, the chief Nipigon guide, at the stern.

—Courtesy Canadian National Railways

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

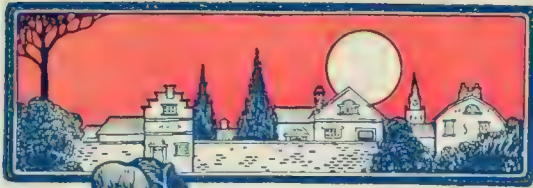
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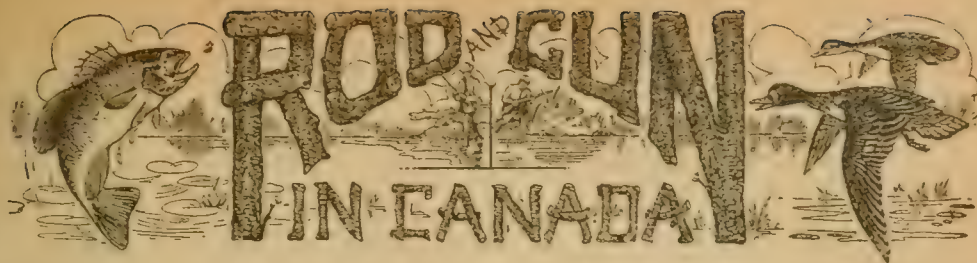
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That Race at Les Rapids



WILLIAM MACMILLAN

IT was the coming of deep winter when the fierce winds of December gave way to the clear cold days of January, when the frightful cold pierced to the very heart of things.

The day of the great Over-The-Mountain Race was nigh when every little gaily painted cabin would spew forth its assorted collection of Mackinawed giants, muffled women and rolly, poly children, the latter in "steps and stairs." The excitement of this wonderful day fairly eclipsed even the revelry of Le Jour de L'An.

To this quaint little village of Les

Rapids nestling in a tiny depression in half a hundred mighty mountains, would come with their neatly packed furs, the staid and sober men of Lac Aux Salmons; the short, thick set brothers Gros Louis from L' Isabel, twenty miles to the north; while from down the ice-fettered Jacques Cartier swarmed the riotous youth of Lac les Pierres. The silent Red Men numbering close on to two hundred, silently plodding behind their hard bitten and rangy dogs would draw up without a flourish and pitch their tattered tents of flour bags. Truly the day of the big race brought a strange and curiously

assorted crowd and the sturdy women of the village mingling with these would work their fingers to the bone in an effort to do the occasion justice.

While the Over-The-Mountain Race took but one day to run its fearful heart-breaking course, the opportunity was seized upon to trade and barter numerous pelts and many a lot of furs would change hands on that eventful day and in the bluff and bully of the trade it was an established fact that the silent Indians never came off second best.

Quick to scent business there came up about that time from Quebec a score or more of sharp fur buyers. To them Indian and white were alike and a skin was a skin, be the owner rich or poor they sought to withhold the last cent considering little the labor, the cold, the bitter distress often experienced by the trapper.

Never even in the memory of old Pere Leblanc who had seen the melting of some ninety snows, had there been such excitement tempered though it was by a certain feeling of thoughtfulness for had not Le Cure interceded successfully with the Bonne St. Anne to purge the village of the terrible la grippe which had added so many little head stones to the tiny cemetery on the mountain side.

A tense expectancy was in the air for none knew just who would enter a team for the fearful race which held as a prize for its winning five hundred dollars in good notes of La Banque National. And in the twelve months passage of time between races none could tell but that some day there would run a long-looked-for team of Super Dogs. They had thought that team had come on the day of the last race for had not the arrogant Le Noir appeared from the upper reaches of the St. Maurice with seven hellish wolf dogs that fairly flew over the course leaving his nearest rival hopelessly out-classed. The dislike of Le Noir by the simple villagers was great and it was openly prayed that the next twelve months would bring the next *chasseur* with the better team.

Two days before the Day, Le Noir, huge, red eyed and bronzed from a lifetime of wind and storm, a giant in a land of giants, turned from the winding banks of the Wagamac and "geed" his dogs on to the broad, well-beaten trails that led to Les Rapids. From every direction the trails crowded one another and all apparently had Les Rapids as the ultimate objective. A sardonic grin lit up the face of the half breed as he thought there would be many people to see his second triumph for with jealous care he had worked hard and long with his dogs improving them even over their condition of last year. "Allez mes chiens" and he flicked the leader with a dexterous twirl of his whip, in answer the monster beasts quickened their pace a hair's speed.

Nearing the village, Le Noir did not proceed to the trading post as most of the travellers are expected to do, instead, slowing up at every shack he announced himself with great crackings of his cleverly manipulated whip. Being scorned by the simple villagers by virtue of the fact that last year he had accepted the prize of five hundred dollars and failed to deposit with the Cure a portion thereof whereby to save the souls of the departed. Indeed of much more interest to them than the man, were his dogs and he grinned when without exception every household darted to the window to catch a glimpse of the manner of dogs that he had brought.

Arriving at the far end of the village he drew up with a flourish and following the custom of the land, the onlookers made as if they would help him unharness his dogs but the savage growls of the untamed wolf dogs made them draw back. "Comment ça avez vous peur?" and the driver sprang at them and soon cuffed them all into snarling submission. The laughter and fun that had prevailed a moment before died away into silence. Half a dozen dog men gave the Breed a hand in tying the beasts in the Dog House while the passing women averted their eyes

though not without a covert glance of admiration at the graceful giant.

A quarter of an hour later Le Noir, one of two hundred others, was comfortably seated in the reeking bar room of Francois MacDonald's Maison de Pension. Le Noir was a dominating personality in the room, a giant among giants he far outshone the others in the matter of grace and politeness. Hidden power and brute doggedness lay in that broad back so well carried, while the husky Chasseurs in their clumsy powerfulness bore a semblance to the bear that prowled across their trails. Le Noir with his quick and unexpected movements, the perfectly controlled swing of the body at the waist, the narrow hips all bespoke of the sweeping strength of the lynx, while men had learned to their cost that he even surpassed that cunning animal in the deceit of his ways. In short Le Noir as Trapper, Hunter and Wooer of Women had a reputation and without doubt he excelled particularly in the last this without detracting in any way from the perfection of his other attainments.

"Ho, Tardif, how goes the dogs?" the question directed at a hulking young fellow at the end of the bar nearest the Breed, brought a glance from every eye and as if it was the signal for open discussion the air quickly thickened with argument for and against the known runners of the morrow and as befitting a big man and the winner of last year's great race Le Noir's opinion was much in demand. "He had come in with nine dogs, which ones would he run?" "Did hestill have L'Etoile the black bitch that was so much admired last year?" Did he expect to win the race again tomorrow?" "Yes by gar I will win the Race by a day. You people of Les Rapids cannot grow the dogs that will beat Le Noir," and strange to say there was none to contradict the insulting boast.

The well-worn, hand besmudged swing door behind the counter swung open and a fair haired girl of some twenty summers leaned gracefully against it and said something to MacDonald. Le Noir caught his breath and the girl as she backed

through the door cast her clear eyes over the crowd of men; catching her glance the Breed immediately rose from his seat and removed his cap with a bow and flourish. Before he could straighten up the creaking door had closed with a bang. The smile that had transfigured his face turned to a scowl and he elbowed his way roughly to the outer door.

Many times that long afternoon Virginie MacDonald, the beautiful daughter of the half Scotch hotel-keeper, swept the approaching trails with longing eyes. At last when night was about to sweep her mantle of darkness over the world she gave a happy cry, "Here he is, Mon Brave" and she tore open the door and dashed wildly down the little street and threw herself into the arms of a muffled figure who strode at the head of his trail weary dogs. "Whoa there little girl, have a heart?" and a great roar of laughter was smothered as the golden head was buried in his mackinaw. "Now chase into the house while I fix up the dogs," and with another hug she darted to the door just as MacDonald feeling the draught pattered to shut it. "Rex is here father, and my but he is big and brave," and snatching a towel from the nail she furiously bent to the task of drying the million dishes that old Mannette was washing; at the same time there floated through the old wind slapped, clapboarded Maison de Pension the love notes of one who has found her mate, so that in the adjoining room many a drink was held part way to its destination. "Sacre but that gal can sing."

As the tall figure of the new arrival turned the corner to the Dog House in an unfamiliar way, a man stepped out from a shadow, "So that's the way the wind blows, who is this fine cock that would play with Le Noir?"

Late that night while Virginie MacDonald and the tall young Englishman were sitting around the fire in the little room off the Bar, speaking in that tongue that makes no sound, a bad tempered Half Breed was learning from his co-drinkers who the young fellow was. With joyful maliciousness his informants told him that this must be the man

from Baie St. Paul, of whom MacDonald and his daughter had often spoken. A son of one of MacDonald's Scotch friends he had come to the North Country to trade. Strong, fast and with the heart of a lion he sped great distances from place to place, though this was the first time that he had actually come to Les Rapids. Virginie had met him at various Posts on the lower Jacques Cartier. Not even thanking his informers Le Noir slammed out of the room and went stamping out into the darkness. Half an hour later he was closeted in the Scotchman's little office and the latter with face lined with worry was listening to the low tones of Le Noir. "I have to buy me big lots of furs my friend, so I must ask you for that money, race day has come again and you recall it was till then that I lent you." "Yes I know Le Noir, but give me a chance, I sent a lot of five hundred foxes into Quebec a week ago. In another three weeks I will give you back your four hundred dollars, anyway aren't you going to win the race again tomorrow?" "Ah yes of course but you see," and an insolent grin spread over his dark face, "I have promised the prize to La Bonne St. Anne. Either let me have the money tomorrow after the race or....." "Or what?" and a gleam of hope shone through MacDonald's worry. "Give me your gal." "Sacre Tonneur n6" but the Breed had slipped out of the door before he had the words fairly out of his mouth.

In the adjoining room Virginie and her man, silent but for the loud thumping of their hearts, heard the voices from beginning to end. "Holy mackerel, what do you know about that" was the characteristic comment of the young fellow as he gathered the girl in his arms. "Say little one of course we won't let that dime novel hero get you but just the same I wish to heaven I had the four hundred bucks that your father seems to owe the villain."

"And where will father ever get the money if he doesn't sell the foxes?" Why except for the five hundred dollar prize money which Cure

Pouliot has collected for the race there isn't that much money in all Les Rapids, so unless we could win the race." "Say why not? I have the finest team of dogs this side of the Labrador, true they have travelled fifty miles in the last two days but what of that? Sixty miles more tomorrow won't kill them. I'll tell you what I'll do Vigie girl, I will bring home the four hundred dollars to the Ole Man.....I mean your father and we'll shoot up the river right after and get married, what do you say?" The wide eyes of the girl filled with tears of pride at the brave words of her hero. "But Boy, Le Noir has the most wonderful Dogs, everybody says that the other men won't have a chance." "Just you watch me tomorrow."

The village of Les Rapids slept that night with a restless excitement that was anticipatory of the morrow. With the lift of dawn came the first sounds of a riotous day. The long-to-be remembered day for the Big Race, Le Course des Chiens, had come at last and at an hour when most of civilization was turning over for a last nap, scores of men and boys were excitedly speeding hither and thither, some on foot but for the most part in small two dog sleighs, and soon the word went out like wildfire that the tall English stranger who had come last night was going to compete. When he heard of it, Le Noir laughed them to scorn, "Bah, one more for Le Noir to beat."

Two hours later the population of Les Rapids-swollen by hundreds, was in a perfect swirl of excitement. Being alone with his dogs for the greater part of the preceeding twelve months the exhilaration of rubbing elbows with scores of his fellow men made the average man hysterical, and simple fellow that he was he enjoyed himself like a child. The crowd pushed here and there till there wasn't a yard of untrampled snow in the whole village.

At length as if drawn by an invisible hand the crowd of Mackinawed giants surged to the open end of the narrow street, here already assembled were six of the eight teams to run.

Representing as he did some particular section of the far flung North each participant was surrounded by a group of advice giving admirers. Tightening a buckle here, loosening a band there, now raising a foot for a close scrutiny, now patting a friendly muzzle, each man went carefully and unhurriedly over the vital things upon which the Race might be won or lost, unheeding good naturedly the friendly chaff from opposite groups. Satisfied that everything was shipshape for the gruelling sixty mile dash, each man in turn gave the signal in different ways that instantly caused his dogs to sink to their bellies in the snow.

No rules governed this wonderful Race, each runner used what he considered best. It was noticed that Raoul Turgeon the mail carrier from Up River had a line of eight light dogs before his sleigh. Four others had teams of six each with the same general outline of sleigh, but Baptiste Grenier the grizzled veteran of the trapline and trail boasted only of five Huskies that looked particularly big and strong, and fastened to the handle of his sleigh by a long slender thong of caribou was Susette which Grenier swore was the grandest dog in all the Country.

Sleek, fresh and perfectly conditioned they seemed anxious to be off on the trail. Unused to the present turmoil and bustle they were uneasy and at a particularly loud shout they bared their fangs in a half snarl.

Everybody pulls for a winner. Just as the sweating thousands packed in the stands of a race course cheer the oft returned favorite so these simple folk who hated the man for what he was gave a shout of welcome as they heard him in the distance with the roar of "En roulant ma boule" on his lips. The mass of men gave way for Le Noir and his team who with a great dash drew up beside Baptiste Grenier. Cunning rascal that he was Le Noir knew full well what a strain to man and beast would prove the long wait. Keen eyes watched every move of each dog in the team. Skilled to note at a glance the fine points of a racing

husky they did not fail to see that except for Grenier's the other men appeared to have small chance against the gigantic dogs of the Half Breed.

No sooner had Le Noir's leader come abreast of Grenier's than he snapped viciously, the Black snapped back and instantly some forty-three dogs rent the wintry air with their short, sharp snarls, mouthings that brought every driver to their heads, whip in hand. The aggressive insolence of the Breed seemed to have pervaded his dogs and every other canine took umbrage.

"But what about the English fellow?" and the question that was carrying from lip to lip found its answer in the appearance of the stranger trotting calmly up the street towards them.

Out guessing the Half Breed, Monteith had purposely held back till he had seen his opponent shoot past him. A good natured cheer greeted him as he drew his dogs abreast of Le Noir's and halted them in their tracks at a gentle command. In a second the main portion of the crowd had fought and pushed its mocassioned way to the two and the noise of the excited dogs was drowned in the chatter and tumult of a new sensation. Here side by side it was easy to compare the merits of the two teams.

Glancing unconcernedly to his right Monteith saw that Le Noir's dogs were in perfect condition. Cruel and wicked in his dealings with men the Half Breed loved his dogs with a passion that had oftentimes caused him to give up his last ration to them. Dog for dog, and each had six, his rival's were pounds heavier than his, but their monstrous size was offset or balanced by the long, powerful frames of the beasts that crouched before him.

While Le Noir's toboggan was of the regulation type with half the slats knocked out, Monteith had a sleigh of his own devising, merely a skeleton of some six pieces, they rested on two long, broad aluminum runners.

The Englishmen's glance travelling from the dogs to the man he had to beat was met by a hateful scowl and

turning to the group of Red Men about him Le Noir said something that brought a throaty laugh. Monteith's face flushed but he said nothing.

Le Noir mounting his toboggan shouted to the crowd, "Bets, any bets?" No answer coming he reached under the blanket on the toboggan and pulled out a gorgeous silver fox skin, and shaking the pelt aloft his voice boomed out, "Le Noir bets this than none can beat him this day. What, do you admit it? Bah, you, brave Runners, have you nothing?" and he shook the Fox tauntingly in their faces.

"Here," and Le Noir's face flamed red as he turned to the voice, "Make the bet worth while, I will bet two silvers that I will lick you. MacDonald here will tell you of the two fine skins that he is holding for me at the House!" The crowd held its breath, here was something good, an absolute stranger betting that he could lick Le Noir? Dieu, history was being made today.

"Good," snarled the Breed as he pulled another fox from his blanket and tossed it into the arms of the surprised priest, "Ask the Jew Trader how much he will give me for four silver Fox skins."

The excitement was intense, the very air seemed charged with hate and for all his confidence Rex Monteith felt his heart thumping against his ribs.

Sacre this was to be a race to be talked about, such bets, ma Foi.

Cure Pouliot still laden with the two fox skins whose tails flapped grotesquely against his begowned legs in the gentle breeze made his way to the front of the line. Standing beside the man on the end farthest from Monteith he bade the eight be ready. A hush fell on the onlookers, then with "Allez mes enfants," the long cruel whips cracked and curled over the backs of the dogs and they were off on that Race that men speak off to this day. Did I say they were off? all except Le Noir and Monteith. The nearest was fully twenty yards away before the Half Breed without a hand to his

whip shot his dogs onto the trail not before however turning on his opponent a look of surprise as much as hate. With a soft "Zeep" the Englishman sped his dogs on the tail of the other's team. Before rounding the clump of bush that would hide the runners from view, Le Noir jumped to his feet on the toboggan and waved his cap in confident adieu. Rex Monteith for his part glanced towards the dirty clapboarded Maison de Pension and his heart gave a jump at sight of a white handkerchief fluttering from a window and he turned his face to the trail and the deadly struggle he felt sure lay ahead.

Two o'clock that afternoon a crowd of men, boys, women and children, surged around a huge fire in the middle of the street. On two great spits of green wood sizzled the carcass of a giant moose. The crowd as crowds have done from time immemorial whether it be in the heart of a great city or in the weather bitten street of a village on the edge of a vast forest, were pushing from one speaker to another who were holding forth on how quickly Le Noir would appear. In another hour the runners would be due to arrive by the opposite end of the street and there seemed little doubt to their minds that the first to come panting to the fire would be the great wolf dogs of Le Noir.

That same hour and at that identical moment Rex Monteith was mushing by as he had mushed by six others, the spent and broken team of Baptiste Grenier. Two of his dogs were coughing a splotch of crimson around them while the white grand leader, the pride and joy of the owner's heart, lay stiff and still.

Whitefaced and motionless the old man waved an encouragement to the stranger, "He is five minutes ahead." Rex nodded and spoke to his laboring team, "Jess," and the long, low hung leader lengthened her clocklike stride, instantly the others followed suit.

Not once had the long whip been used, not once had the gallant beasts been urged to do more than their

willing best, this tall stranger knew his dogs and better still they had confidence in him.

The soft, loose snow of the plains now gave way to a hard, windswept surface that was but a prelude to the deadly, heartbreaking climb of the mountain that towered above him. Not many minutes later they struck the first gentle rise and following a carefully thought out plan Rex leaped from the sleigh and darted to the head of the team. Striking into the trail ahead of Jess he patted her head as he passed, 'Come on Old Girl.'

From all calculations the mountain was where they should have lost speed but lightened by one hundred and eighty pounds and strengthened by the lead of their master the plucky dogs dug their toes into the trail and sped up. Far up on the mountain side ahead the Englishman discerned a tiny black string that marked the climbing Le Noir.

"Stick to it Jess, come on Soot," and the poor brutes stuck to it. Red eyed, sweating, lolling tongues that almost swept the snow, feet blistered and bleeding, now caked with frozen ice, now touching the raw, quivering flesh, they put their great hearts into the pull and Rex noted with panting satisfaction that the dark spot ahead was slowly growing bigger. Suddenly to his astonishment a puff of white burst from the back of the train and a bullet hummed wickedly overhead. For a step Rex faltered in his stride then setting his mouth in a grim line he caught up his hope and pressed on. 'Two can play at that game my fine fellow' but just the same he racked his brain for some way to overcome the vile treachery of the Half Breed. A flash, a crack, and another leaden messenger followed the first. The dogs shook their heads as it whined past, but kept on.

Half an hour later Monteith breast- ed the top of the mountain and far down in the little valley below lay the village they had started from— and the end of the race. Even from that distance he thought he could see the scurrying of figures through the street, for hundreds of

sharp eyes would be trained on the top of the mountain for the first appearance of the runners and half way down, half way home, galloped Le Noir's team. Monteith's heart sank and a cold chill ran up his sweating back as he saw that he hardly had a chance, the race was as good as lost, might as well stop and save his team. Suddenly he caught his breath and almost stopped for the team ahead had halted with a jerk, the Breed sprang out and Monteith could see the rise and fall of his arm as he cut at the traces of a fallen dog. 'God the race wasn't lost.' A wolf dog had burnt out his great chest. Hardly daring to trust his bloodshot eyes, he felt his chance had come and he prayed his dogs would be equal to it. Pausing in his stride he let the team pass him snatching at his whip as they slid by. The long lash curled over the furry backs and cracked over Jess' head; she faltered in astonishment then as the second lick flicked a tuft of hair from her back she lowered her head in a panic and galloped as she had never done before. Each dog in turn was lashed into surprised pain and they fairly flew down the trail, "God what hearts" breathed the runner as with scorched throat and bursting lungs he goaded them on. Tearing over the spot that Le Noir had halted at a few minutes previously Monteith merely glanced at the steaming body of the broken dog and he breathed a prayer that none of his would do the same.

Five miles, four miles, three miles, and he was on the tail of Le Noir's wobbling toboggan. Over the head of the man in front he could see the excitement in the village. With red rimmed eyes and swollen tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth Rex couldn't even swear as he saw the Half Breed raise his rifle and fire point blank. He shut his eyes. A snarl from Jess showed where the bullet had struck, he caught his breath as he pulled the team up in their own length. The bullet had torn a great piece from the shoulder of the gallant beast. Lashing the others with a great show of fury lest they sink to the snow and mix their

traces, the runner cut her leads and a second later he whipped the others to their speed, so quick had he been that he had barely lost a minute and fifteen minutes later not five yards separated the two as they entered the narrow street. With diabolical cleverness Le Noir swung his toboggan from side to side in order to stop the other from breasting him and it was thus they passed the little crowd at the door of the Maison de Pension. Weary nigh onto death Rex caught sight of a white, unsmiling face. Fresh strength came to his leaden limbs. Casting his whip to the snow he drew ahead of the failing dogs and entreated them as only a woodsman can. Men held their breath as they staggered up the street. Inch by inch the stranger drew ahead, now he was abreast; not a whisper came from the breathholding onlookers. The smell of burning meat came to the laboring nostrils of the racers and they could hear the crackle of

the fire above the scrunch of the runners. A hundred yards more and Le Noir with shout and lash sought desperately to pass this devil of a stranger, in vain, Monteith gasped at his glorious team and a second later he dashed blindly into the outstretched arms of the priest, a good teams length ahead of the Half Breed. Bedlam broke loose, "Hail a new Hero" "Hadn't they known from the very first that the stranger would win, such dogs, such heart." And with shouts of joy they shouldered the weary winner, a stranger no longer and paraded him around and around the fire.

Not many hours later MacDonald absent mindedly stepping into the living room, caught sight of two figures before the fire. The flickering shadows showed the big one with his arms about the other who seemed to have her head—sacre where was her head anyway? And as he tiptoed out he overheard her say, "And you will love me for ever and ever?"

The Legend of the Buried Rum

A Tale of Temagami

C. B. MOHR

WHEN old Massobie, crack guide of all the tourist regions, steeped in story and legend of the northern lakelands, unfolded to me this tale of the ruined trading station within the Temagami Forest Reserve, he little fancied that I should attempt a repetition. Yet the reproduction, while lacking the sign language and gesture of the original, is almost entire, shorn only of its residual roughness by filtering through the flickering flames of the campfire and the haze of smoke from innumerable smudges, for as we sat by the lake shore in the calm July twilight the mosquitoes ceased not from troubling nor were the sandflies at rest.

* * *

In the days of the storied past, many years ago, there was no trading

post in the whole Temagami region, for the pathfinders of the fur trade, whether working northward from the French settlements or as servants of the Company of Adventurers Trading into Hudson Bay, had but slightly grasped the possibilities of the interior. Hence the Indians who lived in this illimitable area of lake and forest, trapping the beaver, the mink and the otter, were obliged to go eastward to barter their pelts with the Great Company on the shores of the Ottawa, or, crossing the height of land, make the long journey of more than three hundred miles to the posts on James Bay. Thus it continued till one spring. Indians from the country of the Nipissing brought word that a fort was being built at the head waters of the Temagami

River, a tributary of the Sturgeon, by men who were not in the employ of the Great Company. Of course these Indians did not then know that a new concern, the North-West, had been organized at Montreal, which, recruiting its personnel—woods runners, post keepers and voyageurs—from amongst the adventurous Free Traders of the West, had set out to cut off as much of the Hudson Bay trade as possible by building forts in regions and on trade routes then but poorly served; a condition, it may be stated, due to the early policy of the Hudson Bay Company, which for some seventy years after its founding was content with following up lines of trade radiating from the Bay to the interior.

As the first trading station in the Temagami area this effort of the North-West Company fully justified their foresight. It was manned by daring men, themselves the original explorers of vast stretches to the westward, who, thus possessed of primary information as to tribes and canoe routes, were enabled to locate trade feeders and winter posts to the best advantage. Inured to the uncertainties that ever faced the Free Trader, they brought to the new enterprise all the individual skill and initiative so developed. This, linked with well directed co-operative effort, enabled them to devise new, varied and possibly questionable methods of augmenting the peltry traffic. True, their exchange values, in such ordinary commodities of commerce as the hunter must necessarily procure for his furs, were as fair as those of other traders. But such legitimate barter failed to appease the mammon, so we find a great Canadian enterprise whose intrepid explorers were dazzling Europe with reports of untapped reservoirs of wealth in the New World, unhesitatingly introducing to the sons of the wilderness the white man's 'fire water' whereat, idleness and viciousness, ever prevalent, were multiplied tenfold and violence and riot flowed free.

That the scouts of the Honourable the Hudson Bay Company followed every move of the Montreal concern

was evident several seasons later. Early in the spring of that year a south bound brigade was despatched from Moose Factory with orders to make a reconnaissance of the Temagami country, and, if favoured by fortune in the discovery of some likely location, erect a fort and meet the competition. The progress of the brigade was necessarily slow for the hardy voyageurs had chosen the Abitibi route poling, "tracking," frequently wading against its swift currents, packing across many leagues of precipitous and vegetation choked portages. But turbulent waters or dense forests, the tug of the tump-line, the monotony of the paddle, the annoyance of insects, the silent potential forces of nature, these things might impede and delay but could not discourage such indomitable spirits: not blindly or unobservantly but intelligently with dogged patience and determination they broke through the opposing wilderness. In due time the treadmill of forest and lake had an ending: the height of land is crossed and the waters of the south flowing Ottawa successfully navigated to the juncture of the Montreal; battling the currents of the latter stream, duplicating their labours on the none too placid Mattawapika which they followed to its source, the travellers at length traversed the winding expanses of Lady Evelyn Lake to the country of deep waters. (Temagami). Rapidly such competent woodsmen would explore the topography of the great lake and its drainage areas: for their new post must have a peerless situation and they must bring all their cunning and ingenuity into play to offset the initial advantage of their rivals.

At the head of the lake the brigade leader pitched a main camp as a central rendezvous. From there he sent forth canoe parties to reconnoitre even to the territory of their antagonists to 'spy out the land.' Two of the canoemen left Temagami Lake in a northwesterly direction by way of Obabika Bay; another party, skirting farther down the shore line, took the Gull Lake route unknowingly to converge with the preceeding at Devil's

Lake on the road to the Sturgeon; a third force was sent to explore the recesses of the Northeast Arm; while a number of others winding a sinuous course between the sombre-coated islands, sought the southern outlet through Cross Lake and the intervening creeks and channels. Woodsmen by profession their itinerary required that they examine first the established lines of travel. But it must not be supposed that the more prominent features of the three thousand miles of shore-line or the larger of the sixteen hundred islands escaped their keen survey. The experiences of a life long environment had attuned the very fibres of their being to vibrate in unison with the wilderness. On trail and trap-line they were cognizant of the faintest indications of man or animal. From the main camps and temporary tepees of the trappers they read the signs which told the quantities of fur. The extent of usage of a portage ascertained from the character of its path, its fire places and camp sites, gave the degree and direction of movement across it, for the travellers invariably camped by the water on which they would next day embark. Thus they had an index of the volume of trade that naturally gravitated toward Temagami.

Before the expiration of a week, all the explorers had returned to the main camp on Deer Island. To their chief each party gave a simple report of the routes traversed with an opinion of their respective trade possibilities. By fitting together such information the leader had an accurate though invisible map of the country etched into his mind. On this he concentrated his thoughts, mentally threading the maze of waterways and trails; and it were well to deliberate; for weeks of past hardship and years of future trade focussed on the wisdom of his choice.

It appeared that at the narrows of the lake the trail from the Sturgeon River watershed after traversing the length of Manitou-pee-paugee, Emerald and Obabika Lakes converged with the route from Temagami's North East Arm. A post in such an

ideal position would divert the trade from the head waters of the Sturgeon and so snatch a new fur country from the former Free Traders. True the island at this juncture was said to be small but partially timbered and rough; but comfort or convenience was not to be anticipated; location, as a guarantee of trade was the determining factor.

The chief had decided and in keeping with that decision the little cavalcade moved down the lake to the 'swish click' of many paddles, almost feeling their way to the new post site, for they moved camp early, these forest vikings, and the summer sun had not yet gained sufficient altitude to vapourize the thick hanging mists. Of a surety Rabbit Island was their destination and for ten days thereafter it re-echoed to the sounds familiar to early logging operations. Underbrush was cleared and trees felled; the log lengths were hewed to squareness and carried to the scene of building operations where those most skilled in the art of carpentry had charge. Their conversation, as is the manner of men of action, was limited; yet from the fragments of speech could be detected a knowledge of three tongues; the long lisping and hissing syllables of Ojibway, the more animated conversation of the French, blended with the burl of an unmistakable Scotch accent. Rapidly, yet orderly the work proceeded for these were picked men and this was not their first undertaking of a similar character. Nevertheless it was no mean feat that in the aforementioned space of time the industrious woods-runners should erect, stock, and open for trade a compact set of buildings dignified with the name of fort. The group consisted of logstore and storehouse, a landing wharf with a small shed thereon, and scattered about the edges of the clearing a couple of still smaller cabins. Nor did they forget the inevitable flagstaff from whose pennanted top that trio of letters long known to the wilderness proclaimed this as an establishment of the oldest mercantile house in America.

To state that the Hudson Bay peo-

ple would more readily champion prohibitory measures than their competitors, would perhaps stretch a point, nevertheless it is stated on good authority that the Montreal traders were much the greater offenders in dealing out liquor to the Indians. Appetites were not easily changed and the rum soaked redman was as unreasoning as his similarly afflicted white brother. The old concern claimed that to abolish the rum traffic would only result in the North-West winning over the tribes and their trade. The French-Canadian company reversed the argument to justify their dealings. As a result the oaken kegs, savouring of Jamaica and Captain Kidd, became anything but rare about the northern posts.

After 1742 the Hudson Bay Company definitely embarked on a policy of interior trading, a move which brought forth bitter enmity between the companies. The employees of the North-West paid on a profit sharing basis exhibited tireless energy in collecting pelts. At times the traders of one concern violently took furs from the other; the open violation of law and order at length causing the Imperial Government to exert sharp pressure on the chief executives. The old voyageurs told of how the summer supply parties, if following the same course, would put obstacles in one another's way; the leading canoe men of one concern when shooting a shallow rapid would even clear a way for themselves replacing the stones and boulders to hinder and delay their opponents. Thus, with considerable fierceness waged the era of conflict between the fur companies for over half a century. The H. B. C. did not intend to be throttled; in invading the interior it launched an offensive for aggressive and rapid conquest of trade. So it followed that through fat years and lean, subject to the ups and downs of competition both Temagami forts continued to operate till the merger of the two concerns in the early years of eighteen hundred. With the consummation of this amalgamation and the elimination of ruthless competition, the English

concern, perpetuated in name and charter, became once more predominant, the undisputed monopolist of the fur trade. Though the southern fort was abandoned its owners had been by no means vanquished. A purely Canadian enterprise, organized over one hundred years after the establishment of the Hudson Bay Company, it had become so strong that it was enabled to plant forts all through the West to the Pacific, to absorb the X. Y. and smaller concerns, to put John Jacob Astor and his Pacific Fur Co. out of business on the Columbia River and for nearly forty years to withstand the most persistent and relentless attacks of a rival having the unlimited backing of the London money markets, forcing, in the end, recognition and the offer of union, a move decidedly in the interest of profits. Lastly he it remembered that the inherent strength so unexpectedly developed was due in no small measure to the system of sharing profits with those who performed its labor and did its bidding.

To the trade war we may charge the introduction of liquor to the aborigines but the cessation of the former did not lead to the abolition of the latter. The experiment had become a habit, the habit a custom. The bucks seized on the periods of leisure and trade to gratify their appetites; then their first exchanges called for rum that they might celebrate vociferously, hilariously, the results of a successful hunt; that the fires of spring and the lavishness of summer might efface from their memories all thoughts of the awful price which the north had exacted for sustenance during the season of snow. On the legion of causes occasioning such debauches it were idle to speculate, but this much we know, that the reunion of the Wolf, the Bear, the Beaver, and all the other totems marked the beginning of weeks of sleeping and gossiping, carousal and loafing, during which liquor flowed freely, fights and even murders being not uncommon; occasions when in the olden days of tribal customs the medicine-man would have been much

in evidence, his charms and enchantments and contortions seeming big medicine, a stimulant to those who must needs go out to the realm of the wild.

When the family larder is full, when edibles abound, the Indian does not move camp. It is part of his native philosophy that with subsistence assured there is no other incentive to exertion. So, like a great fair, passed the annual gatherings at the wilderness posts. The savages lived light-hearted, indifferent to the hurrying days. Not until the advent of the autumn frosts brought vivid memories of the frozen trails did the hunter rouse himself to prepare for the season of labor and adventure and strife when the horn of plenty would be almost empty. What though his furs were all bartered and his cache empty; he might still obtain new credits from the company and set out for his assigned hunting district, to take up once more the wild life which a brief season of dissipation had interrupted; to prepare in the brief spell of Indian summer for the first snow and the six months' of cold.

Thus the trade seasons revolved, credits were given, and the debts so incurred were paid in great bales of prime green furs. The northward journey of the supply flotillas carried these to the company's ships on the Inland Sea for the trans-Atlantic voyage to the London market. But commercial expansion was having its innings at the expense of the natives. Lower and lower sank their moral level; for the rum interests were then as now utterly lawless, utterly heartless. Now it is a well known fact that even a band of thieves must recognize honor within their ranks, else they do not hold together. But unfortunately for unscrupulous men the society in which they move is **not** basically coherent, it lacks stability, has a tendency to disintegrate. Sometimes this scattering movement originates by differences within the band, more often the element of law, operating from without, hastens the same result. The class to which we refer was spared the trouble of such developments, other and varied

factors were at work stirring up public sentiment against them. The Messengers of the Word labored under an insurmountable handicap. To bring Christianity and neutralize its effects profited nothing. For the enthusiastically drunken redskin, rubbing off his religious veneer, became again barbaric, primitively savage. The missionaries drew vivid pictures of the devitalizing influences at work among the Indians by the illegal and debasing trade tactics employed: they spoke of the 'infinity of disorder which the infamous traffic had spread universally among the Indians,' and ceased not to protest to the authorities of Church and State.

It may have been due to governmental pressure or perchance the company governors, in conclave assembled, anticipating such a move wished to avert it. The immediate cause unknown, action was sure and certain, for the spring of 18—witnessed the setting out of the supply flotillas, from the Factory on the Great Bay complete with all the customary merchantise except the familiar casks of rum. Nor did that radical change suffice. In addition specific orders to the factors forbade them to dispose of any more liquor to the tribesmen.

As chance would have it the warmth of early summer was augmenting the interminable green of Temagami's hills and islands ere these instructions reached the Rabbit Island factor. The trading season was already under way. Wigwams and tepees of the woods folk were clustered about the bank or scattered irregularly at the edge of the clearing. Near the human habitations were racks and scaffolds holding quantities of dry smoked meat. This, with delicious Temagami lake trout, blueberries, blackberries and currants from the rocky slopes, meant no lack of food. Ojibway and Cree and half-breed, Indian cur and husky were all absorbed in continuous carnival; for the beasts like their masters grew fat and lazy when the law of the conservation of energy was thus rigidly observed. Newcomers, whose hunting districts were more distant, were

constantly arriving, to pay their debts, to have their spree, to take the rest cure. The factor was faced with the dead opposition of circumstance. He must act quickly yet tactfully; for with the trading season but half finished and with a considerable quantity of rum in his storehouse where effective concealment was impossible, he was virtually asked to defy a mob of partially drink-crazed natives.

Now at that early date the politico commercial power of a fur company was a thing by itself. In a word it was absolute; to be feared and to be obeyed, for to incur its displeasure would be to remove one's means of livelihood within an area bounded by two seas. To acquaint the Indians with the new conditions of trade, to dispose, in secret, of his surplus stock: these two problems confronted the factor, to the former of which he first addressed himself.

Thus you must picture a motley crowd, such as can invariably be found about a northern trading settlement; post men, trade Indians, freighters and an infinite number of hangers-on, clinging while they may, to the atmosphere of man, who, summoned by messenger, gather about the log store from which the factor emerges and speaks. "You are the Company's people and your interests are the Company's interests. The Company has decided at the request of the Great King to trade no more in the white man's 'firewater.' This because it is wrong to be drunken and also because a drunken man is both sick and unhappy. He acts as if possessed with an evil spirit. He is always in debt as he will not work. He becomes meaner and more to be despised than the sneaking wolf. The good fathers at the mission have spoken often to you of the evils of drink. Work that you may have warmer clothes to wear and more meat to eat. Take heed to the wishes of the Great Company."

The Indians listened, stolid, expressionless, silent and when the speaker had ceased, withdrew to their tepees. But an uneasiness like that of the blood lust was upon them. "No

more firewater? That could not be!" Their murmurings grew louder and louder till the old men, sensing trouble, sought a safe outlet for the young bucks' surplus energy. With the coming of darkness an ancient fetish custom was revived in spirit. Arrayed in their grand ceremonial robes of deerskin, enlivened with dashes of trade plaids and silks which but added to the barbaric gorgeousness of the occasion, the elders of the tribe forthwith organized not a "scalp dance of victory" called by the historian the "real spirit of the north," but a "rum dance of protest." Then placing an empty rum keg on a pole within a circle of fire which silhouetted their bodies against the intense blackness of the spruce-pine forest, they gave vent to their feelings by dances and wails and weird incantations which continued till midnight. Then indeed did the physical man rebel and as enthusiasm waned, little by little the group dwindled. The few that lingered squatted on their haunches by the fire to smoke and chat. When pipes were finished and the blaze had died to embers and these in turn became white powdery ash they too sought their blankets. The camp was asleep.

At two the factor arose. The moon had risen and its soft radiance illumined the promontories and shore line of the island and rendered visible the wooded slopes across the lake. Truly the weather gods were with him. He listened expectantly for the sound of human voices coming from the direction of the midnight revelry. The peculiar noises produced by myriads of night haunting insects and birds smote his ear. Occasionally these lesser sounds were drowned by the spasmodic wolf-like wail of the Indian curs, voicing to all creatures of the wild the immemorial wrongs which the domination of mankind had wrought. To such natural and nightly recurring phenomena he gave no heed. Undoubtedly all was satisfactory; a slumbering camp augured well for the successful culmination of his plans. The factor carried his largest canoe to the water's edge, once more making certain that no

one was astir. He returned to the storehouse from which in a moment he reappeared bearing a keg under each arm. These he laid on the shore beside his craft. Three times he repeated this journey being careful to keep, as completely as possible, within the shadows of the buildings and forest. Before quitting the place on his last trip he put the empty kegs in order and brought out an axe and spade. Smoothly he turned the canoe over, slid it into the shallow water, piled his cargo amidships and shoved off. Paddling noiselessly he skirted the shore-line. At the northern end of the island was a little sandy hillock thickly crowned with Jack pine and sloping to an excellent landing cove. Thither the factor directed his canoe.

Though beyond danger of immediate detection, one, in such a position, must, like the expert Indian trailer utilize his knowledge of woodcraft to avoid disturbing the natural order. It thus takes the factor longer than in loading to scale the slope and convey his goods to the high land. Here definiteness ends and the legend is vague and hazy: but somewhere, states tradition, within this oblong natural clearing on the flat-topped hillock, flanked with evergreens, the white sands covered his cargo, while skill and nature effaced all indications of the deed.

For almost a generation the ancient custom of tribal celebrations had given way to those forms of amusement and debauchery introduced by the white man. Totem pole, medicine man and potlach had surrendered their vested rights to the traders' rum. Thus it is but natural that being so suddenly faced with changed conditions the Indians should have no further desire to linger. Trading became more rapid; debts were paid, credits arranged and supplies obtained. The redskins grew impatient for the hunt and left for the wilds ere the first tang of frost was felt, better prepared for the chase; with more time to mend snowshoes and moccasins, traps and deadfalls, work necessarily preceeding a successful trapping season.

One day late that fall, when icy needles began to close on narrows and dead water and bank upon bank of low gray clouds betokened an early fall of snow, two canoemen beached their craft below the log buildings of the post. The couriers hailed from Moose Factory and bore a special message for the Temagami factor. It appeared that an old and trusted servant of the Company, who had been in command of an important and strategically located post on the Ottawa, had suddenly died. It was a fort necessarily fully manned as a great quantity of valuable supplies were from there distributed throughout the Valley.

Thither by command the Rabbit Island factor must proceed. He realized that but a few days remained before the relentless fingers of the frost grip would sheath lake and river with an icy film rendering canoe travel impossible. Then he would be obliged to wait till the ice strengthened, till the coming of the Big Snow, a veritable deluge on the wings of the Northwest wind, ushered in a new winter and in the transformed wilderness to prepare another means of travel. Such a condition of things would entail extra work in the preparation of equipment for man and dogs; the transition period would mean indefinite delay. But the orders of the Great Company were specific, they brooked of no delay. Forced accordingly to travel light and fast the post guardian gathers his own personal effects and sets out forthwith, determined to ground his bark on the Ottawa ere the intervening waters were imprisoned by the frost. And with the egress of this commercial pioneer of Temagami there remained no definite word or living witness of his interdictory deed in all that illimitable domain save the fringe of silent stoical pines guarding the sandy plateau, and these would forever hold their secret.

The days of the trade war long since past, the considerations which dominated the founders of the little Hudson Bay fort in their selection of a site no longer prevailed. Thus it is not surprising that, when a few years

later, the old post must needs be rebuilt, another island more congenial to the haunts of man should be snatched from amongst the innumerable brood that the giant octopus had formed by thrusting arms and legs and feelers in every direction into the wonderland of granitic hills and pine-covered vastnesses beyond. So Rabbit Island with its legends and associations forever ceased to be the social and financial centre of Temagami. With the passing decades, an ancient ruin, redolent of memories of the past, conjuring up to your mind, deeds of unchronicled heroism performed in the vast Canadian hinterland, now blending admirably with the primeval forest of the reservation, is the meager vestige, the sole remnant of a once busy mart of trade.

* * * *

Such in essence is the legend of the buried rum as it came to me slowly in broken language and gesture from one who had heard the oft-told tale of fruitless expeditions in the Ojib-

way lodges of the north. And of the pale face also he spoke from which I gathered that since the results of the energetic and long suffering labours of our temperance organizers are becoming apparent in the prohibitory ordinances of the land, it was whispered among the tribesmen that fat sleek men of the south, marked devotees of Bacchus, with a look as of a great thirst acquired by trodding the pavements of some now dry city, go north each spring to join in spirit with the shades of the departed aborigines in their dance on the secret ground beneath which lies the rum barrels—for spirits know all things—and to sup with them the "swishliquor" as it seeps from out the bung holes of the oaken casks. So for an era, from times remote, this "fiery fluid" as one Ingersoll has said, "all golden with imprisoned light, capable of driving the skeleton from the feast or of painting landscapes on the brain of man" has lain latent within the sturdy staves of oak "somewhere in Temagami."

Sled Dogs

ROBERT G. HODGSON

THE Northern dogs used for all purposes but most generally for drawing the toboggans of the hunters and trappers in the winter, are generally termed "husky" dogs. This term is often a mistake as huskies are a breed of dog whereas all kinds of dogs are found in the north.

The husky proper, is a cross between a dog and a wolf; this cross may be a half breed wolf or it may be only a slight trace of wolf. They usually have a good deal the appearance of a wolf even if nearly all dog. Their weight and color varies according to the breed of dog introduced; the usual color is gray, from a white to a dark gray; the weight of an ordinary sled dog is seventy to eighty pounds when in working order. Their hair is short and thick.

When working they are fed once

a day, usually at night. After their meal they are given a dry place to lie and they are contented and ready for the next days' work. The allowance for one dog a day is one pound of corn meal and one-quarter pound of tallow made into a mush though they are often fed on fish. This is the case during the summer months. The husky seems to have a mean, slinky disposition, the owners being much to blame for this. Large numbers of these dogs are kept by the Indians and trappers in the North; during the summer they are kicked around and generally abused, causing them to have a bad nature. The most of those we saw were fairly good, but they will steal anything that is not tied down or rather up. They will steal it anyway if it is within reach. We have seen them hit over the head with a large club with only a small provocation; barking when

someone was trying to talk or a trifle like that.

The Malamute, another dog of the Northern country, is one of the best. They come from the McKenzie River district and are like the other huskies in many respects being part wolf. Then comes the dogs of various descriptions, colors and breeds. So long as they are strong and willing they answer the trapper's purpose so that generally speaking, they are not particular of the breed. Long-haired collies, short-haired bear hounds and various crosses are all used in sled service. Then again wolves are quite



Mr. Gale With Dogs

frequently used as dogs and are broken and loaded the same as them. They are the timber wolves, and are taken when young and tamed. Indians up around the Northwest territories use them considerably. Not long ago a trapper from over two hundred miles north of Fort William, wrote me asking if I wanted to buy four wolf-pups, two of which had been broken in. Try to imagine if you can the consternation they would cause in a civilized and thickly populated neighbourhood, or our surprise some morning to go out and find that one of the wolves had eaten Fido as an appetizer for breakfast

and was then contemplating the neighbours' prize pug. I appreciated the offer but had to refuse.

The photo of my friend with the two dogs, was taken in Algoma. They belonged to a trapper. He paid fifty dollars apiece for them when they were pups and considered them cheap, they having developed into good dogs. Dogs of superior qualities bring fabulous prices and often money will not buy them. An old ex-Hudson Bay Factor was telling us of being offered five hundred dollars for a team he had and his reply was: "Twice that price won't buy those dogs; they're not for sale."

Dogs in the north, though used exclusively for the purpose of hauling sleds during the winter months are used during the summer for much the same purposes as horses are in rural parts of Ontario. As witness of this the photo shows dogs plowing. The plow shown is not a miniature or a special one in any way; it is the regular, one-horse farm plow. When we first went into this place we saw land under cultivation and were surprised for we supposed they must have horses. Naturally we wondered how they would transport horses and use them in such a place. Usually six dogs were hitched to the plow and once they started, they had very little difficulty in plowing, especially when we were there. The hardest part was in breaking the sod in the first place; any one acquainted with soil and soil conditions will know what a proposition this would be. A dog team must have a leader, most generally acknowledged to be born and not made for without a leader a team would be useless. These leaders must be leaders in every way: they lead the team, must be always ready to go and must lick the other, unruly dogs into submission when occasion arises for so doing. Leaders, are of course, only dogs and quite apt to make mistakes and have bad habits but they are better trained than the others and have more brains or knowledge.

It is a fact fairly well-known that a great deal of swearing is used in driving dog-teams. While I have

heard this for years, until I actually saw the dogs in operation I thought the most of it was "buncombe." However, I now admit that the average sled dog driver has a very large vocabulary and uses it often and plentifully. In fact dogs will not drive without it. This *could* easily and quickly be remedied if it was desired to do so. The hunter, trapper or other inhabitant of the remote parts usually expresses himself in strong language when he is angry, it is natural that he should do so when his dogs do not go right. The dog knowing he is angry and uses certain

language, probably receiving a thrashing besides, naturally connects this language the next time it hears it with the former thrashing it received, and consequently does it best so that the dog driver thereafter is of the opinion dogs cannot be driven without swearing. Were it not for the circumstances as related and were the dogs used to firm language, but not swearing when threshed, scolded or even being trained, it would be an entirely different matter and they would drive as well without swearing as they do at present with it.



CYRIL G. WATES

DO you believe in Fate?" asked the Hunter, just to make conversation and he hitched himself a little nearer to the fire. The Mountaineer, to whom the question was addressed, did not reply at once but leaned over and fished out a burning twig. Having lighted up to his satisfaction, he drew a blanket around his shoulders to keep out the cold night breeze and puffed in thoughtful silence for a few seconds. The blazing logs made lanes of flickering light among the poplar

trees. The leaves which carpeted the ground and still clung to some of the branches, were visible as a fitful picture in monochrome, giving no hint of the blaze of gold and crimson which had glorified the woods at sunset. The only sounds were the ripple of the brook, the sighing of a light wind among the trees, the stirring of some wild creature in the dry leaves and the cheerful crackle of the camp fire. At last the Mountaineer spoke.

"Do I believe in Fate? Well that

depends a good deal on what you mean by Fate. People often ask that question pretty carelessly, without stopping to think what they do mean. Then again, some people talk of Fate when they mean the power that governs the universe—what we should call God, you know. I don't think you mean that, either, because if you did you wouldn't have asked the question. No one who has spent much time in the open, especially in the mountains, can be an atheist. Up among the rocks and glaciers where you can actually see Him at work building up or tearing down whole mountain ranges, a fellow would have to be either blind or a fool not to realize the existence of God.

"No. I don't think you mean that when you say 'Fate.' I think you mean something that is the opposite of 'Free-will.' Something that makes us do things, often to our injury, which we might not otherwise have done. I guess it was that kind of Fate which invented the hoodoo of Friday and thirteen and step-ladders and new moons and all the other superstitious rot. It's what the old Classics used to call Nemesis. Well, as to that kind of Fate, I beg permission to reserve a definite opinion, but I will say this much, that I don't disbelieve in Fate. There certainly are some curious things happen—but excuse me, fellows! I'm afraid I am getting prosy. Its rather a habit of mine, you know."

"Now, see here," said the Hunter. "We know quite well that you have a story up your sleeve, so you might as well start in and get it off your system," and the rest of us adding our solicitations to his, the Mountaineer yielded and told us the story which I have here recorded. The events occurred exactly as described except that, for obvious reasons, I have changed the names of both persons and places.

"When a man has an accident he probably regards it as such," began the Mountaineer. "When he has a second accident of the same nature and on the same date he perhaps thinks of it as a coincidence. But when he has a third accident also

on the same date it begins to look like Fate and you would hardly blame that man for ticketing that particular date as unlucky—at least for him. The first of these accidents I am going to describe occurred on one of my early trips into the Canadian Rockies. A party of eight of us had gone into a newly opened district and although a few people had travelled through these valleys before, very little information was available and many of our trips partook of the nature of explorations.

"One of the party was a young fellow named Jack Blake. He was tall and active, brimming over with fun and good-nature and always in the front if anything difficult was on foot. We were absolute greenhorns in mountain craft and we enjoyed ourselves in the free, irresponsible way that such parties of greenhorns usually do; climbing 8000 foot ridges and calling it mountaineering, fording streams knee-deep and thinking we had accomplished wonders, tramping ten miles and marvelling at our powers of endurance.

"About eighteen miles from our camp was a body of water called Icy Lake, which derived its name from the large pieces of ice always floating on its surface. As this was reputed to be one of the most interesting places in the district we all felt that it would be a great mistake to miss seeing it. Accordingly, one day when the end of our holiday was fast approaching, we started from our camp at noon and camped for the night about half way to Icy Lake. I am not going to attempt to describe all the marvels of the scenery along our route. Suffice it to say, that the following morning we began to climb a steep winding trail into a magnificent valley, bounded by terraces of huge black cliffs. At the head of the valley was a snow-clad mountain with a great glacier on its flank. From this mass of ice flowed a small stream which was reinforced in its course by many waterfalls, spouting from the cliffs on either hand, so that when it crossed our path it had assumed quite respectable dimensions. Directly ahead of us, on the farther side of this little stream, was a magni-

ficient cascade, formed by the waters of Icy Lake discharging over the cliffs into the valley where, joined by the stream from glacier, they continued their mad rush as a raging torrent fully sixty feet in width, curving around the precipitous base of a great ice-capped mountain.

"Such a majestic scene gave us pause and we wasted a good deal of time feasting our eyes upon its details. I say 'wasted' advisedly for we still had the stream to cross and seven miles of unknown trail to cover. Distant thunder warned us that the glorious weather we had been enjoying was about to break and we hastened to find a suitable place to ford the stream. As we had ladies in the party we wasted more valuable time looking for a shallow spot. At last we found a place where the stream was divided by a gravel spit and with the aid of a small log we all safely reached this little island. As we were preparing to swing the log across the other branch of the stream, the clouds burst in torrents on the cliffs and along their edges the cascades, which five minutes previously had been mere feathery plumes, shot with rainbows, became raging spouts of mingled water, mud and boulders, making a continuous roar like the rattle of artillery. Already the stream was rising rapidly and we hastened to drop the log into place but it was now too short to bridge the gap and to our dismay we saw it carried away by the rushing water and disappear into the tossing foam of the main stream.

"Luckily, the stream was not yet too deep for wading or our position in mid-current might have been very serious. We men seized the ladies of the party without ceremony and transported them to safety. Jack Blake had done his share of this duty when someone discovered that a camera had been left on the island. Jack volunteered to go for it. He reached the island without mishap, but in returning through the now greatly swollen torrent he had difficulty in keeping his footing on the shifting gravel. When within a yard of the shore his feet went out from



"A place where the stream was divided by a gravel spit."

under him, there was a violent scramble, a whirl of arms and legs, a hurried helping hand and Jack and the camera were safe on shore, the former being the richer by a rather badly sprained ankle."

"And that was the end of Jack's first accident."

The Mountaineer rolled over to reach a log to replenish the fire and having lit another cigarette and drawn his blanket around his shoulders once more, he continued his story.

"The following summer when I began to make my plans for a trip to the mountains my thoughts naturally turned to those who had helped to make the previous year's holiday so enjoyable. To my regret I found that few, if any of them, could come. The great war had been raging for nearly a year and this made it doubly difficult for them to get away. Jack Blake had enlisted and was now in training at a distant camp.

"However I found no difficulty in organizing a party as the time drew near, one by one the gallant eight found that they could not

resist the call of the great hills and when the day of departure arrived, Jack Blake was the only one missing. And then, at the last moment, came a letter to say that he had been granted a week's leave and would be with us for the latter part of our holiday. Great was the rejoicing at the news for his cheery face would have been greatly missed from among us.

"Again we visited our haunts of the previous year and the first week was largely spent in repeating all our former escapades for the benefit of the newcomers. When Jack arrived on the scene we planned to repeat our trip to Icy Lake and, as before, we camped at the foot of the great valley of which I spoke. The following day was the anniversary of Jack's little mishap. Imagine our dismay when we arrived at the glacial stream, to find that hot weather had swollen it to so great an extent that it was impossible to ford. The little torrent rushed down irresistibly between its steep-cut gravel banks and we were warned of a greater danger still by the continuous, weird rumble of great boulders grinding

against each other as they were carried down by the muddy mill-race."

"What to do? That was the question. 'Build a bridge' cried Jack and so it was decided. That afternoon we felled a small tree in the nearby forest and, with infinite labor, dragged it across the gravel flats to the side of the stream. Heavy labor perhaps, but how our city-bred muscles thrilled to the joy of the unaccustomed exertion and how our lungs expanded in the glorious mountain air!

"Who would not work amid such surroundings? The unbroken blue of the sky, the white foam of the waterfalls, the deep greens of the forests, the greys and blacks of the precipitous rocks—but I must stick to my book.

"One end of the tree we loaded with rocks against which it could pivot. To the other end we fastened a rope and then swung it out into the stream. The current rapidly carried it into position and soon our tree was securely wedged from bank to bank, with the water foaming over it as though in anger at having been overcome.

"Now it was a considerable distance to the forest and there were no other logs available on this side. On the other side, however, there were plenty of large drift logs and so Jack and I crossed the tree and obtained one of these logs which was easily swung into place beside the other. Having piled more stones around the ends of the logs we announced our labors completed and prepared to return. I crossed first and opened my camera to take Jack's picture on the bridge.

"Hardly had I pressed the bulb when there was a sharp crack. A cry of 'Take care!' and the drift log broke cleanly in two in the middle, dropping Jack into the raging torrent. As he fell he managed to get hold of the sound tree trunk. Being on the upper side of the tree, the current forced his chest against it and carried his legs underneath. So great was the suction that his body was gradually dragged down until his neck was



"The drift log broke in two, in the middle."

pressing against the tree, cutting off his supply of air.

"Two courses were open to him. He could remain clinging to the log until the life was choked out of him or he could let go and be washed under the tree in the hopes of gaining the shore before he was crushed by the grinding boulders, knowing that if he were not successful he would be carried into the main torrent and over the cataracts we had so much admired that morning. Jack made his choice in the fraction of a second and let go.

"Of course you will realize that all this took place in a much shorter time than I can tell it and that we were helpless to assist him in the brief space while he was clinging to the log as it was all a man could do to balance himself on such a narrow bridge and in case of a slip there would have been two to rescue, instead of one.

"The next instant Jack was under the log and whirling down stream unable to reach the surface. But Joe Winslow, who had started down

the bank, with admirable forethought, as soon as the log broke, rushed into the water and grabbed at Jack's outstretched hand. We, in turn, seized his other arm and formed a human chain. A moment later Jack was lying on the shore gasping, his body bruised and cut and his lungs half full of muddy water, but otherwise unhurt.

"And that was the end of Jack's second accident."

There was a long pause during which the Mountaineer seemed to be making up his mind what to say next. Finally the Hunter reminded him:—

"What about the third accident?"

The Mountaineer scrambled to his feet, shook the dry leaves from his blanket and folded it methodically before he answered. Then he stared at the dying embers of the fire and said quietly:—

"A year from that day Jack went into the trenches for the first time and two hours later he was killed by a piece of shrapnel."

Mother's Moose Kill

ELLA VICKERS

CHARLES the second and I had been in the habit for several years of spending a month on the shores of Ahmic Lake, where we found the rest and quiet which our souls craved. There was not an abundance of game, but Charles could, as a rule, get his deer while I was content to trail around shooting a few birds and rabbits, until one year I found that I had a great desire for larger things. One morning I had been left behind, while our host Danny, Charles, and one or two kindred spirits, had gone on an early hunt, and I was given a shot gun loaded with ball-cartridges and told to stay on the wharf and watch, as once upon a time a deer had been known to swim across the back Bay, and —I might (?) see something.

To my amazement, this morning a deer did swim across the Bay, having eluded the keen eye of the hunters, and I decided then and there that in future a rifle I must have. So behold me, the next fall with a fine new thirty-two Winchester special. One fine afternoon our party of five with Wallace the guide and the hounds made our way across the Lake to the district beyond, as Danny had been told that two deer had been seen that morning. I was stationed on a huge rock which pushed itself into the line of the bush road causing it to semi-circle about its base, and after receiving the usual instructions, about keeping quiet, etc, etc., was left to meditate on the wonderfully thrilling experience that Doc. had once had on that spot. I watched and scarcely



Mother's Moose Kill

winked a lash, my heart pounding when I heard the dogs, and how I realized the fearful responsibility, for I felt that these wonderful men never missed a deer, and what a disgrace if something did come along and I should fail, for well I knew I would never hear the end of it.

In about twenty minutes the stillness was suddenly broken by a sound behind me like that of a trotting horse. I wheeled, and there coming straight towards me through the avenue of trees, was a large iron-grey animal longlegged and long-nosed, with two short spike horns. I had never seen a moose in the woods and had not heard of one being seen in that section of the country for years but like a flash I thought "Moose!" "I have to kill it," for just a quarter mile beyond, Danny and Jim stood watching and would get him if I failed.

I fired, and immediately he stood still. Evidently I had missed. Then something flashed through my mind. I had heard my friend the Doctor say, that a startled moose would stop and listen, if not hit, so, taking my time, I fired again, and this time he fell, kicking four feet in the air, and in a few seconds lay quiet.

When I came to, I heard myself say "What next?" then I thought of Charles, who was about a mile further on, and I started to run up the road towards him, when, didn't those two blessed deer that we had hoped to see, dart into the bush, just ahead of me. Being somewhat excited, and out of breath I stood and watched them disappear without a thought of shooting at them.

When I had gone some distance, I beheld Charles hurrying toward me. He had heard the shots and was fearful lest I had seen something!!! He said, "Did you shoot?"

I nodded.

"Yes?--What?"

"Something," I panted, "Come and see."

We raced back, and I tell you, it was a supreme moment for me, when he saw my prize lying dead at the foot of a huge black birch.

"Why Mother," he said, "It's a moose, and "Say! you have made a good shot!" for the bullet had hit him just in front of the ear, ranging backward, and breaking the spine close to his head.

We stood in the road and most solemnly shook hands. Slipping off his coat and rolling up his sleeves, Charles made ready to disembowel the animal, in which unpleasant, though necessary duty I must perforce assist for I felt that I "must play the game."

That done, we decided with much

giggling that we would not let Danny and the others know of our success, if we could avoid telling, until we got home to supper, so being determined to go the whole way, I left Charles on guard and walked three miles to the landing at the Lake to ask Bert to bring his team and draw the moose in. I found him ploughing, and he immediately forsook the plough and hitching his horses to the waggon drove me back to the now famous rock in the middle of the road, where, in the language of the settler, "The woman killed the moose."

On getting to the Lake, we left the game on the shore and rowed across the water to the house where we found the rest of the party solemnly smoking and asking the usual questions, and of course, "Who fired those two shots at 4.19?"

I escaped questioning at first and then Danny said,

"Mother, did you see those two deer?"

"Yes," I said,

"Then you missed them," said he.

"No I did not even draw a bead on them, I shot something bigger, for I killed a moose."

At once, the derisive laughter and chorus of "Yes, you did!" and "Where is it?" etc., etc., but when Charles

helped me to convince them, I received a ringing cheer, and at least felt that I was not on sufferance any longer, but a real hunter.

After supper, we made a party of the entire household and all went in the big scow, towed by the motor boat, and with much fun and many jokes the moose was brought in state and hung between two trees.

The next day I received great attention and much respect from the men of the party, Danny offering to carry my coat and Charles was afraid my gun was too heavy, but I tried to keep my head, because I was not quite sure just how I had done it, and when someone asked,

"Where did you aim?"

I meekly replied "At the moose."

Danny told me confidentially that he would have given a good deal to have had that shot, but as he did not, he would rather have me do so than any one else, and woman-like I believed him.

The moose was a yearling bull and weighed 378 pounds and had evidently strayed westward on an exploring expedition from the confines of Algonquin Park for we learned afterwards that he had been seen crossing the river above the Lake some days before.



GEORGE ROBERTS HUNT

THE wild cat is an animal that is much heard about but little seen and very little seems to be known about them aside from descriptions given in hair-raising literature. It is a common belief

that they hide themselves in trees and then after awaiting the approach of man or any other prey, spring on them from an overhanging limb. The truth of the matter is the wild cat is very cowardly rarely attacking

anything larger than a young pig or lamb and often visiting a near rancher's hen roost.

They are a species of the lynx, but not so large as the lynx, and only weigh around twenty pounds. They are about thirty inches long with a tail of about six inches. The general colour above and on the sides is of a reddish brown overlaid with grayish hairs. The coat is surrounded with a collar of long hair. The inner surface of the ear is black with a white patch, having a pencilling of dark hairs in winter. The tail is marked with a small black patch above at the end and with half rings on its upper surface. Their legs are long and have not the snowshoe principle of the lynx while the soles of their feet are naked.

They are fond of dark and lonesome cedar swamps and here they spend the most of their time. They are very strong and when pursued, cornered or hard pressed will exhibit a daring and ferocity that is remarkable.

The European wild cat, unlike the native of North America is no relation to the bay lynx. From these our domestic pussy is supposed to have originated. It is very interesting to note the many suggestions and facts put forth by different naturalists. Chief among them is the relation of our domesticated cat to the wild cat.

It is generally well-known that

when America was first discovered, these animals either tame or wild were not found here and so all our cats whether tame or wild are descendants of the ones first brought here by the Europeans. Some authors claim that the wild cat is a distinct species from the domestic cat because the tail of the former is shorter and bushier than that of the latter, but this claim proves nothing for much greater differences are found in dogs which acknowledged are to be of the same race. The wild cats of the European continent are either the descendants of the original races that have continued untamed from the beginning or are descended from domesticated cats that have wandered from their homes, and living apart from man have relapsed into barbarism. It is said that the wild and tame cats sometimes meet in their wanderings and when they do, the females of the tame breed are well treated by the savage cats while the tame males are sometimes torn to pieces. When wild and tame cats breed together a strain is produced known as the tiger cats.

That wild cats are descendants from the domestic cat that have entered into barbarism is quite probable for cats have a great habit of leaving their homes and wandering in the woods, until in time they no doubt become wild. The author has repeatedly caught them in steel traps that were set for other animals in some of the heaviest parts of timber.

Fishing Through the Ice

E. J. McVEIGH

IF someone should ask me the question, "How old must a man be before he quits being a fool." I would have to give the old answer "You will have to ask an older man than I."

Fishing through the ice has never been properly defined, so that I cannot say whether it is sport, hard work, or just blankety-blank foolishness. I expect it depends on many things—first, who you are,—second,

who are the other fellows—how long you have been shut up in the city, and what kind of a bunch of nuts you consort with anyway.

The world looks different from up a tree, so also it looks different up in the mountains from what it does in the city along in March, when some bug drops in to your office and says "Don't you think the fish would respond if we made a hole in the ice and dropped them a line," and of

course, being a bug yourself, you have visions at once. Gee those visions, the smooth expanse of white covering the ice about three inches; six, eight, or ten holes with line and tip-up, nice fire on shore to keep you "comfy" and the wild runs out to the holes where you pull up the four, six or eight pound trout, and yell like an Indian—Oh, sure, that's just the way it looks from the office chair, and who doesn't want to "make his dreams come true?" Lives there a (fisher) man with soul so dead who never to himself hath said I got whopped last time, but this time it will be different?

So we went, three of us. The snow was not bad in the city. It seldom is where many thousands of dollars are spent keeping it down. You may have noticed that. I may also say, as information, that the same care is not taken of it in the mountains "where all of nature is sensible and only man the fool."

I noticed from the car window that the snow got deeper as we got further into the hills, but what of it, we were on our way. When we went to bed the weather promised snow, more snow. Would that all my friends would keep their promise as the weather did that night. There was about eight inches of fresh snow in the morning and more coming, but who's afraid, or discouraged, on the way to fish. It may be different coming home, but not going, oh no.

The lake was two miles away, one mile by the road and one through bush and open fields where the snow lay as nature placed it, and in some parts of Canada, nature is not at all stingy with snow, this was one of the "parts."

We had one pair of snow shoes. The idea was that the owner of the shoes would go ahead and the others follow in his tracks. I know it sounds foolish, but the sound is nothing compared with the cold facts. The owner had on oil tanned moccasins and the snow shoes, with slippery hide strings, would not stay on his feet. I had rubber boots to do the following act with, but when the other fellow couldn't use the shoes,

I put them on—No one who has used rubber boots and snow shoes at one and the same time need be told how they work. Those who haven't may try it for themselves, but mind you, I don't recommend it, not for steady use anyway. As a test of leg muscles, it is grand. I don't think that Flanders mud has anything on it in that respect.

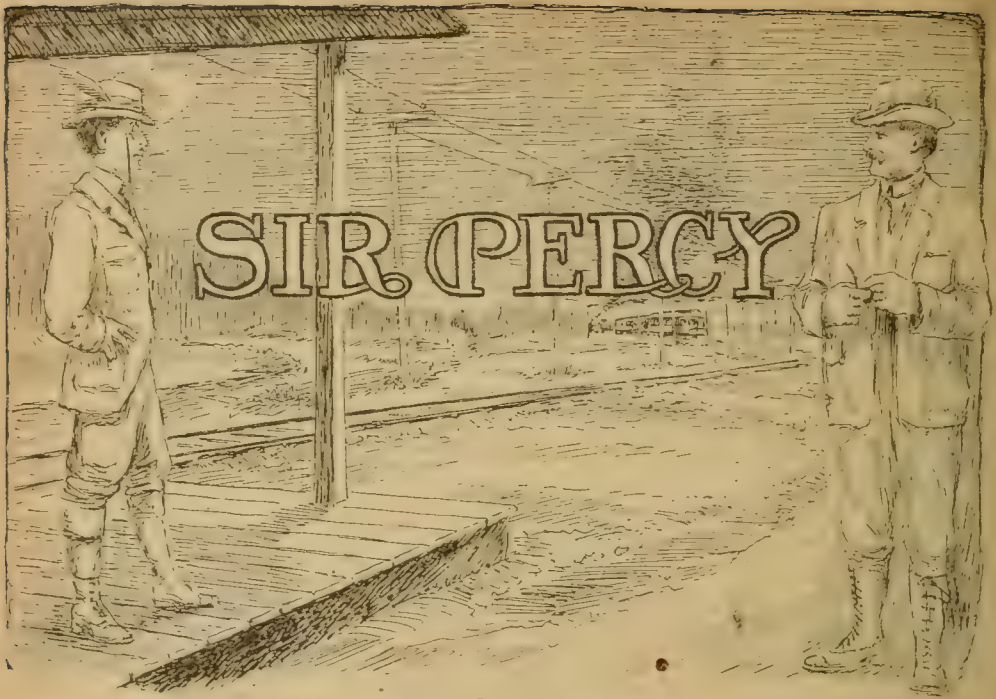
How long is a mile? Don't you think it "depends" considerably? Did you ever go home from prayer-meeting with somebody and note how short a mile is? Oh well, if you never went to prayer-meeting, you may have gone over short miles other places, but take it from me, there are miles and miles: That mile to the lake was one of the latter kind. We made it in two hours, at least I did, the other fellows came in twenty minutes later. I went down ten inches with the snow shoes, the other bugs went down anywhere from three to four feet. The ground stopped them from going further.

Personally, I was all in, the other two didn't say so, but they didn't have to. We started a fire after considerable trouble and ate something. I was not sure that I could do that mile again, but I thought I could follow back in my own tracks—Nothing doing, the two coming behind had destroyed my trail and it was much worse than the unbroken snow, and I simply could not handle that combination of rubber boots and snow shoes, so we carried the "shoes" and came out single file, me in the rear.

No we didn't get any fish, but as one of the three remarked—"Well thank God we have done something we didn't think we could do, and that's something."

One of the chaps wrote an account of the trip to "Dod" Neilson, and I saw his reply. He said something about wishing that he had been along, but that he was a little "shaky" after an attack of the "flue."

The "flue" must be an awful thing to make a young fellow like that "shaky." He was only 84 when I found him in the shack on Aylen Lake with a broken leg, so he can't be more than 88 now.



ROBERT E. HEWES

IT was a rainy day in the timber country. Intermittent showers soaked the woods and sent rivulets coursing down the trails. The sky was leaden with driving clouds and a chill wind whined through the trees.

"It's a deal of a note to be marooned in camp this a-way," growled Joe kicking a boot out of his way and looking out the shack window. "Can't hunt, played cards till the deck's worn out, nothin' to do but sit 'round like a doggone tenderfoot."

"Huh!" At the snort of disgust all turned to old Hy, veteran woodsman, who sat on a box beside the sheet iron stove.

"Tenderfoot," repeated Hy. "huh, don't say tenderfoot to me."

"Why what's the matter with tenderfoot?" queried Joe.

"That's jes' it, they ain't nothin' the matter o' 'em, it's all the matter o' us whats calls ourselves old timers. Tenderfoot, huh. No, indeed, they can't be trusted.

"Did one mistake you for a deer sometime?" asked Joe.

"Naw, like I said, that's jes' it. I

mean they can't be trusted to live up to their reputation."

We scented a story, and a story by old Hy on a day such as this, what a Godsend. We all drew around the stove and Joe offered Hy his tobacco. Hy filled his pipe and fired up. Then he rubbed his hands on his knees and gazed toward the ceiling, a sure sign he was in a reminiscent mood.

"That statement you just made," said Joe, "don't sound logical." He knew that if you wanted Hy to talk you had but to question his logic.

Hy took the bait.

"It don't huh, well I guess you never heard o' Sir Percy?"

"Sir Percy, who was he?"

"I'm a comin' to that, but right now let me say he was a tenderfoot; Leastways that's what they told us when he came to this part of the country.

Hy smoked in silence for a few minutes. We waited, knowing his speech would gain momentum as his pipe gained headway.

"You see," began Hy, "it was like this. It was one fall, jes' the winter 'fore the big snow back in the eighties,

that I was guidin' a hunting party up the range. They was city fellers, but all old hands in the woods. There wasn't no tenderfeet among 'em.

"Well, we camped 'bout two miles from the station and things went all right for a week. Then one night after one of the fellers had been over to get the mail he comes to me an says.

"'Hy' ", says he, "they's a party comin' out from the city to stay with us an' you can go over an' meet him in the morning. He's some high flyer that's been recommended by our club in town and we must show him a good time. But really, he's an awful duffer, I guess, ain't been in America long, so we must be considerate of him. Remember, Hy, he's a tenderfoot, jes' remember.

"Well I promised I'd remember, the word was enough, a tenderfoot and an' infant baby, they's one an' the same to an old shellback like me. So I fixed up a bunk extra soft to save the growls most tenderfeet I'd knew had made when they first hit a bough bed, and made other preparations.

"The next morning he arrived, the tenderfoot, I mean. I goes over to the station early and I left my gun and hunting traps behind so's the tenderfoot wouldn't think I was a desperado and jump back on the caboose when he seen me. Well, as I says, I went over to the station to meet Sir—say did I tell you his name? Percy, that was it, Si-r-r Percy. Well, I thought I was halter broke to tenderfeet, but this Sir Percy had me beat. When he got off the train I jes' leaned up against the station weak like and looked.

"Sir Percy was dressed in one o' them things they call ridin' britches, which made him look like a balloon contemplating flyin' off any minnit. An' then he wore yellow leather leggin's, he called them put—something, and he had on a hat that was tipped up on side and down on the other, it was green and had a feather stuck in it. He carried a canoe, too, and that wasn't all. I didn't get time to observe no more. He was looking 'round as though in search for someone and so I goes up to him. I

noticed also that he wore specs, only one glass was missing. We introduced ourselves and I thought it was polite and proper to sympathize with him, tenderfeet are usually strong for that.

"Too bad," I says, "that you lost your other glass, how did you do it?"

"'What say' "? He screwed that one glass down into his eye and drilled me with a look that I felt penetrating like b'ar grease. Then I seen t'was meant to be that way.

"I'm ready," I says, "to take you to camp."

"Ah, yes, and my baggage, you will see to that I presume'."

"Then I took a look at that which had kept the train waiting five minutes while the conductor sweated getting it off.

"Baggage? Out here we call the things a feller carries along duffle. If baggage means duffle ten times over it was the right word for Sir Percy's outfit. He had enough duffle piled up on that platform to stake ten men.

"Three gun cases, two suitcases, a couple bags, and a few odds and ends.

"'I jes' brought along the bare necessities of life! explains Sir Percy.

"Well, I wrestled till I got beneath the luggage, heaved up and we started for camp, each carryin' our share. Sir Percy's share was his cane. That trip is one o' the memories that I'll carry out onto the long trail with me. When we hit the top of the hill where we could see the camp I solemnly swore that when we got there, if I was still alive, I'd paint 'Home, Sweet Home' on a sign a foot high and hang it up.

"The first thing Sir Percy did when we got to camp was to open one of his bags and get out his shoe polishing outfit, then he shined his leggin's."

"'These forest bushes, y'know he says, are deucedly hard on a luster.'

"Well, that first act give us the key, as they say, to Sir Percy's character; We called a solemn consultation.

"'It's like this,' explains one o' the fellers, 'he arrived at our club in the city and expressed a wish to come out to the hunting lodge and see

some American sport. He's an important fellow, it seems, well known, and we must be careful o' him.

"So it was decided, we would take tender and delicate care of Sir Percy.

"And we did. We seen to it that he had warm water every morning for his bath, an' kept his breakfast hot for him, an' did all the other things that a tenderfoot usually expects and doesn't get but which Sir Percy got because he was a rare egg which had to be handled with care.

"The first time Sir Percy went out hunting he took a little twenty-two repeating rifle which had nickle-plated mountings. He said it was plenty big enough for American squirrel which he had seen in Central Park. I didn't ask him where that place was, but I didn't want to hurt his feelin's by tellin' him that out here he was a lot more ~~want~~ to run up against a grizzly than a squirrel, so when he took his little pop gun out one of the others of us would take a forty-four and slip along behind him as perfection. Sir Percy had another gun, too, that he was fond of carryin'. It was a twenty-gauge shotgun, a 'foulin' piece' he called it, from which I took that he meant it was a hummin' bird gun.

"Sir Percy's huntin' always used to be confined pretty much to sittin' on a stump and smokin', he was a still hunter I guess. We was too tenderhearted to tell him that the game we had in this country hadn't been eddicated to come an sit up on it's hind feet to be shot.

"Well, not long after Sir Percy arrived we planned a big moose hunt. They was a mighty old bull thereabouts that had a reputation five years long and half a country wide, and that week he was roamin' the woods 'round our camp. Nobody had ever been wise enough to fool that moose, he could laugh at the best hunters in the country, and it was agreed that the man who brought him down was sure some hunter.

"So, as I says, we planned this moose hunt. An' Sir Percy planned to be right in on it. He dolled all up, leggin's an' feathered hat an' all, an' got out another gun. This time it

was a real weapon so far as bore was concerned, it would of swallowed a forty-four twice over. But he had it all cluttered up with what he called telescopic sights, which was like puttin' a hill on top of a mountain. There was enough machinery about that contraption to of made an engine. Also, Sir Percy had a pair of binoculars that slammed the skyline, which should be off where the sun sets, right up against your eyes.

"Then came up the big question, what to do with Sir Percy. We couldn't lead him through the woods on that moose chase, that would have been criminal. But he was determined to be in on that hunt. So we finally settled the question by taking him down to a slope near the camp and settin' him on a stump, and we assured him that perhaps the moose would browse along that way and he'd get a shot at him. Then us old timers went off after the bull-

"That moose hunt is history. We pitted our lifetimes of experience and knowledge against that old moose. It was our ambition, and determination to get him. We trailed, we called, we used strength an' we used strategy. We combed the country, we wore the soles off our boots and the skin off our eyes. But the wise old bird of a moose fooled us. But we was too game to give up. We hunted by daylight as long as it lasted, then we hunted by moonlight. Then we had to admit it, 'twould take a greater hunter than any of us to get that moose. We vowed that the man who killed the old scamp was the greatest hunter in the world.

"Then we started home. We was worried about Sir Percy whom we plum forgotten. It was long past his bedtime and there was no tellin' what might happen him. So we us straggled into camp. We looked in the Sir Percy's bunk, but he wasn't there, he wasn't nowhere in camp. Then we got excited and rushed his down to the slope where we'd left him that morning.

"Well, there sat Sir Percy, leaning against the stump an' smokin' an' looking chirper than ever."

"Hello, boys' he says, 'I say, y' look rather fagged, y'know. What luck?'"

"Rotten," we says, sighin' with relief, "an how's yours, Sir Percy?"

"Not so worse' he says 'not so worse, I bagged a rather good specimen, I fawncy.'"

"We looked around but didn't see no rabbit laying nearby."

"What was it, a bird?"

Sir Percy pointed to a mountain about a mile distant.

"It's over there," he says, "what with you boys beatin' th' woods, y'know, I fawncied the bally animal would sooner or later cross the trail I located over there with my binoculars. An' 'e did, the bloomin' bluster, 'e did."

"An' what did you do, Sir Percy?" we asks tryin' hard to be serious.

"I adjusted my telescopic sights, took scientific aim, and fired, with the inevitable result under such circumstances."

"Meanin', we says, that you killed the moose."

"Just that," says Sir Percy, yawning, "just that. An' I've been sittin' here to keep a bloomin' eye on 'im for fear the jackals might pounce upon the carcass, for I knew you boys are fond of the meat of the bally animal. But now, if you don't care I'll retire, b'jove."

Old Hy paused and regarded his pipe which was drawing weak.

"Well?" we chorused.

"Well," resumed Hy, "we took a peep through Sir Percy's binoculars jes' to please him, and danged if they wasn't somethin' layin' on the mountain side over there. So we tramped over to see what prospector's mule we was doomed to pay for."

Hy paused agin.

"Well, was it a mule?"

"It was," replied Hy, "the moose."

Hy knocked the ashes from his pipe and arose. He walked over to the window and looked out.

"Still raining," he observed.

"But?" said Joe.

"But what?"

"Sir Percy, what about him?"

"Oh, him, we found out later that he was one of the best big game hunters that ever rode around Africa in a cushioned seat on an elephant's back and shot lions at long range. Yup, he was some hunter, was Sir Percy."

"And so you don't think a tenderfoot always—"

"Tenderfoot!" snorted Hy, "huh, don't mention the name to me!"

He looked out the window again.

"Yup," he said, "this drizzle looks good for another day."

Zero Ice and Then Some

Alberta Duck Shooting Experiences

ARNOLD REA

SOMEWHERE in, (not the one we have heard of so often for the last four years,) but somewhere in Western Canada: a lake exists that hath its charms for two incorrigibles; not children or criminals but two plain ordinary professional men dyed in the wool, crazy in the head hunters or sportsmen or whatever you choose to call such beings, men of the outdoors.

Many a Tin Lizzie, "A Shove All Day," an antiquated made over "schooner going west" car and many a graceful McLaughlin and other

moderns have turned their expectant prows in the early fall in the direction of this lake of Bird Elysian fame. Most have returned with a load of nothing save the returning disgruntled fair-weather hunters and probably a few Irish Mallards; the kind with a shovel bill that delighteth the heart of the sportsman, I don't think.

What has this to do with zero, ice and then some? Answer: Every dog has his day and fair weather and warm-day hunters go their way. No longer is there the balmy breeze

wafting its way across those unlimited prairies, nor the gentle lapping of wavelets on the shore, or the mid-day siesta of the hunter of prowess (?) on the brown, sere and sun-warmed lake shore. But a change comes over the landscape. A tang is in the air: a zero tang. A spitting nor-wester is heralding the real approach of old winter with his blanket of white. The lake has settled down for the siege and protected herself with an armor of ice. A smooth glassy surface with an occasional small patch of snow greets the eye of the rather late yet anxious ramrod or rather nimrod as he scans its surface from a standing position on the seat of his Lizzie and exclaims: "hanged if she isn't all frozen over and not a darned duck in sight!" and back he turns in a disconsolate mood, bemoaning his luck for not being out last week before the freeze up.

Then, there are those who are waiting for this advent of ice, zero and storm with their dux-back clothing, heavy overshoes and mittens and ear protecting caps: real hunters, got the bug and red blood. Such are the writer and the other member of the duet mentioned before. Quite ordinary modest fellows, average good shots (?) but with that desire for the outdoors and the savvy. They too scan the shimmering sheet, no longer water.

But what is that dark spot away out there, a mile, two, three or even more? The binoculars may tell. Yes with binoculars we see. They are moving. "Get down, for heaven's sake, they are coming this way." But they with chestnut breasts and greenheads swing out of danger's way and proceed en masse to some grain field, there to gorge themselves to full and overflowing. Flock after flock repeat and the stage is set and we have zero, ice and then some: mallards coming from a hole in the ice in the middle of the lake.

We have been prepared for this. White coats, sheets and caps make a complete camouflage and soon everything needed is moved from the six cylinder and placed on a handsleigh which has been brought for the purpose.

With one hauling the handsleigh containing the guns, ammunition and sheets and the other leading and testing the strength of the ice with an axe carried for that purpose, a start is made across the glassy surface and we soon arrive at the hole we first discerned from the shore. On our near approach the remaining mallards flare into the air and swinging around us are gone to join their companions in the fields; there to satisfy their gastronomical wants and gluttonous desires.

More testing of the ice and we locate with our white sheets over us, around or beside the open water so that our birds will fall on the ice. But the birds are all gone, and when do we shoot? Yes but they will come back to roost. "Now James you will have to do better than that. Only one dead duck out of that salvo and none to your credit." Away goes the flock out of sight and we settle down again.

Soon a cloud appears in the north, not of vapor, but of mallards. James' double speaks twice with a zip and my Winchester rips out four in quick succession. "That's better," five mallards and four of them greenheads and so the sport continues.

Forty-five are picked up and then the nerve-raking journey back to shore with the old lake booming, cracking and moaning from the onslaught of old Jack Frost, which is most befittingly described in Coleridge's verse.

"The ice was here, the ice was there

The ice was all around:

It cracked and growled and roared
and howled,

Like noises in a swound."

The shore is reached safely. The six cylinder is located and lunch and the thermos are dug up. A hasty "bite to eat" is partaken of on the lee side of the car and very soon we are on our fifty mile trip home. Home to the din and the glare of the pavements and city life but to the consolation of wife and kiddie.

Now who wouldn't be a crazy-in-the-head, dyed-in-the-wool hunter? Think of it: forty-five mallards, real big northern mallards in zero weather.

LOST, STRAYED, OR?

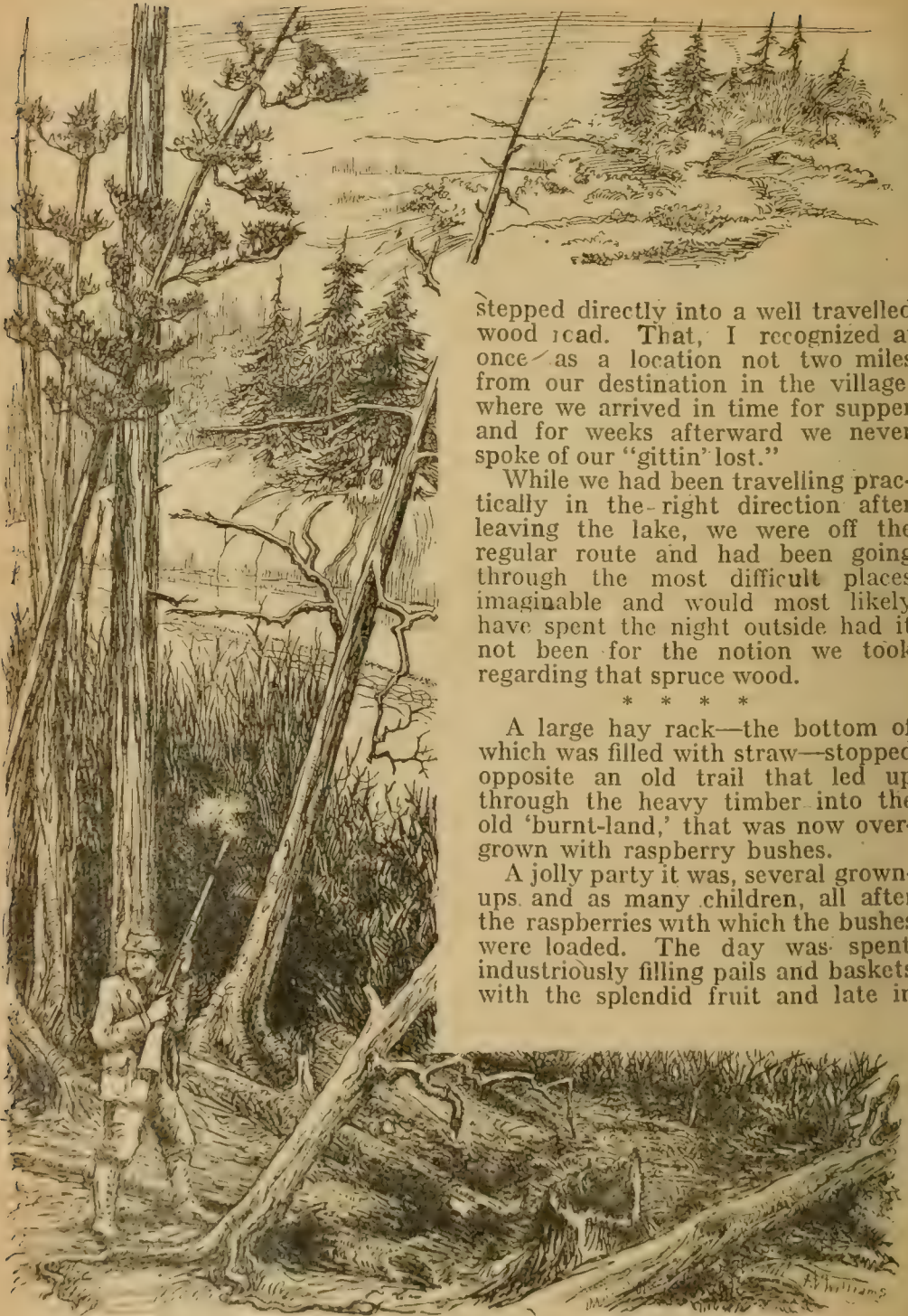
F. V. WILLIAMS

EVER get lost? No! Of course you didn't. You are too good a woodsman for that; but let us tell you something. There are very few woodsmen or coastwise or deep sea sailors who have followed their calling for years but will tell you of at least one experience they have had when they did not know *exactly* where they were, for a time at least.

Way down East one time the writer and a friend went about five miles inland,—following a frozen stream the greater part of the way as it was much better travelling than through the woods. A small lake, the source of the stream, was reached about two o'clock on a winter's afternoon, an hours' fishing through the ice brought a fine bunch of fish and we turned our faces homewards. For a half hour we followed the outlet, going back the same way we had come in and then believing we could make a much shorter journey by cutting across country we left the stream and followed a logging road, a road strewn with windfalls and grown half full of blackberry bushes, and undergrowth which finally came to an abrupt end in a terrible tangle of alder bushes, on the edge of a frozen swamp,—that logging road was not the one we had been told of as we learned afterward—

However, there was two things we could do, one was to retrace our steps, which meant we would get home away after dark, and we did not relish the idea of travelling at night without a light, so we took the other course which was to put on in the direction we thought the village lay.

An hour's travelling showed we were hopelessly 'strayed' or lost perhaps you might call it. We had our fish, and matches, and a good axe, so we decided to build a big fire, knock up a lean-to and stay where we were 'till daylight. Now, we were right on the edge of a regular jungle of alders about seven or eight feet high and as there was a cold North West wind blowing, we decided to push through this thicket and make our camp right in the edge of a big spruce wood some two hundred yards in front of us, beyond the thicket. Taking the axe my partner being a much better woodsman than myself, left me to look after the two strings of fish while he slashed a way through the thicket. Half way through—he was in the lead by perhaps twenty feet when I suddenly saw him step out into a little open place, and turning around facing me, he began to grin and pointed away to his right and then to the left. Hastening up to see what had amused him so, I



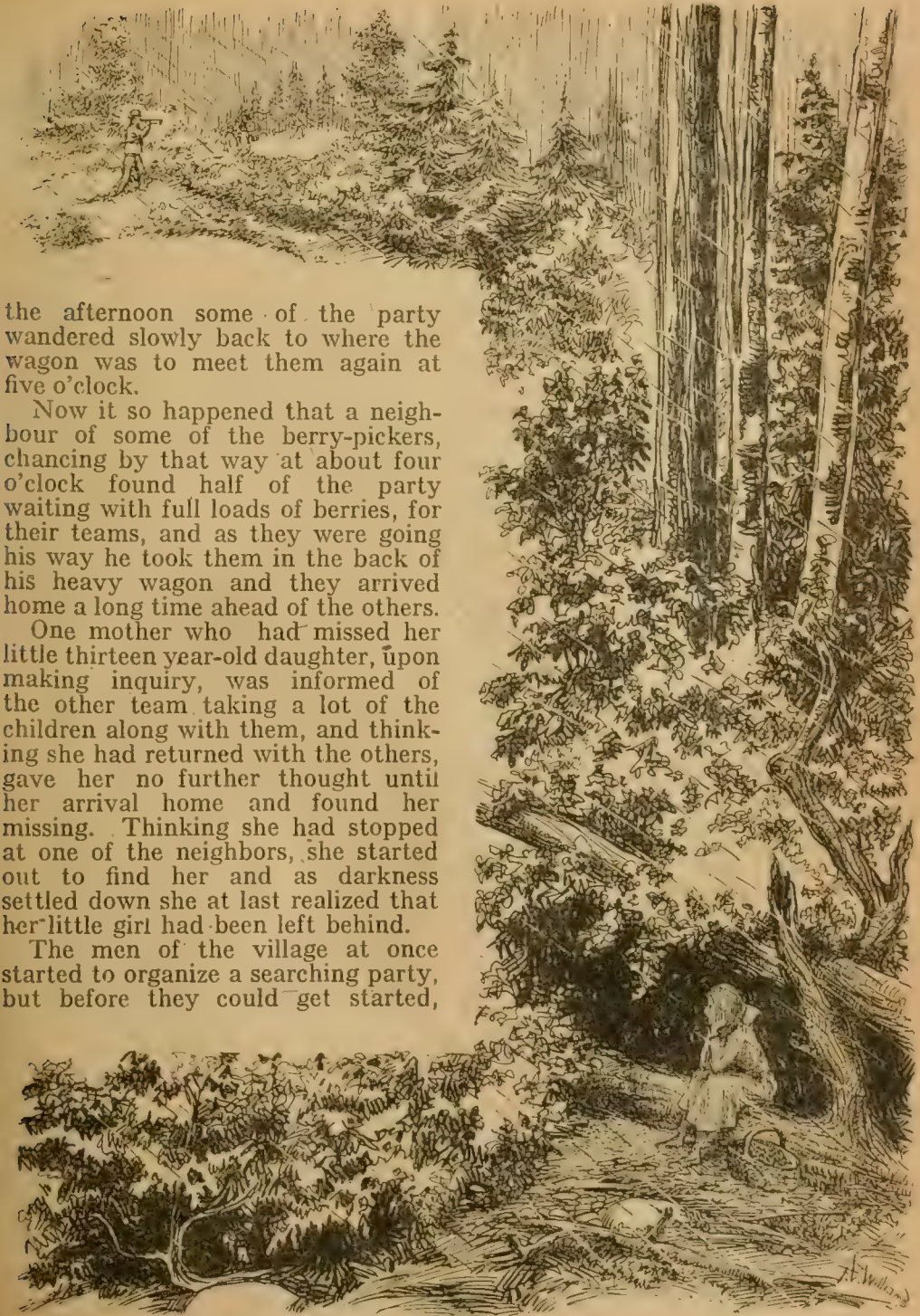
stepped directly into a well travelled wood road. That, I recognized at once as a location not two miles from our destination in the village, where we arrived in time for supper and for weeks afterward we never spoke of our "gittin' lost."

While we had been travelling practically in the right direction after leaving the lake, we were off the regular route and had been going through the most difficult places imaginable and would most likely have spent the night outside had it not been for the notion we took regarding that spruce wood.

* * * *

A large hay rack—the bottom of which was filled with straw—stopped opposite an old trail that led up through the heavy timber into the old 'burnt-land,' that was now overgrown with raspberry bushes.

A jolly party it was, several grown-ups and as many children, all after the raspberries with which the bushes were loaded. The day was spent industriously filling pails and baskets with the splendid fruit and late in



the afternoon some of the party wandered slowly back to where the wagon was to meet them again at five o'clock.

Now it so happened that a neighbour of some of the berry-pickers, chancing by that way at about four o'clock found half of the party waiting with full loads of berries, for their teams, and as they were going his way he took them in the back of his heavy wagon and they arrived home a long time ahead of the others.

One mother who had missed her little thirteen year-old daughter, upon making inquiry, was informed of the other team taking a lot of the children along with them, and thinking she had returned with the others, gave her no further thought until her arrival home and found her missing. Thinking she had stopped at one of the neighbors, she started out to find her and as darkness settled down she at last realized that her little girl had been left behind.

The men of the village at once started to organize a searching party, but before they could get started,

there came up a heavy rain-storm which delayed their starting, and they did not arrive at the grounds to be searched until daylight the next morning.

The distracted mother could not stay at home so she accompanied her husband, and with a party of some fifty men and boys they searched all day and at night built large bon-fires to attract the attention of the little one if possible. All the next day and the next night this was kept up. The fact that there was a dense fog over everything made searching almost an impossibility, but urged on by the distracted relatives of the little one, the searchers kept doggedly at their task, and on the morning of the third day an old lumberman of the party—after calling as he had done dozens of times that morning and in the past few days,—imagined he had heard an answer to his call, and proceeding to where the sound came from he discovered the youngster seated on the ground under a mass of tangled foliage. Her little dress was hanging on a near-by bush in the sun, "drying-out" she said,—as she had got wet before finding her shelter,— "You know I heard your horns and guns and tried to make you hear me, but the bushes were so thick that by the time I would get started to where you were you would be somewhere else, and I finally just sat down and waited, 'cause I knew somebody would be sure to find me if I just stayed in one spot and yelled loud enough. And say I am hungry! Have you got anything to eat?"

And as luck would have it the old man had a few crackers and some cheese in his pocket which the young lady immediately 'put away,' while her rescuer shouted the good news to his nearest companions a few yards distant.

Just plain common sense; "she stayed in one place and yelled" had she been travelling about until she became exhausted, she would probably have died of exposure.

* * * *

And then there was a man—a man well up in years, along far enough

to have a cool head,—a prosperous business man, and he always took his outings in the North. Yea, verily, it sure is the most health producing of all tonics,—the health of the North woods,—Ye Gods! what an appetite a fellow can work up, in a few days outside in the woods, just tramping around. Well to resume,—this man left the others of his party, all hunters, and a short time thereafter struck the trail of a moose:

Now besides the good North woods air he had some tonic in a bottle, good thing to have at times, but this time perhaps, he took just about 'half a drop' too much, at any rate "he pretty soon, bimeby found himself lost", and lay down to die, but before he had time to die a miner chanced to run across him and getting him to his cabin, he applied what simple restoratives he had, and saved his life. He was not only starving but exhausted mentally and physically when he was found by the miner. He carried two sandwiches when he separated from his party and this was the only food he had had in five days, except a few frozen cranberries and some raw deer liver he found in a hunter's abandoned lodge. In his pocket was found the remaining bit of the gnawed liver. He had thrown everything else away. He dropped his gun and other hunting equipment to lighten his burden. Even his mittens were gone.

After he recovered sufficiently to talk and describe his experience, he said that he had become panic stricken when he discovered he was really lost, and in his frantic efforts to attract attention he shot away every cartridge for his rifle, throwing away his last chance of bringing down any food. He built a big fire but his signal was not seen. In his dazed condition he disputed his compass, which is a common error made by lost men, and then followed a day of wild circles in the wilderness. Night came again and again, and the howls of wolves terrorized him. He at last arrived at a lake and the next morning he changed his course of travel, and from that time on his mind seemed to have been a blank.

For two days more he wandered South and would have "come out" if exhaustion had not overtaken him.

On the day he was found near death in the underbrush, he remembers having seen a cabin, and said he had found food and brandy, but this the miner said, was only his imagination as there had been nothing touched in the place and he had found the hunter about two miles out where he had evidently been walking in circles, and fallen exhausted.

It was a hard thing for the hunter to believe that he had made such a

mess of his location and he ruefully added, that several times after he had fired away his last cartridge, he saw deer and could easily have gotten one had he had his rifle and just one cartridge.

Moral: You may get lost but try to save a few cartridges and a few matches; with these you will last a long time barring accidents in a game country. And with your belt axe spot a tree here and there, when you're not sure of your location, a *blazed* trail is a big help.

"Laddie" on the Atlantic Coast

Written and illustrated by BONNYCASTLE DALE

Laddie and I Wish to All the Readers of "Rod and Gun"
A Happy New Year

ONCE more "Laddie" and I have packed up our camp and changed headquarters. Now we are in the ocean girt Province of Nova Scotia, and pencil and notebook, cameras and rifle, and rod and gun will be used for our readers' benefit.

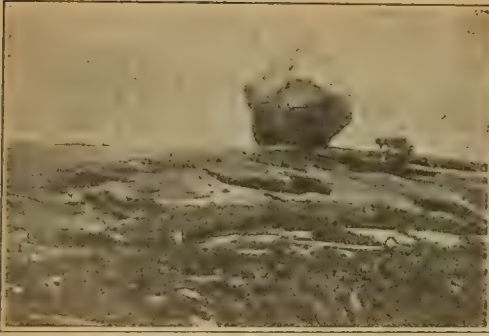
To all of you in midcontinent this heavily forested land would come as a surprise. True—all the good farming portions are cleared and tilled, but the great Province is still a green waving mass, its shores all cut up into inlets and harbours, its outer fringes great sand beaches and tide and wind and storm-smoothed islands and rocks. Every well sheltered tiny harbour the home of some industrious fisherman—truly these men who go out on to the great waters after "shorefish" earn their living. The climate is mild if damp; but none of the extremes of Ontario are felt here. It is in this excellent scene that Laddie—(this is "Laddie Jr.,"—but as "Laddie Sr." is now taking up his re-education after the cruel war, I think it will be more appropriate to call the boy just "Laddie"—No! I

cannot go back to the pre-war name of "Fritz". I for one will forgive and forget—when I see true repentance.)

"Say! Look at that rock—bet I can tumble it over." Laddie was pointing to "Egg Rock" a well poised mass of glacial deposited rock, tilting on the reef. From a distance it is delicately poised, but Laddie found he could not tumble it so easily.

All of this long Province is littered with the deposits of rock melted through the ice cap of the glacial period. This is one of them. How it withstands the fierce assaults of the daily surf, and the wild buffeting of the winds, surprises us. All the steps up to it are literally covered by huge masses of mussels, one of the more common shellfishes of this coast.

It was a great half circle of sand we were on—a mile long seabeach. One of the first we had met where no rumour of buried gold hung in the air. On one island, off a beach to the north, many spasmodic attempts have been made to unearth the buried treasures of the pirates—the Mor-



Note the thousands of mussels on the low-tide rocks.
Egg Rock on the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia.

gans and Kidds of this well believed romance. No! this beach we were on had nothing more valuable beneath our feet than razorshell clams, etc. Whist!—There is a wee rumour that the good people of this seaside Province eat so many clams that they are affected by the tides—all false—every bit of it. But there is one false idea I can clear up also. In all clams you will find a semi-transparent thing about two inches long. It is easily pulled out of the body of the clam, and has been called a worm or parasite, making tender appetites shrink from eating it. This is really the “style” the “crystalline style,” acting as a sort of muscle of grisly bone to keep the “Innards” or Mr. Clam in good shape. So eat of the clam joyfully. It is truly the poor man’s friend.

All this great white glistening sandy beach is in itself an ocean terror. The sand, beaten and hurled by the strong Atlantic winds, overwhelms everything it encounters—forest or clearing, field or farm. Look carefully into the picture of Laddie walking with head well bent forward—he had to, the sand was flying just like hail. You can see it in rivers passing over the sands at his feet. I had thought to fool my readers and publish this, and the one of him making the lunch fire on the sand hill,—as snow scenes. Are they not excellent ones? Look at the wind torn and distorted trees in the next picture. Look closely and you will see “Egg Rock” too in the distance on the ocean’s edge. How many

miles that old “Billy” we are making tea in has travelled? Thousands, surely. I often think, when we are eating our humble meal in some lonely spot, that it would be well if all the world had as little gossipy interest in its neighbours’ affairs as we naturalists have—Yes! I know—the world could not be made up of naturalists—but there is much keen sorrow in the cruel gossips of the settlements.

All this wild coast seemed untenanted save for the Yellowlegs and semipalmated Plover. A few quarrelling gulls and an odd great blue Heron. (This big bird lives all over this Canada of ours—in the lower degrees). “Let’s move” suggested Laddie. “I’ve got sand in my pockets, in my eyes, in my mouth; most everywhere! Say! What’s that motor boat up to? Guess he’s in trouble?”

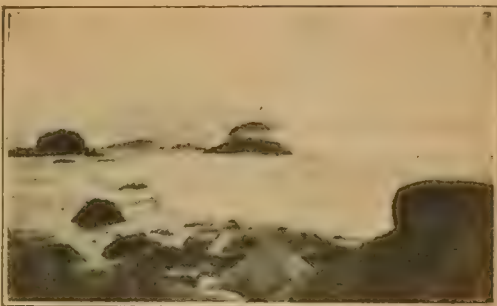
About a mile to the north a semi-speed launch, about twenty feet long; was off power and tossing dangerously close to the breakers. We hurried along over the sands, and over the slippery ledges that lay beyond, until we arrived off the surf ridden rocks where tossed the motor boat. It was just such a launch as we had often seen in Ontario Lakes, to us it looked very much out of place on this wild coast, but they use many such along here. (Look closely in the photograph and you will see a tiny boat just off the big rock in mid-scene). The men calmly let it drift it until it was just outside the great surf that broke tremendously on the rocks. To us it was a scene of danger, to him—why as soon as the launch got just at the point of dashing itself to pieces on the rocks—



A speeding river of dry sand. Laddie in the sand storm. See the drifting masses.

he rowed it off—usually with one oar; then he worked steadily trying to get the engine to work.

"Shall I go for help" bawled the boy. Evidently the man understood the call as an offer of help, as he shook his head. For an hour he battled with the stubborn engine and the great dead swell, and finally he got a few sputtering kicks out of her, then hoisted his sail and clawed off. Now while this seemed to this hardy fisherman all in the days work, there was risk all the same. Since we have lived in the century old home we occupy, three gasoline boats have been lost with gear and fish cargo; usually because the owners bank too heavily on the gasoline engine. One large fishing boat this very week went "off power." The men tried all they knew to get a kick out of her. Drifting off shore all the while, finally they were beyond their anchorage, or if they did get their anchor down it "chafed off", so they had to get into their dory and abandon the big boat. I am saying this all in praise of these seagoing men. For we intensely admire their courage. In fact they do not seem to know what the meaning of danger is. They will come ahead of a heavy blow straight for their shore "skids"—a long slanting runway of poles from hightide line to a few feet below low water—up this they slide at full speed on their foot wide keels clear out—high and dry, most times to stand up, but I have seen them topple over on the side and throw the crew endways. Fog to them is a time to put out, by the "put put" of the engines on a thick day—still I am glad to



Surf scene. See the disabled motor boat,—just a speck beside the big Rock.

say, although they may lose a boat, they seldom lose a man.

We saw two other motor boats change their course and stop beside the one limping out—there is a wonderful freemasonry among seamen.

Now, no doubt you will expect us to speedily see all the wonders?

No! Although many moose have been killed hereabouts, two within a short distance of our old-new headquarters, we have not seen one. But this is written in the third week of moose hunting and we "ave 'opes." Seriously—this is the Province to come to after moose. Every man in a large party last week, a few miles north of here, got his moose.

I have a moose "call", we are going to try out some day. We have been warned that our calling is so fierce that one cannot tell what animal may come up; so we had better be pretty careful about coming out.

These old woods and the second growths are crisscrossed by human and animal trails. There are quite a few deer too. It is only a few years since they feared they were almost extinct, but now the law is off them again and for two weeks you can get your deer—if you can find it.

Bear are not so numerous that you have to dodge them on the trails, by all accounts they are not hunted much; so we cannot tell their numbers. Wildcat and porcupine are here in fair numbers. Mink we see fishing along the sea shores. They bring their fish up and eat them on a big rock close to shore, but we have not molested them. Muskrats are to be found around fresh water lakes



No! its not snow. This is a drifting sand beach on Nova Scotian shores.



Coming ashore full speed, and to slide up on the skids—rude landing for motor boats.

and streams, but in no great numbers.

Black ducks are here in thousands. They breed from here—Queens County—to far up in the Labrador Peninsula. We see them in numbers daily but they sit in the protected waters—protected for the wild geese which arrive in November—so they are only killed when they approach the shores, especially after the freeze up; when they have to go to the shore creeks to drink. I have seen Teal and Pintails, Scooters and Sea Ducks—but it is the geese we are waiting for. They come here (Port Joli) in hundreds of thousands. A few are killed along the shores but the greatest shooting is from the hilltops where they cross over to neighboring rivers for water.

The new law says no shooting after January first, and its after that date that most of the geese have been killed. We intend to try the picturing of them in December.

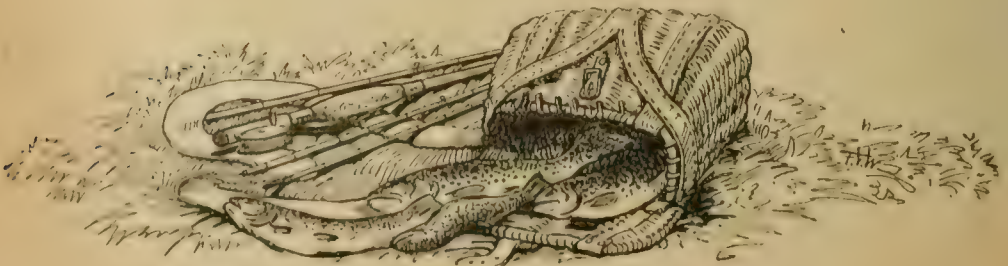
I find the same class of sportsmen here as elsewhere. Many there are,

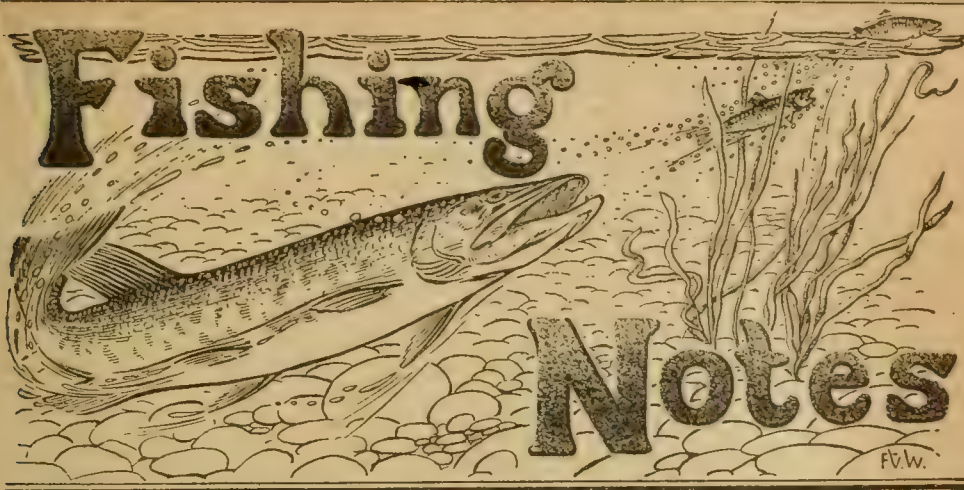
who want you to share in the sport—remember fellowsportsmen, it's only when the other fellow is getting some that you have a chance—don't think the game comes just for you—they will be winging along just the same when you are in your last narrow bed.

There are a good many grouse—protected. Numbers of shore birds in August, and some plover in September and October.

It's when you come to fish that we say "quantities," No! not for the rod alone. True you get salmon in the larger streams, and brook trout in limited quantities everywhere; but, it's out in the sea, the prodigal sea, that the food fishes lie along the shore. Cod and halibut, cusk and pollock, herring and bait fishes. To the man who wants to see handline fishing in its prime—hire a coast fisherman and go out on the "grounds"—if you want to see fish hauled in fast. Not as we make it—full of struggles and thrills—No! just fish after fish. And the harbours are full of lobsters and rock crabs, Tommy-cod and Scunners, eels and Golden Shiners and Kyack on their way to the creeks to spawn. It is a delightful land. I will try to tell you, and to show you each month, just what it does contain of fin and fur and feather.

I have a plan, for days, when it's too cold for the old fellow, of pouring a wee bit of water on one of the ledges, carefully seating "Laddie" thereon with a camera in his hand—and not melting him off until he gets you and me a good set of pictures.





Through the Ice

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

FISHING through the ice in the snow-bound winter months has a charm to it that has of course the charm and impelling purpose of all fishing although of course it is strictly a matter of fishing with any lure but of the artificial fly. It is not the poetry of fishing and it is not necessarily needing of any pronounced skillful manipulation of tackle on the part of the devotee to fulfill all the requirements of a successful ice fisher. But this does not mean that every man is able to go out, cut a hole through the ice, drop down his hook and catch fish. In fact where there is actually one successful ice-fisher there are nine who go home practically fishless, proving that a little native shrewdness and a knowledge of the movements of the fish in winter is not out of place. The fishes most generally coming the way of the ice-fisher is the perch, the pickerel, bass, pike, crappie and the sunfish it all depending upon what part of the country you happen to be in and what fish are distributed within your jurisdiction—if I may be allowed to say so. And, too, it should not be forgotten that during the winter in the north some of the finest lake trout are caught through the ice. Algonquin National Park region has a record of its own in this respect.

Winter fishing does not appeal to all anglers.

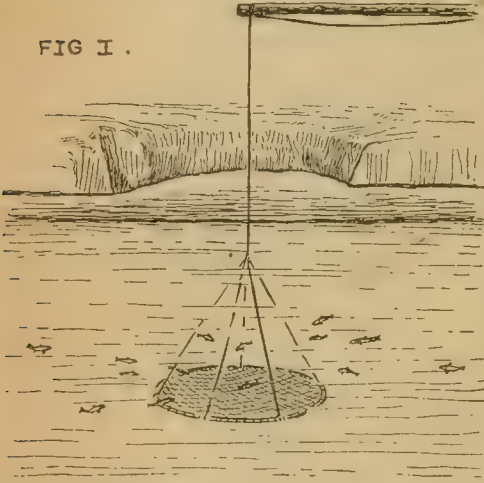
The man who cleaves in true purist fashion to the glory of fly fishing will have nothing to do with ice fishing, which to him is not fishing

at all but merely a market garnering performance. But while he is content to stay at home and wait for the blessed June days to come around, not so a great majority of the brotherhood of Walton. There are those who look forward to the winter fishing through the ice almost with as keen an anticipation as the fly-fisher awaits the coming of the blessed summer season. When the world seems to be cracking to pieces with frost and the thermometer is registering sometimes 30 below the zero line the underwater kingdom is still possible to communicate with via the hook and the line. It is true that the fish are somewhat in a more sluggish mood but be assured that if you can strike into their habitation they are ready to take your lure. Cut a hole in the ice and peer down into the depths below. It is much the same as again returning to some glorious June day; a mystery of mysteries, truly; always welcoming a meed of thought and anticipation. No matter how thick a sheet of ice shuts in depths and even though three feet of snow lies upon that same ice above, still if you throw a blanket over your head and look down you will be able to make out the bottom as easy now as when the summer sun gleams in the azure skies of June.

Men who look forward to ice fishing in the winter often lay in a stock of the active minnows in the autumn; in this manner they can get the best out of the streams and along the lake shores, such as chubs and shiners. These

minnows are brought home and are kept in a barrel or tub in the basement, the water being changed occasionally by means of a pail. Better yet if one is able to so arrange it that

FIG I.



Showing the net with which the minnows are taken.

the water from a tub above drops into the minnow barrel or tub below for thus the minnows will be kept perfectly well, alive, alert and healthy in properly aerated water. It should so be arranged that a tub of water will dribble into the barrel below in a space of time covering one day. To assure this make the aperture of the toptub just big enough so as to let down a tiny stream. In feeding the minnows the best material that one can obtain is lake-moss, or any of the weeds that can be taken up from the bottom of a lake, or along the shore. This moss, or any weeds that you may thus garner, is full of insects, minute crustacea upon which the minnows amply keep alive. It is possible for minnows to keep alive for a long time on just no food at all, but they will gradually get thin and weak and are poor lures for the lake fishes. The healthy, active, well fed chubs and shiners are the ones that interest the big fellows. A few handfuls of cracker crumbs well crushed sprinkled into the minnow tub will provide some extra food beside what they may garner off of the lake or stream mosses and weeds and thus keep them in fine condition.

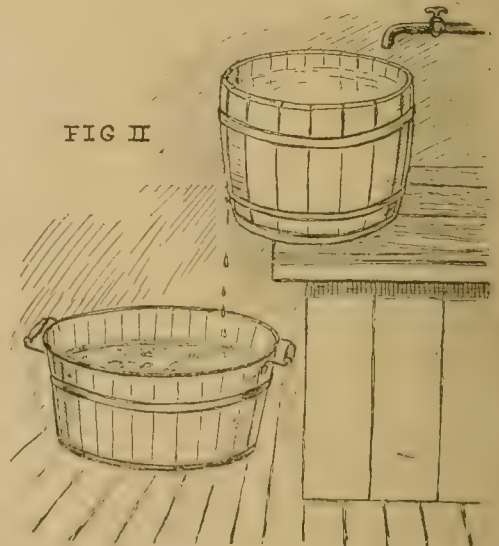
As stated the best minnows to be had for use in lake fishing are the shiners and the chubs. These should range in size from two, two and one half to three and even four inches. If you take ice fishing sufficiently to heart you will want large minnows for the

pikes, pickerel and bass, and smaller minnows for the crappies, etc., Therefore it is a wise thing to have one barrel for the large minnows and another "tank" for the smaller minnows. The minnow most always used for crappie (and even bass fishing in the winter) is one that is two inches to two inches and one half in length. The larger minnows you should feed once in a while a finely ground fish flesh or liver. Grind this up fine in a meat grinder and add some oatmeal thus making a paste. Feed this to them and you will be a hundredfold repaid by a minnow with so much life and kick to him that he will like to jump out of the "tank." As I stated the more active the minnow the more sure you will be of a capture. And, again, a healthy minnow will live twice as long as a weak minnow.

Perhaps one of the easiest of all the minnows to obtain is the swamp-minnow, or the stickle-back as he is familiarly known throughout the piscatorial world. He is recognized by needle-like spines in his dorsal fin. The fish recognize this too therefore they are rather chary about courting it via the hook. The swamp-minnow never proves very satisfactory as a lure and is therefore never recommended.

If you have failed to lay in a store of min-

FIG II



Showing the minnow tub and how the water is kept aerated by the water dripping down from the tub above.

nows you will have to obtain them in the winter when the ice is upon the lake and the stream. Minnows are wont to congregate around the mouths of streams entering a

lake, also around the outlets. A spacious aperture cut through the ice will be the open door of opportunity. Deep holes in creeks also prove to be hibernating places for the minnow schools; and under bridges; in the lakes you will find them up around the boat-houses that stand out in the water and under or up close to docks. There a hole cut through the ice will serve to bring in a desirable quantity of the precious bait which often as not cost thirty cents a dozen when you buy them in the dead of winter in the sporting goods stores.

Naturally the minnows thus discovered in their schooling places are obtained by means of a net affair. The netting used may be bobbinet, or the ordinary mosquito-bar. Be sure that it is white because when you drop it down in the water, even at five feet down, you can see all the minnows that come in over it. The net structure consists of a rather stiff wire that is bent into a hoop; this hoop being three or three and one half feet in diameter. The mosquito bar is attached to this, not level across but to have a belly to it in the centre hanging down. At four points on this hoop suitable cords are attached so that the hoop perfectly balances. These four cords meet and are all attached to a main cord. This main cord may either be grasped in the hand or may be attached to a pole with which it may be pulled up when a sufficient number of minnows are over it. Having made this net and the school of minnows being discovered the net is let down, four or five feet or even less, as the case may be. Finely crushed cracker-crumbs are now let down over the net. The minnows are lured in by these sinking crumbs and come in over the net. Allow a great number to congregate over the net before you lift it; then with a speedy motion bring it to the surface. Have a minnow pail ready with water in it and dump the minnows in this after which repeat the process of luring in more.

It may be said of the outfit of the ice fisher that it is simple, but in its very simplicity lies its secret. Not any old line that comes along and that you can lay hold of is the ice fishing line that you want. The average line in use is of course a green, linen, "sun-fish" line, but one soon discards it. Many use a strong twelve pound test bass, bait-casting line of the black checks on white and this turns out favorable, but the line that I have found nicely suited for most of the fishes you may catch through the ice up to four to five pounds weight is the so-called tournament

casting line; which is fine in caliber; very strong; and black. I have heard it said that the fish see the line in the water and it does not make any difference the size of the line they will not be frightened away by that. *Do not be fooled!* A fine calibered line stands you well instead, and if you want something that will be particularly invisible in the water use a six or nine foot leader to the end of your line of the Medium Trout, mist-hued sort. With this you can surely say that you are blotting out all evidence of your line in the water.

The line is connected to a piece of wood that has been cut to hold the line which is wound upon it and which is used as a fishing stick when the line is let down. A glance at the illustration will show you how this stick is made. When you have reached the depth you wish to fish at, throw a hitch over the end of it so that it will stay put and then by holding in the other end you have a "pole" thrown in for good measure. A small cork is very useful in ice-fishing, for this being attached to the line and lying on the water you are able to tell when you have a fish biting. The cork should so be attached to the line that it may be moved back and forth at ease. As for the hooks to be used that all depends of course upon the fish you are after though it is hard to tell when a pickerel or pike will come along and take your crappie hook and bolt with it. However if you are out for pickerel the ordinary sized pickerel hook may be what you want while for smaller sized fishes the Number 3 to 6 will be about right. The hook Number 6 that is used for sunfish, crappies, perch and even bass should not have a short shank. Let the shank of the hook be of the inch and one fourth length.

There are at least fifty ways of hooking on a minnow the wrong way whether you are fishing through the ice in the winter or whether you are fishing off the bars in the summer. In the illustration that we are using with this article you will get an idea as to the right way of hooking on the minnow so that it will be the least harmed and at the same time can move around. The hook is inserted back of the dorsal fin, though not down so far that it will touch the spine. Most fishermen just slip the hook under the skin, but of course after pulling up a few times the skin tears and the minnow is lost. If the minnow is hooked through the spine, or through the stomach it will soon be a dead one.

To be a successful ice fisher you must have a knowledge of the lay of the lake-floor, so to speak. You must know where the sandbars

are, where the deep holes are, and what bays are most likely to be hunted out by the fishes especially in the winter. Of course after a person has fished a lake through the ice for a season he will know it like a book and will proceed ever thereafter according to the knowledge he has acquired. Fish in the winter are sensitive to atmospheric changes. Thus when there are storms on they will retreat into the deep waters and cannot be reached, but when the weather is half mild or there are no storms in action the fish will be moving. And, too, the schools are known to move around from one end of the lake to the other. But in the secluded bays there you are liable as not to find them and there is where you should seek. There are some places of course, in favored bays where all kinds of fishes seem to hold out and there you may expect anything. Off sandbars in the lakes, if these can be found, you will like as not find them. If you are after pickerel or the like you will find that they have regular "fish-ways" off peninsulas that jutt out into lakes, and also you will find them in and around islands; again it is always a good thing to fish in the water entering into a bay, especially if it is not very far from shore to shore. If you are fishing off a peninsula do so in from twenty to thirty feet of water. If you are trying out a small, secluded bay off a big lake start in about the centre of the bay; test the depth and try it out. If you have no luck move toward one of the shores and try it out in about twenty or thirty feet of water. If there are three or four fishing move around the bay in this manner, as shown in the illustration. Finally, if there are any fish there you will strike them. If one should strike into a school he at once shouts his announcement to the rest of the fishers who come over there and at once make holes around the place where the happy find has been made. In this manner the school does not get away before it can again be located. To tell the truth about it: It should not be thought that these schools lie in one place and stay there. The fact is they are slowly swimming on their way. If your lure happens to be amongst them at the time it is taken, you may get the limit before the school passes, but you have to be able to manipulate the line with due speed. There may be anywhere from one hundred to one thousand crappies in a school. If you know in the general direction the school is going you can follow it up and so get all you possibly would desire. If you miss the

general course of the school you will lose it, and have no results. But remember—the school does not stop; it keeps right on going. If you can catch twelve or fifteen, while it is moving by, you are fortunate. But, while the fish are moving in the day-time, in the night hours they are lying more or less still and are generally to be found in the bays, *depending of course upon the state of the weather.*

If one is new at ice-fishing and has had no previous instruction in the business he will often marvel at the fact that he does not get even a nibble. He will perhaps after a great long time realize that fish run at different levels in the water. Now it is a fact that if your lure does not reach the level of the fish you are after they will not go down for it neither will they swim upward to take it. From this we gather that they are never very starved, or it may be that their line of vision is more given to forward looking than up or down. It therefore behooves one to test out the water at various levels. He first sounds with his line and gets the bottom. Then by making a mark on his line telling the depth he draws the line up to five or six feet off of bottom and fishes at that level. After a time of no fish and a suitable wait, the line is drawn up some more and so on. Usually you will find the fish from three to ten feet from the bottom. You can take that as very nearly a rule. Perch are perhaps the slickest and most obdurate fellows in the fish-world. They are so nimble-mouthed and crafty that they are able to fleece and pickpocket a hook in a twinkling and often you leave the place in dismay. But if you are wise you will catch a few of these three or four inch perch and then by changing to a pike hook send them down to do their duty. For where there are perch you can feel very sure there you will find the pike and pickerel also, for it is a known fact that the perch is the main feature on the lake-pike's daily bill of fare. He has perch for breakfast, dinner and supper. Therefore when your perch lure is swimming around it may be that you will suddenly think that the whole world has split in two when a big fellow hits it. Generally however, it is best to fish for the pikes, at one time, and for the smaller fishes at another. By this I mean that you should not use the *light* line for your pickerel or pike fishing, but rather have a *strong*, durable fifteen or twenty pound test bait line for the work on hand. When a large pike hits your lure you know about it. Therefore you should be prepared. Never hold the line wound around your bare hand

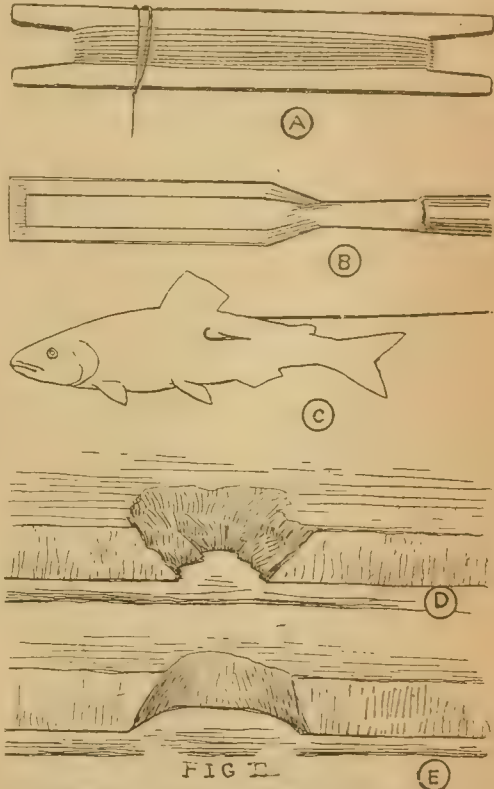
for reasons I need not state. Arrange it so that you can set the hook in the pike's jaw when you feel the strike and then have the line arranged so that you can let it out, for you must play and tire the fish out or he will get away from you. He will make a headlong rush of from twenty to thirty feet and then you will feel that he will slow up. Now you begin to bring him in by slow and even pulls of the line. When you have him coming up toward the hole he will become frightened and will make another run.

Do not get a notion in your head to pull him in by main force for if you do you will lose out. Rather let him run until he weakens and then again urge him toward you. After three or four or even five or six runs of this sort he will gradually tire and will soon come up to the surface of the hole. A gaff is then a very good thing to have along, but a gun will be better yet. Just how badly this will be needed will be realized when you consider that you stand liable to become connected up with a thirty pound musky or a pike of fifteen or twenty pounds.

Never make the hole in the ice that you are going to fish through in such a manner that the edges of the bottom sides are thrust out, for when you play the fish the line inevitably wears back and forth along this sharp ice the result generally being a line that will be cut. A glimpse at the illustration will show how to and how not to make a hole in the ice through which to fish. Some prefer to have the hole long and narrow and others want the hole more in the shape of a circle. The amateur will inevitably use an axe or a hatchet with which to make this hole through the ice, but the veteran ice-fisher always provides himself with what is known as an ice-prong, or ice-chisel. Any blacksmith will make one of these for you, if you furnish the chisel. This may be an old, worn-out carpenter's wood chisel say two inches wide. An iron rod or a length of pipe is fitted into this chisel and welded fast to it; a job which the smithy will take care of. When completed you have a chisel that will speedily make the hole when you bring it into use. Some try to connect the chisel to a wooden pole but the heft of the iron rod puts weight behind it and is far superior to the wooden affair.

When you are at last busy fishing; when you have the line and minnow down doing duty the cork is watched for the first nibble. This cork should not be of the vinegar jug size but rather about one inch in diameter and one inch thick. The moment you note a nibble

and the actions of the cork are suspicious lift the line with the cork off of the water and then hold it there. You will feel when a fish has taken it for the mere nibble is distinguished from the true bite by a steady downward



(A) shows the stick on which is turned the line. (B) shows the chisel welded to the iron rod to be used as an ice-chisel for making holes. (C) shows how to hook on a minnow, just back of the dorsal fin. (D) shows how *not* to cut a hole in the ice. (E) shows the right way, all sharp edges cut away.

pull and dead weight to the line. The moment you feel this dead weight pull up. At that a great number of fish are taken while yet the fish is nibbling at the lure or may be mouthing it.

Black bass and their cousins the small mouthed bass are to be found in the winter hibernating in the rocky ledges found in so many northern lakes. They like to keep themselves in the holes in these rocks and if you let down a minnow there in the dead of winter you can be sure they will be eager to sample it. At this season of the year few of the bass are not full of eggs; in fact none of the fishes winter caught, (if the laws permit of winter fishing in your locality) are found to be heavy with eggs if any trace of eggs can be found.

It is during the nights in winter that some of the most enjoyable times may be had at,

ice-fishing. If you will then seek out the sheltered bays or the places where you know the fish to be keeping themselves you will have the time of your life. Usually a fishing party is made up and a large fire is made on the ice around where you are fishing, the wood being pulled out from the woods onto the ice. A large piece of sheet iron or tin makes an elegant thing on which to build the fire but right on the ice will do. Around and out from this fire the holes are cut through the ice and the minnows are let down. It will not take long before there will be a pull at the line and the first one is biting. The fish are attracted in by the light from great distances and the result is all that you possibly need, at the same time having a good time. In the absence of a fire on the ice to light up the surroundings, a lantern set at the edge of the fishing hole to shine down into the depths will attract in the fish. The ghostly glow in the water will arouse all of their native inquisitiveness.

One of the handiest things that the ice fisher has in his possession for active use is an ice-skimmer. An ordinary wire-netted strainer used in the home goes fine; it should be one at least four inches in diameter. You can

in the hole should be perfectly clear of ice-particles before you begin to fish. In the absence of a screen or strainer of this sort one has to clean out the hole with his hands and that can certainly be listed amongst the hardships one experiences in this world. I know this to be a fact !!!

When you are fishing on the lake with a light or beside a fire at night you may be inclined to make the mistake of fishing deep down, same as you do in the day time. You will find that you will have few captures. The light, it should be remembered, draws the fishes to the surface, up to within five, or ten feet of the top. I have taken large crappies as close to the surface as five feet. Remember this point. *And remember to keep your hooks filed needle-sharp.*

Fish houses are often operated in the winter season and these are simply made of boards, same to be a portable affair that may be hauled out to the fishing grounds by means of a toboggan or sled. In a shack of this sort one may keep warm no matter how cold it is; and a tiny oil stove will heat it up. A strong-burning lantern will do the work. The lantern at the same time furnishes light and forms an attraction to the fish, calling them up from the depths. Crude shelters are made out of balsam brush, which are piled onto a framework made out of sticks set up teepee or shelter fashion. These shelters are merely to keep the wind off. The large fishes, such as the pikes, are often speared in the fish houses by the natives. This is very simply done. The house is located over a place where the fisherman knows the fish have their run-way, such as off a peninsula for instance. Within the fish-house everything is kept dark. And yet as one looks down into the water he is able to see, often in a startling manner everything that goes on down below. The native fisherman carves minnows out of wood, which, weighed so as to sink he connects to a cord and pulls up and down in the water. The minnows are made attractive by painting them. (An artificial minnow with hooks taken off is better yet.) The fish, seeing the minnow is coaxed in, and as it curiously follows the minnow it is drawn up and up toward the surface of the hole. Still more curious the fish follows even up to the very surface for while you are able to see him the fish is absolutely unaware of your presence. A spear, with needle-like prongs, is held poised, and as the fish nears the top the spear is let down with deadly accuracy. That is how the native does it.

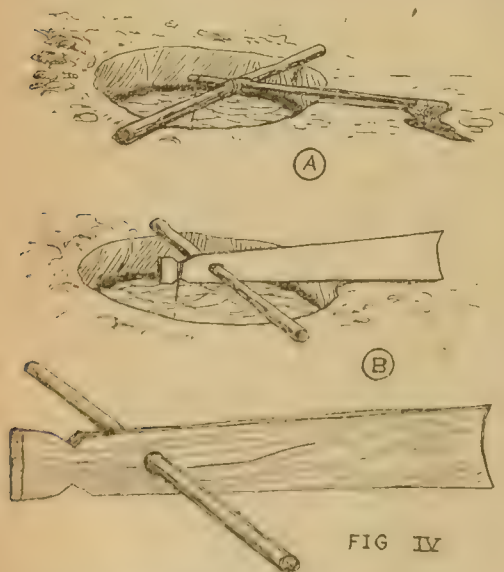


FIG IV

- (A) Shows the crude tys-up made of a stick.
 (B) Shows the better type spoken of in the text.

make one very easily out of a piece of porch screen. With this you can skim off the ice-particles that occur on the surface of the hole, especially after you have cut through the hole which will be filled with these particles. It may seem an insignificant thing, but the water

Where it is not against the law one can operate a few set-lines; these lines may be made stationary and left over-night; the round being made in the morning to look them over. Trappers often have set-lines of this sort and thus have all the fresh fish that they need. We show in an illustration with this article two forms of what is known as the tip-up. One is very simply made by merely laying a stick one inch in diameter

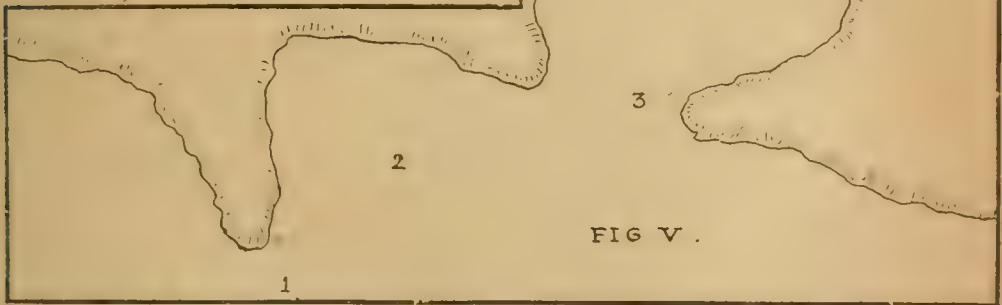


FIG V.

Numbers 1 and 2 are good places for pickerel, pike and muskies. The rest of the numbers in the bay show you how to hunt for the school that is moving around following the minnow schools which they prey upon.

across the hole and tying another stick of a finer caliber to it across the centre. This stick has a flag in one end and the line is tied to the other. When a fish is on, the flag shoots into the air and you are informed of a capture. A better grade of tip-up is also shown in the illustration. This is twenty inches in length; at the small end it is one and

one half inches wide and at the large end it is three inches wide. It is notched at the small end and into these notches you can roll the line and fish at any depth you desire. When a fish is on, the tip goes up—and there you are. This tip-up should be painted so that you can make it out easily even from a long distance against the snow.

On Artificial Minnows

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

A fisherman knows one thing when he goes to fish in a lake, and that is that the finny ones he is after are found in the water he is going to fish—that is to say providing it is so inhabited. Usually the lake is a small lake and one can make the rounds, say, in two or three hours if he so wills. The fish cannot get out to flee away from this fisherman as can the creatures of the wild when they are pursued or stalked by the hunter. The deer if it is followed can keep right on going into the next county if it wills or even into another country, and then on and on. But the fish that the fisherman is after has just that lake in which to move around in and is therefore at the mercy of man. If men are unscrupulous they will net that lake and so take out these valuable

fish. In time the lake, which, in the past was a fine place where one could go and spend a few days annually at fishing, becomes fished out; it loses its popularity and speedily sinks back into obscurity. Every method known under the sun has been tried to exterminate the fish of this continent. If there is a method unknown then it is a wonder. When the trouts come up the rivers to spawn in the spring they are dynamited in their schools, the ignorant fellows thus hoping to lay hands on these splendid fish whose cunning and (let us say) "intelligence" is a hundred-fold greater than the gray matter caged within the skulls of these clumsy and crude excuses for humanity. During the summer days when these trout are not in evidence neither bait nor fly, like as not, will serve to

bring one to the net of these ignorant fellows, therefore when they have them at their mercy in the spring they will dynamite them, either with the real thing or with the sunken lime bottle which is equally as deadly as the dynamite. The fish so stunned and killed never come up at the spot where the bottle or stick of dynamite was lowered, but often as not float away *under water* only to appear at the surface a block or two down the stream. Often in the spring people living around rivers tell of hearing detonations and the next day find the streams lined with dead trout. There we have an idea of the deadliness of brutal, unenlightened, wholly unthinking men, who are a menace to humanity; they are below the savages for it is a well known fact that savages kill only what they need for food and I have just read where a tribe recently found in the heart of South America have it as a rule to follow, that only enough shall be killed as will suffice to fill the needs of the tribe and make it a severe punishment if more is killed than can be used. The men killing animals and fishes in the wretched manner above depicted are below most animals for animals generally only kill to suit their needs when hunger demands that they seek sustenance. There is only one animal they can be compared with, as being equal to, and that is the weasel, for the weasel, it will be admitted, kills for the joy of killing.

I started out to tell that when a fisherman goes to a lake to fish he has the fish in that lake more or less at his mercy. By the use of his intelligence he may catch some of the finest in that body of water. If he is unscrupulous he may take the same fish from the lake. Thus we have those who fish over the spawning beds of the fishes in the spring and do away with thousands of the parent fish. If they will not seize the worm or minnow dangled in front of their noses by the fisherman he will lower down the bare hooks and hook the fish.

We have had all sorts of artificial minnows and much late-lamented junk on the market to aid us in our fishing. We had "battle-ship" and "dreadnaught" minnows on which were attached no less than fifteen or twenty hooks. One was not able to see the wood of the minnow for the hooks that were in the way. It is true that the fishermen used these, but even the most unscrupulous began to see that so many hooks allowed the fish no chance if it were caught, or they hooked up in so many weeds that all they did was to clean

the various lakes of weeds. Later on the hooks began to come off and so we have come around to the present day with minnows that have few hooks and are sane in every way. An artificial minnow with one hook on it has proven just as deadly as ever and that if that hook is placed in the right place it will never fail to get the fish that strikes it.

We live in a day of invention and there is always something put forth to "aid" one in doing this or doing that. And there is always someone who starts something which will help one in his fishing. These inventions last about fifteen minutes and then they pass on into the beyond. Only the most ignorant of the fishing gentry, (if that is possible), will buy this junk for it usually turns out to be of no value whatsoever. Just to give our readers an idea of what I mean I will introduce you to the Submarine Minnow. With this minnow we are told it is possible "to go down after the bass." Well of course we want to go down after them if we can't get a couple of them for supper along the shallows using small spoons, flies or so forth. This submarine minnow does it all we are told. Says the advertisement;

"Here is the newest wrinkle in lively baits! A minnow that really swims! Two of them in fact." Then in true ballyhoo style the advertisement cries:

"The Sub-mar-ine Min-now, the one and on-lee me-chanical bait on the mar-ket!"

Says the advertisement: "This is an ingenious contrivance that will make your next fishing trip a bigger success than ever. The tiny clock-work motor in the float runs continuously for about twenty minutes without re-winding. The artificial minnows forming part of the device travel in race-course fashion and positively can't be told from live minnows. More fish and larger can be caught with the Submarine Minnow because it covers more water space and is always in swimming motion. Never dies. You can fish shallow or deep. Can be used with single arm and minnow for brush fishing. Use any bait you please. When worms or other bait are used the constant motion of the Submarine Minnow prevents fish, craw-fish and turtles from stealing the bait."

You are told that this affair complete with three minnows will strip something like four dollars off your roll. The manufacturer of this device tells you that he is the "Inventor and Sole Manufacturer." We have had our artist draw you a picture of this submarine

minnow so you can see the thing busy. And now to give my idea of it:

You are told in the advertisement that "the artificial minnows forming part of the device travel in race-course fashion and positively cannot be told from live minnows." It being no uncommon thing (?) to see live minnows travelling around in race-course fashion in a circle you are struck with the originality (?) of the idea. The fish that is to be seen in the drawing has a smile on his face as he says, "why here are some minnows swimming around in race-course fashion. How true to life. I must sample them for dinner." Hence the smile from ear to ear. And then as he seizes one he suddenly begins to go around too,—but of course this is thrown in for his amusement.

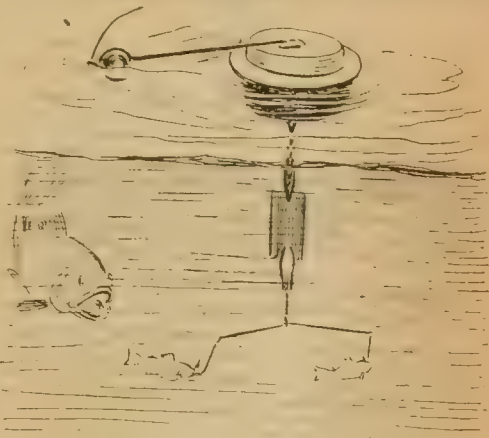
We are told that the artificial minnow on the Submarine "never dies." How perfectly exciting. But then we have been cruel to our wooden minnows. We should not be that.

And we are told that "when worms or other bait are used, the constant motion of the Submarine Minnow prevent fish, crawfish and turtles from stealing the bait." There you have our whole trouble summed up. *Fish* steal the bait so that the humming-birds have no chance to get at it. The manufacturer wisely foresaw all this and filled your needs by putting forth an affair that would stop the fish from biting and stealing the bait and thus allowing the humming birds the fullest of liberty in getting at the minnows as they go by in the race-course. The secret of the success of the Submarine Minnow we are told is that "it covers more water space." That is impossible. The average bass fisherman is not content unless he covers four lakes in a morning and casts from one block to two to a cast. The mere covering of water space won't do it!

All we can say in regard to such a "minnow" as the Submarine is that it leaves much to be desired. If it had been a merry-go-round Minnow with a steam-caliope wheezing out "Silver Threads Amongst the Gold" there might have been hope, but there being no musical attachment to this Submarine Minnow, (not even a mouth organ), there is no hope. Music, it is known, will charm the fishes. If you had a miniature merry-go-round to let down and then had some music (a village band would go nice) the fish from far and near would come to listen to the band and would be dazed by this display of local talent; in this condition they would totter and fall down the shoot and so be conveyed on the endless belt

to the kitchen where they would at once be made into kippered herring; but of course this invention remains to be invented therefore we will have to wait that glorious day.

The Submarine Minnow is an idea of what



The Ridiculous Submarine Minnow

men will do to "advance a cause." Probably the inventor of this minnow spent five years of his life lying awake at night "thinking up" this device. We know of a man who went crazy working over a device to make a Christmas tree turn around, and then when he couldn't find any sympathy anywhere he got into more practical things so he "invented" a fish scaler. That took about two years of hard labor and when he thought he had one ready for sale he was looking in a catalogue one day and found that the very device he was working on, the same idea, had been on the market ever since the Flood.

No doubt the inventor of this Submarine Minnow feels proud to think that some day he will take his place beside Edison, Newton, Fulton, etc., and is looking for a financial reward of such huge proportions that he will have to start his own bank. He is doomed to early disappointment. There are some suckers left who will bite on these gim-cracks but they are not amongst the men who have learned the difference between a piece of lemon-pie and a hoe-handle. Any man coming to the lakes with a device of this sort in his possession would at once become the laughing stock of every boy, girl, adult man and woman. Of course the inventor did not realize this because probably he never fished outside of a bath-tub where most of these artificial minnow producers "test out" their wares. This is not to disparage the true and valuable minnows, by the reliable producers, for we know that experts have constructed them.

If fishing were no more no less than to guess up devices to inveigle fish on to destruction by fair means or foul there are any one of a hundred methods for doing this. I, by a moderate display of my scientific knowledge and years of study of the fishing game, could create ten, fifteen devices off-hand, any one of which would be workable and would be seized upon by manufacturers to exploit amongst the fishermen; I could make a barrel of money so far as that goes; but I cherish too

high a regard for angling (or fishing, if you will) to prostitute my talent by lowering my dignity by vending out catch-penny stuff that can only cause unhappiness in the hearts of the fishermen.

The words I have to offer to anglers and fishermen are: Fish clean, use your judgment, don't bite at every device that comes along for if you do you will be the unhappier for it. There is sane, clean, worthy tackle to be had. The old stand-bys never fail you!

Trout Fishing on the Montmorency River

W. S. M.

ONE warm summer day in 1916 my brother-in-law came home with a nice string of trout, placed them on the table, then sinking into a chair he said: "Gee, I'm tired and hungry, but I had a dandy time. Aren't they beauties, mother?" "They are, Luther," she said, "enough for a couple of meals. You must take Will next time." I was standing in the doorway, sizing them up and picturing the fight possible in each fish at the time of capture, thinking of the stream, etc. Seeing how eager I was to go fishing, Luther volunteered to take me that week-end. Oh, the joyful feelings I had those four days till Saturday. I was fishing at my work and fishing in my sleep. At last we were ready. Our grub having been packed and our outfit completed we boarded the street car for the downtown section of Quebec City; from there on the electric to Montmorency Falls. How slow that car seemed to travel. There must have been a dozen others on board bound for the same sport as ourselves and the main topic discussed on was "fish."

Arriving at Montmorency Falls the first thing to greet us at the platform of the little station was a couple of men with about four dozen of the largest trout I ever saw—that week. The sight of these beauties fired us to greater enthusiasm to get to our fishing grounds and off we started at a Longboat pace to cover the four miles up the river above the famous Falls. Over fences, fields and through thistles, through swamps, bush and cow pastures we tripped—and often stumbled, till at last we came to within hearing distance of our destination—Three Falls, so named by the fact that there are three successive falls, each a few yards apart.

One of the prettiest natural scenes met my eyes on arrival at the falls and to one who has never seen this river before I was surprised at the number of likely looking spots where I just knew a large trout was waiting to sample the bait or fly cast to it. There were deep, still pools and swift shallow water all within 100 yards of the falls. Hustling to get my fly ready I was about to start operations when my companion said we had to wade across the river at this point. Off came our boots and socks, up went our pant legs and over we went, sometimes leaning at an angle of 45 degrees (I swore afterwards it must have been 90) to buck the swift current. Once across we commenced our preparations of rod, line and fly. I walked out to the edge of the rock directly below and at the side of the falls, and anxiously made my first cast, allowing the current to take the fly down some distance. Cast number one brought no results, nor did the twenty-fifth. Taken back somewhat by my efforts to land a beauty in this length of time I glanced around expecting to see my companion tossing one into his creel at the finish of each cast. But, behold you! he was doing the same as I had been doing a few minutes before, and still no fish. I must have watched him fully ten minutes eagerly waiting the result of each cast when I was awakened out of my dream by the fact that he might get one before I did. I shifted my place to the foot of falls Number Two. I won't express my feelings then because he may read this but you all know how you have felt when you get to the place that the railway describes as "teeming with fish," only to find water and then some more water. You understand what I mean of course. Well, that's how I felt.

And now to add to our piscatorial delights a storm was coming up. We stopped fishing and gathered enough wood to last us through the night. (I forgot to say that after a consultation over our creels we unanimously decided to spend the night in the open and catch a few more fish in the morning.) We must have enough to go around for dinner next day.

What a night!

We crawled into a cave which we were lucky to find in the rocks nearby and tried to sleep the hours away. Except for the roar of the falls, the thunder, lightning and finally the water dripping down on us we passed a very comfortable night. I remember well the pillow I had—a square piece of rock with my coat over same. A sort of resemblance to Moses in the wilderness, what? The number of minutes we slept could easily be counted on the fingers of the hands.

But daylight had to come sometime and so did more rain, but we came for trout and they must be out there getting wet. So again we went forth and cast and cast, and then did some more casting. I looked at my companion and he looked at me but still we fished. At noon we called a halt. We had had

plenty —fishing. If it had been this summer I would have said the trout were out on strike. But simply the trout would not rise for us although we tried at least a half a dozen different kinds of flies.

Into the creel went our outfits, and over the river we waded; then over the fields and through the swamps to the car. I left part of my shirt on a wire fence, and snagged part of my pants off in squeezing between two trees. I never had such a time in all my life. I will never forget it. Half way over we met a couple of fishermen who inquired where Three Falls was and if trout could be found there. Directing them and lifting our creels to show how heavy they were (of fishing tackle, etc., etc.) we marched on. And to make it more pleasant we had to run the last quarter of a mile to catch our car.

Did we march proudly into the house on arriving at our home? Oh yes, on our toes through the back door, and placing our creels on the kitchen table we stole into our beds to sleep—boots and all.

Of course there are fish at Three Falls, lots of them (so I have been told,) but you need a diver's suit to go down and get them!

Uncertain Lake Fishing

L. B. BOTSFORD, M.D.

BEING a native born Canadian and a resident of Canada, (New Brunswick to be exact) for some thirty years I indulged in many fishing and hunting trips with the Micmac Indians—a few of which tribe are still to be found in this part of Canada. On these trips I became somewhat familiar with the traits of these Indians and found that among their accomplishments, lying stood out sufficiently well marked to attract more than a passing notice. However there are exceptions to every rule and I found Pete Nocote, my fishing and hunting guide, generally reliable and on this trip of which I am now writing his statements were proved to be true and he made good.

In July 1875, Pete came to my office in S— and informed me that he had found a lake a few months ago while trapping for otter, eight or ten miles from his camp and that there were, "Heap plenty dam big trout" there. This interested me at once and I drove to Pete's camp two days later and

found him ready to start for the lake. After a tramp of three hours through rough woods and a good sized swamp we reached what proved to be a small mountain, which we climbed and found the lake at the summit, a beautiful sheet of water about one mile in length and somewhat less in width, surrounded by a thick growth of maple, beech and birch; and having, too, a white sandy beach. The water was shallow for a distance of seventy-five yards from the shore when it dropped abruptly to a depth of thirty to forty feet. It was very cold and evidently fed by springs as there was no apparent inlet or outlet.

In order to do any fishing, (there being no boat or canoe) we were compelled to make a raft and after putting a good supply of boughs on the top and cutting two thirty foot saplings we pushed out to the centre of the lake and allowed the raft to drift. Being a firm devotee of the fly fishing form of angling of course I tried this method in preference to any other but after casting for one hour and using

all kinds of nondescript and orthodox flies without success I came to the conclusion that they must be *bottom feeders* or else Pete was a liar. When I told him I doubted his ability to prove to my satisfaction that there were any trout in the lake he declared that he found one the previous autumn 14 inches long lying on the newly formed ice while trapping. How this fish got there seemed a mystery, but Pete swore it was the truth, and also declared that he would prove to me before we broke camp that there were "Heap dam big trout" there. We camped on the lake shore that night and after supper Pete insisted that we walk up the beach for some distance to which I demurred as I had had quite sufficient exercise for one day, but finally consented. We had gone a few hundred yards when I noticed a commotion in the shallow water some thirty or forty yards ahead and thought it was caused by muskrats or some small game animal. Pete shook his head and said, "Him no muskrat. Him dam big trout ketch minnows," and minnows seemed to be in thousands in the shallow water. The next splash was nearer to us and I had a glimpse of a large trout as he showed part of his body while leaping. This proved beyond the vestige of a doubt that the trout were there and Pete was vindicated. It also convinced me that the only possible way to get any of

these trout was by deep fishing using live minnows. We secured a good supply and next morning at daybreak we again pushed out into the lake. I fastened two strong salmon gut leaders to the line about three feet apart, both hooks (Number 6) baited with live minnows, the bottom leader being about one foot above the sinker which was heavy enough to keep the line perpendicular as we drifted. I fished for two hours and was about to give up in despair when I felt a strong tug and struck moderately hard and from the bend in the rod and the rate the line was running through the guides I was sure I had hooked a large trout. He gave me some fight for fifteen minutes when I brought him near enough to the raft for Pete to lift him out with the improvised net made of a large Indian basket with a handle attached, for I had forgotten to bring a landing net. This was a typical brook trout beautifully marked and weighing four and a half pounds. But, strange as it may seem, this is the only one I succeeded in taking from that lake. We saw the same performance in the shallow water morning and evening while we remained in camp. These trout were evidently gorged with food and difficult to take at any time by any means. How did they get there into that lake there being no inlet or outlet? At any rate I had an enjoyable trip and my friend Pete was completely vindicated.

At Christie Lake, Ontario

H. C. TAYLOR

YOU may be interested in the inclosed snap-shots of a few catches taken during a three week fishing trip at Christie Lake, Ontario. The four groups are all one early morning's catch each, all small mouth bass with the exception of one or two pickerel which you will notice. The picture showing the 21 black bass were taken on four rods and the others on two rods. In each case we used live minnows, live angle worms and Dowagiac wobblers. We rose at 4.45 a.m. daily, had a light breakfast, and a two mile row arriving at the fishing grounds around sunrise at six o'clock. Our average morning's catch would run about eight to ten small mouths averaging two and three pounds, very few smaller than one pound. One morning when the wind was just right we took 21, in addition to returning to the water

several which, although well inside legal limits, were smaller than the smallest we kept and it seemed a shame to take them as we had sufficient for the table. I might remark that our families, as well as wife and family of my oldest brother were with our party making a total of 14 all told, so you will readily understand that the table required considerable attention.

One particularly noticeable feature about the bass in this lake is that when taking the lure there is no vicious jerk, merely a gentle tightening of the line as the fish takes the bait and swims away with it. It is absolutely necessary that they be allowed to run with it without the least pressure on the spool of the reel for at least twenty or thirty feet, when they will stop for a few seconds while the fish is swallowing the bait when they will



Taken at Christie Lake, Ontario

immediately start away with it again. This is the time to set the hook. Then how they tear around. They are valiant fighters every single last one of them and just when you think you have them tired out and you are trying to bring them around to the net they will bore to the bottom and sulk; followed by another deep plunge. They all break water and jump into the air four or five times before they are landed.

The picture showing the pickerel with tape measured 24 and one half inches and weighed seven and one half pounds. We took on an average of three and four pickerel each evening trolling and casting, using Dowagiac wobblers and minnows, which I found to be the most successful killers. These fish run four to five pounds, very few smaller ones being taken on troll or casting and although they do not put up the fight the bass do, still they are in every sense of the word a game fish. Smaller pickerel, two to three pounds, with an occasional four pounder, were taken on live minnows and green frogs.

The bass do not usually bite after 8:30 or 9:00 a.m. when the sun begins to get hot, and then not again until about 6:00 p.m. although, of course we sometimes picked up a few around the shady side of rocky ledges during the day.

Although the main object of the trip was fishing, we had a splendid time all around. There is a good bathing beach, and between this and the excellent fishing we spent an enjoyable three weeks.



Caught at Christie Lake, Ontario. Wall-eyed perch of seven and one half pounds weight

On this trip we used entirely "Kingfisher" braided silk casting lines, Dowagiac wobblers and minnows, finished out with the famous old Takapart reel. That is what I claim to be an ideal combination. The one "Kingfisher" line I used entirely for three weeks hard fishing and hard usage, and there is not the slightest sign of wear and tear to it yet. After sampling out lures we got down to the Dowagiacs—and then we didn't use any other makes during our stay.

About our trip I will say that it was a real trip, with real fishing. Just what you look forward to and hope to get but very seldom find.

* * * * *

Angling Editor's Comment—Most of the pictures you sent in were of fish strung up, one of these pictures containing 24 black bass the result of a morning's catch. These photos, above and beyond being a record of how many fish were taken, have no particular value. This is not to be unduly critical, but merely to point out a common failing amongst the brothers of the angle. We would have liked to have seen a photograph of Brother Taylor busy reeling in one of the big fellows, with a picturesque piece of the lake and shore for a background. All these little things go so well in a photo;—then, too, a photo where you are really busy reeling or playing a fish, or where you are netting a lusty fellow, helps in future days to make you remember the trip.

The fish in the picture with the tape-measure attached to it is not a pickerel but a wall eyed perch (*Sitizostedion vitreum*) a very near relative of the yellow or banded perch which is the other member of the family of *Perca*. I have often pointed out the

difference between the wall-eyed perch and the pikes in *Rod and Gun*. You can easily tell them apart. The wall-eyed perch has no slime upon his body, while the pikes are often as slippery as eels. The body of the wall-eyed perch is hard, and the scales tough as you run your hand over them. The wall-eyed perch has two well-defined dorsal fins, as you will note in the photo. Again you can easily tell the wall-eyed perch from any other fish by the fact that after capture its eyes will turn white, as *transparent white as though stone-frozen*. (Note in the photo, which, though dim you will yet see the white eyes.) It is from this fact that the wall-eyed perch gets its designation "wall-eyed." Again in the other photo where the three of you are holding up the fish note the wall-eyed perch on the extreme right hand end of the string. Note how the eyes stand out from the head. This is another characteristic of the wall-eyed perch.

What you did do, and quite unawares you almost caught a prize-winning wall-eyed perch, because a wall-eyed perch of seven and one half pounds is quite a fish, although I have known of some up to fifteen pounds. In late years, however, there has been a noticeable falling off and wall-eyed perch up to ten pounds are holding down the prizes.

You mention about catching three or four of these "pickerel" every evening and although "they do not put up the fight that the bass do, still they are in every sense of the word a game fish." Well I should say they are. The wall-eyed perch (and that is what you meant), are certainly *game* fish. When they are taken out of chilled water, with a "kick" to it, they put up a fight that is well worthy of the name!

Re A Large Brook Trout

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

A gentleman by the name of E. E. Rossiter recently caught a brook trout near Stratford, Ontario, that weighed four and three quarter pounds and just lacked one inch in being two feet in length; it being twenty three inches to the good. I have been asked if I think that "this catch constitutes a record for this variety of fish." For certain parts of Canada a brook, (or speckled) trout close on five pounds weight would not necessarily create a furore since

there have been speckled trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) taken in the Nipigon and Steel River districts that have gone well over ten pounds weight and some very much more I understand it to be said but as to the truth of this statement I know nothing. There is always a great deal of exaggeration about the speckled trout of the Nipigon and Steel River districts although we do know that very large brook trout are annually taken there, four and five pound specimens being

no oddity. On the 22nd day of July, 1915, Dr. J. W. Cook of Fort William, Ontario, caught a fourteen and one half pound brook trout at the foot of the McDonald rapids. It was weighed at both

streams, known to be the haunts of this specie, than in American streams. Even in the streams of Wisconsin and Michigan I know from experience a one or two pound trout to create talk, but five and even six pound brook



Speckled Trout, caught by Ernest E. Rossiter, July 29, 1919. Weight $4\frac{3}{4}$ lbs., length 23 ins.

Nipigon and Fort William. Alexander Finlayson, an inspector of the fish hatcheries of the Dominion, pronounced the fish a fine specimen of *Salvelinus fontinalis*, the brook trout.

One is of course more liable to run across large specimens of the brook trout in Canadian

trout have been taken from the waters of these states.

For Canadian waters a brook trout close onto five pounds weight would not be exactly startling though I promise you the incident is worth recording!

Would Like a Good Telescope

Editor, Rod and Gun.

Have been a regular news-stand subscriber to your interesting magazine for years and wish you would publish this letter so some "been there" hunter can help me out.

I have always thought I needed some kind of a telescope or field glass for out deer hunting. Many times I have noticed some deer-like objects in the woods and often wasted time on them, though sometimes they turn into a sure enough deer. I make it a practise to investigate all these unfamiliar objects, and they could be immediately made out with a glass. This year I lost a shot at a peach of a deer that I thought was nothing but a stump, but I got my two deer though. Last year I lost the best shot that I would ever get, a great big buck standing broadside on a hillside across a valley. I was climbing another hill and noticed it for five whole minutes, not thinking it was a deer until I

saw it move, then only had a parting shot at it as it faded away, and of course missed. My experience tells me the deer often stop watching you without you noticing them to be a deer.

Now are there any hunters who make it a practice to carry some kind of glasses along while deer hunting? I am sure they are very useful and I hate to think of the game I missed getting without one. I think a small powerful telescope is best, and would only want it to investigate objects with and not to sweep over the whole bush. A small telescope would fit the hip pocket and be no trouble to carry, while I think a pair of field glasses are too bulky and clumsy to use.

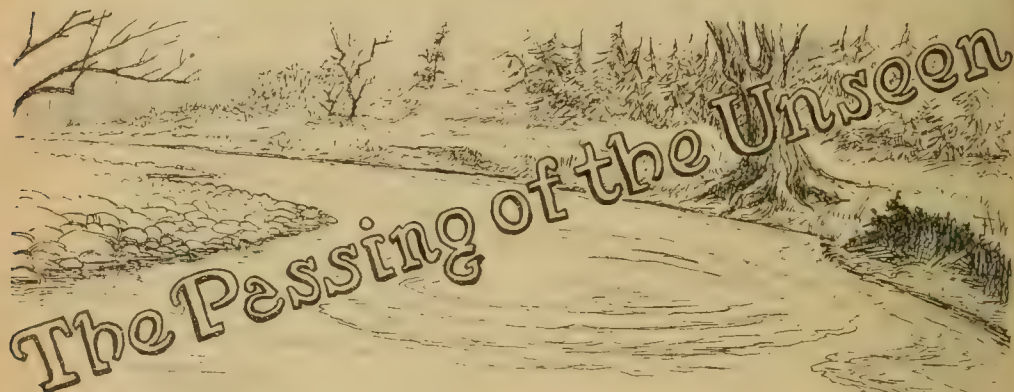
Will some reader please tell me what kind of a glass to get, which power is best, etc., and where they can be bought.

Yours truly,

H. C. Knapp.

DUSK AND EMBER PAPERS

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN



THE large mink rose out of the debris at the side of the stream and pausing for a moment like a shadow attached to the greater ones around him, peered out upon the world of light and movement, his beadlike black eyes twinkling, his fine and sensitive nostrils quivering as he read what the waves of atmosphere wafted toward him. The stream below slipped along over the smooth-washed stones in the same whispering and tinkling as it did yesterday and the day before and in the past, now sinking low as the half dark waters dipped roundly into a pool and then flashing out again to curl around the bend in the round-about journey to the ocean. The mink, scenting no outward disturbance, retreated into the mass of driftwood and old leaves and soon thereafter came out into the sunshine only to dart in a peculiar, sinuous manner into some heavy grasses; then once more he disappeared from view. The stream still chattered on aimlessly, lifting the same old tune as it always had. Shortly after the passing out of sight of the mink, one with a keen pair of eyes might have seen a small dot upon the water that stirred ever so little; a dot that barely rose over the surface of the stream. If you would have watched the water carefully you would have made it out, and you would have known its owner. Suddenly there was a motion: two lines of water flowed backward and widened from the dot; presently the dot grew larger and then there rose what appeared to be a head which gradually assumed such shape that the

watcher could have told it for that belonging to a musk-rat. The stream rat now getting into motion swam upstream in a swift motion that took him to another shadow. There he paused and sank till only what appeared to be a blotch dotted the surface. Somewhere in among the reeds the mink was peering out; his nostrils dilated; his eyes were never so evil. His fur glistened—a most beautiful coat to look upon. The tail with its hairs standing almost straight out was dark also and pointing to a prime condition.

The Indian Summer sun hung in the skies; hid in among gray clouds now, with occasional darts of light playing through the breaks in those shifting banks. Blackbirds were flying over the cornfields uttering their staccato notes. Several crows winging by suddenly uttered raucous calls and rose higher in the air as though alarmed. A yellow hammer darted by. A flock of robins flew overhead on their journey southward. Along the stream all was silent.

Presently in among the trees that lined the bank a figure became prominent. The eyes of the mink appraised it and grew more dark than ever as the nostrils caught the fearsome and detested human odor. The musk-rat had heard the sound of a broken branch and slowly the dot disappeared entirely from the view. The figure came out—a set of traps swinging from his shoulder, giving up a metallic sound as they clashed together and the chains rubbed. He stopped for a moment, his small rifle resting lightly on his arm, his finger upon

the hammer—ready to throw it to shoulder the moment he detected any disturbance. It had yielded him many furs, had this method of stealing up on a quiet scene; for animals, caught unawares, were easily garnered in by the unfailing rifle.

Catching sight of no wild creature the young fellow went down to the stream and searched along the mud edge for signs. He noted the muskrat trail close to the water; and his eyes were quick to mark the tracks that had been made but shortly before. Selecting a trap in a most methodical manner he spread the jaws, set it and placed it down in the water near the bank, in such a manner that something like a half-inch of water covered it; then he took from his pocket a bit of apple, and, impaling it on the stick, thrust the other end of it in the bank so that the vegetable hung directly over the trap. He now brought out a thin copper wire which he connected to the trap ring, tying the other end of it to the root of a tree that curled grotesquely out near the water edge. The mink had watched these movements carefully; but as the trapper rose from his set he disappeared without a sound in amongst the driftwood, passed down under the over-hanging bank and was lost to view.

The keen eyes of the young trapper had noted the tracks near the driftwood—on the other side of the stream. Pausing but a moment he entered the water which was not of such a depth as to flow over the tops of the boots. He waded in the water near the shore not stepping out on the land. His eyes travelled along that bank path knowingly as he selected a peculiarly smoked trap used for such occasions, and, still walking in the water searched the trail eagerly. He whistled softly on noting where a stick lay some four inches up from the ground, across the trail. Every mink coming along the trail leapt over it. See! here was where the pads of their feet had touched each time. Where the worn spot was the young trapper carefully removed some of the dirt so that the trap lay even with the surface; under the pan of the trap he tucked in a bit of cotton to prevent anything from getting under it. A leaf was now placed over the trap, a dank, partly decayed leaf that lay limp on the jaws yet would not prevent the trap from closing shut without trouble. The set completed the trapper connected the trap-ring to a wire, and then, still standing in the water bent down a willow and connected the wire to that. The willow was then lightly fastened to another tree in

such a manner that when it was stirred in its place it would jump up into its original place. This was something on the order of a spring hole.

That night the large mink came out from his retreat to see if he could learn more about the muskrat that happened to make that locality his stamping ground. Perhaps, who could tell, the muskrat may have had a bank den with an underwater passage to it. The beautiful slender little animal poised in the moonlight. His sinuous body was the picture of suppleness and energy; his eyes were bead-like and menacing as ever. Like a shadow he attached himself to the greater gloom and skipped down his old familiar trail. He knew every turn in it by heart one might say, but of course this was natural for he was born right in that vicinity; why shouldn't he know the trail. Here was the turn at the willow tree; here was the sunken place where a little water stood; and here, sure enough, here was the stick across the trail which he always liked to leap over and which he always managed to hit on the same identical place with his feet. In fact there was an indentation on each side of the stick made by the feet when they landed. And now as he had always done he leapt that stick and landed just exactly where that indentation should have been.

There was a cold metallic *Snap!* and a faint clanking of steel. Both fore-feet of the mink had landed where the indentation should have been, but where now had rested the pan of the trap. The mink leapt wildly backward and tore around. Of a sudden the willow branch was displaced and the branch shot on high to a normal position.

The muskrat, swimming up-stream along the shore wondered sometime later what could have made that brushing sound in among the willows. He lay half in the gloom and half where the moon silvered the surface of the water, listening intently. The mink hung swaying on the top of the willow spring-pole. The muskrat kept to the shadows, but a moment thereafter scented something that turned him instinctively shoreward. His were no great deductions; no superior intelligence. He smelled the delicious carrot. Floundering through the shallow water he reached up under the bit of vegetable to take it down. When he dropped to his fore-feet for a moment ere he again sought to get at the morsel he stepped fair and square into the trap; and the two jaws closed tight. Wildly the muskrat turned waterward.

Instinct had always told him to dive when danger appeared. He dived. The ugly machine of destruction clung to him like death. He *sank*—strove to rise; *sank*. Stray bubbles rose to the surface; burst one by one and finally dwindled into a *string* of small ones.

The stream moved on as musically as ever.

The moon suddenly went under the clouds, while the small shadows weakened, melted and merged into the greater gloom. Then all was silent.



The woods lay silent—deep, endless silence such as is found only in the winter woods. The stillness was so intense that it seemed to border on monotony. There were the huge trees on all sides, and on the branches there yet remained evidence of the great snowstorm that had sheeted the old snow anew some nights previous. I could see through the trees the snow-mantled fields outspread before me in their spotless grandeur. Here and there tufts of dead grass jutted through the ermine and softly rustled when a crisp breeze wafted down and was lost among the shadows in the wood. I stood motionless with alert senses beside the giant white oak. Though the day was cold I felt not the chill for I was clad in woollens and the turning of the toes in the mocassins kept them warm. My bare hands were now warm—a vigorous swinging at them having sent the blood down to the blue finger nails. A drowsiness possessed me, but it was only that keen exhilaration that comes after trudging knee deep through the snow for many miles. Suddenly a black-capped chickadee darted down through the air seemingly appearing from the utter unknown and alighting on a dry limb sent forth his cheery notes to wake the silence that enwrapt the scene.

As my eyes swept the surroundings I took in all its details. Over there near the bank was a trail that had been made the previous night by none other than a prowling weasel whose erratic wandering demanded that he investigate into every nook and cranny in his quest for prey.

Somehow I could not well tell why I felt that something was about to occur and I stood in inquisitive silence to see what Nature would have to unfold. There is always that sense of expectation when you are standing in the middle of a winter woods. Anything may happen. Half turning in my tracks I was next to discern a fluffy brown creature that was making its way through the snow. What was this? I looked closer. Of all things it was none other than a muskrat making his way through the snow. But what was the reason of it; why was this little amphibious creature braving the winter snow-drifts so far from its environment. This impressed me as a mystery that I would like to unravel. And then my woods knowledge began to make itself felt. It was a stream rat and not a swamp rat I told myself; it had a darker fur than the swamp habitant and the fur a glossier shade. For some reason or another he had left the den in the bank of the stream and was making it overland. Well where to? It was hard to tell. Was it merely a journey of discovery? More difficult to tell. I stood as rigid as a statue and watched the progress of the animal. His beautiful coat was something to marvel at. The long guard hairs were tipped with black while the rest was the very deepest nut-brown. The eyes of the creature were like beads and flashed as the head was turned inquisitively from side to side yet which never seemed to rise much over its forward stooped position.

Now as I stood there watching I became aware of the fact that a foreign sound had

entered upon my sense of hearing. Quite far off, well to the other end of the woods a beagle hound sent up his war-cry into the still air. Some rabbit I figured was soon to be on the run. Cautiously turning my head I viewed my surroundings. But presently as I watched I heard a barely perceptible murmur among the brush to one side and turning I saw a rabbit come into view with easy leaps, apparently effortless and without concern. The muskrat in his blundering trail had risen on his haunches with a quickness that was admirable and now as the rabbit neared him he swayed from side to side and showed his long yellow teeth in a most menacing manner. The rabbit halted as he came in sight of the muskrat and was perhaps as surprised as I had been to see this little amphibious creature so far from his native haunts. The rabbit perhaps would have kept right on, but for some reason or another he paused by a bush and the two regarded each other in silence, the muskrat half lowering himself and rising and showing his teeth. Keeping his eyes covertly appraising the muskrat the rabbit meantime nibbled at the bark on a bush. The rabbit was in complete possession of his faculties I was sure. He was listening with those ears of his judging every long drawn-out bay of the beagle. But now for a moment the war-cry had been stilled; and when it arose on the silent air again it was very much closer. This served to arouse the apparently unconcerned grey fellow with the powder-puff adornment. He suddenly left the bush at which he had been gnawing and disappeared into the woods off to the right-hand side.

The muskrat now kept on his way, his stiff black tail marking a course after him in the snow, the unfailing sign of the muskrat trail on the snow. He was now crossing the rabbit's trail, when, without the least warning the beagle appeared upon the scene utterly, absolutely oblivious to everything save that fresh trail he was following. The muskrat was now about one and one half feet away from the trail. A prolonged bay issued from the throat of the silently oncoming beagle. His nose held to the snow. The muskrat had risen to his haunches and had swung facing the trail. As the beagle neared him on the trail the muskrat leaped at the hound with the most frightful baring of teeth even known in the history of desperate creatures. Although the muskrat was so close to the beagle that a turn of the hound's head would have brought the two in contact the beagle forged

right on as though for all the world there had been no such creature in his way as a muskrat. A smile sent the corners of my lips to the ear on either side. There, I remarked to myself, is self-possession and wits settled down to grimly assaying cold facts. The beagle disappeared and the muskrat, non-plussed, frightened and disgruntled, turning once in a while to show his teeth made his way on. He was rattled and concerned over something. Something had happened that had sent him away from the stream from which I was quite sure he had come. Yielding to the notion that I would like to know more about what the great snow-book would tell me as to what had happened on the muskrat's back trail I set out, following the zig-zag route as it lay printed on the soft enveloping mantle of ermine. I saw that the rat had wandered in hopeless circles before he had started out in a straight line for the woods.

And then as I neared the creek, slowly and silently I crept, half-crouching, through the snow. Over a frosty bank I peered holding to a bush that I had cautiously tested for strength. The creek lay below me, the open water showing black and forbidding against the heavy snow that was massed along the edges. In one long sweeping glance I took in all the details of the scene. At first I could detect no movement whatsoever and then my eye rested upon the black water that flowed below me without even one tinkle in the open place in the ice.

As my eye took in all details about that open place of dark water I noted off to the right that a trail led away from this hole. It was the broad trail of an animal whose body had come close to the ground, and there was plainly shown on the white blanket of snow that mark made by a muskrat's tail dragging through the snow. From this hole in the ice my friend the muskrat had come. *That settled the point!*

It must have been some fifteen minutes thereafter that a ripple appeared upon the surface of the black water and as it receded it was followed by another and then a little black head appeared the owner of which was a mink. Impaled by his teeth a frog of medium size was endeavoring to free itself from the deadly, vice-like clutch but its efforts were fruitless. The mink reached the edge of the ice and laid its victim down watching it with savage intentness. The frog, bitten through the head, made an effort to escape by pushing along the ice with its feet but the mink pounced upon it once more

and bit it viciously, causing the frog to quiver and stiffen out. I then noticed a number of other dead or half-dead frogs lying at intervals in the snow at the edge of the drum ice.

I think that it was the mink that had frightened the muskrat from the scene. This seemed all the more true when a moment later the mink took up the rat's trail at the edge of the ice and followed it for some ways when he returned apparently satisfied. Perhaps he meant to say: "I have you at my mercy. I know you will never get anywhere

on land. To-night I'll pick up your trail, follow you up, and kill you at my leisure."

As suddenly as the mink had appeared upon the scene he disappeared under a bank where no doubt there was a spacious run-way. For the moment all was silent. The brook flowed tranquilly on, the frogs stirred ever so faintly and miserably on the ice and over all brooded that mystery we never can solve.

As I rose and brushed the snow from my clothes and prepared to go *somewhere off in the far end of the great woods a shotgun rang out, shattering the silence!*

In the Gray of Morn

THE SOUTHBOUND DUCKS

A cry in the dusk!
A legion a-wing
In the shadows that spring
Across the dim fields. High up above
A tumult of forms all hurrying
Scurrying,
Clan upon clan
In the gloom far above—
A cry in the dusk!
But a cry in the night.
In the still, mystic night,
Creeps down and enwraps me.
And softly I feel,
That one lonesome cry that parted
To die,
In the gloom to the right—
Of a life I would steal—
But one deadened cry, that faded to die,
In the night—but hark!
All is still!

—R. P. L.

It is midnight. The great clock in the next room is ticking steadily and the fire is crackling and sputtering among the crumbling red logs in the fireplace. The lamp is burning low— sending out its feeble flare in an easily defined circle. My pipe grows cold and I

lay it aside. On the carpet the water spaniels lie dozing with their noses resting on the hearthstones. Suddenly one growls and half rises to sniff my leg and then again sinks to sleep with a long sigh.

Silence!

The clock beats the hour of three and startles me out of my reverie. *Tick-tick-tick*, again it resumes its steady throb. It is morning. *Hark!* a rooster is sending forth his clarion call. It is time. Noiselessly, and in subdued excitement I don the hunting coat and button it up close to my throat. The hip boots slide on neatly!

The dogs have risen and are whining eagerly, knowingly. In the back room I take down the shotgun from the nail and generously fill my pockets with ammunition. Ah, the breath of morning. I breathe deeply of the still cold air and the blood quickens as it flows like a flame of life through the veins. In the gray dusk the trees rise about me on every side, solitary as lone sentinels on the death watch. The vision is but momentary and each in turn fades into the deep and heavy gloom. I lightly hum a tune for my heart is full of expectancy and I am rejoicing. The spaniels dash about me and seem to have caught the spirit of the occasion. I reward

them with a pat each on the head and a cheery word.

And soon we leave the road and skirt the swamp. Already I have slipped in two shells and the gun is held at ready. Out on the swamp a muskrat flops in with a slap of his tail and the world is beginning to awaken. The daybreak winds spring up; I button the coat close up around my throat. *Hark!* To the right a whirr of wings causes me to stop still in my tracks with every faculty on the alert. From out of the shifting and moving mists, dimly-outlined, speeds a set of mallards. *Bang! bang!* speaks the gun and the scattered band disappears with startled quacks. The spaniels retrieve the one that has fallen. As it is brought in dripping wet I thrill. What was that! I mark out another bunch and I am ready for them. Another one falls to my two barrels, and again the spaniels retrieve, one one of them bringing in another dripping body. The spirit of the hunt is in me; I am human; yet possessed of some of those passions coming

up from the primitive man, who, ages ago, stood upon the reedy shore of a jungle lake and beheld with a joyful beating of his heart the giant mammoth he had slain.

I fondle with care the bodies, so beautifully colored. Why should I heed the call of the wild and go forth to slay these fowl? Would it not be better indeed that I leave them to their ways in peace? For a moment a pang of regret comes to my heart. *Hark!* what was that?

I am down on my hands and knees.

A moment before the larger spaniel licked me in the face and did not awake me to the present. Now, however, I am crouching there behind the natural blind furnished by the tall marsh grasses, with my heart wildly beating against my ribs. All thoughts of regret and pity are thrust aside in the smashing onrush of events.

I grasp the gun and peer out with teeth set and eyes never so alert. *Here they come!*

The flight is on!

The Late Alonzo Wiltse

TYETH BOUNSALL

An Old Country Angler

THE world is all the poorer to-day through the death of Alonzo ("Lon") Wiltse; a well-known figure on the Lakes of Eastern Ontario, who made his headquarters at Delta, where he had a large connection amongst fishermen visiting the Beverley and other lakes on the Rideau chain.

I took a great fancy to him from the first day I spent in his company on the Lower Beverley Lake and my liking for him increased every time I saw him.

A genuine lover of sport for sport's sake he was also a thoughtful man of considerable independence of character; possessing those innate good manners and consideration for others which are often erroneously supposed to be the sole attributes of birth and education. I shall never forget his kindness and care for my comfort, well-being, and enjoyment when I was partially crippled with acute rheumatism and hardly fit to be in a boat.

Wiltse's appearance was rather a striking one; tall and spare, with aquiline features, sunburnt face; gray hair and moustache, he would have made an excellent portrayal of Thackeray's hero, Colonel Newcome; who indeed he somewhat resembled in the simplicity and integrity of his character.

He attended me when I visited Delta at

the opening of the Black-Bass season in June last and we had a most successful and pleasant week together: making many plans as to various lakes we were to visit later in the summer. On returning at the end of July I was horrorstruck to learn that poor old "Lon" had just been removed to the S. Vincent de Paul Hospital at Brockville to be operated upon. I went down to see him the day before the operation, finding him greatly broken in health and appearance; as might have been expected, the operation was unsuccessful: and, after many weeks of intense pain, death came as a merciful release on October 16th last.

Wiltse was 66 years of age at his demise and had spent most of his life in the Rideau District. He was policeman for the little town of Delta: I do not know whether he was a "terror to evil-doers in that capacity: but I do know that he was always ready to speak in "praise of them that do well." During a recent visit to Delta I was more than pleased to find how greatly the good old fellow was loved and respected by his neighbors and friends; everyone had a good word for him; there were few who could not recall some kindly action on his part! He will be greatly missed, and by no one more than the writer of this little tribute to his memory.

Indian Specimens from Brant County



1—Broken and whole pottery. 2—Stone pestles, mortar; ornaments, bone and copper. 3—Flint locks, 1812.
 4—Arrow heads and wampum. 5—Miscellaneous collection. 6—Bead work, 1860.
 7—Stone axes and skinners. 8—Stone and clay pipes.



GUNS & AMMUNITION

Testing a .22 Stevens Pistol at 100 Yards

HENRY WALTER FRY

FOR a considerable time I had been familiar with the appearance and construction of the various British and American single shot target pistols, the Webley with its round barrel and big heavy handle, the Remington with its rolling block action and fine solid grip also no longer on the market, the Lord Model Stevens, the heaviest of them all; the Gould, Conlin and Diamond Models, and the latest at that time from the Stevens factory the Off-hand Target pistol. There was also the latest production from England, the Webley & Scott semi-automatic target pistol which automatically ejected the fired shell at every shot but had no magazine.

The one which took my fancy the most of all was the Diamond Model Stevens with its ten inch barrel and when one day I saw one on sale in a gunsmith's window in the Edgware Road, London, I made up my mind to get it. The price was nine dollars and in those days that was something of a consideration.

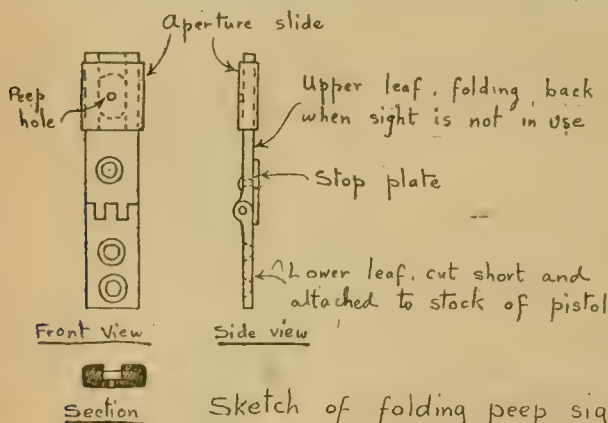
For some weeks I haunted that shop window, not being quite able to summon up the necessary courage. But I have always held that though money is a thing that should be carefully economized as a general rule that it is a good thing for every man, once in a while, to treat himself to something that he really cannot in a general way afford and that it does him no harm to treat himself to a little bit of extravagance now and then practising strict economy in the long intervals in between them. So one day I determined to put my rule into practice, went into the shop, paid my money and walked away with my newly acquired treasure.

The first thing to do before attempting to shoot it was to fit on a new handle, the one sent out by the factory being, for what reason I never could make out, made about large enough for the hand of a five-year-old child. To remove the two factory made wood grips and to cut out and fit on others and shape them up to a handle of the proper size and shape was not a very difficult matter and the pistol, now equipped with a firm and comfortable grip, was now ready for use. It certainly was an attractive little arm, very light and portable, not much more than 12 ounces in weight. It could be carried without inconvenience in an inside coat pocket as a companion on a country walk.

The next thing was to try it out at the target. Being made by the Stevens Company was a sure guarantee that it would be accurate and on page 104 of Mr. A. C. Gould's "Modern American Pistols and Revolvers" are shown two groups of ten shots fired with one of these pistols at fifty yards, and in each group only one shot out of the ten has missed the $3\frac{3}{8}$ inch ten ring in the 8 inch black bulls eye of Standard American Target, using .22 calibre long-rifle cartridges. Now that is a standard of marksmanship that very few men could hope to attain to, even with pistols much heavier and more suited to fine target work than the Diamond Model is and I never succeeded in making any such groups as those. I did manage to capture second prize in the annual pistol competition of the Ham and Petersham Rifle Club, England, just before leaving the old country nearly eight years ago. The distance was twenty yards at a two inch bulls eye, seven shots at each target, six targets to be shot at, each targ-

et to be signed by the range keeper before being put up.

It was the last day of the competition, a dull Sunday afternoon in January. I had not entered but being persuaded by a fellow member, agreed to do so though the light was none too good and fading fast. So I got my six signed targets from the range keeper, put them all up, took my six shots at each, handed them in and thought no more of the matter till a week or two later when I was



Sketch of folding peep sight
made from brass desk hinge

told that I had captured the second prize, a set of plated egg cups and spoons on a handsome plated stand, which I still have.

After leaving the old country for Australia where pistol shooting at targets is practically unknown, there was no further chance of any more competitions so I kept the pistol for use in the country, practising at tin cans or bottles with now and then a shot at a rabbit or a bird. I can well remember the pleasure and astonishment of one of my Australian friends with whom I had gone on a country excursion when with this little pistol he found he had bowled over two rabbits at distances from thirty to fifty yards. He would very much like to have bought one but none were to be had in the country.

Having become pretty well acquainted with what I could do with this little weapon off hand, I was curious to know what it would do under more favorable conditions and with aiming appliances superior to the rather crude open sights with which it was furnished at the factory. Removing the large bead front sight I substituted for it a Lyman No. 5, a combination of pinhead and ivory bead. For a rear sight the only one that could be depended upon to give consistent and accurate aim was an aperture of some sort.

The Stevens factory made what they called the Reliable Pocket Rifle which was simply the ten inch Diamond Model pistol with a peep sight on the barrel in place of the ordinary open sight and a skeleton shoulder stock fitting into a slot in the butt plate of the handle. I wanted the peep sight to be a folding one and with a longer sight radius than one on the barrel would give. So at a hardware store I procured a pair of brass desk hinges, with leaves $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches long by $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide. Taking one of the hinges I cut a slot in one of the leaves about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide and $\frac{3}{8}$ inch long. Then taking a piece of thin sheet brass about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide I bent it lengthwise around the slotted leaf of the hinge in such a way that the bent edges just came to the edge of the slot on either side and made a tightly fitting slide which could be moved up and down the leaf of the hinge.

A hole about 1-20 inch in diameter was drilled in the centre and the slide was complete. The next thing was to rivet on the outer face of the slotted leaf at the lower end a piece of flat brass of the same width and with one end projecting in such a way as to form a stop when the hinge was opened a certain distance. This completed the folding part of the sight. All that remained was to cut short the other leaf of the hinge drill another screw hole about $\frac{3}{8}$ inch from the existing one and attach the whole sight to the wood of the stock just in rear of the hammer.

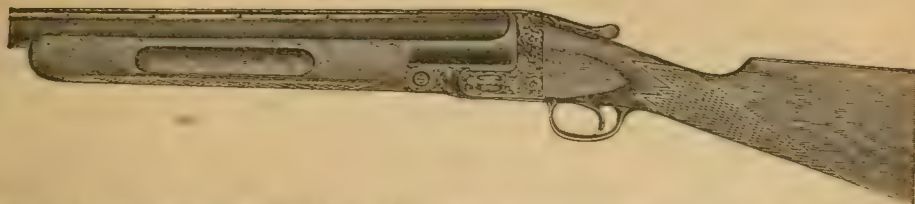
The pistol was now fitted with a folding peep sight with a 12 inch sight radius in place of the open sights with only a $9\frac{1}{2}$ inch radius. A home-made shoulder stock was improvised from a piece of 5-16 inch iron rod filed to a flat taper at one end and with the other end round to fit against the shoulder. A socket into which the tapered end of the stock fitted was made by hammering a piece of sheet brass to the right shape and attaching it with four screws to the under side of the butt of the pistol. The combination pistol and pocket rifle was now completed.

It was nothing very much to boast about so far as finished workmanship was concerned but was perfectly efficient as a shooting iron. With the stock inserted in the socket the peep sight raised and the pinhead of the front

589

STRAIGHT RUN

589



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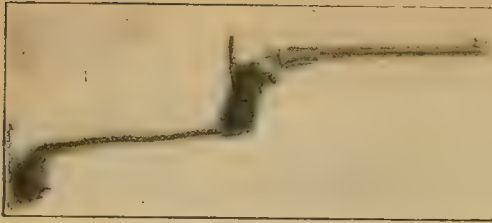
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of fish. **J.F. Gregory, Dept. 208, Lebanon, Mo.**



Stevens .22 Calibre Diamond Model Target Pistol converted to a pocket rifle with home made peep sight and detachable shoulder stock; cotton reel slipped on end of stock to give firmer bearing against the shoulder.

sight in the upright position, the combination could be put to the shoulder and used as a small rifle, while with the rear peep sight folded back the open rear sight on the barrel could be used off hand in combination with the ivory bead of the front sight for a quick snap shot at small game at short range.

All the sights having been correctly lined up by a few shots on a target at short range, the next thing was to try it out at 50 yards. A twelve inch square card with $2\frac{1}{2}$ inch bull was set up, a telescope trained on to it and the pistol with the peep sight and detachable stock fitted on was fired from the prone position. Using .22 long-rifle Lesmok ammunition and with consistent holding it would, on an average, group its shots into a $2\frac{1}{2}$ inch circle. I have now and then made smaller groups, putting ten shots into a $2\frac{1}{2}$ inch by $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch rectangle but on the average I found that a $2\frac{1}{2}$ inch circle was about what it could be depended upon to do, though what it would do if fitted with the 10 inch telescope which the Stevens Company used to make for this little arm, or if it were tried out on the six point rest I would not undertake to say.

On one occasion I gave it a careful trial with three different kinds of ammunition, .22 long-rifle with solid bullet, .22 long-rifle with hollow point bullet and .22 long with a solid bullet, all loaded with Lesmok powder. The closest group was made with the first, then the hollow point bullets with a group slightly larger, but the astonishing part of it was the close group made by the .22 Long cartridges which made a group almost as good as that made by

the hollow point long-rifle ammunition. I had not thought that the .22 long was capable of such accuracy at 50 yards.

As a game getter this little arm acquitted itself well. I paid a visit to a country house in Tasmania where the garden was infested by a swarm of parrots among whom it did a good deal of execution and accounted for two or three dozen of them during my stay. It was my constant companion in long tramps through the woods, the pistol being carried in one pocket and the stock in another with a box of 50 cartridges completing the outfit.

Fifty yards was the longest distance at which I had tried its capabilities until visiting the small bore range at the National Rifle Matches at Caldwell in August. The sight of a good, well lighted hundred yards range, a comfortable firing point and a good supply of targets was a temptation not to be resisted and after a few shots to determine the proper elevation I set to work to make as good a group as possible, firing twenty shots to each group. Careful aim and very steady and consistent holding were necessary and even then it was well high impossible to keep three or four of the shots from straying outside of about the five inch circle into which





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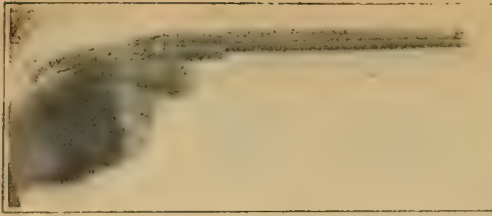
DAYLO saves time on the road, too. Every driver should have one. There is a DAYLO to solve your difficulties—one of the many different styles of light that points the way to efficiency. All leading electrical, hardware, drug, sporting goods and auto-accessory jobbers and dealers carry DAYLO. Or write us.

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Home made pocket rifle with peep sight folded back; used for off-hand shooting with open sights.

the others would be grouped. The best group of all was made with .22 long-rifle ammunition, U. S. Co's make N. R. A. brand which is guaranteed to accurate shooting in a rifle up to 250 yards. The whole twenty shots can be contained in a 6 inch by 4 inch rectangle and 17 of the shots are in a space $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches square which certainly is most remarkable shooting for so light an arm and with only a ten inch barrel. There is quite a noticeable amount of recoil with every shot which as I said before makes it absolutely necessary that a steady and consistent hold be maintained with every shot if anything like a group is desired, and to my mind it is this that makes target work with this little weapon so interesting quite as much so as with the longer, heavier, and more accurate smallbore rifle of three times its length and ten times its weight. It is

this that gives such fascination to shooting with the pistol or revolver and makes many men prefer the single hand arm to the full length shoulder weapon.

Besides the ten inch Diamond Model pistol that I have described the Stevens Co. made the same model with a six inch barrel, and weighing only ten ounces chambered, like the longer pistol, for the .22 long-rifle ammunition. It is a very light, handy and accurate little pistol, more suitable for the pocket than the ten inch model and though as might be expected, not as accurate, yet will do astonishingly good shooting if fitted with a stock suited to the shooter's hand. It is just the thing for an angler to carry in his pocket on the chance of a shot at birds or small game by lake or river side or for amusement when in camp shooting at tin cans, bottles or other casual targets. There is even more recoil to be noticed than with the ten inch model with which a careful aim and hold is necessary to obtain the best results, but given these the little weapon will certainly hit what it is aimed at to about thirty yards and sometimes at even longer ranges. It is a pity that the Diamond Model pistols are not now manufactured but I trust that extra light model pistols somewhat similar in design will before long be put at our disposal by some enterprising manufacturer.

New Goods for Sportsmen

THE year 1919 has seen the production of a rather surprising number of new arms or new types of arms that are of interest to sportsmen. For the benefit of our readers we list the more important of these additions so that those who live far from the city gun stores may become acquainted with the latest productions that are being or about to be offered for sale to American and Canadian sportsmen.

THE REMINGTON U.M.C. AUTOMATIC PISTOL

The latest automatic pistol on the market is the Model 51 Remington U.M.C. Automatic pistol which is being made in .380 Caliber.

The general specifications are as follows; Caliber .380; takes the .380 rimless standard metal-cased or soft-pointed automatic pistol cartridges, obtainable anywhere. Capacity of magazine, 7 cartridges; an additional cartridge can be carried in the chamber ready to fire instantly when the safety lever is forward.

This is two more cartridges that can be carried in any revolver of similar caliber. Length is $6\frac{5}{8}$ ins.; width or thickness, $\frac{9}{16}$ in.; weight unloaded, 21 ozs.; finish, browned (durable dull black); stocks, hard rubber.

Each time the trigger is pulled, the pistol fires one shot, automatically ejects the empty shell, and reloads ready to fire. The breech remains positively locked until the bullet has left the muzzle, the action not being of the blow-back type. This prevents shell head blowouts and breech escape of powder gas.

The action is "hammerless," the hammer being completely enclosed in a solid breech, insuring safety; ejection is at the side, another safety feature. An automatic grip safety prevents firing unless handle is grasped and trigger pulled; this permits carrying the pistol fully cocked with entire safety. A thumb-operated safety lever on the left side adds additional safety when the pistol is carried or is laid away; also serves as an indicator, the safety lever and the grip safety both

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**RAW
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We will send you
**a FREE
SAMPLE of
Hallam's Paste
Animal Bait**

This is an entirely new and much improved form of Animal bait—it is made in a paste form and put up in tubes (like tooth paste.)

While possessing all the excellent qualities of the liquid bait it lasts longer and is unexcelled for attracting all flesh eating animals, such as Mink, Fox, Wolf, Lynx, Skunk, etc.

It is easy to carry, economical and handy to use, (simply squeeze out enough for your set each time)—not affected by snow or rain.

You can have a FREE sample for the asking (enough for 2 or 3 sets).

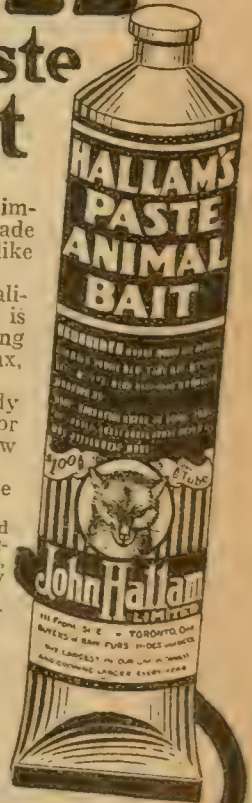
We will also send you Hallam's Trappers' and Sportsmen's Supply Catalogue, 48 pages, (in English and French) showing traps of all kinds, guns, rifles, ammunition, fish nets, shoe packs etc., at very moderate prices.

Hallam's Raw Fur News contains latest information on Raw Fur prices and market conditions, sent free on request.

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THE LARGEST IN OUR LINE IN CANADA



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Edition illustrating 300 beautiful
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NORTHERN ONTARIO

This vast new land of promise is one degree South of Winnipeg, and is big enough to include the six New England and four Middle States of the American Union.

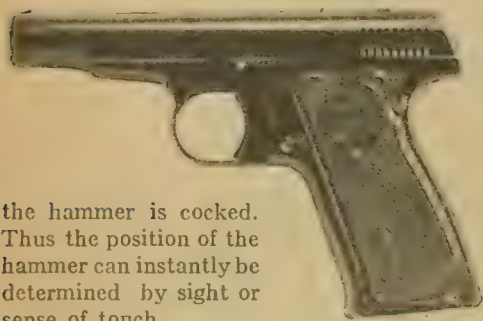
Aside from its immense resources in timber, mineral, waterpower, fish, game and scenery, NORTHERN ONTARIO contains millions of acres of fertile, arable land fit for mixed farming which may be had by returned soldiers and sailors in 160-acre blocks free; to others, 18 years and over, 50 cents per acre.

Already there are thousands of miles of colonization roads and steam railways spreading like a spider's web over a huge part of that immense forest-robed territory.

For free descriptive literature, write

H. A. MACDONELL, Director of Colonization, Parliament Buildings, TORONTO, CANADA
BENIAH BOWMAN, Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines.

showing whether or not the hammer is cocked: If the safety lever is in the forward position and cannot be raised, the hammer is down, but if it can be raised the hammer is cocked; if the grip safety is depressed, the hammer is down, but if it is out in its rearward position



the hammer is cocked. Thus the position of the hammer can instantly be determined by sight or sense of touch.

Taking out the magazine automatically locks the sear, so that if a live cartridge has been left in the chamber it cannot possibly be fired. This feature is valuable on account of added safety.

Advantages of great importance are the flat sighting rib and low sights of best design for accurate shooting under all conditions, lower thrust of recoil and more room to grasp the handle than in some other automatic pistols, due to action spring being located around the barrel (instead of below it), and superior balance and fit of the pistol in the shooter's hand. Great attention given to securing perfection of balance together with exactly the right shape of handle (by making a great many handgrasp impressions in wax), pitched at the right angle with relation to the line of the barrel and natural position of the hand and wrist when aiming correctly.

The new Remington should meet with popular favor, due to its high standard of material and workmanship.

THE NEW WINCHESTER .22 CAL. BOLT ACTION RIFLE

This new rifle was first introduced to small bore riflemen by twelve sample rifles that were shown at the National Matches at Caldwell, New Jersey. These rifles were given a thorough try-out on the small bore range and seemed to give splendid satisfaction.

General specifications; This rifle is fitted with a good heavy, round, slightly tapered 28 inch barrel. This barrel is as it should be, the most carefully designed part of the whole rifle. It is of exactly the right length, shape, taper and weight for use on an accurate repeating target rifle.

The rear sight is a folding leaf type of aperture peep which is mounted on the receiver. It has double micrometer mountings for both elevation and windage, both adjustable to "half-minutes" of angle, (ie., one click or unit of elevation equals one-half inch at 100 yards).

Some of the rifles shown at Caldwell had the flat top bar military type of front sight which is to be the standard; others were fitted with the hooded type of aperture. The rifle can be mounted with Winchester or other makes of telescopic sights.

The butt stock is of the military type with pistol grip. The face of the trigger is checked to give good contact and the trigger pull is similar to that of the best military rifles with a smooth, uniform release.

Its weight is exactly that of the Springfield service rifle (8¾ lbs.) Its length of pull and distance from butt to sling ring are identical.

In action also this rifle resembles its military "big brother." Thus it offers opportunity for splendid practice under similar conditions to the army weapon and at a very substantial reduction in the cost of ammunition.

The magazine holds five cartridges. A ten shot magazine is supplied for this gun if desired, which is an important advantage especially in the rapid fire events. After the first five shots a fresh magazine can be inserted in the same manner as a clip of high power service cartridges if the five cartridge magazine is used.

This rifle can be had either for the .22 short or .22 long rifle cartridge.

The magazine is inserted from the bottom of the receiver, and it is automatically ejected downwards by pressing a button on the right side of the gun.

The action of this rifle is strong, simple and exceptionally smooth. The first upward motion of the bolt handle retracts the firing pin. In no possible way can the firing pin touch a cartridge, or the gun be fired, until the handle is returned to its locked position.

The empty shells are withdrawn by a double extractor which grips both sides of the rim. The upward movement of the bolt handle withdraws the shell with a smooth, powerful leverage. The empty shells are ejected to the right of the receiver and in a forward direction. The entire movement of the bolt to the rear is about 1½ inches. The gun is cocked by the forward movement of the bolt.

The safety lock is similar to that of the Springfield and is located slightly to the left

SAVAGE



He's Charging— Stop Him!

HERE he comes—six hundred pounds of wounded, raving, fighting grizzly! Wicked, pointed head stretched out—evil little pig eyes glaring hate—long yellow tusks snapping in bloody foam—high shoulders rocking with effort as they drive the ten-inch hooked chisels of claws rippling through the moss—smash through the witch-hopples—*here he comes!*

Easy does it—take your time! The little .250-3000 Savage rises easily, smoothly, into line. Squeezing the pistol-grip—face frozen against the stock—seeing both sights—following that slaving chin with the bead—holding your breath and shutting down steadily with your trigger-finger. *Bang!*

Fingers racing, before the echo of the shot you're reloaded and ready again. But he's down. Crumpled end over end in his stride. That vicious little .37 grain pointed bullet, traveling 3,000 feet per second, smashed through his jaw, shivered his neck vertebrae to splinters, and splashed them through his lungs. Never knew what struck him—dead when he hit the ground!

Only seven pounds of rifle—the .250-3000 Savage. Six shots—in two seconds, if you need them that fast—and each of them with a gilt-edge target accuracy that would hit the 800 yard military bullseye, and punch enough to slam through half-inch steel boilerplate at a hundred yards. Solid breech hammerless, with checked extra-full pistol-grip and forearm and corrugated steel shotgun buttplate and trigger. See it at your dealer's—he can supply it. For complete description, write us.

SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION

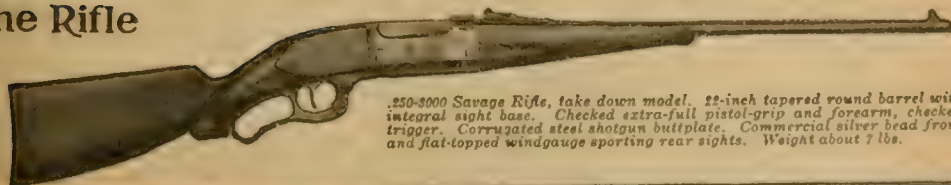
SHARON, PA.

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Executive and Export Offices, 50 Church Street, N. Y. C.

The Rifle



.250-3000 Savage Rifle, take down model. 22-inch tapered round barrel with integral sight base. Checked extra-full pistol-grip and forearm, checked trigger. Corrugated steel shotgun buttplate. Commercial silver bead front and flat-topped windgauge sporting rear sights. Weight about 7 lbs.

of the bolt. When the safety is on all tension is removed from the sear and the bolt and firing pin are locked. When the safety is thrown off the sear re-engages in such a way that an accidental discharge is impossible.

The bolt is dismounted for cleaning by an ingenious and simple method. When the action is open a strong pull on the trigger draws the sear below the surface of the bolt runway allowing the bolt to be withdrawn. The receiver is cut away, giving plenty of finger room, so that the cartridge can be easily inserted when using the rifle as a single loader. This avoids jamming of the cartridges.

About the only possible criticism of the rifle seems to be that in designing the stock, more attention should have been paid to appearance. A well designed, finely checkered, full pistol grip, like that furnished on the .250 Savage, without the shad belly of the Savage stock, would have been quite an improvement in appearance. It would also have made the rifle cost more and the rifle is so well made at the present time that it will be rather expensive without any more additions.

This new rifle is designed for the use of the expert small bore target and game shot who is willing to pay the price of a good, heavy, extremely accurate weapon, and should not be confused with the cheap single shot bolt action rifles that have been made for years by the same firm.

THE .22 LONG RIFLE MODEL 1890 WINCHESTER.

This old reliable and well known popular model of gallery rifle can now be obtained in .22 long rifle calibre, fitted with a 24 inch octagon barrel and regular open or special target sights can be used on it.

This will undoubtedly prove a very popular type of light repeating rifle for those who like a pump action, top ejecting hammer action type of weapon.

THE MODEL 1912 WINCHESTER 12 GAUGE TRAP SHOTGUN WITH VENTILATED RAISED RIB.

The Model 1912 Winchester Repeating shotgun is about to be put out in a special trap grade equipped with raised ventilated

matted rib. This addition will add one of the most important refinements of the single barrel trap gun to this well-known repeater.

THE NEW SAVAGE .22 BOLT ACTION REPEATER.

The Savage .22 Repeater has been on the market for about six months and no doubt many who will read this have already used it.

The general specifications are as follows: It is made with a 25 inch round tapered barrel fitted with a very broad flat top front sight which is one-tenth inch wide at the top. The rear sight is of the aperture type and is mounted on the receiver. By an ingenious arrangement, the rear sight may be taken off and screwed onto the barrel in front of the receiver for use when the rifle is used for target work in matches where the sight must be located in front of the firing pin. This sight is adjustable to minutes of angle (which equals one-inch at 100 yards).

The barrel is made with unusually wide lands. A feature that is claimed to result in greater accuracy.

The rifle is fitted with a full length military type stock. The stock is oil finished and is fitted with full sized sling swivels.

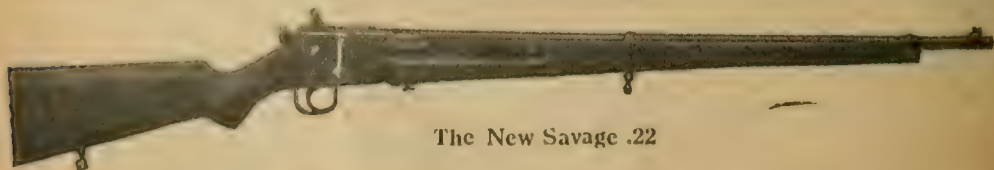
The adjustable box magazine holds five cartridges.

The bolt carries a double striker so that the cartridge is struck at two places on the rim at one time which reduces the chance of misfires.

The rifle weighs about seven pounds. It balances well and sells at the very reasonable price of about \$23.00 in Canada. This is the same price that is asked for the 5¼ pound repeating .22 Calibre rifles. It is the only bolt action .22 Calibre rifle made in America that sells at that price. This rifle bridges the gap between the 5¼ lb. repeaters and the 9 to 10 lb. heavy single shot target rifles.

It is not a boy's size rifle but is intended for serious work.

The principle disadvantages of the rifle as they appear from practical use of it are that it is a little bit light for the very finest target shooting. For this purpose the rear sight should be adjustable to half minutes of angle which, however, is not required for hunting.

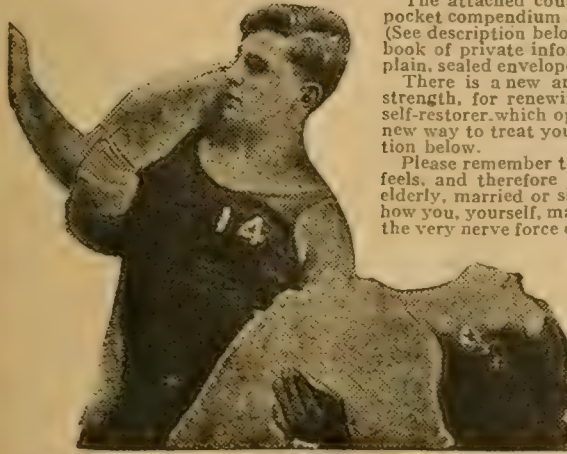


The New Savage .22

FREE TO MEN

Would You Like To Be a Strong, Husky,
Manly Fellow Once More?

New Method Without Drugs



COURAGE NEVER FORSAKES THE MANLY MAN

The attached coupon entitles you to one illustrated copy of my pocket compendium and guide for the self-restoration of lost strength. (See description below.) Upon hearing from you, this valuable little book of private information for men will be sent by return mail in plain, sealed envelope. Please call or write to-day.

There is a new and marvellous method for restoring lost man by strength, for renewing vigor, which every man should know of, a self-restorer which operates without the use of drugs or medicines, a new way to treat yourself for your ills and weaknesses. See description below.

Please remember that a man is not one day older than he actually feels, and therefore no matter what your age, if you are young or elderly, married or single, large or small, if I can show you, reader, how you, yourself, may actually add to your system, nerves and blood the very nerve force or vigor which may have been drained away, and

which is necessary to make you strong, vigorous and capable again, then I have shown you the real secret of perpetual strength, and how you can again be filled with vigor, and again be just as powerful in your influence, and just as thoroughly manly in your capacity as the biggest, fullest-blooded, most successful fellow of your acquaintance.

The new self-treatment for the restoration of manly strength, to which I refer above, is a little light-weight VITALIZING Appliance of my invention, which is now meeting with a tremendous demand, and being used by men everywhere all over the world. This little VITALIZER, weighing only several ounces, is comfortably buckled on the body and worn all

night. It is so small and so compact that even a room-mate would not suspect that you were wearing it. If, however, this VITALIZER is small in size, it is not small in power, for it generates tangible FORCE, which can be measured on scientific instruments a POWER which I call VIGOR or NERVE ENERGY, and it sends this marvellous FORCE into your blood, organs and nerves while you sleep. All you have to do is to lead a decent, manly man's life, free from excesses and dissipation, then use the VITALIZER, nothing more. If this is followed out and the VITALIZER does for you what these others say it does for them, then all the pain or weakness will disappear from the small of your back—possibly from the first night's use—and you will be restored to a strong, vigorous, manly, capable man, without a single ache, pain or weakness. Please remember, I am not asking you to buy one of these VITALIZERS, but merely request you to first send for the free book described below, a section of which is devoted to an explanation of this VITALIZER, and gives you its whole wonderful story, so that you may know what intelligent young and elderly men everywhere are saying about it.

This Is the Book You Get Free

My 86-page illustrated booklet (pocket size) was compiled by me to answer fully and correctly those questions which are asked privately by any man needing new strength and who seeks personal advice pertaining to the ailments and weaknesses he wishes to overcome. The book, fully illustrated, with photo reproduction, contains much that a single or married man should know. It also fully describes my VITALIZER and tells how you may secure one to use in your own case, should you decide you want to use one. Remember, the book is sent absolutely free in plain sealed envelope. Why not write for a copy to-day? Satisfaction guaranteed in every case.

R. G. SANDEN CO., 140 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs—Please forward me your Book, as advertised, free, sealed.

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Also the front sight should be made one-half its present width which I believe the manufacturers intend to do in the future. The rifle is a little unhandy to use as a single loader due to the closed-in receiver. The rifle ejects to the right side. The bolt may be removed from the receiver for cleaning the barrel from the breech by holding back on the trigger and then pulling the bolt straight back and out of the receiver. This rifle is evidently intended to fill the demand for a Bolt Action .22 Cal. repeating rifle that must sell at a reasonable price.

THE STEVENS .22 CALIBER TARGET PISTOL.

The latest Stevens is the No. 10 pistol. The handle or grip of this weapon is shaped like that of an automatic pistol, for instance like the shape of the .22 Colt Automatic.

The barrel is of the tip-up style and is eight inches long. The sights are a bead front sight and an open rear sight that is



Stevens
.22 Calibre Pistol

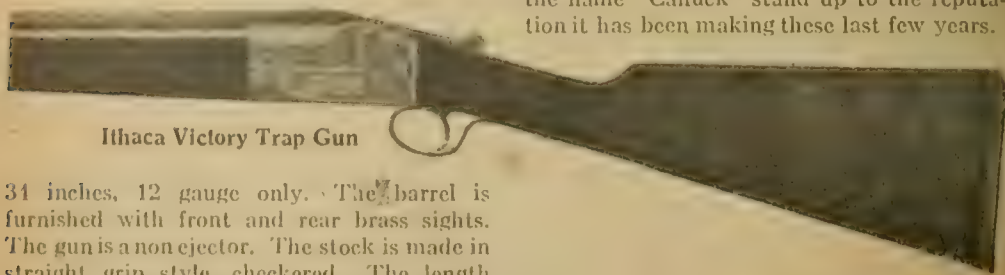
made with a square notch. They are adjustable for both elevation and windage. The inter-sight distance is $9\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

The frame is blued and the stocks are of hard rubber. The new weapon weighs $2\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. and sells for about \$20.00. The Stevens Co. have not made any pistols for several years and this latest addition of their well known line will fill a long delayed want. The new pistol is a beautiful, well-finished, little weapon.

THE ITHACA VICTORY TRAP GUN

This latest Ithaca product is a single barrel trap gun designed to produce a single barrel gun of quality at the lowest possible price.

General specifications: Length of barrel,



Ithaca Victory Trap Gun

34 inches, 12 gauge only. The barrel is furnished with front and rear brass sights. The gun is a non ejector. The stock is made in straight grip style, checkered. The length

of pull is $14\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The drop at comb is $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches and $1\frac{1}{8}$ inches, at the heel. No variations from these figures. The stock is fitted with a rubber recoil pad. The frame, top lever, trigger plate and fore end iron are line engraved. This gun is made with the usual Ithaca beaver tail type of fore end, and is bolted in the usual Ithaca manner. It is priced at about \$65.

THE .22 CALIBRE "CANUCK" MODEL COOEY.

The .22 Calibre "Canuck" model, is manufactured by the H. W. Cooley Machine & Arms Co., Toronto, Can. It is single shot, chambered to take B.B. .22 short, long or long rifle. Turn bolt action, take down model, special safety device prevents accidental discharge when loading or from rough handling afterwards. Special eight grooved rifling which gives more driving force to bullet, less trajectory, greater penetration.

Butt plate pressed steel. Nicely finished one piece stock with full pistol grip that just fits. Heavy steel trigger guard. Assembling screw fitted for sling. Barrel gracefully tapered, made from the best procurable barrel steel which has been approved and tested by the Canadian Department of Militia and Defence.

Bolt can be instantly removed for cleaning which gives an absolutely clear vision through the barrel with no obstructions which is of the utmost importance on a .22 calibre rifle. The entire rifle is machined from the solid steel, no castings of any description are used. Military straight tang sight on front. Military V cut into aperture on rear. Length of barrel and receiver $22\frac{1}{2}$ inches, length between sights 17 inches, length of assembled rifle 34 inches, weight $3\frac{3}{4}$ lbs.

A durable cleaning rod is supplied with each rifle. The parts are all machined, interchangeable, browned and hardened by methods that will meet the most exacting of critics.

These rifles have been shot with and against test rifles of international fame and more than proved their success as a rifle that will make the name "Canuck" stand up to the reputation it has been making these last few years.

The Moose

All Canada is the natural home of the "King" of Canada's big game, but New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba afford the best moose hunting.

There are two methods followed in moose hunting—"calling" and "still hunting." During the rutting season the first method is the one usually followed, but there is more satisfaction in tracking. Absolute silence is the one great essential in still hunting and stalking must be done "up wind."

The tracks of a bull moose can be readily distinguished from those of the cow. The former are rounded and blunt—the cow's long and pointed.

During the winter, moose gather on the hardwood ridges between cedar and spruce swamps, through which they make beaten lanes. A "yard" sometimes contains twenty to forty animals.

Opinions differ as to the most suitable cartridge for moose hunting. Choose one with shocking power back of it and be sure the big "D" trade-mark is on the box.



DOMINION Ammunition

is always dependable for moose and other big game. Users of 30-30 rifles should look for the yellow label on the back of the box—it insures more speed, flatter trajectory and greater shocking power.

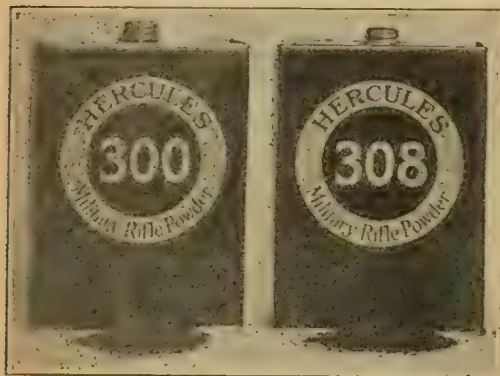
Dominion Cartridge Co.
Limited
Montreal, Canada

25



NEW HERCULES POWDERS

The Hercules Powder Company has produced the only new powders marketed during the last year by American manufacturers. These are two military rifle powders known as Hercules No. 300 and Hercules No. 308.



Hercules No. 300 is the latest progressive burning high power rifle powder. It is designed to produce less muzzle flash and blast than are developed by earlier types of progressive burning powders. It is non-erosive, clean burning, accurate, and produces very high velocities with low chamber pressures.

This powder is adapted to use in the various high power Winchester, Remington U.M.C., Savage, Marlin, Stevens and Ross Sporting rifles and to Ross, Springfield and Krag military rifles. The low pressures developed by it add considerably to its value for reloading as the absence of high pressures means that there will be very little trouble from sticking cartridges.

Hercules No. 308 is the latest development of the uncoated type of nitro-cellulose powders. This powder is especially adapted to fine target shooting in military rifles like the .303 British and the .30-1906 and is also used in many of the sporting cartridges.

Leaflets giving the ballistics and charges for the different loads are being furnished by the manufacturer. The photograph reproduced herewith shows the type of canisters in which these powders are being retailed.

These new powders were first advertised at the National Matches where they attracted considerable attention.

Among the new goods that the writer hopes to see in 1920 are .250-130-2800, and .276-150-3000 bolt action sporting rifles weighing eight pounds and fitted with 25 or 26 inch barrels, and a new micrometer peep sight adjustable for both elevation and windage mounted on the striker.

Near Accidents in Deer Shooting and How to Avoid Them

W. L. DECKER

EVERY hunting season we hear or read of many shooting accidents. Some men shoot at what they thought was a deer, others were careless in handling firearms, some didn't know it was loaded while a few shot at a deer but did not think where the bullet was going to land eventually.

During the many years I have hunted deer, with different parties, we have never had an accident but have had many close calls and many times they were avoided by using a little judgment and by not being too quick.

There is nothing more regrettable than to have one of a party accidentally shot by a hunting companion and as often happens he is shot by a very close friend. Many a hunting party has been broken up by just such accidents. It can never be repaired and the one who fires the shot seldom gets entirely over it. He usually gives up hunting altogether and frequently ends his days in a

lunatic asylum. Do you wish it to happen to you? No! of course not. Well, read on. I am going to relate some of my experiences and some of the experiences of others, all of which have come under my notice, in the hope that you, seeing our mistakes, or near mistakes, may profit thereby and so avoid one of those awful calamities, a shooting accident.

Some years ago, two of the boys, great friends and companions on many a hunt, were setting the dogs in what we call "the big bush." They had started in at different points, each taking a couple of dogs. One of them started a deer which disappeared over a small ridge. He ran to the top of the ridge to get a shot and, seeing what he thought was the deer in the thicket he fired. Imagine his surprise and fright when he heard his chum call "What the hang are you shooting at?" He told him he was shooting at a deer, and to prove it he pointed out the fresh tracks.



JAEGER FINE PURE WOOL

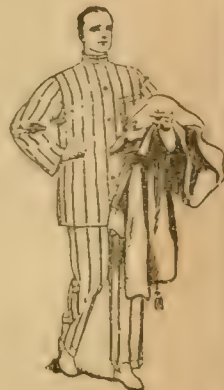
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DRY FLIES—As made by us for the late F. M. Halford Esq., for whom we also made rods, etc.

GUT CASTS—The Anglo-American tapered mist color No. 1 medium, No. 2 fine, as made for Mr. Halford.

Stout to 4X Ditto, Ditto to 3X, Stout Lake to fine, Ditto to medium, Ex-stout to MEDIUM, Ex-stout to stout, 6 ft.

We will be pleased to quote prices on receipt of inquiry.

Hardy Bros., Manufactory Alnwick, England

THE GREAT ENGLISH FIELD says, "We must never forget that it is to HARDY Bros. of Alnwick we owe the supremacy we have achieved as Rod makers."

It was a long time afterwards before he told his chum the truth. After his chum left he went back to see where his bullet had hit and found it lodged in a tree, just beyond where his chum had stood and although it missed it must have been by inches only. Remember there are other things than deer in the bush so always be sure, never fire at a supposed deer. Be certain it's a deer, then burn powder as fast as you like.

I placed the men on their stands one day and then went on further for a still hunt and to try and head off anything that happened to break through the lines. I knew where all the boys were and thought that I was the only hunter in that "neck of the woods." I was going along an old trail and started a deer which immediately disappeared down the trail but apparently stopped just out of sight. I walked along cautiously, when all at once, I heard what I thought was a deer, snort and start towards me from just off the trail. I could see the bushes move and could distinguish something brown but could see no head, but all at once up it went into plain view. It was a man. He was not looking in my direction, so I lowered my rifle and spoke to him. He doesn't know to this day how near he came to "going west." He wore a brown hunting coat and the snort I heard was when he "blew his nose." That is once it paid me to make sure. Never wear a brown hunting coat or anything that resembles a deer in color. I would recommend a bright red because it is a color which cannot be mistaken for game and I have found by experience that deer, especially the big ones, are not afraid of it. It seems to make a big buck angry and they will snort and paw around before they run and often give the hunter a chance for a good shot.

One day H— was sitting on his runway with a brown duck coat on for warmth. One of the dog setters E— came through the bush. H— heard the brush crack and saw something move. He swung around and levelled his rifle. E— noticed the brown object move and also raised his rifle but neither fired but worked around to get a better view, when each discovered he was looking into the muzzle of the other fellow's gun. Had either of them been too quick there would have been a different story to tell as both men were good shots.

I was standing on a high rock overlooking a small lake when I noticed a deer swimming the lake and started to shoot. E— who was standing on a low rock on the opposite

side of the lake, also started to shoot. We had each fired several shots when all at once one of E—'s bullets struck a rock beside me. It had glanced off the water.

Again one of the boys, coming into camp, started a deer in the edge of the clearing and immediately fired at it. He missed the deer but hit the camp. Luckily no one happened to be in the path of the bullet.

Always be careful and never fire in the direction or nearly in the direction of any person or of any building. Even a small twig will cause a bullet to glance "you don't know where." Another thing to be careful of is when you want to "sight in" your rifle around camp. Shoot into a hill if possible. More than once I have had to "hit for a thicker bunch of timber" when bullets fired at a target were coming too close to be healthy.

Sometimes men are shot for bear. An instance of this happened some years ago in a hunting party who were camped not far from us. One of the men had shot a bear a few days previously, so when he heard the brush crack in a thick tangle of alders and saw a black object move he fired. It was his chum. His aim was good but luckily the bullet only grazed the scalp and beyond leaving a scar and a bald spot, no permanent injury resulted. His chum was wearing a black mackinaw coat. Black is a poor color, so be careful.

Carelessness in handling firearms is responsible for many accidents. One of the boys after shooting a deer leaned his Winchester against a tree while he and others proceeded to hang him up. The rifle was knocked down and discharged. No damage resulted. He had apparently either let his rifle cocked or had let the hammer down tight on the firing pin. I am inclined to think it was the latter for I have known of other similar cases.

Three men were walking along a trail. The head man was carrying his Winchester under his arm pointing forward. He stumbled and the hammer hit a tree and the bullet tore up the ground ahead. He had let the hammer down tight on the firing pin. If your gun is a hammer gun always carry it with the hammer at half cock.

Never point your gun at even a dog unless you want to kill him. A chum of mine shot his own dog that way. The dog was running across a field some distance away. He said, "Wouldn't that make a peach of a shot?" He levelled his rifle and "bang." He had a dead dog. He had a hammerless rifle and

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thought the "safety was on." Never depend on the so-called "safety."

A man was showing his new hammerless rifle to some friends. He put a cartridge in the chamber, shoved in the safety and said "now it is safe." He pulled the trigger and the thing "went off." He sold his new rifle and bought a hammer gun.

The camp was without lights due to the carelessness of another man. He came into camp early after the hunt and after pumping the shells out of his Winchester and pumping several times extra to make sure, he then levelled his rifle on an oil can, which one of the boys, coming from town, had set down while he went to look for birds. He pulled the trigger and the oil was lost. A shell had stuck in the magazine but came up when he closed the action the last time. I have known this to happen more than once.

One of the boys asked me to look at his rifle to see why the action worked so hard. I took it down and pumped the action several times when all at once out came a loaded cartridge. Be careful even with an empty rifle.

Always be careful where you point your rifle when loading, unloading, cocking or letting down the hammer or even when carry-

ing your rifle. It is always the unexpected that happens. Your thumb may slip off the hammer or you may accidentally touch the trigger.

Never bring a loaded rifle into camp. You may forget it is loaded or another man may pick it up thinking it is his own which he knows he did unload and often with disastrous results. Some visitor may get curious to see how it works. It may be discharged when you go to unload it or clean it.

A loaded revolver is also a dangerous thing in a camp. There was one which hung on a nail, by the trigger guard, at the head of one of the bunks, for most of one season, in one of our camps. A couple of the boys started to scuffle when one of them backed against the revolver on the wall and it was discharged. The bullet almost went through the upright post of the bunk behind which was a man's head. The revolver was removed and kept unloaded thereafter.

Always be careful with firearms, loaded or unloaded, in working order or not in working order. You have heard the saying that: "A gun is dangerous without either lock, stock, or barrel." It must be so for I once heard of a youngster who blew his head off by biting a cartridge.

A German Luger

I noted the article concerning a German Luger by P. G. Peerless, Esq., in the August issue.



In his article he stated that he thought that the square shaped loop, marked figure

four in his drawing, is for a lanyard. He also mentioned that some people thought that this loop was for attaching a stock. As you can see by the photograph herewith shown, the stock fits into a groove on the end of the butt and when not in use is strapped on the side of the black leather holster by means of the straps hanging onto the stock, which you can see in the picture.

The stock is a very cheaply made affair being made from some kind of hardwood. I have heard it said that this pistol may be used as a machine gun by having a belt of cartridges run up through the pistol grip.

Queries and Answers

Removing Rust from Inside of Rifle Barrel
Editor, *Guns and Ammunition*, Dept.

Can you tell me how I could remedy my .22 rifle? The barrel of it is rusted and the shells will not eject. It is necessary to drive

them out with a cleaning rod.

Chambery, Sask. Fred Bloom.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry, either coal oil or Winchester Rust Remover are as

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In $\frac{1}{2}$, 1 and 2 pound tins. Whole—ground—pulverized—also
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kind of service and pleasure out of a Chestnut Canoe including every comfort and
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good as anything that I know to remove rust from the inside of the rifle barrel. I usually use the Winchester Rust Remover and give the barrel a thorough scrubbing. Then I clean the barrel thoroughly with stronger ammonia to remove any excess residue in the barrel that might cause rust. Then I dry out the barrel thoroughly and give it a heavy coat of Winchester Gun Grease or Vaseline and set the rifle away.

If your barrel is either very badly rusted or if the chamber has been badly burned by shooting shorts in the long rifle chamber, it is practically impossible to put it in good condition and in that case it would be necessary to purchase a new barrel.

Editor.

Prices of the Remington U. M. C. Rifles. *Editor, Guns and Ammunition, Dept.*

Will you kindly give me the prices of the Remington U. M. C. .22 Auto-loader and also of the Remington Single Shot Rifles.

G. W.

Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Reply—The Canadian prices for Remington U. M. C. rifles are as follows:

Model 16A	\$32.75 Auto Loader.
Model 12A	18.20 Repeater.
Model 4	11.00 Single Shot.
Model 6	7.60 Single Shot.

These rifles can be obtained from any of the large Canadian dealers such as John Hallam's, D. Pike, Lion Sporting Goods Company and other dealers of this type.

Editor.

Various Rifles Discussed.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition, Dept.

I like to read of the duck hunting expeditions and the deer hunting. Our club, was out for a two day's shoot and camping. We killed forty-nine between four of us. We expect to go out deer hunting in November.

I have a .30-30 Winchester. Do you think this is strong enough for deer?

Which do you think the best all-round gun for coyote and deer? Which do you think the best .22 calibre, namely, Marlin, Savage, Winchester or Remington (repeaters.)

Very truly yours,

Harvey Therriault,

Leduc, Alta.

In reply to your inquiry, the .30-30 Winchester would be very satisfactory for deer shooting. It would also make a very good coyote gun, but would not be as good for this purpose as a rifle having a flatter trajectory,

like the .250-3000 Savage, the .30-1906 Springfield or Winchester, or the .303 British when used with the Spitzer ammunition.

There is no appreciable difference between the Winchester, Savage, Marlin and the Remington Repeating .22 Cal. rifles, as all of them are very good.

Of the various makes and models, I would recommend the Savage Model 1914, the Marlin Model 1897, the Remington Model 12C, or the Winchester Model 1890 chambered for the long rifle cartridge as being the model best suited to your purpose.

Editor

Various Inquiries.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition, Dept.

As a reader of your most interesting department, I would thank you to answer the following questions:

1. I have heard that a repeater is less accurate, but have never been able to find out the reason. Is this so and if so what is the reason for it? Do any rifle clubs or associations bar a repeater from competition?

2. I have been contemplating purchasing a B.S.A. special .22 Cal. target rifle, which is now made in take down style. Does this feature cause the rifle to be less accurate than the solid frame, and if so why?

3. Is there any advantage in using hollow pointed bullets of .22 cal. for small game shooting? It would seem that these cartridges would be less accurate due to being less consistent in their passage in the air than the solid bullets. The greased variety of hollow pointed bullets usually have their noses filled with grease. Would this give them greater accuracy than the ungreased?

4. In ballistics given for .22 cartridges, I note that the long has the same amount of powder as the long rifle, yet they both have the same weight of bullet. Would not the bullet from the long cartridge travel faster, have a flatter trajectory and more energy and also greater accuracy than the bullet in the long rifle? I know from experience that this is not so, but why is it not so?

5. Why are open sights preferred to peep sights for hunting? Why are peep sights given preference for target work? Is it because they are slower to manipulate?

6. The trombone action is said to be faulty in accuracy because of the continually changing of the balance of the rifle. Does this have any effect on .22's and shotguns?

7. Do you know where I could secure a .22 Ross rifle in either sporting or cadet model?



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Coon, \$12.00 to \$3.50, no less than \$3.50.
Otter, \$40.00 to \$12.00, no less than \$12.00.
Fisher, \$120.00 to \$40.00, no less than \$40.00.
Beaver, \$40.00 to \$12.00, no less than \$12.00.
Weasel, \$3.00 to 75 cents, no less than 75 cents.
Marten, \$75.00 to \$10.00, no less than \$10.00.
Red Fox, \$40.00 to \$15.00, no less than \$15.00.
Muskrats, Western and Eastern, \$3.50 to \$1.00.
Wolf, \$25.00 to \$8.00, no less than \$8.00.
Cross Fox, \$125.00 to \$45.00, no less than \$45.00.
Lynx, \$35.00 to \$15.00, no less than \$15.00.

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8. Do you consider the new 12 gauge B.S.A. shotgun satisfactory?

W. N. Watson,

Calgary, Alberta.

Reply—The principle reason that a .22 repeater is usually less accurate than the single shot is because they are always chambered more loosely, this being necessary to prevent jams. Some of the later models of repeaters are chambered very closely and show splendid accuracy. I have heard that some of the English Rifle Associations do bar repeaters on the ground of the greater safety of the single shots, but I cannot give any instances from personal observation of where this was done. However, the user of the average .22 repeater would be foolish to compete with it against the more accurate and heavy target sighted single shots. The B.S.A. Martini No. 12 model is a thoroughly reliable target rifle and is just about the finest looking single shot that I have seen. This rifle was used by Capt. G. L. Watkyns in winning high individual average in the International Small Bore Match between England and United States, his aggregate score being higher than that of any other competitor on either the English or the United States team. I prefer a rifle that is not a take down, but the difference in accuracy becomes more noticeable after several years of use and is much less in a .22 rifle than it is in a high power rifle.

.22 cartridges loaded with hollow pointed bullets are about 100 per cent. more efficient for small game shooting than those loaded with solid bullets. I have done as good average shooting with some makes that were loaded with greased hollow pointed bullets as with any other type of ammunition. .22 cartridges that have the bullets greased are always more accurate than those that are not greased.

The bullet from the .22 long cartridge has a flatter trajectory at short range than that from the .22 long rifle but it also loses velocity faster. It is always less accurate than the .22 long rifle. The cartridge that has the greatest accuracy is not always the one with the highest velocity nor the greatest amount of energy.

Open sights are usually preferred for woods shooting because they can usually be gotten into action quicker than the peep sights, but they are never as accurate and are usually not as satisfactory for any kind of work as the Lyman type of tang peep sight.

I have not noticed any difference in ac-

curacy or grouping with either .22 repeaters or shotguns due to a change in the balance of the weapon due to having a different number of cartridges in the magazine, but I suppose there is a slight difference.

I do not know where you could secure a .22 Cal. Ross rifle, but you could do so through an advertisement inserted in *Rod and Gun*.

I have not as yet seen one of the 12 gauge B.S.A. shotguns, but suppose they will be made with the same care that is used in making the other products turned out by this company.

Editor.

Cartridge for the .303 British.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition, Dept.

In the August number of *Rod and Gun*, I notice where you refer to cartridges for the .303 British loaded with the 174 grain soft point Spitzer bullet.

You will oblige me very much by informing me where I can obtain some.

Yours truly,

J. J. Murray

Barrys Bay, Ontario.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry, if you can refer to the August issue of *Rod and Gun* you will notice that I spoke of the 174 grain Spitzer bullet loaded in the .303 British Cartridge but did not refer to a 174 grain soft point Spitzer bullet.

The only way to make a dum-dum bullet out of this cartridge would be to file off the extreme point of the bullet until the lead just shows. This will make a very satisfactory game-killing missile. It will not be necessary to do very much filing to expose the lead and do not overdo the matter.

Just as soon as possible, I intend to try this out to see how much it affects the accuracy but do not believe it will affect it enough to amount to anything for game shooting. At any rate, many sportsmen use this method of making soft point bullets out of full metal cased ones and they produce quite sufficiently deadly wounds on the game that they hit.

You can obtain these cartridges loaded with 174 grain bullets from either the Dominion Cartridge Company, the Remington Arms U. M. C. Company, or the Winchester Repeating Arms Company,

Editor.

A Rifle For The Oba Lake District.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition, Dept.

The only fault that I find with *Rod and Gun* is that it doesn't come often enough. I wish

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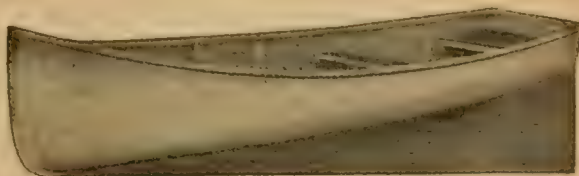
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it would come every week. I can't tell you anything about hunting or fishing from here as we have no game to talk about. They say we have a few rabbits but I have seen none for a month. I hope that things will run along as they are now and I will be back in the North this winter.

Will a .30-30 Winchester be large enough for the game around Oba Lake, Ontario, Canada. If not what caliber would you advise.

Yours truly,

R. L. Hagen,

Texarkana, Texas.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry, concerning a suitable rifle for use in the Oba Lake District, I would suggest that you try a Winchester or Ross rifle that uses the .303 British cartridge as this cartridge would be about the type that you would require for game in this district and you could obtain the ammunition for it up there without any difficulty.

Your .30-30 would be a good rifle for use in this locality but I would suggest that you use something more powerful as you will be likely to find moose and bear in that locality.

Editor.

The .351 Winchester Automatic.

Editor, Guns and Amunition, Dept.

Will you please give me a few particulars about the .351 Winchester Automatic? Is this a good rifle for deer in a country where there is a lot of brush and small timber? I have read your Guns and Ammunition column for several months but have never seen very much about this rifle.

Yours truly,

C. W. J.

Gravenhurst, Ont.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry, the .351 Winchester Automatic would be a splendid rifle for your purpose and would be about as good an automatic weapon as you could secure for your use. The cartridge is well adapted to killing deer in the brush, but as you undoubtedly know is not adapted to long range shooting. As you will require a rifle that is a good killer and will deliver a large number of shots in a small space of time, I would recommend that you try this rifle for your purpose.

Editor.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition, Dept.

Where can I obtain a Smith & Wesson or Colt revolver in Canada?

If I cannot obtain the model I want in

Canada, can I import one from the United States by paying a duty?

Where can I obtain a .405 Calibre model 1895 Winchester in Canada?

D. Goldring,

Toronto, Ont.

Reply—Replying to your communication, I would suggest that you try the D. Pike Company, 123 King St. East, Toronto, or John Hallam, Ltd., 953 Hallam Bldg., Toronto, who either have these goods on hand or will be glad to obtain them for you. If you cannot obtain them in Canada, I can see no reason why you could not import them from the States, in which case I would suggest that you try one of the New York City concerns, like Schoverling, Daly & Gales or Abercombie and Fitch Company.

Editor.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

Where can I purchase the .250-3000 Savage .87 grain Spitzer bullets?

Can they be bought in full metal cased or only in soft point style.

Is it necessary to get a special re-loading kit or will the regular .25-35 Ideal re-loading tools handle the pointed bullets?

Can Hercules Lightning Powder be bought in cans in Canada, and if so where?

Can the empty .25-35 cartridges be bought in Canada and where?

What is the velocity of the 33 Winchester trajectory at 200 yards and 300 yards? What is the muzzle energy in foot pounds?

W. M. Lyman,

Fassett, Quebec.

Reply—In reply to your request of October 5th, I do not know where you can obtain the 87 grain Spitzer bullets to reload cartridges for the .250-3000 Savage. You might be able to obtain some swaged bullets of this type from A. O. Niedner, 1 Beacon St., Malden, Mass.

As far as I know these bullets can only be purchased in soft point style. You cannot reload the 250-3000 Savage in the .25-35 Ideal tool but you will require a special tool for the 250-3000 cartridge.

Hercules Lightning powder can be obtained from T. W. Boyd & Son, Montreal. Lightning can be used in reloading the 25-35 or the .250-300. In the latter cartridge it is better adapted to use as a mid-range load than as a full charge.

You could very likely buy empty .25-35 cartridges from T. W. Boyd & Son or from

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The .33 Winchester cartridge has a standard muzzle velocity of 2056 F. S. with a muzzle energy of 1877 f. lbs. The 200 yard trajectory is approximately 6 inches, the 300 yard trajectory 16 inches. This cartridge can be loaded to obtain slightly higher velocities with increased energies by using progressive burning powders like Hercules No. 300 or Du Pont No. 16.

Editor.

Reboring a Ballard

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I have a Ballard Single Shot rifle fitted with both rim and center fire firing pins all in one. It weighs about $8\frac{1}{2}$ pounds and has a very thick octagon barrel with falling breech block like a Winchester. It has a Rocky Mountain Back Sight and a very fine front sight which was fitted by a local gunsmith. Now this rifle shoots high when I have the back sight lowered as much as possible. How can I remedy this defect? Someone told me to raise the front sight.

It is pitted near the chamber and therefore I don't believe it would pay to fit it with good sights. Could I have it bored to .32-30, .32-40 or .38 W. C. F. cartridges? Who would do this work and what would it cost? What sights would you then recommend for target, crow, hawk and chuck shooting?

I can purchase a .38 Rim Fire Ballard for \$1.50. The barrel is in good condition. The extractor is a push button located under the barrel. It is a Ballard make. Is it worth this price? How much is a double barrel Parker muzzle loader worth?

What do you think of the new 410 Winchester single barrel shotgun, price \$6.00 for use on crows, rats, squirrels and so forth?

I have a .22 Marlin Model 29 and it surely is some rifle for accuracy. I will send you targets sometime.

James H. Middleton,

Buffalo, N. Y.

Reply— You can correct the sight setting of your Ballard rifle either by using a higher front sight or a lower rear sight. I would suggest that you use a Lyman or Marble tang peep sight. You did not say what caliber your Ballard rifle is, but I can see no reason why it cannot be rebored to a larger calibre. Mr. A.W. Peterson, Denver, Colorado, could do this work for you. Mr. C. A.

Diller, Dayton, Ohio, could rebore this rifle or he could fit a rifled steel tube in the present barrel. His price for doing the work would be approximately five or six dollars.

For crow, hawk, and wood chuck shooting, I would recommend as first choice a good telescope sight equipped with the double micrometer Winchester mounting and as second choice I would suggest a small size gold bead front sight and a Lyman tang peep sight, preferably a double micrometer. The rifle should certainly be equipped with a wind gauge. Any Ballard rifle is worth \$1.50 just as a relic if for no other purpose, but I do not think much of the .38 rim fire cartridge for small game shooting. This rifle could be relined and changed to a different calibre.

I have never seen a Parker muzzle loader and do not know what it would be worth. The new 410 gauge Winchester shotgun is a nice little shotgun for the purpose that you speak of provided you do not expect to kill your game farther than about 25 yards. I think you will find that this shotgun sells for about \$25.00 instead of \$6.00.

Wants a More Powerful Winchester.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition, Dept.

I have been a constant reader of your interesting book for sometime and find it very instructive for the man that likes the outdoors.

I have just returned from a hunting trip from Northern Quebec and would like to ask your advice on a rifle. The one I have is a .35 Winchester Automatic, but I would like a rifle with a higher power. Could I have my gun bored so as to take the .351 high power cartridge?

R. Spruce,

St. Henry, Montreal.

*Reply—*In reply to your inquiry in which you desire a more powerful rifle than the .35 Winchester Automatic, it would not be possible for you to rebore this rifle for the .351 cartridge. Your best plan would be to sell the rifle and purchase either a .351 or a .401 calibre Winchester Automatic, either of which are considerably more powerful and both I believe will answer your purpose very well. In case you want a more powerful rifle than either of these, I would suggest a .35 or a .405 calibre model 1895 Winchester which will amply take care of your big game hunting so far as power is concerned.

Editor.

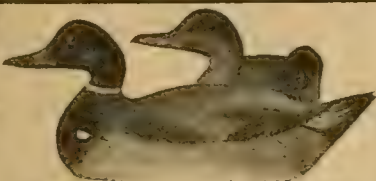
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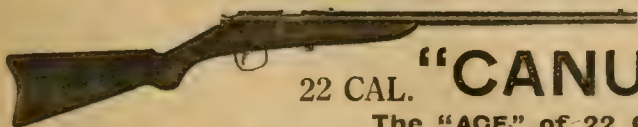
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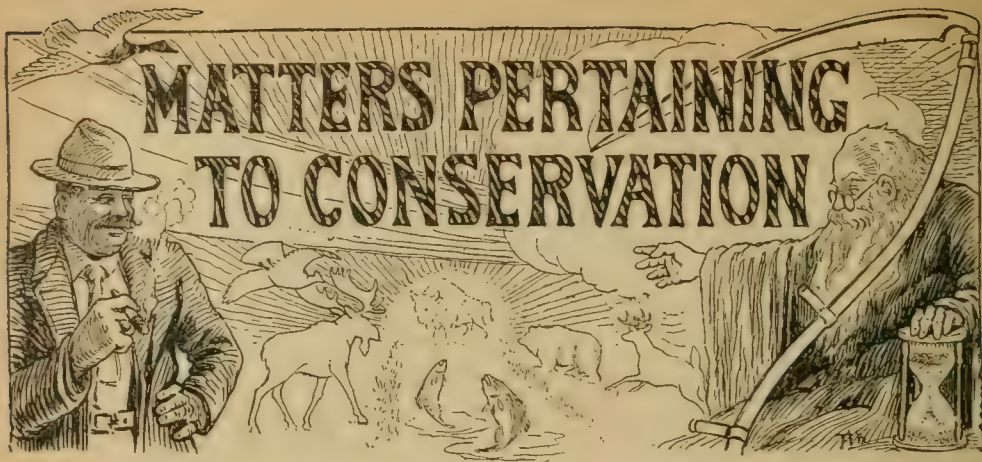
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Artificial Feed Beds and Migratory Birds Conventions Act

E. R. KERR

Secretary Essex County Wild Life Conservation Association (Affiliated with American Game Protective Association)

YEARS ago when ducking lands were plentiful, hunters and trappers few, wild rice flourishing everywhere, leasing and purchase of marshlands by private interests and heavy artificial feeding unknown and unthought of, migratory wild fowl air or flight lanes were exceedingly well defined and established throughout North America, and all law-abiding citizens partook of their untarnished heritage in a moderate and conscientious bag due to the splendid and equalized spread in flight at the terminals off the main routes.

As years rolled by, certain interests gradually acquired ownership and control of many of the most important and ideal haunts of migratory wild fowl and fur-bearing animals; political influence, patronage and factional enterprise leased and sold out at a pittance the wild fowl, fur-bearing animal retreats and shooting grounds belonging to the people. The protection of these acquired lands from trespass by ordinary men and plain citizens, out on the lap of nature for a legitimate day of recreation and sport with the gun, was an exceptionally expensive undertaking and in lieu of other adequate revenues to reward services rendered by care-takers and political game wardens, the fur resources of a commonwealth were exploited and sacrificed to selfishness and greed. So-called "sportsmen, controlling lands, who seemingly knew little or nothing about the habits and requirements of various forms of wild life and their haunts

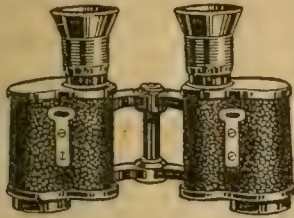
and cared little or nothing about their careful conservation for posterity, periodically invited to their special hunting lodges the political avenues of favor and special privilege after first telegraphing ahead to their slaves to hasten and slaughter two to three hundred ducks for that memorable feast and occasion and, thus, reduce to a minimum the flocks of migratory wild fowl.

Steadily and surely an increased, and increasing, population and real-estate activities, designing speculators and profiteers demanded of the innocent legislators more lands upon which to serve the humanitarian purpose of increased foods and other agricultural needs of the hour which, in the majority of cases, resulted in sour and mucky soils unfit for any economic purposes, with the net result that numerous public ducking grounds and valuable wild fowl haunts succumbed to drainage and point of the plow.

During the past few years, a universal slumbering period, a steady cannonading, devastating and unlimited bag ushered in a panic in the form of serious depletion of all forms of migratory wild fowl and as a consequence conservationists, game protectors, naturalists, ornithologists zoologists, photographers and millions of sportsmen from near and far protested the serious decrease taking place in Canada and the United States, traceable to those demoralizing influences, "spring shooting," too liberal bag, non-enforcement of the laws, automobile and pump gun and

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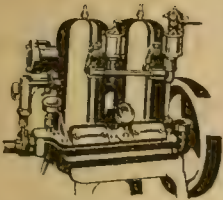
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continuous slaughter on artificial feed beds of private interests.

Two or three years ago a number of thoughtful persons, well-meaning and broad-minded citizens of Canada and the United States formulated the Migratory Birds Conventions Act and since adoption by the two countries of the treaty all agree that it has done much to save on a continuing basis the remnant of migratory wild fowl and actually increase the flocks but, to where? On the lands hunted and shot over by ordinary men and plain citizens, dependent upon a just and open policy, on which no domestic grains were utilized to attract the flocks, no marked increase is notable but a substantial increase is evident and admitted on all the artificial feed beds of private interests who, seemingly ignore the ethics of sportsmanship and have "hushed up" reports for publication. These privileged men are little interested in public ducking grounds and less concerned in wide life conservation and more game for the people. Has the treaty done anything to increase migratory wild fowl over a wild area in behalf of the populace as a whole? Has the treaty attempted to curtail the tremendous toll on private lands or reduce the enormous waste in corn, wheat, barley, oats, peas, beans and other domestic grains now so sorely needed to combat the rising cost of living? We can, without fear of contradiction, answer these questions with an emphatic "No."

It is mutually admitted and agreed that air or flight lanes from the southern United States, through the northern United States breeding and rearing grounds on to Canadian haunts are not altered to any serious extent but when we look carefully over the branches off the main routes we observe an extraordinary decrease in the number of branches or spreads and trace the remaining ones to the marshlands and artificial feed beds controlled and cautiously guarded by "private interests."

The Migratory Birds Conventions Act, it is universally presumed and believed, is aimed to increase the flocks of migratory wild fowl and conserve the remaining haunts in behalf of the populace as a whole and with a view to accurately determining increase and decrease over a wide and extensive area. At the present juncture the Act, well-intentioned though it may be, can serve "private interests" only.

Constant and over-trapping of muskrats on public and private lands has resulted in a steady increase on flag, blue-joint, bull-rushes

and many injurious grasses which have stagnated and suffocated and, in numerous well known cases, actually killed-out the yellow grain "wild rice." Private interests with bulging purses conceived the utilization of domestic grains to decoy and retain to their ponds and beds a substantial flight of migratory wild fowl. The constantly increasing value of muskrat skins will exterminate this natural fur resource, public asset and utility and utterly degenerate and destroy wild fowl haunts unless the governments of Canada and the United States jointly and immediately assume control over them by acquiring or re-claiming by amicable means or expropriation proceedings all marshlands now in private lands, protect for a period of two years, where deemed necessary, the remaining fur-bearing animals and eventually establish, here and there, migratory wild fowl retreats and public ducking grounds. When trappings are deemed advisable to curtail depredations or over-flow to agricultural or other lands these should be conducted officially, the skins sold at public auction and the proceeds go into the public coffers in the interests of agriculture and future sport with the gun. In this way only can the governments of Canada and the United States cautiously and essentially conserve for the present and future generations and limit the destruction of valuable economic resources, reduce and exterminate noxious growth on marshlands and increase, by air and water to the rootings of, and thus regenerate, wild rice on public ducking grounds and sanctuary areas for migratory wild fowl. Caution to see that there are adequate adjoining lands to which the birds will migrate to natural environments and requirements in behalf of open sport with the gun should be taken previous to the declaration of an specified area as an "absolute" wild fowl sanctuary. Where National Parks or game and bird sanctuaries for insectivorous and game birds, game and fur-bearing animals are set aside adjoining lands unattractive to migratory wild fowl, limited duck shooting under special permit to all law-abiding citizens should be provided.

There seemingly is immediate need for incorporation in the Migratory Birds Conventions Act of certain beneficial and essential clauses. There evidently is need for a new system and policy of distribution by widely sweeping measures. Canada and the United States should immediately and jointly incorporate in the treaty a bag limit of fifteen per day and adjust to one hundred to each per-



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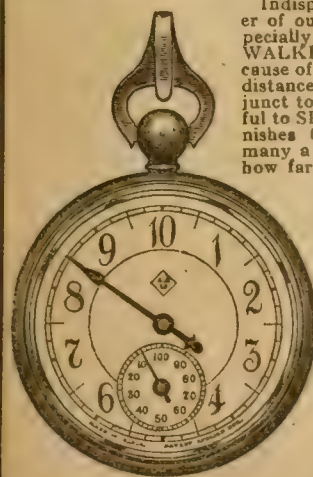
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son an international seasonal kill of ducks: stipulate four shooting days each week during the open season (Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday): prohibit artificial feeding and proceed to acquire by amicable means or expropriation proceedings all marshlands and ponds now in private hands in behalf of essential sanctuary areas and public ducking grounds. Canada being the breeding grounds for four-fifths of migration north readily realizes her responsibilities and obligations and will not hesitate, and all Canadian sportsmen have implicit faith in their brother American sportsmen to co-operate in a system and policy of wild life and public benefit which, through enforcement by Federal "sportsmen" officers, will add strength and provide wholesome teeth to the treaty in the interests of an inevitable substantial increase in migration over a wide area equal, we trust, to that of the days of fifty years ago.

Canada has not been slow to grasp this perilous situation. The muskrats on Point Pelee which, under the old system of licensing the trapping rights, became nearly extinct and as a result the area itself seriously degenerated, now a Dominion Park and Bird Sanctuary under the jurisdiction of the Dominion Parks Branch of the Department of the Interior, and superintendency and wardenship of Mr. F. H. Conover, President of the Essex Country Wild Life Conservation Association, and Mr. Garfield Finlayson, respectively expert game-propagators and trappers, have been accorded one of the two years unmolested breeding provided by the Federal government and, as a result of this splendid protection, noxious growth is rapidly disappearing and wild rice rootings, long thought dead,

are again sprouting into renewed growth and beginning to flourish. It is most unlikely that official trappings will begin previous to March 1921 when the surplus stock of furs will be harvested by the officials of the Park and, it is conservatively estimated, \$1000,000 to \$150,000 in revenues will be realized from this 3,500 acres of marshlands; which adjoins the Park proper, without in any way seriously depleting or reducing the seed stocks or imperiling other needs.

Rondeau Provincial Park, Rondeau Bay, adjoining Lake Erie, is undergoing similar treatment by experts under the jurisdiction of the Department of Game and Fisheries of the Province of Ontario. Rondeau Park marshlands and ponds represent an acreage of approximately three times that of Point Pelee. Recommendations to the Canadian governments by this association for the taking over of other important areas now in private hands have been made and are being seriously considered.

Twenty-one sportsmen of Essex County recently were summoned to accept the burdens and responsibilities of law enforcement in Essex County and have responded by making application to the Civil Service Commission for appointment as Honorary Game Wardens.

Concerted, interested and energetic action by the sportsmen in co-operation with the governments of Canada and the United States and resolute enforcement of stringent regulations accompanied by heavy penalties for violations alone will adequately conserve wild life and their interesting haunts and prove the enormous international value of the Migratory Birds Conventions Act.

The Prairie Chicken of Canada West

ATHELNEY EVANS

ANY laws concerning limit of bag when closure of season against prairie chicken is removed, that is unless heavy penalty for infringement is provided, will be difficult to enforce. Of course this will not apply to true sportsmen, who respect not only law but the rights of others as well as themselves."

The above remarks were recently uttered by a Winnipeg gentleman. He has dwelt in Manitoba many years, and during that period has studied the prairie chicken question from all standpoints.

The fact remains that travel wherever you wish in Manitoba and Saskatchewan few chicken are to be seen. Yet it is claimed by sport "authorities" snugly ensconced in comfortable offices, that the birds are displaying signs of increase. It is indeed pleasing to learn such is the case; it does not, however, require a Philadelphia lawyer to realize the reported progress savours largely of a fairy tale type, at least so declares a Winnipeg commercial traveller, who has during the last few months covered thousands of miles by

automobile, and claims no sign of increase is visible anywhere. From the neighboring States of North Dakota and Minnesota, emanate statements to the effect that the chicken has nearly attained a *rara avis* distinction. However, it is a dark cloud without some tinge of silver lining, and sundry specimens of the bird may be observed in taxidermist shop windows of Winnipeg and no doubt are found in Minneapolis and St. Paul.

A closure of season for prairie chicken, should have been placed upon the statute books of Manitoba and Saskatchewan a decade since. The remedial measure toward future preservation is far too late in the day, unless the present law extends over a lengthy term of years. Under existing enactment the ban is lifted in 1920, and more farcical procedure was never conceived by the legislative bodies in Winnipeg and Regina.

Opinions obtained from leading sportsmen scattered over the prairie provinces concerning the almost complete disappearance of prairie chicken, declare a variety of causes as responsible factor. A few of the reasons are appended below.

1. Selfish sportsmen.
2. Inclement weather conditions at period of nesting.
3. Destruction of eggs through various causes.
4. Killing of birds out of season.
5. Young chicken destroyed by weasels, cats and carnivorous birds.

The first cause is apparently indigenous to all countries. Manitoba and Saskatchewan have suffered this malady to greater extent than is generally supposed, and evidence of such can be gathered from the following episode.

A "sport" from Winnipeg was spending a week some years ago in Southern Manitoba. One morning he entered a piece of scrub with a well-trained dog, returning to the main road two hours later with thirty-eight birds! During that same day, he secured upwards of one hundred chickens! Indeed, this class of murderous onslaught is not of solitary instance, as other alleged "sportsmen" have to the absolute knowledge of people, returned into Winnipeg with upwards of three hundred birds obtained for purposes of sale and consignment to cold storage plants.

Another method and of frequent occurrence likewise, was to visit a stubble field with a waggon and rack, the latter covered with a few forkfuls of straw. Here was provided ambush for a trio, perhaps a quartette of

men to play havoc among the birds, which remained feeding on the field and thus permitted the guns to attain close range. The result of such action may well be imagined. Yet another species of humanity masquerading as "sportsmen," sought secretion within a strawstack to "pot" chicken feeding upon grain scattered roundabouts. During more recent years, the automobile has figured upon the programme, but as the birds since 'cars came into usage' were commencing to become of the scarcity class, results of this manoeuvre were not based upon profitable lines as formerly. The population of Manitoba and Saskatchewan twenty years ago, when prairie chicken abounded, was less than one half census figures could quote in 1919. This statement evokes little comment save that were birds plentiful at the present time, would such feature possibly continue?

Cause number 2, figures excessive rain fall and cold during period of raising young prairie chickens. This reason undoubtedly affords a most destructive agency for which remedy cannot be forthcoming, but is not of annual occurrence.

The destruction of eggs as enumerated in cause number 3, also plays a part in the drama. The following strange feature of egg demolition may appear as incredulous, nevertheless is matter of fact in support of which evidence can be produced. The robbery of nests is not confined to rodent or bird thief; human hands are its manipulating force! This trouble for the greater part is confined to localities within few miles of the large centres of population.

The shooting of birds before or after close season, has largely decreased during recent years. Further comment is not necessary.

The Indian inhabitant is not without guilt in certain respects. He is, however, not to be blamed. It must be borne in mind the benevolent attitude of his guardians, the Dominion Government, permits no relationship of the Neche to statutes governing game laws, except exterior of the land reservations. In order that prairie chicken or any game should be preserved, the Indian as with other classes of mankind should be compelled to respect any enactment provided by the legislatures.

The remedy to furnish for preservation of prairie chicken is difficult to determine. The present ban against the taking of these birds, will as previously stated, be lifted in the autumn of 1921. This proceeding cannot prove but of the greatest detriment toward

propagation of a bird now of practical extinction within many localities of the prairie provinces.

WAS AWARE THAT FLOATING BATTERY IS ILLEGAL IN CANADA.

In his article "Points On Migratory Game" that appeared in October issue of *ROD AND GUN*, F. H. Conover, Supt. of Point Pelee

Dominion Park mentioned the use of the floating battery. As his article was originally intended for publication in the U. S. this reference was correct. The footnote calling attention to the illegality of this mode of shooting in Canada appeared as if Mr. Conover was not aware of this law. This is not the case as he was aware that this device was prohibited by law in Canada.

Toronto Indoor Civilian Rifle League

J. W. SMITH

WITH seven rifle associations and nine teams in the Toronto Indoor Civilian Rifle League, indications are that competition for the city championship will be keen this winter. The Irish Rifle Association, who are the present holders of the Walker House Trophy, will again enter two teams although considerably weakened by half their members shooting with the new civilian associations which have been formed in connection with the city regiments. However, the Irishmen, under the captaincy of A. Emo, are expected to put up a strong fight to retain the championship.

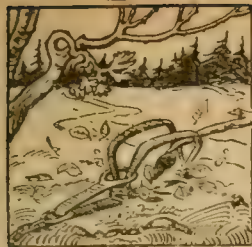
North Toronto, the champions of two years ago, will be under the guidance of A. H. Gilmore, and it has been stated that they will shoot the .22 rifle exclusively. The return from overseas of some of their members has given them a wider range of selection for the composition of their team, and they will certainly take a leading part in the competition. The Exhibition R. C. will also shoot the .22 rifle exclusively, and will be looked after by Lieut. W. L. Dymond of the Canadian School of Musketry. They will put a strong team in the field, and can be relied on to give a good account of themselves.

Of the new associations, the St. Lawrence R. A., captained by J. E. Fitzgerald, will enter two teams in the League, and will undoubtedly be strong enough to make the competition interesting. The York R. A., with Lieut.-Col. A. Elliott at the helm, the Queen City R. A., under G. Brooks, and the "Grens" R. A. under Capt. A. E. Gooderham, are all strongly organized, and have plenty of material to make up first class teams.

At the annual meeting of the League, in November, the following officers were elected

for the approaching season:—Patrons, Sir Edmund Osler and Mr. George Wright; President, Lieut.-Col. F. W. Macqueen, Vice-President, Mr. A. H. Gilmore; Treasurer, Lieut.-Col. A. Elliott; Secretary, Mr. A. H. Sharp, 106 Woodside Ave.; and an Executive Committee of two members from each association affiliated with the League. It was decided to conduct the matches, which will commence in the first week of January, under the same conditions as last winter, with the exception that no practice is to be allowed on the range by members of either competing teams before the match commences. The range will be 25 yards, with one convertible sighting shot, seven scoring shots, and the target will have an aiming point of 1 3/4 inches diameter, with a 7/8 inch bull, 1 1/8 inch "inner," and 3 inch "magpie."

To sum up the situation, it appears certain that there will be an exceptionally interesting struggle for the city championship this winter. Seven of the nine teams are about evenly matched, and the two second teams are strong enough to give trouble, and perhaps, turn the tables on one of the senior teams. The partial break-up of the powerful Irish R. A. for the indoor season will unquestionably tend to liven up the competition, as they would otherwise have had five or six teams in the field, and only two associations against them. Great difficulty was experienced in getting suitable ranges in the city and it is believed that this was the cause of the collapse of the St. James R. C., who were the runners-up for the Walker House Trophy last winter. The associations have all been practising hard during November and December, and the various teams will all be tuned up to a high state of efficiency by the time the matches commence in January.



ALONG THE TRAP LINE



EDITED BY
H. C. HADDON

The Fur Trade

GEORGE ROBERTS HUNT

IT is surely a long cry from the year 1670 when the Hudson Bay Company was incorporated, to the present day, and there is much to dwell on in regard to one of Canada's assets in the fur trade. The Hudson Bay Company, it might here be stated, received its charter from Charles the Second, as a body of "Gentlemen adventurers trading into Hudson Bay" making it to-day the oldest united company in the world.

The fur trade of Canada has always been one of her greatest industries if it can be called this and even in the earliest periods of history we read chiefly of the fur trade.

At the beginning the Hudson Bay Company established forts at the mouths of the principal rivers and these forts have been gradually extended until they are now all over the North West territories. The flag or pennant used by them which marked their posts consisted of a blood red background with the letters H.B.C. in white block letters in the centre, and I have heard several odd meanings for these letters as "Here before Columbus," "Hungry Belly Company," "Hundred British Crows," "Half Breed's Curse" and others. It is interesting to note the manner of currency or exchange used in those days and it shows what a common article the beaver, now so rare, was then as their coinage was termed in "Made Beaver," abbreviated to M.B.

In time several Scotch merchants in Montreal seeing things progressing so well with the company formed one of their own under the name of the Northwest Company sending out their agents and "Couriers des Bois" into the Indian country to collect furs. And then there was the free trader who traded on his own hook. Needless to say among the three groups, but especially between the two former there was much strife, and, as with the former Kaiser, might was right and which ever was the stronger party had possession

for the time being at least. Many a man has forfeited his life for a few paltry dollars' worth of furs. As the Hudson Bay Company was always an English concern, and moreover because of the excellent markets England afforded, the furs were shipped three times a year, in January, March and October, to be sold at the London fur sales, which were attended from all over Europe. Before the war the largest percentage of the world's fur was sold there but now Canadians and Americans, having to fall back on their own resources, are rapidly proving themselves capable of both selling and wearing North American furs.

For many years only the very crudest implements were used in capturing animals, and it remained for Sewell Newhouse to invent an article that has always been recognized as the trapper's chief aid in conquering the wilderness. Newhouse's grandfather who was an English soldier, having been taken prisoner by the Americans at the battle of Bunker Hill, afterwards made this country his home and in 1820 when Sewell Newhouse was fourteen years old emigrated to Onedia County, N.Y. With a strong constitution and a taste for the wild, Newhouse recognized the need of a means of capture of fur bearing animals and at seventeen years of age he turned out his first steel-traps. The iron parts of fifty or thereabouts were somewhat crudely fashioned in a blacksmith's shop and for the steel springs the worn out blades of axes were made to serve as material, a mechanic of chance acquaintance showing the young artisan how to temper the springs. The traps thus made were crude, no doubt, but they would catch and what they caught they held. After a seasons' use they were sold to neighboring Indians for sixty two cents apiece and the making of a new supply was entered into. These in turn were sold and replaced and thus the manufacture of the now

world famous Newhouse traps was launched. During the next twenty years Mr. Newhouse worked on trap making, sometimes alone and sometimes with a partner or hired help until in 1848 the "Oneida Community" established itself near Oneida, N.Y., and Mr. Newhouse and family entering it as members, the trap making business was given up for several years. Then in 1855 this Community under the direction of Sewell Newhouse and several other mechanics began making traps on a larger scale, gradually adding machinery to do the work formerly done by hand, until to-day the whole process from forming the spring to chain making is all in the grasp of machinery.

The first invaders of the wilderness must have other resources for immediate support than are offered by the cultivation of the soil. These are present in the valuable pelts of fur bearing animals which are occupants of the soil in advance of man. Hence the trap for securing them precedes the axe that opens up the way for the iron-clad civilization that pushes back barbaric solitude, causing the bear and the beaver to give place to the wheat field, the library and the piano. The reputation of the Newhouse traps is world wide. They are supplied to ninety-two per cent of the trappers of the world and have never been equalled as the trappers' sure and reliable weapons.

The misnaming of furs has caused the London Chamber of Commerce to give notice that misleading terms are not to be used and that offenders are liable to prosecution under the Merchandise Marks Act. But if laws of this kind were necessary twenty-five years ago to protect the public from frauds, what must be the necessity at the present time, when two hares raised by the same mother may pose on the same counter as "white fox" and "black lynx" respectively? Or, again several muskrats of the same litter could pose on the same counter as mink, sable, seal, electric seal, Red River seal or Hudson Bay seal. The manufacturing of fur goods has surely been reduced to a fine art.

The secrets and mysteries of chemistry

have been brought to light through years and years of patient study and experiment to produce beautiful and wonderful effects in dyed and blended furs for the adornment of milady. Trained experts take the greasy, repulsive raw skins and by careful process dress and tan them into soft, sanitary and pliable leather.

Dyeing is used to conceal defects or to imitate a more beautiful or more fashionable fur. Fox or wolf of irregular, faded, natural colours are fancy furs when dyed black; and while pale mink would not make up nicely, yet when blended—retouched by combing dye into the hair—they give the appearance of the finest of dark British Columbia skins. Horse hides as well as cow hides of odd colours make beautiful garments when dyed black, besides giving extra good service. It must be remembered that a skin can only be dyed darker than its natural colour. Very few skins are perfect. Cuts, shots, scratches, and scars from fighting other animals are all blemishes, and these defects of many kinds the furrier removes by cutting out in dart shaped slits which are then sewed up on a fur sewing machine. Skins are carefully assorted and matched according to colour and length of fur, so that when made up the garment looks as though it had been made from a single large skin.

From the fur side no seams are apparent but when you see the leather side the many seams might lead you to think it was a patchwork job if you did not know something of the furrier's art in cutting, matching, joining, blacking, dyeing and so on.

In furs such as mink and muskrat where it is desired to preserve the natural dark stripe of the fur to the full length of the finished garment, the skins are "dropped" by making dozens of criss cross slits in the skin so that it will stretch to twice its former length but only half its former width. The slits are then carefully sewed up and the fur side has exactly the same appearance as before, except for shape as it is now twice its original length.

Talks on Trapping

ROBERT E. HEWES

THERE are certain fundamental rules about trapping which most everybody knows. If one does not any of the various guides that are free for the asking, or the

hired man across the way, can give the youthful beginner his first lessons. But after one masters the first rules there is always more to learn. I learn new things every year, the old

trappers have told me that they never expect to reach the point where they know it all. In these little talks I shall take it for granted that you, like so many others, have read and re-read all the old cut and dried methods and want to learn something different. I am going to tell some of the things I learned the past winter, sticking to facts and leaving the theories to be proven.

YOUR TRAPS.

The first and important rule which is nothing very new, is to look well to your traps. You do not want a gun which hangs fire, likewise you do not want a trap which does not always work. The one time it fails to spring may be the very time an animal wearing a ten dollar coat of fur steps on it for the first time in winter. See that your traps work well before starting. Traps are usually hung in the wood shed during the summer and are likely to collect rust and dirt and become unsure in action. The time spent in cleaning them up and examining them will be well spent. Another thing I would like to mention here is the matter of killing traps, that is, traps which kill animals as soon as caught. I have tried these and unhesitatingly recommend them. They prevent animals escaping and do away with unnecessary suffering.

THE SKUNK.

Mister skunk with his unsavory reputation is probably the best known of our furbearers. It is an exceptional farm which cannot boast of a skunk den or two. Civilization may drive the larger denizens of the wilds afar, but the skunk readily adapts himself to new conditions and becomes domesticated to the extent that he is nothing loth to take up his abode under the barn floor or to burrow into a straw stack. While it is true that this animal is a friend of the farmers in one wise, destroying harmful insects and mice, yet he has a black mark against him by virtue of his relish for chicken. He is a troublesome roost robber.

In closely settled neighborhoods Mister skunk will often advertise his presence by odoriferous means, and by depleted chicken flocks, yet trappers tramp the hills over and fail to find his dens, especially if he has been much trapped. In this case you will very likely find him holding forth in some old building, under a stone pile, or around the roots of a tree. When you find his den set your trap (No. 1½) digging a shallow trench in the ground so that the trap sets level with it, then fasten the chain to a stake

and drive it down level with the ground. Too often trappers make the mistake of leaving a stake sticking up above the ground, something animals know is unnatural. After this cover your trap with straw freely mixed with chicken feathers. Then scatter a few grains of corn about. You will find this one of the best sets for skunks, and one that will be used anywhere. When you catch a skunk, do not muss up the surroundings too much. Skunks often den up ten or more in one hole and therefore if things are not too much disturbed one set may prove very profitable. Mice make good bait for skunks. If you can find where a skunk visits a chicken coop set a trap alongside of the building and cover it with chicken feathers. The skunk will be sure to investigate this. Road culverts are a favorite prowling place for skunks and a trap set at either end of one will likely produce results.

As anyone who has tried it knows, catching a skunk is only part of the job. Next, and some hold most important, comes the killing and skinning of him. The best way to kill a skunk is to shoot him in the center of the back of the neck with a .22 caliber rifle, using a short cartridge. This will paralyze him and kill him instantly. If you have no gun, break his back with a long pole, which will have the same effect. Be sure the pole is long.

Lots of people, especially boys, who skin a skunk advertise the fact for days afterwards. However, it is quite possible to do the job in such a manner that half an hour later you need not be a total outcast of society. The secret lies in first greasing the hands well, then, use a sharp knife, and be careful to cut only skin deep when peeling the carcass. Unhappy experiences are nearly always the result of cutting too deep. Stand on the "up wind" side of your animal, and when you have finished, wash your hands well in kerosene (coal oil), and the scent will come off with the grease. If you get any scent on your clothes, fresh air and time are the best deodorizers, although smoking in cedar smoke will aid some.

THE FOX

Br'er Fox has shown an alarming increase in numbers during the past two years in many sections. He has not become domesticated like the skunk, but when building his dens seeks the wildest and deepest parts of the woods in each locality. He is a sly and wary animal and a tough proposition to trap, as

many a farmer's boy knows. He is a hard nut for the professional trapper to crack, and while I wish that I could advance some simple and easy method for capturing him, I cannot. One must use his wits to catch Br'er fox.

Setting a trap in his den is a ticklish business. He will quickly notice anything unusual and care must be taken not to disturb anything. It is best to set several traps at one place (use No. 2) and while Br'er fox, is tip-toeing about with his attention centered on one or two he will likely step into another. It is hard to watch four feet at once. Your traps should be set in little holes, level with the ground and covered with fine earth. Place a piece of moss or some dry leaves under the pan to prevent the dirt clogging it. Some use cotton; however I have found that the fox often smells this. He can smell the iron scent of the trap for that matter, and therefore before using them it is important to dip them in blood or to cover them with melted beeswax to kill the iron smell. Always wear gloves which have been well rubbed with earth. Never touch anything about the set with your bare hands. It is unwise to use bait at a den. Br'er Fox knows it has no business there and is suspicious accordingly. The fox usually travels well-beaten paths and you can easily find his trails in the woods or across fields. You may fasten a piece of rabbit or a mouse on a tree near such a path, about two feet high, set a trap under it about ten inches from the tree. In attempting to get the bait he will instead be caught. In the case of a particularly old and wise fox it is often well to set several traps around the same tree ten or more feet away from it. In circling about the tree which caution tells him not to approach too close the fox will usually sooner or later step into one of these traps. If you can find where the fox crawls under a fence there is a good place to set a trap. Not directly under the fence, mind you, but a foot or so either side of it. In all cases never stake your chain near the trap. Fasten the chain to a piece of wire about ten feet long and stake the end of this wire or fasten it to a tree, stone, etc. These hints are just about all that experience teaches me can be put down on paper for the guidance of fox trappers. The rest is up to you. There will come up peculiar circumstances in different cases which will demand individual thought on the part of the trapper. But do not become discouraged if you fail to catch a

fox the first few weeks. Follow these rules and sooner or later you will be rewarded, if you are careful and conscientious in making your sets. I tried a long, long while before I caught my first fox, but I have made up for my work since then.

Br'er fox, it might be mentioned, has been declared an all around enemy of the farmer, the few mice he eats does not offset the chickens he kills.

THE MINK.

Brother Mink is the fox's smaller brother when it comes to wariness. He is exceedingly sly, and possesses a cunning that is almost human. Usually an elaborate set of rules are laid down for trapping the mink. I have found that the same methods used for foxes are equally good in the case of the mink. Both are equally sly, possess similar habits and appetites, and I think you will find, as have I and many other trappers, that the methods good for one are good for the other. The main difference is that the mink not only is found in the woods but is also fond of following streams. Along creeks and rivers a fine set for him is to place a piece of fish or rabbit on a stick about eight inches above water and a few inches from shore and set a trap between the shore and the stick, about three inches under water and covering it with water-soaked leaves. Fasten your trap chain to a piece of wire and weigh this in deep water so that your mink will drown.

The mink is a blood-thirsty animal, being an inveterate poultry thief, and if he has any good qualities he succeeds remarkably well in concealing them.

OPPOSSUM

The 'possum is not at all a bright animal. He will likely as not blunder into an uncovered trap. But I have found it well to set a trap intended for him very carefully, and thus not only make doubly sure of catching him but having a chance of catching any old possum with a streak of unusual intelligence in his make up, and also of catching any more endowed animal that happens along. The 'possum's strongest characteristic is his liking for musty, strong smelling food. Use this for bait and you will catch him. He usually dens up in hollow trees, logs and so forth. A No. 1 trap is big enough for him.

RACCOON.

Though a 'coon is not so wise as a fox or mink, his is no fool by any means. He is wary, but has, I have found, certain peculiarities which if taken advantage of will prove his undoing. He likes to walk in narrow places.

Last winter I took many a one by setting traps on a ledge a few inches wide that ran along a bluff. Again, he has a bump of curiosity which often boosts him along on the way toward becoming muffs or boas. He will invariably investigate anything bright. He likes to wander along creeks in search of crawfish and other tidbits, and a trap set in the water, a few inches deep, with a small mirror or a piece of bright tin tied to the pan, with the rest of the trap covered with wet leaves, attracts him with unflinching fascination and invokes an inquiring poke from his paw. If you use a number 1½ trap he is your property. A bright moon aids this device greatly. This is my best 'coon recipe and I hope that everyone who reads this will try it.

THE CARE OF FURS.

However successful one is in trapping one will not reap a full reward unless one understands the proper care and preparation of one's furs for market. If my pelts sometimes

bring higher prices than those for neighbors which were just as good skins in the beginning it is because I have taken the proper care of my furs after they were skinned. Of course a pelt should be scraped of all fat and superfluous flesh, but be careful not to scrape so hard as to cut the fibre of the skin, as this will materially lessen the value. Stretch a skin as soon as it is skinned. But do not stretch it too tightly, as this will spread the fur and make it appear thin and scrawny. Hang your pelts to dry in a shady, sheltered place, inside, not out in the weather. If you ship them do not do so until they are thoroughly dry. Green pelts will grow mouldy causing the fur to drop out. Above all, do not trap too early. The latter part of November is about the right time to start. Unprime pelts have little value. Also, do not trap too late. Spring caught pelts are almost worthless. The only exception to this rule is the muskrat, which becomes prime in the spring months.

Practical Vermin Trapping for Sportsmen

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

A STEEL jump trap, mounted on the end of a pole, is one of the most effective methods of combatting hawks, owls and crows in their wholesale destruction of wild life, the game species particularly. Every sportsman's club should see that a large number of these traps are maintained on every high cleared place in the best game cover in the surrounding country. Farmers on whose lands these traps are placed would undoubtedly be grateful to those who put them there, as they suffer heavily from the depredations of these creatures on their poultry.

It is useless to place these traps anywhere except on high cleared places, as it is only to such spots that these species of vermin resort, in order to make a survey of the country preparatory to descending upon their prey.

The pole should not be less than five feet in height. Eight feet is better. Attach the trap to the top of the pole with a piece of common stove pipe wire, using a pair of pliers in fashioning the wire into a staple. It is not necessary to point the ends, as these will go readily into the wood without sharpening. The wedge at the end of the chain should be driven into the pole so far down that the

victim will be unable to get back to the top when he is caught. His struggles will free the trap from the grip of the staple, as soon as he is caught, and he will hang head down from the trap thereafter.

To poles more than five feet high cleats should be attached, so that they can readily be reached for the placing of the traps.

A common error among those using traps in this way is to neglect them. This is almost as bad as not using them at all. Frequent inspection should be made, and the traps should be kept well oiled to prevent deterioration.

Experience seems to have shown that the No. 1½ jump trap is the proper size to use for this work, as the feet of certain species of hawks are too large to make the No. 1 absolutely certain in action.

In using these traps sportsmen are urged to wrap the jaws with felt, so that any harmless birds taken in them may be released unhurt.

Coopers and sharp-shinned hawks are the most destructive species known, and they are not protected anywhere. The great horned owl is a serious menace to most feathered wild life, and in many states it is not protected. Anyone setting out traps, how-

ever, should consult the game laws, or the local game warden before doing this, to be sure that no violation of the law is involved in his action. Less vermin means more game and the vermin will not be made less unless the sportsmen of the country attack the problem in an organized way.

Every sportsman's club should have a standing committee on vermin, and the first work of the committee should be the acquisition of not less than one hundred jump traps and their location on the best game covers in the community. It will not do simply to locate them—they must be constantly tended and relocated, when experience shows such action to be necessary.

(Edit. Note.—The above gives a good practical method of getting rid of hawks and owls and there is no doubt that if it was rigidly followed out it would result in considerable saving of game. There are a good many

trappers who can make this practise pay them well, as the writer has done. The best time to set the traps is in the late summer when the young birds of that season's hatch have left the nest. When caught and killed, hang up the hawks by their legs under some tree where the sun can reach them. In a few days they will dry up so that they are practically feathers and bones. In this state they make a most attractive bait that can be used later on in the season for the larger fur bearers. A little fish oil drenched on the feathers will make them an attractive lure for fox, coyotes or lynx. Hung by the legs in a brush pen they stand out well against the white of the snow and attract the attention of the lynx for a considerable distance. And if you figure the thing out you will find that you can make some sets that will outwit the coyote who is always nosing round for hand-outs like hawks that have been shot and have crawled into the bush to die.—H.C.H.)

• The Mail Bag

Editor, Along the Trap Line:

I have been a reader of *Rod and Gun* for the past two years, but owing to the difficulty of getting it here I got a subscription last February. I have trapped through this country for the last four years. My catch this year (1918-1919) has not been so great as other years as the high price of fur is bringing the trappers out, and when I started there was not much left to trap. My catch this year was 3 mink, 82 muskrats and one skunk.

I just want to say a word about the traps I have used. At present I have two dozen Triple Clutch, three dozen Hooper Jump traps, and two dozen each of No. 1 and No. 1½ Victor traps. I have had many rats pull clean out of the Triple Clutch traps. If the rats have anything at all to brace themselves against they would pull right out, leaving a toenail to tell the tale. I soon fixed this fault by filing down the grippers underneath the jaws, and making the distances between each gripper a little larger. This soon made a very fine trap. I have caught rats by the very tip of their tail, and held them, where they could easily have pulled out in any other make of trap.

The jump traps I consider unsatisfactory for rats.

The No. 1 Victor is a very fine trap. It certainly hits them hard, but has not the

holding power, and does not catch them high enough up to prevent them chewing their foot off. The No. 1½ is, I think, about the best size for rats. It is about the right weight, and catches them high on the leg where it is sure to hold.

Ontario.

J. T. Hamilton.

Edit. Comment—Yours is the first complaint I have heard re the holding power of the Triple Clutch. However, you seem to have solved the problem in a satisfactory manner, and we are passing your tip on to any other trappers who have experienced the same difficulty.

H. C. H.

Query—I intend to do some trapping for fox and mink in March and April. Will you kindly tell me how long (at the very latest) fox and mink stay prime. I do not want to take unprime skins under any conditions, but I want to trap as late into the spring as possible. And how long do muskrats and coon stay prime.

Fitzroy Harbor, Ont.

R. F.

Answer—The length of time skins stay prime in the spring, as well as the earliness with which they prime up in the fall depends entirely on the season. An early cold fall will make skins prime by November 1st, while a late, warm fall will find animals still unprime when the trapping season opens.

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Spring, is, if anything, harder on furs than the fall. Fox, for instance may still be prime by the end of March, but usually the skins will be so badly rubbed and shed that they are of very little value. Quite a few trappers quit on fox after the middle of February, and several provinces close the season on fox a fortnight earlier than on other fur bearers. Mink will stay prime much longer, owing to them spending so much of their time in cold water, but the increasing strength of the sun fades their color very quickly. In most seasons the trapper is able to trap until the end of the season with the certainty that most furs taken will still be prime, though it stands to reason that after the wear and tear of the winter the fur will show some signs of deterioration. Muskrats are prime till the end of April anyway, but the end of March will often find the females pregnant, while the skins of many of the males will be cut and damaged by fights.

If there is any choice of the two evils it were better to start trapping too early in the fall than to continue too late in the spring. For this latter there is no set guide except the weather and the season. The condition of the skins you take will soon show you whether you are entitled to continue.

H. C. H.

Query—1 Where can I find a good trapping district where there are large and small furbearers, also fish and deer in Southern Ontario?

2. Name the place and county?

3. What price would the government ask for land?

4. Does a resident of Ontario need a trapping license?

5. Do you consider a .25.20 Winchester a good gun for game to deer and bear?

6. If not, what rifle would be more suitable?

7. Do you consider "animal bait" put up by fur companies any good?

8. Where can I obtain good animal bait?

A Reader of *Rod and Gun*.

South Oshawa, Ont.

Answer—1, 2 and 3. Now then, some of you Southern Ontario readers!

4. Yes, you need a \$5.00 license.

5 and 6. Mr. C. S. Landis answers this query for me. He says "I consider the .25-20 Winchester a most excellent rifle for this purpose, provided it did not include deer and bear, but included everything smaller. If deer and bear are intended to be shot I would suggest a 25-35 Winchester or Savage,

.25 Rimless Winchester or .25-36 Marlin as being much more suitable."

7 and 8. Personally I have very little faith in the manufactured lures, and I have tried most of them. If your bait is fresh and unfrozen you do not need a scent. If everything is frozen up the most of the manufactured lures do not seem to help very much. All the same, they have at times made all the difference between success and failure, and because of this, many trappers would not be without them. I gave the recipe I use myself, a couple of months ago, and I have as much faith in this as in the dollar bottle of chemicals. Usually the composition of scents for each individual animal is based on one predominating scent that attracts that particular animal, as beaver castor for the cats, aniseed for the weasels and so on. If the furbearers are not in a piece of country I refuse to believe that any manufactured lure or homemade scent will draw them there. If they are there, and the bait to attract them is frozen some sort of scent will often help them locate your bait, but that is about all you can expect. Where the animals are present, but have difficulty in finding your bait, a good drag, as bloody and strongsmelling as possible, will often help matters.

Ordinary Three in One gun oil has quite a little attraction in itself, so has asafoetida when mixed with some other ingredients. It is useless by itself. Beaver castor appeals to most animals, and to the flesh eaters ordinary "stinkum" fish oil takes a place very close to any of them. If you are wedded to the idea of manufactured lures either Hallam's or Burbank's are, in my experience, about as good as any.

H. C. H.

Query—Wanted information on trapping ermine, muskrats and rabbits, mostly prairie land: a small river with brush along the banks, with muskrats and beaver in it. Would there likely be any cotton tails around? Alta.

D. M. Cowley.

Answer—For weasels find their tracks and get an idea of where they are running. You will probably find tracks in brush along river, in gulleys, around fences, stonepiles, etc., any place where there are mice. Build little cubby sets out of rock, wood, etc., and place your bait—squirrel, rabbit heads, chicken intestines, etc.—in the back of the cubby, and the trap—either No. 0 or 1 at the entrance. The trap must spring very lightly, as the weasel is not a heavy animal. Put on a good

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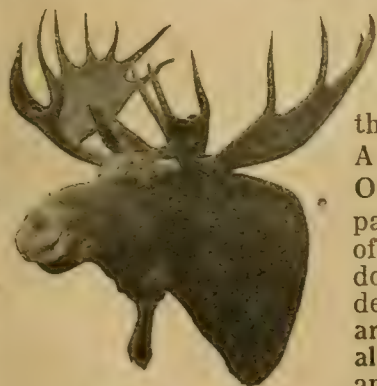
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W. J. Taylor, Ltd., Publishers
WOODSTOCK - - - ONTARIO

CANADA'S leading sportsman's magazine. "Rod and Gun" is being besieged by requests for information, the result of the interest created by the splendid articles that have appeared in recent issues.

To meet this demand, the publishers are issuing the articles in book form, in which enthusiasts are given valuable and hitherto unknown information about foxes, under the following heads: Introduction, Heredity, Origin, Breeding, Mating and Gestation, Pens and Dens, Food and Feeding, Food and Care, Value.

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big roof to keep off the snow. You need not be afraid of human signs, as weasels are not cunning. If there are any old stacks where weasels come to look for mice scuffle out a trench in the snow, put a little hay in the bottom, set your trap on this and cover the top of the trench with hay or straw, leaving a kind of a roofed tunnel. There is no need to use bait or cover the trap, as any weasel will make it a personal matter to go through your tunnel. This is an old Indian method of catching weasel.

For rabbits in the brush you can build little pens and bait with an apple. If they have runways set a trap there, or use a wire snare. For muskrats, if they have holes in the bank, set traps in the entrance, staking out into deep water, or find the places they leave or enter the water, or their paths along the banks, or their feeding beds. Always stake

trap out into the water so the rat will drown else they will twist their foot off. I do not think you will find cottontails so far west.

H. C. H.

Editor, Along the Trap-Line:

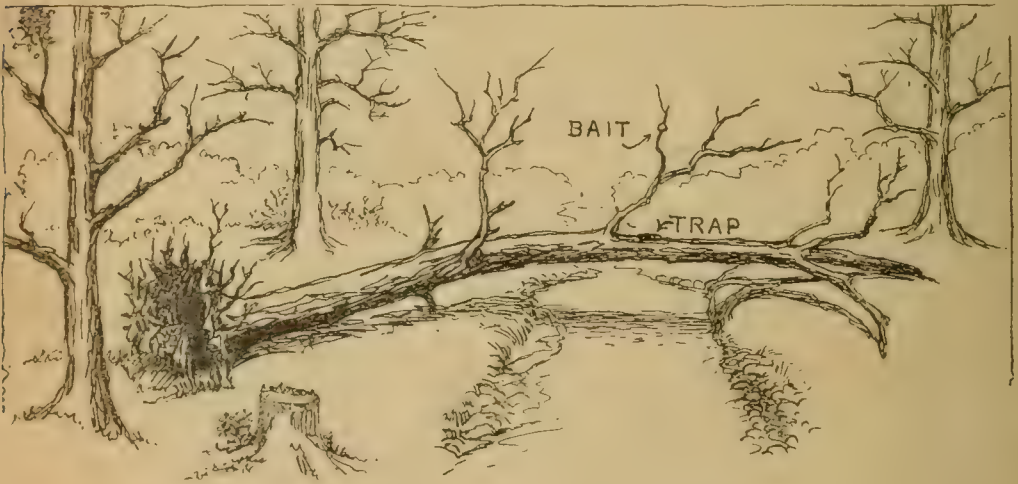
I am a subscriber to *Rod and Gun* and like it very much. I have been trapping for three years, and like it fine.

I have just started to trap for this season last week, and have caught eight skunk, one fox and two coon. I think this is pretty good for a start.

I use many different sets for the various fur bearers, and am enclosing a drawing of one. This is my best set for fox and skunk. I always use fish heads for bait, and find it the best thing I have struck yet.

Kemfle, Ont.

E.C.



The Extermination of the English Sparrow

Editor, Rod and Gun in Canada:

I have just read a short article by T.H.H. in the August number on the English sparrow, and note that he recommends a systematic destruction of this pest. I agree with T.H.H. that something should be done, but the shooting of sparrows, while fairly good sport, is not very effective in reducing their number, and I would suggest a supplementary campaign carried on in the following manner.

During the winter months when the food of the sparrow is not so plentiful as during the summer, the sparrows can be very success-

fully poisoned by using common-sense rat-poison, on bread or bread crumbs. The sparrow is a great nuisance in large shops during winter, and I have cleaned out a place of this kind in forty-eight hours with two slices of bread, and about a table-spoonful of common-sense rat poison. It is quite an easy matter to place this poison in reach of the sparrow and out of reach of chickens and other creatures we do not wish destroyed, and in the winter time we can feed poison to the sparrow without fear of destroying other birds.

E. J. McVeigh.

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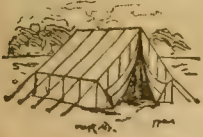
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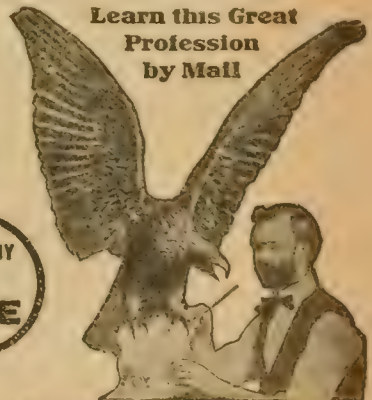
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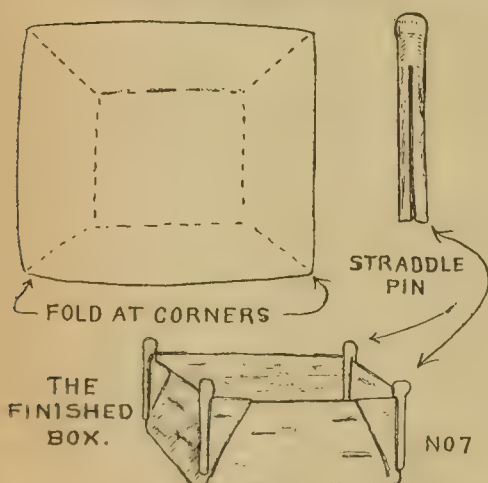
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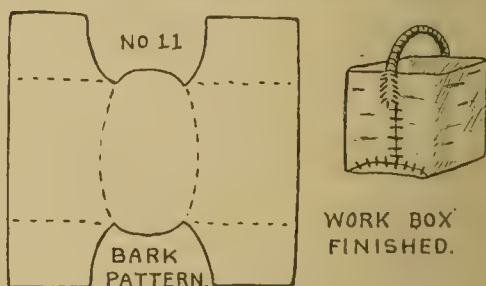
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Cut a piece of bark the same shape as the diagram and whatever size you wish, taking care to get a good piece of bark free

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Wild Waterfowl

G. H. CORSAN

The breeding of various animals and water fowl has always held a strong interest for me as may be gathered from the fact that I have the largest collection of waterfowl in Canada at the present time. At different times I have been confronted with various problems relating to breeding. I was informed at one time that it was a difficult matter to breed guinea pigs of one solid color, but from a stock of mixed colors I have been fortunate enough to breed several solid colors including

white with black eyes, black, cream, grey, brown, red, blue and chocolate.

After a lapse of many years the desire to get into the game has again come over me and I have started breeding American swans and blue geese. However, I have been unable to procure any American swans and although I am willing to trade or buy it is seemingly impossible. Here and there throughout the country they can be seen in cramped quarters, for instance in Seneca Park, Rochester, I

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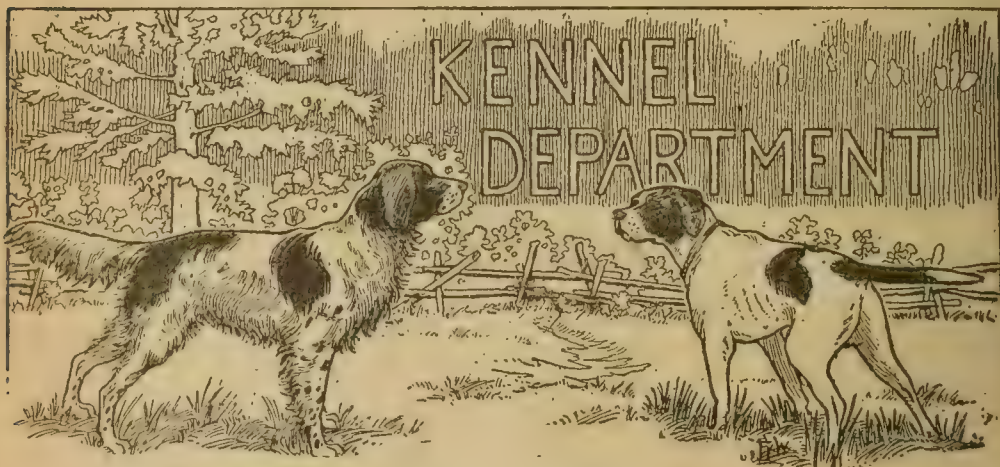
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saw three shut up in a cage, thirty feet square. Dr. William Hornaday advises me that a quiet acre with grass and a creek should induce them to breed. I could give them as much as five acres of the most ideal surroundings.

Strange to say I came across a blue gander in a small chicken pen just outside of Toronto. This is one of the rarest of wild geese, having a head like a bald eagle and a dark blue body. A gentleman at Maple, Ont., wrote me that he had a pair of unidentified wild geese that had joined a flock of tame fowl at Guelph. He stated that the gander had a bluish body and a white head while the goose was white with black pinions. I at once spotted them as a white and a snow. I found them unpinioned and quite tame. Now I can gratify

my desire of hearing the sharp musical cry of the blue goose which although not as handsome in appearance as the European variety has a voice that recalls the old hunting days when they were numerous.

There is a farmer in Manitoba who has promised to send me some wild-duck eggs as he states that he ploughs up thousands of nests yearly. He states that although he carefully replaces the eggs in the ploughed ground that their exposure to the crows causes their destruction. In my opinion if the Governments of the prairie provinces would place a bounty on crow's eggs, the vandal who is responsible for the destruction of so many eggs of the wild duck and prairie hen would decrease in number to the tremendous advantage of North Americans and wild bird life.



W. C. Baldwin, of Ottawa, Judges American Show

An incident of note, more especially to American Foxhound breeders on this side of the line and to all Canadian dog men in general, was the combined bench show and field trials of the Brunswick Foxhound Club of Massachusetts.

This is the oldest Foxhound Club in America, having been founded in 1888, and the only one whose show and field trials are recognized by the A. K. C., this being their twenty-ninth annual event and was held at Barre, Mass., during the week of Oct. 13th to 18th.

Mr. W. C. Baldwin, of Ottawa, was the first and only Canadian that has ever attended one of these meets, and also the only Canadian that ever judged American Foxhounds in the United States. He officiated

as bench show judge and also was one of the field trial judges at this meeting.

The bench show classes were Derby dogs, Derby bitches, all age dogs, all age bitches, couples of hounds.

In the field trials there were two stakes in the Derby, one for dogs and bitches eighteen months and under, and the all age.

Mr. Baldwin states that they were the finest lot of American Foxhounds that he has ever had the pleasure of seeing together, and were altogether, all round extra good standard type. Of the hospitality shown him, our friend Baldwin cannot speak too highly of it, as he says it was of the finest, and one of the best bunch of fellows he ever met.

In passing comment we do not know whether our national war activities are drawing

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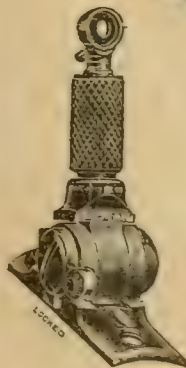
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our two countries closer in friendly ties and recognition, but we do say that the above is a great compliment to Mr. Baldwin, and Canada, after his many years of successful breeding of winning American Foxhounds.

The following clipping is taken from a Boston paper:

Good Scoring in Second Day of the Derby Stake at Barre.

Barre, Oct. 14.—The second day of the Brunswick Foxhound Club Derby trials to-day was one of the best in the history of the club. The hounds were cast off on the Rogers farm in the west part of Barre at 6.30 o'clock this morning.

Although the hounds ran for several hours, the judges were unable to finish the trials to-day, but will conclude them this week.

A fox was started shortly after the pack was cast-off and the chase led out to the northwest with eight hounds in hot pursuit. They barely got out of hearing when another fox jumped by the remainder of the pack and the chase led off towards Ruggles hill, where the fox was played for more than two hours, giving the judges ample opportunities for a good scoring.

Spectators at the trials to-day witnessed some of the finest running ever seen in the

Derby trials. One party seated on a side hill saw three foxes within 15 minutes.

The race kept the judges on the jump, and Otis Daniels, president of the club, who was acting as judge, proved to the satisfaction of all that there was no Derby hound fast enough to get away from him. He made three pastures, hedges and four stone walls in no time for a record.

Judge W. C. Baldwin, who left his business in Ottawa, Canada, to act as judge, proved that he could jump a creek as well as the Derby hounds, when he made one crossing in two jumps.

Another race in which there was five or six hounds, was at the Steps. This hunt was followed by Judge Bradford S. Turpin, who obtained good scoring.

The fox, driven by the main pack, found it impossible to shake about 12 dashing Derby youngsters, and, finding that about every turn they were getting closer on his heels, took refuge in an old drain, which evidently is used by the foxes in that vicinity in just such an emergency, as earlier in the morning another fox, finding he could not match his wits and speed against a pack of thoroughbreds, took refuge in the same retreat.

Master of Hounds Starks called off the hunt at 11.45 o'clock, and hunters returned to Hotel Barre, satisfied with the day's trials.

Some Shooting Dogs

The Beagle trials during October were as successful as ever, and there was no scarcity of rabbits. There has been an abnormal call for the smallest of the hound family, and the supply nothing near like the demand. The quality of beagles in America, especially in the East, is something above the average, and in this we will take in the world's ownership. They are as useful as good looking. As for their beauty, as we see them at our leading exhibitions, it can at once be written that they are numerically better than at any other general bench show and certainly as good if not superior in points to any other aggregation to be seen in the judging rings elsewhere. As the demand for beagles is enormous, breeders have no cause for complaint over their initial outlay in securing the best stock they have purchased here or abroad.

To shoot over a brace of steady dogs, or a single, especially in cover or wood land, is a never ending joy and delight. It makes a man—the man worn out by the duties of

the day and the chain of the counting house—feel young, buoyant and refreshed even as a giant. The exercise that one takes is not noticed. On and on he goes, watching every movement of his dog, hunting here and feathering there. There's not always game; but 'tis the excitement, the expectancy that keeps the gunner young. If the bird is not there; well, it's sure to be over the way! And thus do man and dog plod along enjoying the self-same sport, —the self-same excitement, the self-same lunch, the self-same dreams of the sport of the morrow and the self-same sleep.

What is known as "a shooting dog" is the dog in which all sportsmen must ever rejoice. We often hear of the terrific pace and wide-ranging of certain field trial pointers and setters, but there are some who declare that a good deal of such work is more of the "flash" kind and not of the sort that one would expect, if one wanted to kill game. Therefore the so-called "shooting" pointer or setter need

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not be despised; indeed, on the other hand, we should look up to him and encourage the sportsman's dog in every way, rather than rave about the questionable dog that might flush as much as he will stand, far, far away and out of sight, as he is, on many important occasions. The gunner's dog will always remain the real bird dog whilst so-called "races" remain a hobby of the few.

When the woodcock, rabbit and grouse seasons approach, it is with regret that it is noted that one of the most useful of all gun dogs is practically without a supporter in all this land! I refer to the spaniel—the real sporting spaniel—of the Springer kind. It is true there are a few Clumber spaniels in the East and some of these are shot over. A well-broken team of springers will find any game there is to be found. They will search or hunt thick cover and flush or move anything in it that is alive. They are merry, quick and smart workers and will drop to wing and shot with any pointer or setter. They also retrieve from land and water. There are coverts and bluffs that we wot of in the U. S. and Canada that hold game which remains undisturbed because of the objection that the larger bird dogs have in facing the undoubted rough places—masses of thorns and briars. Here is the true spaniel's work; and if the Spaniel Clubs would only recognize this fact and hold field trials for spaniels, then would our stay-at-home sportsmen discover they are missing the services of the best all-round sporting dog of all, and one, moreover, that is recognized as such by leading sportsmen—shooting men—across the seas.

The general rough and tumble dog nowa-

days, is generally conceded to be the Airedale. Some call him a "terrier," but he is undoubtedly too big and heavy to be properly styled as such. Still the Airedale appears to be everyone's choice who is out for game—often big and dangerous game—that requires a dog to more or less stick to that quarry, or put up some sort of a semblance of a battle to delay or fluster the wild creature. North America now stands forth as, perhaps, the greatest Airedale holding part of the universe. And, what is more, she has bred thousands of young stock from the best of imported dogs and bitches, the progeny, and its descendants, having, for the first time in the whole history of the breed or family, been used for hunting the larger of the felines, bear and other harmful animals. As the everyday hunting hound, the American foxhound still remains the favorite, because of his splendid nose, his endurance and his far-reaching voice.

Coming to the retrieving dogs, it appears a pity that the quaint and useful Irish water spaniel appears to be less numerous than formerly. A handsome, faithful, willing creature is the puce-colored and curly-coated water spaniel of Erin! He is as good tempered as a big poodle and can stand rough water and the coldest spells. As for the Labrador or Lesser Newfoundland dog—although a North American dog, he is practically unknown in the United States, although he is designated as supreme among sportsmen who keep retrievers for retrieving only, in other places where game is very plentiful and pointers and setters are not asked to retrieve that which has been shot over them



RENEWING HIS YOUTH

Editor, *Rod And Gun*.

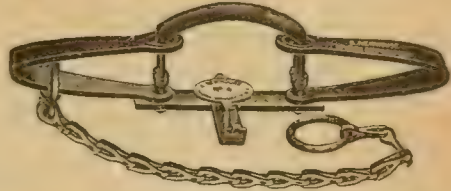
My recollections of *Rod and Gun* date back to many years ago when my old Dad had to literally tear me away from its pages at 12 p.m., and chase me off to bed just as I was

devouring to my heart's content the story of how "Bill" or "Bob" or "Jack" had the most interesting time of their lives in the haunts of the whistler, bluebill or red-head,—my eyes like saucers as I read of the wonderful bags of the feathered tribe that they brought

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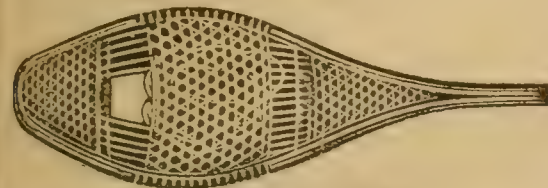
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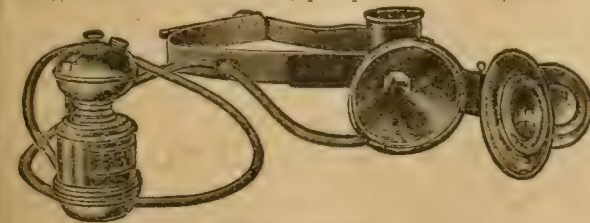
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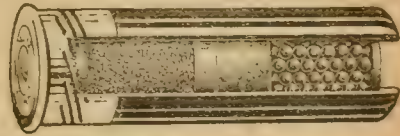
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home from the mirrored lake or marshy creek.

I have just returned from a more or less lengthy sojourn in "a certain part of Europe where bluebills and whistlers were seldom if ever, heard of, the attraction being much bigger game with uniforms of gray, for the time being."

Now that there has been a "close season" for the latter type of "bird," our (or more especially my) thoughts turn once again to the best of all sports and I am hoping this year to be able to begin again where I left off.

Please place my name on your mailing list for one year's subscription. Send me your bill and you shall have my cheque by return mail.

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"E. E. McC."

QUERIES RE TRENT VALLEY CANAL

1. Is the Trent Valley Canal completed from the Bay of Quinte to Georgian Bay?

No. It is completed from the Bay of Quinte to Lake Couchiching. From Lake Couchiching to Georgian Bay it is under construction.

2. What are the regulations governing the taking of motor boats into Canada from the United States?

As nearly as can be ascertained, none except Customs regulations.

3. Where may charts be obtained covering waterways in Canada?

From the Department of Naval Service, Ottawa, or probably from Map Specialty Company, 79 E. Adelaide St., Toronto, or Grand & Toy, 10 Wellington St., Toronto. This applies to main water-route charts only, there are no charts issued for most of the minor water routes.

1919 TRAPSHOOTING AVERAGES

The American Trapshooting Association has compiled the averages for 1919 of all American and Canadian shooters. Sam Vance, the Tillsonburg, Ontario, wonder leads the Canadian squad with the magnificent average of .9562.

Of those shooting at 2,000 or more targets we have secured the scores of eight amateurs and one professional as follows:

	Shot at	Bk.	Ave.
1. S. G. Vance, Tillsonburg.....	4005	3806	.9652
2. J. W. Hart, Dresden	2845	2694	.9469
3. J. E. Jennings, Toronto.....	2475	2317	.9361
4. H. W. Cooley, Toronto.....	2165	2006	.9265
5. G. J. Tuckett, Hamilton....	2030	1856	.9142
6. F. E. Healey, Toronto.....	3375	3002	.8894
7. J. Vance, Tillsonburg.....	3175	2805	.8834
8. W. J. McCance, St. Thomas	2070	1684	.8135
Professionals.			
1. G. M. Dunk, Toronto.....	2225	1884	.8467



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—Bonnycastle Dale



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Rain-Swallows

MARY CAMPBELL

Rain-lashed waves and tossing spray!
The swallows are flying over the Bay,
Low and high, in a swallow's way.

High or low, as the waters swing,
Dodging a crest—dipping a wing.

Sweeping, circling, riding aslant
To the wind's wild medley, the surf's deep chant,

All to the gray sea, dip and soar —
Wheeling darting back to the shore.

Snatching the sweets that hurry by:
A wind-flung moth, a drabbled fly.

Swish!—through the lane where the maples drip.
Back to the shore where the pebbles slip.

Wings bedraggled; and what's to gain?
Wind-blown mist and the flail of rain!

Wanton, reckless, the swallows play
When the waves run high on a rain-swept day,
And there's mist adrift over Sandy Bay.

September First at Kemebacsis

A. C. ROCKWELL

SUNDAY night at nine o'clock I boarded the express for Nauwigewauk station where I spent the night with John Lester. John was to paddle me for the shoot the next day. He had looked over the situation on Saturday and reported that the birds were fairly plentiful. About five o'clock on Monday morning we packed our kits and guns in the canoe also a fine lunch that Mrs. Lester had thoughtfully prepared. At daybreak we started to paddle up the Kemebacsis River to the marsh at the head of Darling's Island which was four miles distant. We had gone about a mile and passing a cove

where John said there might be some whistlers, we went in nearer the shore but did not see any birds. We had just started out to make the next point when out came a pair, just out of shot. We had turned out a little too soon. A little farther on we saw three whistlers out to our right. John told me to get ready. He put us within 50 yards of them. One went under the water and the other two jumped. They both went down in two shots but still very much alive and both went under. We took after one and killed him when he came up. Then we looked around for number two but he had eluded us

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JOHN HARRIS

Manager

in the fog which was quite thick early in the morning. On we went and at the Point saw a newly built blind with about twenty whistler decoys out in front. We bade the man "good morning" and he told us he had not had a shot so far. Further on and just before we came to the main channel going into the marsh we saw one single whistler light ahead of us. Right here John got in some more of his fine work and put the canoe within shot and up went the duck but not to go very far as he came down on his back and never moved. When we had got in the marsh we found we were not the early birds we thought, as there were at least four canoes there ahead of us. We paddled around a while and John decided to leave me in a small island where the grass was high while he took a scout around. He had only gone a short distance when a nice Black duck dropped in the grass about two gun shots away. I signalled John to come back but before he got to me up went Mr. Duck and passed me a good long shot away. I let him have it and saw at once that I had hit him all right and down he went. However John soon found him and took his top off with a load of No. 6. We stayed there a while longer but got no more shots then started for the other side of the marsh where we had seen a pair and one single one go down. We jumped two on our way over. I killed one and missed one. An easy shot and here is where John had the laugh at me. However I came back strong as we had only gone a short distance when

two more blue wings got up and I dropped the pair in two nice clean shots.

The next shot I got was a single bird just at the mouth of the channel on our way over to the Island to boil our tea and have dinner. I winged him and as soon as he fell he made for the grass and this is where I had the laugh on John: Away he went through the grass and the first thing I heard flop and down went John in a hole to his waist. I could not see him from the canoe and am not going to tell you what he said but it was not long till I heard bang, and I knew Mr. Duck was all in. The next thing on the programme was eat and we surely cleaned up the lunch Mrs. Lester had gotten ready for us. We filled our pipes and stretched out on the beach for an hour then aboard and away again, but only got one bird in the afternoon. About 4.30 p.m. we met Peter Lester in the marsh so we decided to fix out near each other for the evening. Just before dusk along came four pretty high and going straight for Peter. We heard his old ten Bore and saw one start down followed in about two seconds by another. About as pretty a shot as I have seen in a long time. We paddled down about 9 p.m. with 9 ducks killed and missed two chances, pretty tired, but sure spent a fine day as you will all understand, who like the outdoors and your gun. When any of you want to try the ducks down this way get John at Nauwigewauk and he surely can put up the ducks within shot for you.

Inventory of British Columbia Water-Powers

According to the comprehensive report just issued by the Commission of Conservation on the Water-Powers of British Columbia, it is estimated that 3,000,000, twenty-four hour, horse-power may be developed from the waters of the province. This estimate is, admittedly, not conclusive and may be misleading, especially if compared with other totals where "no real basis for comparison has been established." The mountain systems, glaciers, snow fields and widely variant precipitation make the power question in British Columbia an unique one and render difficult comparisons with other provinces. There are already about 250,000 horse-power developed, also estimated on a twenty-four hour basis. For various reasons a number of the possibilities on such rivers as the Fraser,

Thompson, Skeena and Nass cannot be economically developed under present conditions. Moreover, it was not possible to make adequate estimates of the power potentialities of the more northerly portions of the province. As the country becomes more developed considerable additional power may be found to be available.

The author of the report, Mr. Arthur V. White, deals fully with the relationship between water, as a source of power and its use for domestic and municipal supply, agriculture, irrigation, navigation, fisheries, mining, forestry and raparian rights. These problems are too frequently neglected in surveys of water-powers. The development of the country's natural resources can best be carried on when each of them is given adequate con-

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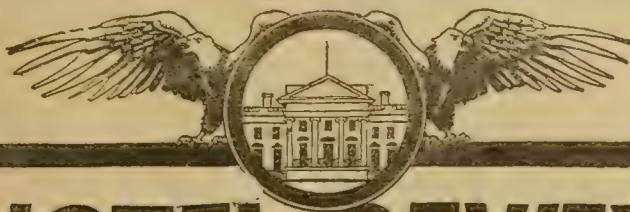
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sideration. It is a mistake to concentrate on any single resource such as water-power, or the soil, or the forests, to the exclusion of all others. They are naturally interdependent.

As every engineer knows, it is necessary to obtain records of stream flow, precipitation and natural storage for a period of years to arrive at average conditions, before attempting to estimate the amount of potential power. Power possibilities at present must be based on the minimum flow of streams. In many instances, however, artificial storage may be used economically and perform a double function of reducing floods and increasing the amount of available power.

The report deals at length with historical aspects of water legislation in British Columbia. A useful feature is the chronological key to water legislation in British Columbia from 1858 to 1917. The chapter devoted to power developments discusses the subject from an historical standpoint which adds materially to its value and interest.

Detailed descriptions are given of the

topographical features on the larger watersheds, such as the Columbia and Fraser and Mackenzie River systems, Vancouver Island Mainland Pacific coast.

A large amount of stream flow data has been assembled and carefully analyzed. Meteorological data has been compiled with similar care, a feature that adds much to the value of the report from a technical standpoint.

A convenient set of hydraulic conversion tables as well as a list of benchmarks on the Vancouver Island and Pacific Mainland coasts are given in the appendices. As a work for reference purposes the report is greatly enhanced by the inclusion of a full bibliography and an index.

While relating particularly to British Columbia, this publication presents a thorough examination of the economic, legal and other problems common to the efficient development of water resources throughout the Dominion.

THE LAW RE FOXES.

The Editor Rod and Gun

Every once in a while when our law makers at Parliament are producing good ones for us they seem to hand out something real punk. Most of the game laws seem to be suited to the end in view, but when they legislated a few of them (the Fox, Wolf and Skunk), some one was misinformed.

Mr. Fox is the greatest sinner, let us take his case. He is far more plentiful in Ontario than anyone would guess, and one fox can easily kill the poultry output of ten good farm yards. I can cite cases where he cleaned out the farmer, so he will have to buy seed for next year. Our red friend doesn't stop there for I know of some good citizens who have shot and seen Mr. Fox with a partridge in his mouth, and he doesn't object to a hare dinner. What is true of the fox follows for his friends, they are not so speedy or cunning but steal our good feathered friends just the same. These carnivora are always busy and there can be no comparison between their seasons game catch and that of all the hunters put together.

Now the law steps in:—

It costs us \$5 each for a hunting license

where it should read that a bounty of so much will be paid for each fox, etc. We haven't shot partridge for four years, personally I can wait another four, but there is no need if the real menace could be stopped. Our hare season is practically no good, at least better to advance it one month.

I would suggest that those interested, make an investigation, talk it over with a farmer or a hunter and make a "holler." Let us keep Canada with our good old Canadian privileges of the shoot for Canadians and legislate Mr. Fox and his kin out of business.

Norman Douglas.

REMEDY FOR MOSQUITO BITES

Editor, Rod and Gun

I have seen in your number of August last a few remedies for mosquitoes bites. Kindly let me add one more and perhaps the most effective. Just apply a drop of ordinary white vinegar either pure or diluted and in about five minutes you will be rid of the inconvenience. Trusting this will help some other fishing or shooting crank. I have the pleasure to subscribe fraternally.

T. A. Giroux.

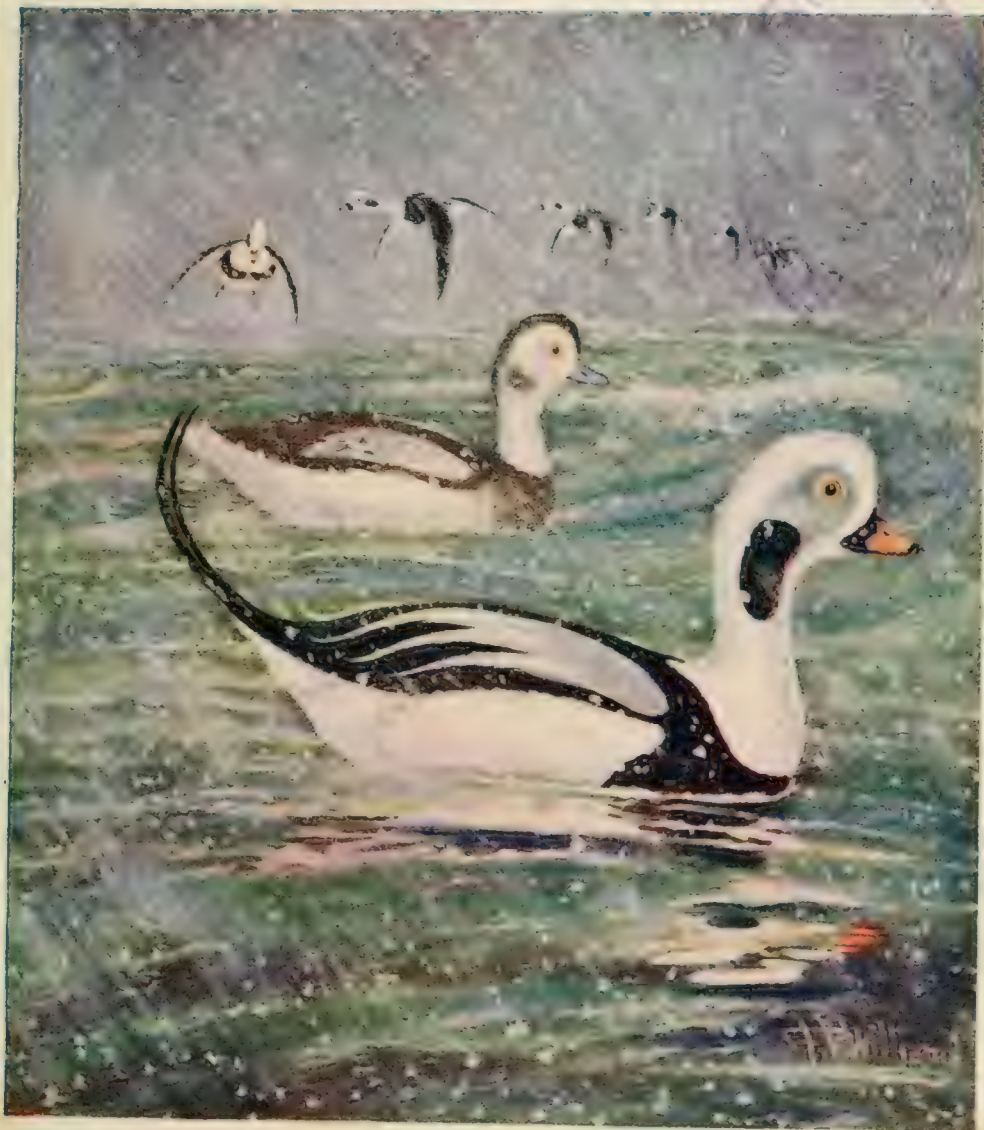
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Laws of the Herd and Flock

GEORGE R. BELTON

AND there's never a law of God or man
Runs north of fifty-three."

So says the poet. Perhaps it is so, if the laws of God are revealed through man only. But there are laws just as clearly cut, just as binding and just as—yet far more closely followed and enforced, that run north of fifty-three, and east of Suez "where there ain't no ten commandments," and in the heights of the air that even the airman has not yet climbed, and in the depths of the sea where the submarine dares not descend. They are the laws of the herd and the flock.

Far north of the sway of man's laws the musk-ox herd obeys the law that the herd obeyed before the glacial period. When the herd is attacked by an enemy they fall into a hollow square, with the males at the outside and the females and younger within. Then the strongest male leaves the phalanx, which immediately closes its ranks behind him, and he battles to the death with the marauder. Another and another male goes over the top till the enemy is beaten. This was the best tactics when the herd fought with the enemy it met in the days when the musk-ox roamed from France to Labrador over a land lately covered by ice. But to-day—the law of the herd is its undoing when the enemy is man, ruthless man, with repeating rifle: The musk-ox has not adapted

himself to his changed conditions as brought about by adventurous man; like any creature incapable of change he is as good as dead already unless the pity of better men enforces his safety.

Yet in this very law of the musk-ox herd can be seen the rightfully lauded law of the best of men, which makes heroes of them when the ship is sinking or peril dire arises—and the cry comes "save the women and children." Is there not a mute appeal here for the best of men to save the vanishing herds of the north?

A wise and good man once wrote a book called "Natural law in the spiritual world." He worded that wrongly. It was spiritual laws operating in the natural world that he saw. He saw the ends of these laws projecting, as it were, into earthly affairs, and followed them higher—it was not natural law projecting itself into spiritual things, but spiritual law projecting itself into earthly things. The laws of the herd and the flock are just the laws of men projecting themselves into the lower plane. The drift of the species into pastures new, noted by every observer of nature, is just the drift of emigration amongst men, looking for food and for better living conditions. The adaptable race survives; the community bound by ancient law past its use and effect dies violently or by dry rot. And the adaptable species survive when conditions

change; the giraffe grew its neck when feed became so scarce that the taller ones only could survive because they could eat higher up on the trees when drouth had killed the grass and only deep rooted trees held green food. Survival of the fittest is inexorable law to the herd; must it be amongst men as inexorable?

But what are the laws of the herd and flock that are not so rooted in their helpless nature but are apparently, like the defence of the musk-ox, a law enforced by the herd itself? For what offences do the crows put members of the flock to death—as any out-of-doors person will tell you often occurs? Stealing is certainly one offence; disclosing the whereabouts of the flock by incautious noise is another; while all observers know that a wounded member of almost any herd or flock is instantly killed—the individual sacrificed for the good of the community. There are outlaw wolves; “lone wolves” driven off from their fellows; outlaw crows never flying with the flock, but often deliberately betraying them to their arch enemy, man. What have they done that the pack or the flock has driven them out? It might be a revelation equal to reading the codes of Hammurabi if one could only discover the laws so drastically enforced as those that run north of fifty-three and recognise no boundary lines of extradition elsewhere.

In the cattle at the barn one sees that the bulls have blunt horns, often turned outward harmlessly, while the cows have straight horns and sharp. This seems wrong; I believe someone wrote an article touching on women’s rights and condemned the Almighty for this amongst other things. It seems a pity sometimes that some of these wise ones had not been around when the world was made as they could have given a few pointers to the Creator—if you let them tell the story. But any old hunter will tell you that the law of the herd on the great wide prairie when herds are there, put the gregarious herd under the leadership of the strongest bull in order that the young would be strong—and stronger.

But it was not intended that the strongest bull should kill the weaker ones; when they fought for mastery they killed only a weak one; the next in strength was beaten but left to take the place of the leader if the latter were killed in leading the defence. Only when the leader was no longer fit to head the herd was he driven out from them by his victorious young supplanter—and this was right by all the laws upon which depend the future of the race.

But are all the laws of the herd and flock merely nature getting her way by indirection, as wise ones now say she always does? I heard a lecturer once say that nature placed love of wife and home in the world merely to induce men to perpetuate the race—or words not so out-of-doors in their crudeness but it meant that, anyhow. Which was the same as to say that the Creator thought he was putting one over on us men but the said lecturer showed him up. What about the law by which the robin mates for life? It is as binding as that which perpetuates the herd. No priest or king commands it. Does the lion fear public opinion that he is true to the lioness? Is the male tiger afraid of jail that he hunts for food for his young? Who has written it that the swan shall die for his cygnets, or the lark leave his song to feed his helpless nestlings? No, my lecturer friend; you know books better than I but get out into God’s out-of-doors and you will find that kings and priests have not made the laws; they have only stated them. Stated them wrongly perhaps in detail; perhaps refused to adapt them to changing conditions, but in fundamentals the laws of the herd and the flock, and the laws of men, and those of God are one and the same. It is spiritual law in the natural world.

Even a spirit akin to worship gropes dimly in the flock and the herd. What leads the howling monkey to bow and howl to the rising sun? Why do the birds chorister the morning, or burst forth with joy on high when their young are fed and happy? Midst the shadowed aisles of the forest they sing praise to life

if not to its Giver; at dawn on the prairie they follow weird ceremonies grotesque as the religious rites of our fathers. Perhaps at least some of their inexorable laws are based upon something not so far removed from that feeling which we have regulated into a form which we call religion.

They have their good and bad communities. Why is this? Not only are wild species fierce or gentle; mean or kind, but in every species there are communities that are better or worse than others. And the spirit of the band is distinct from that of the individuals that compose it; a pack of prairie wolves, made up of cowardly sneaks, becomes at times a mass of heroes ready to die to the last individual. Men are the same; I have seen a mob howling for the blood of a suspected murderer, and distinguished amongst its leaders men who had only the day before condemned even legal punishment. As individuals they were gentle to a fault; as members of the mob they were bloodthirsty fiends. The so-called "psychology of the mob" is the law of the herd and of the flock.

Look into the deep clear water and you see a shoal of small fishes; perhaps they extend for one hundred feet in length and twenty in breadth across the whole group. They are going west slowly;—in an instant all turn south and dart away in a new formation. As individuals they could not have received an order and obeyed it; they all turned at once on a common impulse. Any fisherman will tell you of the thought that commands the flock, just as any hunter will tell you of the herd soul. What is it? Herds and flocks, and mobs and communities, have a spirit

apart from that of the individuals that compose them. The migrating bird is not the same individual as the bird that sung in your apple-tree; his very voice is changed. The group influences the spirit of the individual that belongs to it at least for the time and the individual changes to suit the character of the community, which is not the sum total of the characters of the individuals that compose it. And it is so with men, too. I feel the character of a city as soon as I enter it; just as old hunters feel "safe" or cautious when they approach the lair of animals. So does nearly everyone; they do not recognise the feeling but they have it. And just as the old hunter's "hunch" is generally right, so the instinctive feeling expressed by a community on a visitor is usually correct as a general judgment upon that community. This is why some men can mould a group of men or a whole city, to their will; they fall in with its spirit or take advantage of it. I have hunted with men who had what to me looked like an uncanny knowledge of what the herd was going to do, or where it now was; they knew there were more of the flock "over yander" and that these ones would "fly the way they riz"—and they were nearly always right. They knew the laws of the herd and flock, to the extent that their business demanded anyhow.

Would that someone could obtain the knowledge of these men and more that could be learned by trained observation. Not to bring destruction to our fellow creatures; but that we might learn the fundamentals of the laws of our own being as seen in their projection into the most primitive sphere.

A Northwest Mounted Police Dog

DON KELLO

FISK witnessed two murders and one attempted murder, but he could not testify. Not that he was an unwilling witness, or be-

cause he evaded the authorities and could not be produced on the stand, but simply because Fisk was not made to speak; he is a dog.

With the passing of "E" Division of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police from Calgary, Fisk, the faithful canine, who was owned by John Fisk, the murderer who slew Tucker Peach in cold blood at his farm house in southern Alberta several years ago, is aged and worn now and he has left Calgary and all its bewildering surroundings for the dog. He was at the Peach home with his first master, John Fisk, on the early morning of the

Paddy Nolan fought through the volumes of law in a desperate attempt to save his client from the grip of evidence which gradually closed about him and eventually strangled the life from the prisoner on the gallows in the R.N.W.M.P. grounds.

Fisk found a new home, however, and was happy with the mounties. The redcoats learned to love the faithful canine and he came to recognize Constable Davis as his master. This



crime and had he been produced as a witness on the stand against his master, the evidence would have been more convincing than that on which the slayer was sent to the gallows.

Long after the crime, when his master was suspected and arrested at a livery stable in Carbon, Fisk came on to Calgary with the police and while his master lay in the cells with the charge of murder hanging over his head, Fisk stayed with the mounties. He was outside the courthouse while his master stood trial in that famous hearing when the late

officer of the law took a great fancy to Fisk and it was not long before a great friendship grew between the dumb animal and his new guardian. On their many hunts throughout the land, Fisk accompanied different detachments of the mounties whenever Davis was along. He tracked along behind the dashing steeds that bore the red coats over the plains for miles and life again seemed to him worth while, even though his former master died a dishonorable death by hanging.

But that cloud of gloom was destined to cast its shadow over poor old

Fisk again. Constable Davis, accompanied as usual by his faithful canine, visited an Indian settlement to apprehend one Running Wolf, an Indian wanted by the police for an infraction of the law. Running Wolf shot Davis dead and Fisk was along again. His second master fell victim to the bullet and he died an honorable death in the performance of his duty.

The mounties were the only consolation for the poor old dog. Two owners had cherished him as a friend and they had passed on, but still Fisk sought the companionship of a faithful master and he was next taken by Corporal A. F. C. Watts of the mounties. Though it took Fisk a long time to make up with his new master, he eventually came to care for him with that same faithful spirit as had marked his friendship for the other two who had since left him behind. Strangely enough Fisk seemed a hoodoo for his owners. Corpl. Watts while in the man hunt after the murderers at Exshaw, narrowly escaped death at the hands of one of the desperadoes in the dense woods at the foot of the Rockies many years ago. Fisk followed his master on this hunt, for he became attached to Watts just the same as the other two and here again he might have been a witness, had he the tongue, intelligent enough to speak in court. The murderers were afterwards caught and Watts was avenged.

The mounties have gone. Fisk continued to make his home with the R.N.W.M.P. after Watts was removed to the coast, but now that the red-coats have disappeared from the plains and the detachment so long quartered in Calgary, moved away, Fisk has been sent on to Watts in Vancouver, where he will end his days far from the scenes where dastardly crimes were committed and he was the star witness.

In his last days in Calgary, Fisk limped around with a dropped head. His coat had become thick and matted. He was old, but still beloved by the mounties and Constable S. G. Knight took great care of him. The redcoats had long since come to re-

cognize Fisk as a member of the force. Although his original master perished on the gallows they held nothing against the dog. He had been a true companion to Fisk. Although he witnessed the murder of Tucker Peach as he rolled from his bed in the early morning on a farm west of Okotoks, never a word did he break to the neighbors, the police or the court. He was available all the way through the trial, but his testimony was never used.

Fisk stood by the side of his second master, Constable Davis, when he was slain by the infuriated redskin at the settlement. He could not avenge the fallen officer, nor could he supply the incriminating evidence at the trial. Death had claimed the second master to whom he had become attached and still he was left to plod along and find his new friends, who would care for him as he would wish to be.

Corpl. Watts survives. Fisk has still his third master and with him he will likely end his days. His bleary eyes still hold the same trust for those who befriend him. One of the optics has become dim and his hearing is dull. His trusty legs that once carried him at a rapid pace after the mounties across the plains, have stiffened at the joints and rheumatism has crippled him sadly. His sharp, white teeth are now fallen to decay and his flossy coat of black, white and brown has turned to a matted mass, thickened almost to wool.

Before the redcoats took their final departure, Fisk held his silent inspection. As the mounties trooped by, Fisk watched with sadness in his dim, bleary eyes the faithful officers of the law, who have made a home for him for many years. They passed, but in their passing this dog had taken his last long look, fastening in his unspoken mind, a picture of the redcoats, which will long remain with him, and doubtless be carried to the day when the lids of his age-worn eyes close forever over the eyes that had witnessed but could not tell.

Silvertip



H. MORTIMER BATTEN

THE man stooped forward as he walked in the attitude of one accustomed to carrying heavy loads. Over his left shoulder was a bundle of musquash traps, and in his right hand he swung a club. There was nothing to indicate whether he was a young man or old, save the ease of his swinging stride, for he moved a hoary figure in a world festooned and bearded with frost. The hair of his face, what little of it was exposed through his parki hood was caked and clotted with ice; ice crystals clung to his clothing, giving him a ghostly, and world old appearance. He wore huge mitts, braced up from the elbows, and on his feet were gigantic snowshoes, which gave forth a faint "flap flapping" as he shuffled on.

The man was following a creek, but save for its tortuousness it might have been a human roadway, for there was nothing to indicate the nature of it, so buried and banked was its course with snow. Likewise the graceful poplar and silver birch, through which it formed an avenue, were festooned and piled high with fantastic snow formations, clinging to the branches like mammoth fungi. Yesterday there had been a blizzard, and no wind had risen since. The name of the man was Anse Corbit, the name of the place was Joy Valley.

Suddenly the man stopped dead in his tracks, catching his breath in a quick gasp, and "froze." He had just rounded a bend in the creek, and ahead of him lay a long, open vista. In the centre of that space, more surprised even than he was, stood a jet black fox!

For the first time and the last Rip

and Anse Corbit looked straight into each other's faces. Henceforth they were to meet as casual acquaintances, avoiding each other's eyes, or as foes. Straight and fearlessly the fox looked with his wonderful golden orbs, seeming to ask the question—"What would you have with me that you surprise me thus?"

A wonderful spark of life amidst the dead dreariness of winter, one paw raised, tail erect, ready to dart aside from a whistling bullet, Rip stood, but the man made no movement. The fox daintily sniffed the air, uttered a low rumble of suspicion, and turning, his eyes still on the man, trotted away without haste.

Anse Corbit laid down his traps and cursed. He cursed with an easy flow of blasphemy peculiar to the backwoods. The black fox fashion was at its height, and one pelt like this would repay half a season's trapping, yet to-day, of all days, he had left his gun at home!

Now picking up the trail, Corbit followed the line of straight neat tracks into the bush and away over the fairy ridge. Here the fox had stepped and looked back, then trotting on—again Anse uttered a gasp, staring this time at the snow!

Here there were two lines of prints, the new line, joining those he had followed, being smaller and neater, like the spoor marks of a cat. The two foxes had trotted up to each other with some sign of greeting, then chasing their tails a round or two, had run off together, so close that they must have trotted flank to flank. The woodsman thrust back his parki hood, scratched his forehead, and said "Ah!" but the cold

warned him to move on, and he turned homewards.

Anse Corbit was a very ordinary woodsman. His wife ran a little candy shop in Toronto, and he possessed three small children whom he loved dearly. He had visions of making a fortune along the trapping line, of building a bay window to the candy shop, and of spending the winters henceforth in bedroom slippers before the stove.

That evening the fortune seemed to become a tangible thing. He no longer regretted not having taken his gun, for now he knew that the black fox had a mate, and that they had settled upon his range. Soon it would be spring, and the fox farmers would be competing with one another in the way of gigantic prices paid for litters of black or silver cubs.

From that day, till spring came, Corbit's range was a sanctuary for Rip and his mate. Corbit never even fired a shot about the portion of the range he had given over to them, and regularly Rip, following the man's tracks after watching him pass, in that inquisitive way foxes have, found plump partridges and snowshoe rabbits, freshly taken from the snare, awaiting him.

Whatever Corbit knew about the foxes, they certainly knew all about him. They knew the hours of his coming and going, the exact circuit of his musquash traps, and the precise combination of his rubbish heap. The black fox was fearless, noting that Corbit seldom carried a gun, and many a morning he had completed the round of the "sets," feasted freely and carried a plump young musk home for his wife, ere Corbit was up.

The dreamed of spring was near ere Corbit, fearful of trespassing, saw the vixen. He was returning home by a different route, which led him through the fox range, when he saw the black fox stroll out of a poplar grove, and peering through the juniper, look covetously at a brace of snowshoe rabbits nibbling the second growth spruce in the space beyond. Rip seemed visibly to shrink, then thinking a moment he began to

scratch in the deep snow. In this way he constructed a trench under the juniper scrub, and with the snow banked up in front of him extended it out into the open towards the rabbits. He knew that they would return this way to the poplar grove, but the snowshoe is more at home than a fox in deep snow, so that Rip must snatch up his prize in the open ere it could gain the protection of the underbrush.

Having extended the trench a dozen paces the black fox crouched behind his breastwork and waited, while Corbit watched and the rabbits nibbled their way towards the danger zone. Once the smaller of the two came within striking distance, but Rip never moved, till presently the other hopped a little nearer, and sat up with goggle-eyed importance. Then there was a flash, a zipp and a great cloud of powdery snow rose into the air where the big rabbit had been. When it had settled, Corbit saw the black fox, the big rabbit between his jaws—shaking it violently till it hung limp and lifeless.

Rip then laid the rabbit down, and scratching a deep hole in the snow carefully buried it, after which he returned rapidly the way he had come.

Scarcely was he gone when a long black animal, which had evidently watched the whole manoeuvre, issued in spasmodic sprints from nowhere in particular, seized upon the rabbit, shook it furiously, and departed for the timber. This animal was a fisher—the only member of the weasel family that has never been known to fish.

Presently Rip returned, and with him he brought Silvertip. Corbit's eyes shone when he saw her. She was sleek and low, the depth of her fur making her appear unduly short in the legs—but she was silver as her mate was black! Such a pelt might be worth two thousand dollars, thought Corbit, and again visions of a bay window and bedroom slippers rose before his mind.

Little Silvertip seemed sleepy and fretful, but Rip, coaxing and persua-

sive, led her triumphantly to the buried rabbit, and began to scratch. He scratched at first deliberately then with increased vigor. He looked round at his wife, who sat coolly eyeing him, and a sudden panic seemed to fall upon him. He scratched this way and that, sending the snow shooting forth in great cascades, till he had excavated a hole large enough to bury a sheep, then again he turned and looked shamefully at his wife.

Little Silvertip strode quietly up and bit his ear. She jostled him and cuffed him, then, with an air of disgust, stole back the way she had come, while Rip, glancing first at her then at the huge hole he had dug, finally slunk off in the opposite direction.

II.

Spring had come, though there was nothing to indicate it save the glory of the sunsets and the lengthening of the twilights. Corbit, more keenly intent than before, forsook his

trapping line, and devoted himself to watching the foxes. He smeared his boots with some magic dope, which was supposed to kill all human taint, and spent his days skulking like an Indian about the groves of Joy Valley.

One day he saw little Silvertip come out of the cedar grove, and bury a rabbit at the foot of a cairn of stones. He knew then that the time was drawing near. Next day she picked up a spruce partridge he had left for her, and buried it at the same place. The man now had won the confidence of the two foxes; they no longer feared him or went out of their way to hide their habits from him, so Corbit's hopes were high.

The next day and the next Silvertip did not appear, and on the third day Corbit saw Rip carrying something in his mouth, travelling in a straight line across country. It was food for little Silvertip he carried.

Corbit's pulses beat eagerly, and swiftly, cautiously, he set out upon the trail of the black fox. Now he would discover their secret, and in a few days, when the cubs were old enough to live without their mother, he would go to the den with a bag and a spade.

The trail of the black fox led him out over the plateau, across Joy Creek at the exact spot where he and Rip had first met, out over the fairy ridge, through fox range and on into the juniper scrub. Here and there it was broken where Rip had leapt high into a windfall to break the line, but on, still on it led to the wind-swept heights, where at points it was all but obliterated.

Corbit's hopes sank and his suspicions grew as dusk closed in. More than once he told himself "This is an old trail I am following," and when, at darkness, he found himself back at the exact spot from which he had started at noon, he knew he had been fooled.

Next day he was up at dawn, and taking up the trail where he had started yesterday he searched diligently for the linking up of the new trail with the old, but found it not. At dusk, however, he again saw Rip,



travelling straight north, in the opposite direction from yesterday, again as though with some fixed goal in view, and with a bird in his mouth. Eagerly, yet with a sense that he was being fooled, Corbit followed, and his eyes upon the trail he did not notice the snow storm that was beating up, till presently the ice particles began to drive in his face. But the black fox had seen, and when his trail was blotted out he turned south towards the den.

Next day spasmodic snowstorms rendered tracking impossible, and Corbit, becoming desperate, kept off the range. He knew that if once the foxes suspected they were being watched and followed they would immediately remove their cubs to some distant point, and his dreams would be ended, so to-day he made a journey across the range to the nearest farm, and returned with something in a basket.

There followed a night of biting frost, and a dead cold, silent dawn. Corbit was astir early. From its place above the window he took a light .22 rifle, and from under the shelf he drew the basket. Then, sallying forth to the open space where Rip had killed the snowshoe rabbit, he drew from his basket a black hen, and tethered her by one leg to a stump. Then Corbit mounted to his old hiding, and rifle in hand began his chilly wait—intent on wounding but not killing.

The hen, a conspicuous black splodge on the whiteness below, having learnt the extent of her freedom in every direction, settled down to cackling indignantly at such abuse, her loud cries ringing far on the winter stillness. But Rip was away on the other side of the range, and only Silvertip heard.

Corbit did not see the silent grey ghost sliding swiftly through the cedar grove. He saw nothing of the silver fox till suddenly a cloud of snow rose into the air where the black hen stood, then he beheld Silvertip, the hen between her jaws, struggling to release it from the tethering pin. Slowly, carefully, he raised the little rifle and fired.



Silvertip dropped the hen and sprang with a yelp of pain, then catching up a mouthful of snow, began to plaster it over the burning wound in her shoulder. This done she sniffed the breezes and loped away.

Back to her cubs? Ah no! Her first thought was for them, for she knew the man would follow, and their whereabouts was a secret to be guarded at the cost of life. Away over the hills she set the pace, in the direction opposite to the den, and Corbit, descending, rejoiced when he saw the spots of crimson upon the trail.

Over the fairy ridge, across the creek, and into the heights, where the burr oak hangs low and knotted by the gale, she leads the way, but to-day the old, old tricks fail, the clever linking up of the new trail to the old, the dainty back track and sidelong leap, find the human sleuth remorselessly at her heels. At every mound she pauses and looks hopefully back, but there he is, the rifle in the crook of his arm, the steady slap-slap of his snowshoes audible across the distance.

Her tongue is lolling now, she turns and heads for Joy Valley. The glory of the sunset tints the snow with crimson, and the long waving shad-

ows, heralds of the coming spring, lie across her path. In a week or so the woods will be filled with life and song, but to-day all is silent, and dusk steals down upon her.

Does she realize the truth, does she know what the man is after? Little woodland mother, dragging one limb wearily after another, hopefully looking back, then going on, almost within rifle shot, now. Six little soft lives waiting at home for her, six little creatures that yesterday she licked and fondled, cuddling them to her as a human mother caresses her children.

She has gained the frozen creek now, where the birches stand like ghostly figures in the gloom. She no longer looks back, for her keen ears catch the crunch of snowshoes. There is a movement in the underground, and Rip joins her. He does not understand just what is amiss, he only knows she is in dire need. He hears a man behind her, and pauses only to lick her parched and burning muzzle, bidding her be of good cheer, then full of confidence he links his trail with hers, and sets off gaily up the slope.

O beautiful running machine, light as a thistle seed, O little black fox in your priceless robe, you are among the fittest, we know, but man's brain must triumph in the end!

There is a spot of crimson on the trail, and now a new story is written there. Here she has wound aside to avoid a snowdrift in her way, there a windfall lay across her path, and unable to leap it she has made a wide circuit. She has snapped at the tree roots in her extremity, caught up the snow to cool her wound, then on—slowly on!

The fairy ridge is rimmed with gold, and Rip, a halo about his form, pauses there and looks back into the gloom of the valley. His confidence is gone, his tail droops, a new anxiety comes into his eyes. Circling round he goes back to Silvertip, trots alongside her, flank to flank, as in their honeymoon days—trying to support her the best he knows, eagerly licking her muzzle, setting the pace for her, and little Silvertip

encouraged, struggles up the ridge, but the trail is drawing to a close.

They are back in the fox range now, and again Rip links his trail with hers, waiting behind for the man to appear. In mortal peril of his life he breaks cover full in view, full in the open, and easily within rifle shot—even “yap-yaps” to make sure the man has seen, but in the grove beyond he knows that he has failed.

Little Silvertip, do you understand? Do you know, little woodland mother, what this dimness is before your eyes—the dusk of a land you have never seen before? Ah no! In your breast is only savage mother love, which is the greatest love of all, for it fears not death. Why should you fear when you do not understand? You know only that your little ones soon will need the food that you alone can give, and that you must go to them—*now*, ere this great weariness crushes your drooping limbs into the snow.

And so the savage mother love triumphed in the end, and little Silvertip crept to her cubs to feed them for the last time—to caress them and fondle them ere the kindly shadows closed upon her eyes.

There was a crimson spot upon the trail, betraying the secret she and Rip had tried so hard to keep, and there, with his lantern, Anse found her, while her little cubs sat around, whining and trying to rouse her, wondering why their mother was so still and cold. Her last thought, like her first, had been for them.

There were six cubs, one a beautiful silver grey, the others common red. Corbit, though disappointed, realized that he was well repaid; the pelt of the mother and of the sole silver cub would fetch fancy prices, while the remainder of the litter, being the offspring of black and silver parents, would doubtless sell well for stock purposes. He took the little cubs home, made them comfortable in a cheese box, and next day, armed with traps and a rifle, set off to seek the destruction of Rip, who he knew would haunt the home of such sad memories for many days to come.

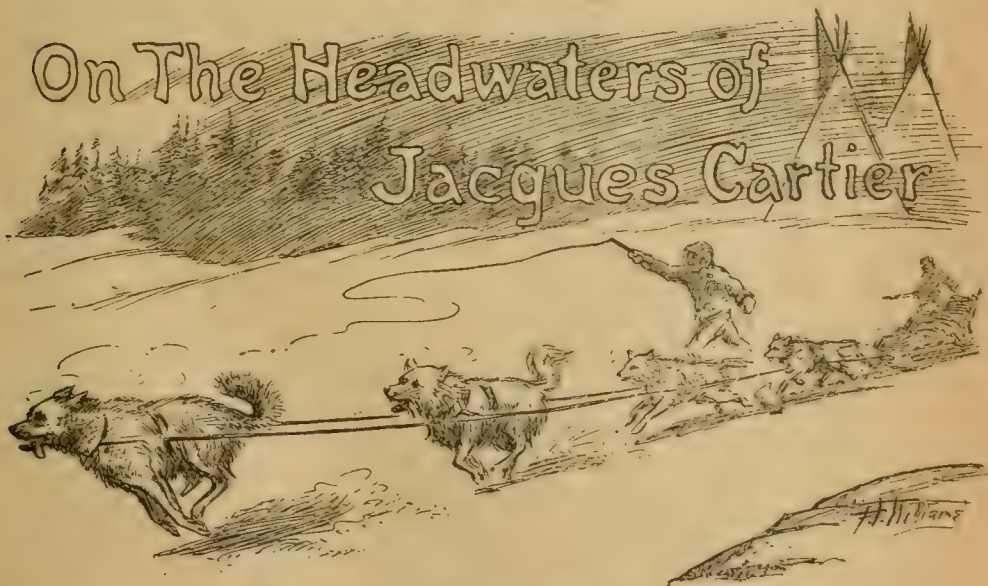
For some hours, until indeed the dusk crept in, Corbit hunted the black fox, but it was not till he was near home that he caught a glimpse of it. Then he saw the little fellow as many times before—heading straight through the silver gloom with something dangling from his mouth. Was he searching for his vixen or his cubs with food for them? The man laughed inwardly at the thought of it, then fired.

The bullet cast up a column of snow at Rip's side, he doubled and turned, then like a streak headed for the timber belt. Swift as an eagle he skimmed the drifts, light as a thistle seed he floated and glided towards the friendly shadows. Again Corbit fired and again, wondering

why the fox did not drop its heavy load, but the shots fell short and Rip was gone.

When Corbit reached his cabin he found the window ajar and the silver cub missing! There was no need to wonder where. Were not those fox tracks leading round and round the hut till the snow was trodden hard—leading back and forth across the roof—yes, across the very floor from the partly open window. Guns, traps, the scent of man himself—all these things Rip had braved to feed his little cubs, for there in the cheese box, in place of the cub that was gone, lay a freshly killed partridge!

Corbit knew now why it was the black fox would not drop the thing that he was carrying.



WILLIAM MACMILLAN

WRESTED from the iron clutches of the surrounding forest the little settlement of Point Bleu jutted out in an insolent fashion into the swirling waters of the turbulent Jacques Cartier. Through the short summer months the settlement dozed in the warm sun, but from the month of September to the spring, Point Bleu was the common meeting ground of hard bitten trapper and scheming trader. In the little cluster of gaily painted shacks that made up the

village towered the two stories of the hotel. Loosely nailed, unpainted clapboards flapped disconsolately in the chill December winds, while the untutored hand of the proprietor in a flourish of cheap red paint across the top of the door announced to all that this was Menard's Maison de Pension.

Six feet four inches in height, weighing two hundred and forty eight pounds and built in proportion Menard surely was an imposing

creature. A coarse and rough exterior covered a heart that was wonderfully generous and kind.

So bitter was the cold in this month of December that despite the fact that sturdy little Quebec heaters were going full blast in each room, the guests to a man, slept in all their clothes plus their fur coats.

It was common talk that old Menard donned his coat of China dog early in November and in that coat he slept, lived, moved and had his being till the warming suns of spring drove his old woman to protest. Even at meals his giant figure could be seen sprawled over the end of the long deal table, his head covered with a high cap made from the paws and tails of the grey lynx. The power and courage of the man was known and admired from one end of the Lac St. Jean to the other, while his only daughter, Marie, the idol of her father's heart, was openly admired by every man of the settlement.

New Year's day with its train of fiery celebrations and long remembered headaches had come, and Old Menard with his usual characteristic generosity threw open his home to the people. Not only did every man of the village avail himself of the invitation, but in addition scores of half-breeds and Indians made it a point every year to come out of the woods at this particular time in order to obtain for nothing some of the old man's whiskey which they would have to pay so dearly for later on. Scenting this, the raw fur buyers, like wolves on a victim's trail, swooped down on the village and sought by hook or crook to bargain with the simple men who came to drown their thirst.

The morning of the first day of this year had dawned with a cold that bit deep into the very vitals of man and beast. Just as there appeared in the sky that rift in the mist that marks the coming dawn of a new day, a team of husky mongrels drew up at the door of the hotel and with a whoop a young fellow tumbled out of the toboggan and striding up to the door banged lustily thereon with a great fist. After a little wait

sundry grunts were heard on the other side and the wooden bar was slowly withdrawn from its place and the huge figure of Menard loomed forbiddingly in the doorway. Apparently satisfied of the harmlessness of the newcomer he swung the door open and growled a greeting. Omer Cloutier, the little hunchback, the man of all work around the place, was despatched to take the dogs to the huts and bed them for a rest.

A place for Francois was found on the floor of a room reeking with the strong fumes of cheap whiskey. Without even a look at his snoring room-mates he spread his blanket on the floor and in a few minutes was dead to the snores around him. Suddenly a savage snarling brought him to his feet with a bound and he was out of the shack and around to the dogs in a flash. The roaring grew in volume as he approached on the run and he was just in time to pull the hunchback from under the paws of the pack. Despite the fact that Cloutier had long heard of the ferocity of Francois Chounard's dogs the fellow had held a fish carelessly in his hand and Gros Queque, the big leader, had bowled him over in a savage rush and in a minute he was under the jaws of half a dozen of the wildest and most powerful beasts in the St. John. Hauling the cripple to his feet Francois shook him and bade him begone to his potato peeling. The ruffling of his dogs made him hot because he knew from experience that now their blood was up they would fight amongst themselves till he whipped them into submission on the morrow. Half an hour later he was again wrapped in his blankets and slumber from which he was only disturbed late in the morning by the heavy boot of Menard in his ribs. "Hey, time for breakfast."

At the long plank table in the bare room that New Year's morning there was gathered a motley crowd. A tough crowd, which for hard faces and weather bitten frames was the equal of any mob-ruled mining camp of the early eighties. At the head of the clothless table of course was old

Menard and the gigantic fur-coated figure sprawled in its usual fashion over half of the adjoining man's place. On one side one could pick out two or three sons of Jerusalem, while across from them and eyeing his neighbors with evident distrust sat old Joe Fluette. Having bucked the trails of the back country for nigh on fifty years he followed what he called a life of ease in running between the settlement and Point au Peres fifty miles away, in quest of furs. Joe was already on the first lap of a two weeks' drunk, and he showed it. Nearby, separated from him by the burly figures of Samson the Culler and Forgue the sawmill man, sat two well dressed strangers, obviously buyers from Montreal or New York. With nervous jumps they listened to the talk that swept up and down the table without regard to what the other fellow was saying. He who spoke the loudest no doubt presumed that what he said settled it.

A single place near the stove end of the heavily laden table being vacant, Francois lit a handrolled one and carelessly dropped into it. So quiet was his entry in his moccasined feet that few noticed him in the general uproar and clatter. But the man next to him glanced up, saw who it was and drew his elbows closer together. A small, wiry, dark complexioned breed across the table felt the unnatural silence of the other and directly his eyes caught Francois' amused ones, his feet were drawn carefully under his chair. From under his shaggy eyebrows Pere Menard saw the movements, slight as they were, and he roared out a reminder that this was New Year's and all men in the house were his personal guests.

After the meal the entire house with the exception of Francois, adjoined to the bar while he strolled into the smoky kitchen and greeted the old woman who answered in a curt, "Bon Jour." From the corners of his eyes Francois searched the room for sight or sound of the girl he had heard so much about. Anticipating his question, Mere Menard

offered the information that Marie had gone that night to her uncle's cabin on the Ouananiche twenty-miles distant. Hiding his disappointment, (he had passed the tumble down shack on his way to the hotel,) he turned on his heel and strode to the door. After some casual talk with the old man and the few trappers that had begun to trickle back from the bar, Francois, barely concealing his obvious haste, slipped out of the shack and around to his dogs. In an incredibly short time he tore past the door with a wild whoop and ten minutes later he veered sharply to the right and was on the trail to the Ouananiche. So well did the dogs travel, that late in the afternoon he drew up at the shack that had sheltered Wilfrid Menard for close on to fifty years. The rough knock on the plank door was answered by the very person he had heard so much about, the girl that prompted half the dandies of the North to travel hundreds of miles just for a few days in her presence. So surprised was Francois when he stood before her that all his *sangfroid* vanished into the air and he stood speechless before her. With perfect aplomb the girl invited him into the one and only room. The old man hunched up at the crackling fire, struggled to his feet and greeted the visitor with hearty warmth and forthwith bade Marie brew Le Brave Francois a strong mug of tea. Having accomplished these simple duties, the girl drew a box up to the fire and industriously poked at the logs with the iron-tipped point of her uncle's cane. While sipping his tea Francois under covert eyes watched the girl at his side, and he surely found her good to look upon, for he forthwith made up his mind to win her and he reflected with grim satisfaction that men said, what Francois Thibeau set his hand to possess he got.

To say that the girl was interested in the handsome stranger is putting it mildly. In her eyes the dress of the man marked him as a sophisticated person who no doubt went to the big cities occasionally, and if

there was one thing the girl longed and dreamed of, it was the great cities she so often heard about but had never seen. The tall lithe figure of him spoke of love for such things in the opposite sex. Those dark eyes told her many things that need not be spoken and quick-witted Marie sensed at once that this handsome, dark-eyed stranger found her good in his sight.

Francois' return to the hotel was made by the light of a clear, bright moon and while he dreamily listened to the musical sing of the ironshod runners, he felt that his journey to the Ouananiche was not in vain. While many miles behind him, in a soft, sweet smelling bed of balsams slept with a smile on her lips, the maiden he had set out to win.

Arriving at the hotel in the early morning he found the place in an uproar. Two uniformed men he recognized as provincial policemen, held the center of the stage as it were. Every eye was furtively watching their every move. Such a visit surely meant trouble for someone and as yet none knew who it might be. The hunch back whispered to Francois that the detectives had preceded his arrival by only a few hours. Like every other man in the village he mentally turned back the pages of his life and tried to hunt up some clue he might have left in the shape of a beaver carcass perhaps. Not relishing too rigid an enquiry into his affairs he would have liked to have turned back but on second thoughts decided that it would be wiser to remain where he was. Undoubtedly the officers were aware of his arrival and after all it might not be he they were after, yes he would continue his plans and brazen it out.

By breakfast time the hubbub had quieted down somewhat, though there was still a great deal of loud whispering in the other rooms, particularly on the entrance of Francois for every man there knew him by reputation as the Bad Man of the North and they half hoped the policemen were here for the purpose of gathering him into the toils of the law. But if the officers were aware

of the disturbance they had created they made no sign.

There was a strained, tense feeling in the air all during the meal so that in cleaning up the table later, the old woman reflected with a chuckle that there would be enough molasses and beans left over for the next meal. A rasping of a chair at the head of the table drew all eyes in that direction and they saw one of the two uniformed men rise to his feet.

"I have a tale to tell and while I am speaking let no man leave the room." Francois felt that the action of the second policeman in drawing his heavy service revolver and laying it ostentatiously on the table, was entirely unnecessary. Even in this Godless country the majesty of the law would have held every mortal in his seat, for the policemen had the mental drop on the crowd. Clearing his throat the officer began—"Two years ago last December—" Instantly minds struggling back in agonizing anxiety to that far away time—"three trappers, Petit Gros Pelletier, Laurent Blais and Lanzo Therrien, pooled their provisions and with two teams of twelve dogs each, set out for the higher reaches of the Jacques Cartier. You may not know the first two for they came from the village of Les Rouches, but the man Therrien you will remember was sought for by the Government for the murder of old man Thiverge on the River Lake three years ago." An audible sigh of relief sounded in the room and tensed muscles were relaxed with a loud shifting of chairs. The officers were after some one else, this certainly promised to be interesting. A snicker swept over the occupants of the room at the loud voice of the drunken Scotch breed in the next room, offering the last dollar he had in the world for one drink of the whisky that had so mysteriously disappeared with the coming of the law. The hoarse voice of the woman could be heard cautioning the breed who with a deep curse consigned the policemen of all Canada to perdition. His voice rose to a roar: "De dollar he do me no good in de woods,

here, by Gar, take," and the voice died away in the distance after a wild banging of the door. Without the slightest sign of impatience the officer was on the point of continuing when a girlish laugh sounded in the next room and the dining room door was flung open to admit a rosy cheeked Marie fresh from the rigors of the twenty mile trail. The laugh died on her lips and she shamefacedly slipped into a dark corner, but not before she had caught a flash of black eyes from the stranger of the previous day. The voice of the big policeman continued "Nothing more was heard of the party till last month. Raoul Marcoux and his son Jean, while packing the trail of the upper river saw a dark spot on the far end of the lake. The son was on the point of firing at it when the father knocked up the gun and with some heat bade the boy go see what the object was. Judge their horror and amazement when they recognized the mangled and partly frozen body of Pelletier. With worthy determination they followed the faintly marked trail that wound up the steep bank and on up the mountain. After a great deal of difficulty for they strayed from the path every little while, they came upon the camp of the hunters.

"Securely built in the shelter of a mossy rock it was evidently intended to shelter more than one man and after a careful examination they discovered articles of clothing left behind apparently in a hurry. An exclamation from the son drew the father to the lowest bunk of the three. Great pools of blood lay on the floor and in the sapan branches of the bunk. The bloody pools lay all along the floor and even a few feet outside of the door. It was evident that Pelletier had been wounded in the camp and had staggered down the trail in the vain hope of escaping his murderer. Three days later the two trappers stumbled on the dying embers of Laurent Blais' last fire.

"One stormy night when his partner was asleep the treacherous Therrien had gathered most of the provisions on the remaining toboggan and melted

into the darkness." The faces of the listeners grew hard as they imagined and visualized the position of the man. "Left to himself two hundred miles from the nearest settlement, with few matches, no dogs, and barely enough food to keep him alive for a few days, he was in a terrible predicament.

"Bravely he struggled on for two weeks till his hardships reached their zenith when his feet froze in the bitter cold. Helpless and wholly resigned to death he lit a fire with his last match and it was the faint smoke from its dying embers that had drawn the two trappers.

"The dangers and hardships encountered by the Marcoux in getting that man to the nearest Indian encampment need not be described. Eventually they succeeded, and there he lies at this moment. After sending Jean back to Lac Doucet with the news, the old Marcoux proceeded on his traplines. The Indians no doubt have been good to Blais for Marcoux promised them much gold from the Government. But the time will soon come for them to move to their summer camps on the Riviere a Pierre and they cannot be burdened with a helpless whiteman, moreover Blais is needed as a witness by the police. Unfortunately the young Jean lies in his mother's home sick and like to die with the fevers and we have none to send.

"People tell us that here in Point Bleu are men who know that country on the headwaters of the great Jacques Cartier, and who are brave hunters and wise woodsmen. None of us know the trails, but it is our duty to bring Blais to the judge and through him secure the arrest of Therrien.

"If any man here will guide us hence we will start at once."

An uneasy silence followed the last words of the speakers.

There were many brave and stout-hearted men there and some were surely anxious to go but they lacked the courage to get up and express their willingness to undertake the trip.

Now was the time for Francois to

shine. Rising gracefully to his feet he removed the half smoked cigarette from his mouth and said in a gentle voice. "It is good my friends the police, Francois will go and get your man but on one condition."

"Name it," was the curt reply of the officer.

"I demand the right to choose my own companion!"

"And it is?"

"Tit Ken Gros Louis," was the reply.

That this condition of the foppish but capable looking breed meant the exclusion of the policemen they were well aware. They held an earnest consultation while Francois waited with a half amused smile on his handsome face. He knew that Marie must be admiring him and he thoroughly enjoyed his prominence. In a few minutes the officer rose to his feet and declared that the King's Government would take the word of Francois Thibeau that he with a companion would undertake to bring back the helpless Blais.

Francois would have liked to have held the floor a little longer. But the officers broke off further talk by abruptly striding over to him and taking him by the arm they crowded him into a corner and in a business-like way discussed the provisioning of the expedition.

The blue coated men had already been informed by old Menard whom they might expect to go and it was with a secret satisfaction that they now discussed the hazards of the trip. They had been told that if there was one man in the whole North capable of undertaking the risks it was this same man Francois. Bold, brave, and rich in experience he stood a better chance than any of reaching his man and bringing him home alive. Though secretly glad that they were not to be numbered as members of the expedition it hurt their pride not a little that this man did not think them fit companions for the undertaking. Moreover they failed to appreciate why he preferred a half breed, one whom neither had even heard of before. Questioning the Old Menard they were vouchsafed

the information that Tit Ken Gros Louis when an infant was saved from starvation by Francois. An attachment forming between the two, the man taught the boy much of his wood craft and it was said a great deal of his evil ways. At fourteen years of age the young breed broke away from his people and threw in his lot with his benefactor and they had stuck closer together than brothers ever since.

A blinding storm broke over the wilderness a few hours later and for one whole week held man and beast helpless. Francois enjoyed the delay for he basked in the smiles of the maiden he had set himself to win.

With the first sign of fine weather however, the trapper blazed into activity and the policemen, who though they knew a lot, wondered at the clever and painstaking preparations of a past master in the art of dangerous travel.

No matter seemed too trivial to escape his attention. He was offered the pick of the dogs in the whole settlement but after going over the entire lot he felt thoroughly satisfied with his own. Better dogs than his would be hard to find. Powerful and faithful, not one was a pure bred. Each was the result of some mongrel-ish mixture the beginning of which no man knew. What was most important however, was that Francois knew his dogs and what they were capable of while they in turn knew and understood their master.

These preparations necessarily consumed some days and in the evening somehow or other Francois always happened to stroll around to the kitchen after supper. Just as casually Marie would appear in the doorway and lingering there would toss a disjointed conversation at the handsome trapper lolling on the edge of the table with one neatly moccasined foot dangling effectively over the side. That all this was not lost on the pretty, romantic girl Francois was quite sure.

With the break of dawn the team was rounded up before the door of the hotel and after a brisk leavetaking Francois climbed onto the heavily

laden toboggan and with a hearty shout tore off on the long trail. Before sinking below the crest of the last little hill the young fellow was heartened at the sight of a faint flutter of a dish cloth from the low kitchen window.

Late that night he picked up Tit Ken and the next morning they started on the first lap of their hazardous journey.

Who can describe that journey of the two intrepid trappers? None but the experienced can appreciate the dangers, the predicaments and frightful hardships encountered on such a trip in the dead of winter.

The first few days passed without undue trouble, true the intense cold made the dogs keep to their feet all through the cold nights, but they were the veterans of many a hard trail and suffered little.

Two weeks out and one of those sharp stinging blizzards of the North swooped down on the little party and they struggled in its blinding grip. Quickly Tit Ken loosed the bewildered dogs while Francois with a mighty effort up-ended the heavy toboggan and in this precarious shelter they crouched, with their faces buried in the folds of their hoods. Once the dogs were free they set to work with a will and in a few minutes they had disappeared from view in caves of their own making.

The storm ceased just as quickly as it came and they once more took the trail. But this delay marked the beginning of a host of misfortunes that followed in its train. Francois met them all with his usual good humor.

Despite the delays and accidents incidental to a heavily laden toboggan, they reached the Junction of the Big Waters, Le Noel and Le Chebang, in the third week of their journey. Here throwing up a lean-to they paused to overhaul their equipment, for beyond and above lay the seldom travelled and little known regions of the headwaters of the great river.

An examination showed to the man's satisfaction that the dogs were in splendid condition, excepting of course the little fellow that Gros

Queque had snapped at a few days previously. The place on the shoulder still showed the marks of the great teeth, but the victim seemed to be in as aggressive a spirit as ever. The joints of the big toboggan were carefully bound with moose skin thongs specially prepared for that purpose. The reader may think these extreme precautions unnecessary, but the experience of the wise hunter had taught him that the cold of the lowlands was nothing compared to the bitter cold of the wind swept slopes of the upper mountains. In the soul-searching cold the nails in the wood became brittle and broke like glass.

Carefully the woodsmen nursed their dogs through the days that followed. At the slightest sign of bleeding paws, the wound was carefully bound with bandages carried for just such an emergency while every little while a halt was called in order to scrutinize the feet of every dog.

On they bore through silences that crushed down on the two brave men with an awful weight. Hour after hour they crunched silently behind the labouring toboggan—on their sagging snowshoes. Except when an emergency arose not a single word passed between them. Francois with his thoughts way back on the settlement dwelt on the occasion of his departure and was troubled at the thought that perhaps after all the little minx was just playing with him as she had done with scores of others before him, and he scowled at the thought. Now they kept a sharp lookout for signs of a trail, for they were in the Indian Hunting Grounds now and might expect anything in the shape of habitation. The ever free waters of the Great Jacques tore past the little train and tumbled angrily on in its irresistible way to the sea. So deep and mighty were its waters that it even evaded the clutching hands of Jack Frost, and the soul-searching cold of the North had to content itself with pouncing on little pools of water that trickled into the byways and little nooks of the great river. At some narrow spots the enemy

advanced his forces and quickly threw a bridge of snow and ice across the heaving waters. Checked but for a moment they bore under the obstacle and disdainfully tossed frothy white caps of spray at the futility of the attempt.

The roar of the mighty river carried far over the valleys and over against the mountain tops. The sound smote on the ear with an oppressive weight rendering even more acute the silences of the quiet places. Asleep or awake the roaring was ever with the travellers and doggedly they plodded behind the slowly moving toboggan.

Francois travelling ahead of the train one bright morning, espied a faint blaze on a small birch that marked an opening in the heavy timber that surrounded them on all sides. The dogs were pulled up and Tit Ken disappeared in the bush to explore its possibilities. The breed returned in half an hour with the information that distinct traces of an encampment were apparent and from all appearances the Indians were encamped in a little valley not many miles distant. Turning the dogs they struck without hesitation into the faintly blazed trail and late that afternoon they came across the first real signs of human life. In a little alcove a crudely built deadfall for mink or marten showed that the skilled hand of a Red man had set it. At another spot the bloodstained, moccasin packed, snow marked where the hunter had skinned his game.

The going on the soft, unpacked trail was slow and difficult, but they kept steadily on their course and at noon of the next day they struck the long expected encampment. As Francois well knew, the Indians had been well warned of their coming by that mysterious way, never fathomed by the wisdom of the White Man.

The whole camp consisted of a couple of dozen, small, smoke begrimed teepees covered with the half cured hides of moose and piled high with snow. Each was placed at the exact spot its owner saw fit. No attempt was made at order or uniformity, with the result that there was

a maze of awkward intersecting paths that brought one to nowhere in particular. To get to the abode of the Chief, Francois and his companion were obliged to twist and turn around half the teepees in the camp. Under lowered lids the young fellow noted with experienced eyes that the population must consist of about twelve or fifteen trappers and twice that many women and children. Without addressing a word to a single one of the odd men they saw around, Francois strode to the ragged teepee of the Chief, and in an insistent voice demanded speech with him. The flap of the greasy tent was drawn aside and there appeared in the opening the aged face of an old squaw. Brightly tattooed and creased with age, she surely seemed to have left far behind the post of her four score years and ten. With a gruff voice the breed repeated his question. Hardly batting an eye she disappeared and in a few minutes came back with the information that, "Chief Deep Waters would speak with the strangers at the setting of the sun." But this was not the first time that our Francois had had occasion to parley with the Red skins, and he roared in an angry voice: "The King's Government waits for no man. I desire speech at once." The reply to this was the face of the old fellow himself. Pushing past the squaw he poked his tousled head out of the opening and silently surveyed the strangers. The proud carriage of the man before him apparently impressed him for in a meek voice he spoke.

"What wills the messenger of the Government?"

Instead of giving a satisfactory answer, Francois assumed his most regal air and replied: "Come to the Council and we will speak."

The wily breed well knew the weakness of the Red man and he intended to work to the limit on his own importance and majesty. As a matter of fact he was tickled to pieces at the unique position he found himself in. He thoroughly enjoyed the novelty that he, Francois Chouinard, biggest poacher and confidence

man in the whole North, should have the whole weight and power of the law with and not against him. He made up his mind to disburse as little of the Government's gold as possible. The less for the Indians, the more for Francois Chouinard.

With proper dignity he wheeled his dogs and retraced his tracks to the edge of the timber that fringed the camp. Selecting a favorable spot he halted the dogs and with Tit Ken's help set about making preparations for the parley. The toboggan was overturned, and the snow for twenty yards around was tramped hard with their shoes. Various articles like brilliantly colored red flannel, beads and a large cheap looking mirror were placed in prominent positions on the pack, while a folding chair that Francois fished out of some part of the tobogganload was set before the lot, and last of all, to complete the tableau, the dogs were loosed from their traces and leashed in a semi-circle behind the toboggan, each animal a few feet away from his neighbour, but close enough to prevent any person from slipping in from the rear. Seating himself on the chair Francois bade Tit Ken take his place behind him and rolling a cigarette he calmly awaited the arrival of his guests.

Slowly they began to straggle in, at first a few old women and children, then the trappers and hunters that were not on the Trap Lines. With uncanny silence they crunched up to the little party and squatted on their shoes.

With absolute indifference Francois smoked quietly away and hardly made a sign even when Chief Deep Waters teetered along on his wide shoes and settled stiffly to a squat before him. The old fellow was "all in" but it was all in the breeds' plan not to provide a seat for him.

At a gesture from him Tit Ken took his lighted cigarette and advancing, offered it to the Chief. A mittened hand reached for it, placed the weed in his mouth, but unfortunately its fire burnt out, upon which the old fellow rolled it into his mouth and it was gone.

"We have come," began the White Man, "to take away the White Trapper you have in your teepees—" The blank expression on every copper-hued countenance seemed to ask the question "What White Trapper?"—"The Government is happy that the people of Big Chief Deep Waters took this sick man into their care. The king now sends us his messengers to bring him down to the plains where the White Men dwell."

The Chief grunted and in a rasping voice, said "The man was sick to death with the Great Cold that brings sleep, but our women toiled long and mightily—for did not his brother who brought him promise us much gold?" He paused at the stern and forbidding look on the face of his listener.

"Gold? Had you refused, the Government would surely have punished you as they punished Great Dog for slaying the priest and as they punished the brave from your own village who stole the White Man's whisky. But enough, have your people bring forth the man." It was a bold move and Francois well knew it.

Two braves on the outskirts of the crowd made towards a teepee as if only too anxious to get rid of their guest. With a nonchalant air Francois noted the position of the small teepee.

"It is well, but where the gold, the much gold that was promised us?"

"With the quickness of thought there flashed through the fertile brain of the breed a mad scheme and he responded: "At the middle of the next day we will talk more." Whereupon he rose and turned his back on the squatting crowd. Slowly the little band melted reluctantly away, for of all things an Indian relishes, a long palaver about fills the bill, and they were not altogether pleased at the abrupt way the stranger had closed the meeting, he surely must be a Great Chief amongst the White People.

So you see Francois gained his purpose in showing the Indians that he was the Big Chief there, and to him fell the privilege of calling and dis-

missing a TALK as he saw fit. When the last straggler had disappeared among the greasy teepees, the two White men set about their meal. Through the whole of it Francois pondered on the mad plan that swept through his head without a moment's warning. Tit Ken, good comrade that he was, munched his hardtack in silence and said not a word. He realized that they were in a ticklish position but his infinite faith in Francois saved him from all worry as to the outcome. Francois had pulled them out of tough holes before and he left it to him to do the same again.

With startling suddenness black night shut down on the little camp and the silence of the day deepened into the greater silences of the night. For the first three hours no sound save the restless grunt of sleepless dogs came from either the teepees or the tiny camp on the edge of the great forest. By and by a moon burst through its prison of clouds and shone with wonderful brilliance on the world below, disclosing a strange thing in the stranger's camp. The powerful dogs stood quietly in their traces, half of the toboggan load lay dumped in the snow. At the head of the train with feet strapped to their snowshoes were the two men, and a stray beam shone for an instant on the blue barrel of a high-powered Ross.

An hour later the moon dipped behind a fleecy embankment of clouds. Instantly the two figures were galvanized into action. Treading softly, they slunk towards the teepees that loomed black in the night. Speed was necessary for they knew not what minute the moon might throw them into the sight of the guards that the Indians were pretty sure to have posted.

Quickly they circled the first two shelters and slipping down on the snow at the third small teepee that Francois had noted earlier in the day, they slit a hole in the thick skin. The two figures melted into the gash. A swift rush, a short struggle, a gasp as of one rudely awakened, and they emerged with a blanket en-

folded figure between them. Racing to the waiting dogs they dumped the inert form on the toboggan and hastily bound it with thongs. The dogs were coaxed into line just as a wild yell shattered the stillness of the night. In an incredibly short time the camp was a tumult of sound. A rifle cracked and they heard the zip of the humming bullet. With feverish haste Tit Ken tugged at the handles of the toboggan while Francois whirled the cruel lash over the backs of the stampeding team and they were off just as the first of the Indians rushed towards their camp.

Down the narrow sloping trail of yesterday they sped. Now barely skimming by a broken stump, again wildly careening on one runner the while Tit Ken frantically threw his weight on the swaying handles. So well did the dogs respond to the burden imposed upon them that in a few hours the pursuit died faintly away in the distance and they breathed a little easier. But all through the day they kept up the steady pace on the heavy trail but with the coming of night they halted the weary team and camped for a few hours' rest. Francois took this opportunity of examining their captive. Unrolling the blanket there was disclosed to view, a middle aged man of pain-twisted countenance. The gag that his captors had so roughly thrust into his mouth was removed and the poor fellow sat up. Briefly Francois informed him that the Indians had refused to give him up to him, the representative of the Government, and they were obliged to kidnap him with force.

Through the long weary days and nights that followed Blais told them of his terrible experiences with his two companions though as to how Pelletier met his death—Blais was silent and would reflectively rub his hands over his poor legs that were powerless from the thighs down.

The dangers of the uptrail were as nothing compared to those that now beset the travellers. Heavy snow had fallen since their passage and the dogs struggled belly deep in its unresisting mass. Time after time

they had to halt to rest the panting dogs who, directly a stop was made, tore at the ice between bleeding toes.

Trail weary and burnt with the rack of the shoe the two men struggled on with a singleness of purpose that would only be found in men of the hard north. With satisfaction Francois figured on his luck in securing his man for which the Government no doubt would pay him well. And he inwardly boasted of his cleverness in outwitting the Indians thus saving for himself the gold that was rightly theirs.

The milder valleys of the lower levels were reached barely in good time. Snowblindness, that horror of all men of the trail, laid its terrible gloom over the eyes of Tit Ken. With eyeballs seared with frightful pain he staggered along with one hand on the toboggan. Not till the heavy timber lands of the Metabetchouan were reached did the lad come to his proper sight, and for two days they camped for a much needed rest.

Refreshed with the halt they broke camp one clear morning and pushed on. Five long days later they sighted the jutting mountains of Point Bleu. The last lap of the journey was quickly covered. Unnoticed in the dull light of a snowy afternoon the trailworn expedition drew quietly up at the door of Pere Menard's Maison de Pension.

Warm was the welcome the travellers received on the part of the natives because of a secret pride

in the achievement of one of their number and on the part of the policemen because of the fact that to them would go the credit of bringing their man to Quebec.

The crippled Blais was carefully lifted out and carried to the hair sofa where Mere Menard quickly came to his aid. A rush was made to the bar and in a few minutes the drinking grew fast and furious.

With generous hand Francois settled round after round, but when the boisterous fun was at its height he quietly slipped away and bore towards the smoky kitchen. As his moccasined feet rested in the doorway, the light within was extinguished. Nonplussed he groped his way around the room. The faint red glow of the stove threw a small shadow into faint relief and he closed with it. Two soft arms met his, wandered up over his shoulders and clasped with a delicious tightening around his neck, while a soft curly head was snuggled into his shoulder.

What they said to each other was just the same old sweet story told by man to maid since the world began.

* * *

Many hours later when no sound except the deep snoring of whisky saturated humans, disturbed the stillness of the night, the tall, slight figure of Francois, poacher, thief and confidence man, tip-toed soundlessly down the drafty hall, slipped quietly into the policemen's room, and as noiselessly thrust under the pillow of the sleeping officer a bulky purse of Government gold.

Just an Old-Fashioned Hunt

A. E. JAY

EVERYTHING arranged, five o'clock found us sitting beside the old-fashioned kitchen stove of the farm house. The guns rested against the wall in the corner, and the hounds dozed in the warmth behind the stove. Hark! Far down the river road could be heard the faint tinkle of bells, soon they grew louder,

and old Drive roused his head from his paws and listened attentively sniffing the air. Very soon the sleigh drew up in front of the house, and stopped. Loud voices called out good naturedly to know if we were up, and if we did not know we were going hunting, etc. Dogs bayed, and Drive aroused the household by

replying to them vigorously from within. Pulling on our heavy coats, and overshoes we were soon ready. Lugging guns, and a large lunch basket we emerged from the house. The dogs were kicking up an unearthly din, and the pair of high stepping bays were pawing the snow anxious to be off. The air was cold, and crisp without a breath of wind. The stars twinkled brightly against the heavy darkness of a winter sky. A narrow slit of a moon seemed to be in a hurry to duck out of sight behind the rim of the horizon. Silver fringed clouds slid lazily through the intervening space between earth and sky. Withal it was an ideal morning for a winter hunt. Four men, and four large rangy fox hounds made up the party. We were however augmented by a fifth man whom we picked up in the town along our way, who was supposed to act as guide for us. His guiding proclivities, we found later, consisted chiefly in his ability to guide a bottle unerringly from any angle to his mouth, in the most direct course. In this he never failed.

Our destination lay some seventeen miles to the east by north east, using the mariner's term. We passed through the town of Dunnville on the bank of the Grand River, having followed the river road for seven or eight miles along the north shore. The team was in high spirits and skimmed along rapidly, the sleigh shoes wailing their plaint as they slid smoothly over the frozen snow.

Our game for the day was one of hide, and seek with the large, wily, nimble footed white rabbit which infested the big tamarack swamp east of the town. Rumor had it they were so numerous they could be gathered in with a club, or the bare hands. We found it quite different. The red glow of the sun was just becoming visible in the east when we turned from the main road into the swamp. Following a narrow road for about half a mile we came to a large windfall which barred our path. Our guide informed us we were at the end of our trip. Securely tethering the team we covered them with blankets and robes, unleashed

our yelping straining dogs, set up our artillery, and the hunt was on. Traces of game were everywhere. The whole surface of the woods indicated swarms of rabbits. Paths were padded down smooth by their snowshoe shaped feet. In fact the tracks were so thick it seemed a hopeless case for the dogs, but old Drive soon nosed one out, and the fun started. Bang! Did you get him? No! Just caught a glimpse of him, and let him have it. In less than half an hour rabbits were running in every direction, or rather I should say crawling. If any of our readers every ran white rabbits in a fire created tamarack windfall they will know the term is correct. An hour passed, many shots had been fired, and our bag had not changed. The only change was in the guide, who was plainly becoming worried. The bottle was gradually reaching the stage where Conservation was an urgent necessity. We were evidently working at cross purposes all around. The dogs criss-crossed each other. There was no such thing as circling or driving. It was just plain chaos. At noon we collected around the sleigh for our mid-day repast. Our one rabbit had been joined by another who had been the fraction of a second too late in ducking under a log. We had heard stories of hunters who we were pretty sure were no better nimrods than we, who had killed twenty or thirty rabbits in the swamp. We believed this—Oh yes. A nice cheerful fire kindled, hot coffee, and homemade sandwiches, and other farm produced viands partially succeeded in restoring our melancholy spirits to normal. After lunch a council of war was held. It was agreed that two of us should take two of the dogs, and plunge into the standing timber of the swamp, and the other two with the two remaining dogs follow the back trail along the road and cut north into the swamp, and try our luck. Our guide objected to this basing his objection on the grounds of non-appearance. He recited wonderful tales of lost hunters in the swamp. But we were game to take the chance. I drew a

neighbor for a hunting companion and taking Jack and Sport, two black, and tan hounds, we plunged ahead. The brush was very thick, and the snow about eight inches deep, making the going rather hard. We had proceeded perhaps half a mile when Bob kicked a hare out from under a bush, and stopped him about the third jump. Jack nosed one out, and made a beautiful drive bringing him back to us. Again Bob scored, and we moved on. This was more like hunting. Finally we came to what appeared to be the edge of the swamp, but was in reality only a small clearing on a piece of higher ground. Rabbit signs were very plentiful, and Jack soon had one on the move. I was standing on a little hill, which commanded a fine view of a clearing, making an ideal place for a shot. I could hear Jack bringing the game home, and knew my opportunity was due to arrive. They were coming straight for me. I had the old Belgium double barrel all ready and waiting. On they came. I have shot several deer, since then, and have been subjected to all forms of buck fever attacks, but never have I experienced one quite so acute as the spasm caused by the approach of this white boy. I began to aim when they were about a hundred yards away, and the gun cut circles like a pin wheel. The muzzle would stay put at everything except the rabbit. I was so mad I almost wept, and swear I did. It was my first chance at a white rabbit, and now if I missed it all up it would probably be my last for the day. These thoughts travel very rapidly in such instances. These are also the shots that are missed most frequently. I lined a big buck one evening as he walked directly toward me, and without any perceptible signs of buck ague, overshot him about three feet, and then stopped him with a running shot when he had gotten nearly a hundred yards further away. Returning to the hare. He came loping along not over fast but steady. When about forty yards away I gave him the right barrel. He jumped high in the air, and kept coming

only much faster. Bang! went the left, and still he never hesitated. I was shaking like a leaf, and couldn't even find my pocket to get shells. The rabbit swerved to the left, and disappeared over the hill, running plumb into Sport who was coming in to see what all the noise was about. On sighting the dog, the game doubled and came back. He would have run plumb over me if I had not gotten out of his way. But I made out to redeem myself somewhat by bowling him over on a straight away shot. When it was all over I was shaking like a family of chills. We skirmished around the remainder of the afternoon gathering in rabbits quite frequently. When the twilight shadows began to creep in we headed back across the swamp for the team, where we arrived in due time. The other boys had already returned only to find our guide lying paralyzed in the sleigh. He had finished his own bottle, and located another under the seat belonging to someone else. He left us in town and I have never seen him since. All told we had eleven rabbits, and felt very well satisfied with the day's hunt. The dogs, with the exception of Sport, who was only a puppy had worked splendidly.

There is no animal, in my opinion who can try the mettle of a dog to a greater extent than one of those white boys when he takes it in his head to play a game of hide and seek with the dogs. On a straight away they are about as fast as a streak of greased lightning going down a rainbow, and when it comes to back tracking, side jumping, and other puzzling movements in an effort to make it interesting for the dogs they are past masters in the art.

But a fast trailing dog, one that will allow them little time for fancy stunts can certainly make a beautiful drive after one of them. They are more satisfactory than a fox to course, as they circle better. In a good big open woods they will run from a half to three quarters of a mile on the first get-a-way. Then begin to shorten up, while a fox is liable to do a ten mile turn or more if he happens to be feeling fit.

Luck Don't Count

RICHARD K. WOOD

THREE months in a wilderness camp living on sour-dough bread and jerked venison, with baked beans for variety, would have made a less amiable person than Creasy De Penyon sour on the world and wrangle an hour with the most agreeable of partners as to who should wash the set of tin dishes. When the dice were thrown to settle the common backwoods dispute, it always happened that Jim Farley had to wash the tins, Creasy De Penyon was a wizard with the dice; though Farley said it was all luck—to which Creasy De Penyon would grin and fumble in the pockets of his mackinaw for 'baccar.

Now fairness is one of the unwritten laws of the Northland fur country, but as Penyon was by reputation one of the most successful French-Canadian trappers between the Boreas River and Nipigon, it seemed an honor for Farley to make such a small concession as that of washing the tins twice in succession to prevent a misunderstanding that might lead to the disintegrating of partnership. Penyon was too successful on the trapline to be disputed because of a petty trifle. If it was decided to run a new line along a tributary of the Moose, or back into the ridges for fox, he was the one that could blaze the straightest trail and make the most accurate estimate of the number of traps required for the new line. When some menace threatened the fur-catch, such as pranks played by the wolverine—known to the trapping fraternity as Indian Devil—or raids made by Johnny Sneakum, it was Penyon who removed the obstacle.

Mestaire Carcajou, the wolverine, is a mighty cunning and mischievous raider of the North Country traplines; but Penyon is more shrewd, and it's a new pelt to the collection when the "devil" bothers.

Not a Sneakum along the North Shore would run a trapline that was

known to be claimed by Creasy De Penyon. It's an old tale of how Jim Daily, one of the most notorious trap thieves in the Boreas River section, made an attempt to run one of Penyon's lines one winter and got caught on his second trip in a high grip bear trap which was chained and padlocked to a six-inch black jack. A day afterwards his wife was given a key and instructions as to where to find her husband.

Creasy De Penyon and Farley had gotten along remarkably well considering Farley's Yankee notions, and dislike toward making concessions which was a new order of things to Penyon, who had been accustomed to the local trappers taking his spoken word as judgment and law. Only one difference had occurred and that at the first of the season when the Yankee wanted to take in traps of the jump pattern, while Penyon insisted on sticking to the old reliable extending spring type of trap. However, the matter was settled without any serious disagreement by throwing the dice—and of course the jumps were not taken.

The middle of December had arrived. The snows were beginning to come more frequently and fall in heavier flakes. Also they were longer in duration; and were fastly piling up against the trapper's cabin. In the North Country trapping can only be engaged in during the fall and early winter because the snows come often and get deep on the ground. The trails are hidden and fur-bearers hibernate or travel in run-ways under the snow and ice. Penyon and Farley had remained in the woods later than any of the neighboring trappers—in fact, "old timer" Penyon had always made it a point to leave by the fifteenth of December at the latest. However, this year trapping had been so profitable and held up so well, it was mutually agreed to stay a week or two longer in the woods than usual. It had been necessary to use

snowshoes since the first of the month, and now that the catch was diminishing, plans were being made to break up camp and leave for the settlement to "blow-in", then secure a winter job at the first available lumber camp.

Nothing had been said about the exact date for leaving, but on the morning of the fifteenth, Creasy De Penyon began to take down the bunches of fox, marten, fisher, and mink skins, that were strung overhead on wire out of reach of mice and pine squirrels, and look them over to note that all were cured before doing up in bundles for convenient handling and the out-going trip. Each pelt received the individual care and attention that would be given a valued diamond collection in placing for a gem display. It's size and grade was carefully noted; it's silken fur stroked with an admiring hand.

Farley completed the finishing touches to the camp preparatory to going out for the day's work when Penyon called, "Pard, come over and let's sort the bunch."

Now on a trapping campaign when no special arrangements are suggested, it is generally understood that the proceeds are to be on a fifty-fifty basis. Though Farley knew Penyon was noted as a trapper of unusual skill, and that he himself was known to have never trapped in a wilderness section with a regular partner, yet he never doubted, since that day when they got their heads together talking trapping at the "bark pile" of the Little Falls Tannery and immediately asked the boss for a pay-day, but that it was a fifty-fifty proposition. True, Penyon as usual had secured the larger number of pelts—and the more valuable. It was characteristic, too, that in his catch were animals attributed with the most cunningness. The only otter of the season had fallen to Penyon's ingenious methods. He had made the larger catch of foxes—the shrewdest of fur-bearers. Farley only excelled in having a larger number of mink and marten—but shouldn't some allowance be made on the fact that he had more often

tended camp? Hadn't he worked as industriously and equally shared the hardships?

These were thoughts that flashed through his mind—thoughts of argumentation—but he merely answered, "Sort 'em yourself; that'll go—" adding, "though you know I've earned an equal divide—it's just your luck." (Second consideration is a safer adventure when in the heart of a wilderness one hundred miles from civilization and law.)

"Luck don't count in this game, you know. Each man keeps his own catch. You couldn't expect to ring up fifty with an old head on his own stamping grounds. See?" And Penyon proceeded with the sorting, accurately laying out each fur caught by Farley in a pile to itself.

Farley stood looking on while the sorting was done, and then breaking down the lever of his gun to note that it was loaded, swung around and headed toward the wilderness through which ran his trapline.

"We're pulling stakes to-day, you know," Penyon called after him, "we'll load the tobaggan to-night and head out of the woods to-morrow by daylight."

Farley turned around, nodded approval, and tightened his belt for the twenty mile jaunt. It had snowed just enough the night before to make the snowshoes stick. By noon he had only made about eight miles and yet felt pretty well fagged. With all the traps to carry, he would be all in by night unless he skin his game on the line. So after a meal was made of pemmican and broiled venison, the morning's catch was skinned and the carcasses left for the whiskey jacks. A measly catch it was: only a few 'rats secured along the lake shore, a 'coon and one mink—merely a boy's catch. Farley felt disgusted and almost glad he was taking up the traps preparatory to leaving on the morrow.

Swinging up his pack after a hasty smoke, the fatiguing work was resumed. There were twelve miles yet to make, and camp must be reached before dark. *Never out after dark*, is one of the golden rules of

experienced woodsmen. The dangers of a wilderness life are vastly multiplied under the cover of darkness. Not merely the greater chances of getting lost or hurt from a fall, but that menace of the Northland, wolves, are abroad in lusty numbers with fangs that thirst for blood. With the darkness comes a boldness that over-powers their natural fear of man.

Confronted with the dire necessity of reaching camp by dark, Farley struggled on through the soft, sticky snow that dimmed the trail and hindered the going. Each step grew to be laborious. The trail drifted full of loose snow, and were it not for the blazes on the trees, much time would have been needlessly spent searching for the beaten snow path.

Luckily, good time was made across the open clearings, between the Ponds and Bear Pass; but here a huge fisher had blundered into a well-placed trap, and required a half-hour's trailing to be found. In a clump of bushes the fisher remained quiet until the trapper had cautiously approached within ten feet, when it sprung the full length of the trap chain at the trapper. However, a well-aimed pellet from the pocket gun carried for the purpose caused him to forget his fighting propensities, and picking animal and trap together, the trapper carefully retraced his steps to the trail.

After this there was a general run of good luck. Never before had Farley gotten so many animals off this line. Two more fishers were secured in the Pass, and at the Divide in a "trial" set, a large raccoon was awaiting the trapper. Here time was taken to skin the catch for it had begun to get heavy. Then too, no more large fur-bearers were expected, since the remaining line of traps were along a woodland brook for mink and sable.

"Ah," Farley mused to himself, "the fur-bearers have started migrating for the hardwood ridges and burnt land beyond. My line is paying well—wouldn't wonder I hooked onto a sly Reynard along the Durgis Crick loop."

After the fishers were stripped of their pelts, Farley took to the snowshoe trail with enlivened spirits for they would net him at least seventy-five dollars—and maybe more if exportations had not been curtailed. Surely this was his lucky day.

He picked up two or three mink and a couple of marten along Durgis Creek, and had started across the choppings for camp when he thought of a trap he had set back-aways from the creek and forgot to examine. It was now getting late in the evening and he debated in his mind whether to go back and take up the trap or leave it.

"Pretty faithful old trap, guess I'll go back and get it," and he swung around in his tracks to retrace his steps to the creek. When he got to the "set" the trap was gone, clog and all!

"By Gum, that's an old fisher, or maybe wolverine—probably gone a mile," and again he debated with himself whether to turn back or trail up the captured animal. It now began snowing steadily, as though for the night, and the shadows of darkness were hovering over the lonesome land. He looked at his stock of matches, felt for his belt axe, saw that his gun was loaded and took up the trail. All haste possible was made to reach the quarry before it became too dark to see the marks of clawed ground and chewed bushes that guided him.

"Just as I thought, headed for the Boreas Bluffs. Guess I'll lose him there," and Farley began to lose courage. Rounding the bottom of Boreas Bluffs, he lost the trail and circle as he may could not pick it up again. He often paused in his tracks, hoping he might hear the rattle of the trap chain, but everything was deathly still except for the rustling of falling snow through the balsam boughs.

Suddenly he came to open water, directly before him—another step would have taken him in it—and then he saw that the bluff had led him down to the river and he must either retrace his steps or climb out over the towering rocks. Choosing

the latter route, he unstrapped his snowshoes, slung them across his back and started up the precipitous trail.

Almost exhausted he sat down on a shelf of rock near the top of the precipice to rest, when he heard the welcome rattle of a trap chain, then stillness reigned supreme. Maybe he was mistaken. Could it have been the screaming of a tree against the ledge? Ten minutes he sat as immovable as the stone underneath him. He was about to give up the chase in disappointment.

Listen!

Again he heard the sound and this time it was the unmistakable rattle of a trap chain being dragged over stone. Pering through the darkness in the direction of the sound, the trapper made out the dim outline of an animal struggling across the rock ledge. Drawing his belt axe, he ran up to club it over the head with the handle.

"By Gum! Wal, now don't that beat the devil" exclaimed the trapper, and dropping his axe he sprung full length at the beast, clutching for its throat as a she lion does her prey. The animal, already weakened by its struggles with the trap, was quickly and humanly dispatched by the Indian method of pressing its life out. One hand on the throat and the other over its heart did the work; and a valuable silver fox, the coveted prize of the Northland, gave its beautiful coat for some lady of the land.

The trapper didn't notice his aches and pains, forgot the long trail to camp; even the fierce blizzard, which was now howling through the balsam and tamarack, had no terrors for him. He danced about in the snow like a madman.

"One thousand dollars!—maybe fifteen hundred!—two thousand!", he kept repeating to himself. Now he would leave the cold, heartless North Country and go back to his people—and a girl he knew in sunny Tennessee! He would buy a thousand dollar farm, and they would wed!

Skinning the prized catch with scrupulous care, he prepared to camp

for the night. The storm was raging so fiercely that he could never find the camp. A hastily constructed lean-to was built up against a ledge of rock, a soft bed of balsam boughs placed inside, and a roaring fire in front heated the improvised camp. Farley lay down and slept the sleep that only the woodsman knows.

At the break of dawn he was up and on his way to camp, carrying the fine fox fur in his mackinaw coat. Creasy De Penyon had the furs all loaded, each man's on his own toboggan, and was awaiting his partner.

Farley greeted him, "What luck?"

"Not much, dammit, only two menks, some weasels, 'nother small otter—no fisher or fox."

Farley methodically emptied his haver sack of its pelts, while Penyon's eyes opened at sight of the large fisher skins. Then he slowly withdrew the silvery fox pelt from his mackinaw.

"By the holy—! Where you catch hem?" exclaimed Penyon.

"In the Boreas Bluffs—some beaut, eh?"

"By Gar! yes, that'll make us good wages," replied Penyon, who covetously repented his harsh words of the previous morning.

"What?" sharply asked Farley.

"Allowin' you had a streak of luck, we'll go fifty-fifty, eh?"

"Well, I guess not—'Luck don't count,' you know, in this game," and Farley stepped into the toboggan harness, tightened his belt, and started over the trail to the settlement—and sunny Tennessee.





OLD SQUAWS



F. V. WILLIAMS

WHEREVER seen the male old-squaw is at once recognized by the elongated middle feathers of the tail, no other wild fowl of our continent has these conspicuously lengthened tail feathers with the exception of the pin-tail. The sooty brown breast is also a conspicuous mark of these fowl. In winter when the old-squaws appear on their more southerly ranges the distinguishing marks for the males are about as follows:—Around neck and extending over breast a deep chocolate brown, in some specimens nearly black, lining of wings and flight feathers the same, under parts white, the white ending sharply against dark breast. Outer tail feathers are a very light gray, the others white and black or nearly so. The two long feathers of tail black the same as back.

Elongated scapulars, pearl gray, and head, neck and fore parts white. Cheek part gray with a lower patch below black, eyes pale yellow, with white circles about them; between belly and neck sharply black. Bill black with orange band about the middle, or perhaps more pink than orange in most specimens. Feet bluish black claws and dark webs.

These fowl range in length in the males from 21 to 24 inches, and in the female from 15 to 17.

The female lacks the long tail feathers. In winter, plumage, head and neck of female is mostly white; ear-patch and crown of head a dusky brown, fore parts deep gray, upper parts dusky brown and plain, under parts white, the female of the species in this case is not easily confused with other fowl, once having been seen. They are with the males a very interesting duck. Their cries, or call, in particular are unlike anything possessed by other wild fowl, and they are also wonderful divers, their performances in this line in the tide water of the Bay of Fundy being sometimes little short of marvellous. Old-squaws breed in both Eastern and Western Canada, northern regions and the winter months find them drifting south to the Northern Atlantic States, although we have never seen them south of Vancouver Island on the Pacific coast.

AUNK! ~ Aunk! Aunk-a-link Aunk-a-link! Ever hear that call on a sharp frosty morning? The vapor rises off the salt water of old ocean making the Bay out in front of you look like a steaming cauldron, but faith the atmosphere is a long ways from feeling like steam.

At 4 a.m. this winter's morn you rolled out of a nice warm bed to shut off that alarm clock that was making noise enough to wake the dead, this alarm clock having been purposely

set on the dresser some five feet distant, so that it was necessary—*absolutely* necessary to get up to shut that alarm off. No lying in bed shutting the clock off and then dropping off to sleep, only to find yourself waking up and being laughed at by the rest of the household, as not being able to “roll out” in time to get after the ducks.

Well you're up and as the fire has burned low you really make a few quick moves in getting dressed, and

after that necessary feature of the programme has been carried out you make your way to the kitchen, light a lamp and find the shavings all ready to hand, to start the morning fire; tea kettle, frying-pan, eggs, and even a covered kettle full of still warm porridge. Gee, you thank your lucky stars that you're stopping with such thoughtful folks and as you turn to the table there at the plate left out for you is a "note," you pick it up and read, "If you are goin' down the channel this mornin', put your tollers—decoys—in the little cove the other side of outside point, there's a good bunch of old-squaws been hangin' out there for the last two weeks".

Well now that might be "Dutch" to some people, that note, but as you happen to know something of the shoreline in this locality, you just simply grin to yourself, sounds good, that does, as you know that's a mighty good tip.

It doesn't take long to climb outside of the porridge, eggs, coffee, etc. and then as you get down the old gun and begin to fill your pockets with shells, you can hardly move fast enough. You give the stove a careful survey to be sure the fire is well banked to last a couple of hours until the good folk of the house begin to bestir themselves.

Outside, well its hard to say just how cold it is, but its cold enough so that it pinches your nose, makes your eyes water, and you just have to keep "slinging" your feet to get the blood started coursing through your veins at the proper speed to get up a little extra internal warmth, to meet the external cold. You arrive at the shore just as the tide has nicely turned ebb—needless to say this story deals with rough old "Fundy's" shores, and tides, and winter old-squaws—the dory is afloat and you hustle up to the "fish house" and find some decoys that you were told were there, you find them all right, six of them, and placing them in the dory you cast off the painter and jump in yourself, you row out into the still dark water. And had you not been over this same "watery road" before you would

never be able to locate anything so dark it is. Getting your direction and facing the stern of your dory, you pull ahead for a half hour at a good steady stroke, and at the end of that time you rest on your oars and listen, and a little off to your right you can hear the "wash" of the almost motionless water as it slips out to sea through the channel.

That channel is what you've been trying to locate and now you've found it your troubles are at an end, for at the farther end of the channel is the "outside point," and you know where the little bay or cove is and it doesn't take you long to row through to the far end and here you anchor your decoys or tollers, as they are locally called.

Your decoys have been well placed and the wind is blowing along shore; it is coming daylight and just as the light begins to get strong enough to shoot by, a pair of black coots, "scooters" come flying low out of the vapor, straight at your old-squaw decoys. You lead on No. 1, and let him have it and down he goes, but he quickly begins to show you that he's not a dead one by any means, and you have to give him a second load to stop him.

Out you go in the old dory and pick up your first kill and after returning to your hiding place among the boulders on the beach you being to wonder if the ducks, old-squaws in particular, have forgotten to come to the cove this morning; but you can see a few scattered flocks chasing about here and there off shore, and you also note that the air is considerably warmer, the vapor has disappeared, and as you "rubber" round about you; you happen to notice away down the channel two black winged fowl,—they flash black and white—black above and white below as they fly, and the wings are pointed and you note the long pointed tail feathers as they turn slightly in their course. There's no mistaking their object, they're coming to the cove, and you almost hold your breath as they come, and lower your head that they won't note the whites of your eyes, and then "sufferin' codfish"



"And by Jiminy you got him too"

can you beat it, your decoys have broken loose and they're fifty yards off shore and the old-squaws, two fine cock birds, are a bit outside the decoys, close onto fifty yards away

they are and you know it's now or never. Well, that was good luck they were evidently going to pass when one set his wings and slowed up, just for perhaps a small four

seconds or so and in that time you had a good line on him and let go, and by Jiminy you got him too; but the other was out of range before you could shot again, you go out and pick him up, reset your decoys about twenty yards off the beach and this time you scarcely get settled when along come four in a bunch, two down to stay and one other that you get by giving away two more shells, and before you can get to your boat you see two others coming and you get one of them; retrieve these and then a lone whistler drops in and he hits the water so quickly that you do not see him till he sits there staring suspiciously at the decoys, and as you are out for meat and not fancy shooting you just cut his suspicions short with a load of No. 4's, then there is a lull. A half hour later you get another shot and a sea duck, and then you score three misses in succession, just shows you how darn careless you can get; sometimes when you're too cock sure of a thing, and then you knock down a hen old-squaw and think she's there to stay and you go out in the dory to pick her up and as you approach that duck she suddenly comes to and dives, and then for the best part of an hour you chase that wounded fowl and finally get her and for this you are to be commended as it sure is a shame to let the cripples get away, even if you do miss an occasional chance for a shot while doing this.

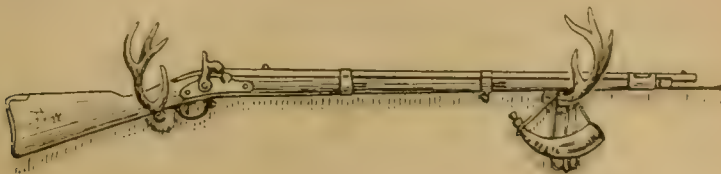
The tide has started to flood and you've had a pretty good morning's sport, six old-squaws, one coot, one sea duck and one whistler, to say nothing of the shots you've missed, you take your time rowing home and when you get to the wharf the kiddies from the house, three of them, are down there to help you carry your

game and have you tell them all about it and don't let any one tell you those diving fowl are not good eating, just a piece of pork in with your fowl when you're ready for baking; parboil it for twenty minutes in boiling water and then bake. Are they good?

Well I'd like to have one right in front of me now.



"Mel" Putnam, Dominion Cartridge Company, Winnipeg; and Bryce R. Clarke, Montreal, at Lake Manitoba, September and October, 1919



The Introduction of Reindeer Into Canada

HARRY BRAGG

THE introduction of Reindeer into Canada has always been an attractive subject to anyone who has realized the enormous area of our so-called "Barren Lands," and who knows that the sole way to utilize them is by placing there the only domestic animal that can live in that climate, where horses and cattle would quickly die a miserable death.

Reindeer, it is true, seem at first sight to be indented with Romance because of their connection with the childish idea of Christmas. But, in other ways, they are most eminently practical.

To think of animals of the deer family living and growing fat in temperatures that drop as low as 50 degrees or 60 degrees below zero, without any shelter from the wintry blasts; of their needing no harvesting in summer to insure the supply of food for the winter; of their ability to secure food for themselves from beneath the snow, by means of their palmated horns—found in both sexes; of their giving birth to their young in the snow;—is to bring one face to face with one of Nature's miracles.

Let us consider their introduction into this Continent from that Old World from which it is possible to learn so much.

The Education Department of the United States saw the benefits which would accrue to the natives of Alaska, thanks to the far-seeing vision of Rev. Sheldon Jackson, and his ideals were made practical by the importation of 1280 Reindeer from Siberia, between 1892 and 1902.

So rapidly did this herd increase that in 1917 there were 98,582 deer living in Alaska, apart from those killed for food, and lost by accident, all due to the importation mentioned.

The financial statement, also shown in the Report of the Governor of Alaska, gives the total valuation of, and income from, these Reindeer as \$3,247,345, against a total outlay of the Government of \$317,000, or a gain of 926 per cent. for the 25 years, being an annual average of 37 per cent. A pretty good investment

from a merely financial point of view!

But the moral and physical benefits far surpass the purely commercial gains, great as these are. The natives have become more than self supporting—from hunters, they have become herdsmen. They have balances in the savings banks in Seattle. They have sewing machines, pianos, and Victrolas. They have ceased to be savages.

Now for the experiment on the opposite corner of the Continent, namely that in Labrador, which has proved equally successful.

That well known philanthropist, Dr. Grenfell, imported 300 Reindeer from Norway into Labrador in 1907, realizing what they would mean to the natives, then barely existing in wretched conditions. This herd had increased, by 1911 to 1,200 head, apart from those killed for food, and lost by accidents. This proves that both extremities of the Continent are admirably suited for the breeding and domestication of Reindeer. What about that central portion of our far north, lying between Alaska and Labrador? Is it equally suitable for Reindeer?

This question is answered by the existence of immense herds of wild caribou, which are called truly by Mr. Emile Miller, in an article in the "Bulletin de la Societe de Geographie de Quebec," published a couple of years ago, the "brothers of the Reindeer." These caribou, both the wood and barren Lands animals, are, indeed, simply wild Reindeer. They are, however, much smaller, and, of course, less valuable, than the domestic variety. They roam through the "tundra," as these district are called, in countless thousands, and, sooner or later, will be made use of for purposes of food.

By those who know, the Barren Lands are called the "paradise of the Reindeer."

As for Reindeer in Canada itself, for Labrador is not, politically a part of the Dominion, although physically it is an integral portion.

It must be admitted that the first,

and, so-far, only experiment in introducing these animals into the Dominion, proved a failure, but there are good reasons for such an unfortunate result.

The history was briefly told in an article in the *Canadian Municipal Journal*, in April, 1918, and the story, which he calls the "Odyssey" was given more fully by Mr. Miller, in the Bulletin already quoted. The lesson from this disastrous experiment shows how the Reindeer should NOT be handled.

In 1912, the Federal Government purchased from Dr. Grenfell 50 Reindeer, in Labrador. These were sent by rail from Sydney to Edmonton, and the survivors of this long ride in cars, were sent by scows, to a point near Fort Smith. There, these wild, nomadic animals were carefully corralled within a fenced enclosure, and there they were kept as prisoners, until the scourge of flies drove them crazy, and they escaped over the fences. The few that were retaken were brought back and again imprisoned. And it was only after two years that the tiny remnants of the original herd were sent further north, where they should have been at first, in a country in which their special food was to be found, and where the cold air prevented the flies from being troublesome.

Being interested in this subject, I secured an article from Mr. F. S. Lawrence, F. R. G. S., who is so well known as the exponent and advocate of the Peace River District of Northern Alberta, and this appeared in August, 1909.

When the Food Controller was urging the need of increasing the food supply a couple of years ago, I secured up-to-date information, and prepared an article which appeared in the same Journal in April, 1918. This led to my acquaintance with the North American Reindeer Company, and, later, to their making me the Canadian Representative of the Company.

It was interesting, at Ottawa, to find every official keenly anxious to see some movement towards the introduction of these valuable ani-

mals into Canada. And the Company found generous treatment on the part of the Government, for it obtained a concession of free grazing rights for 30 years over an area of some 65,000 square miles, east of the Hudson's Bay, on condition that it would bring in 1,500 head, and allow of the purchase of a certain proportion by the Government after the herd was properly established. Of course, it is true that this large area of ground is, at present, of no value whatever, nor can it be made useful, except as a ground for reindeer breeding. The Company has not any annual rental to pay, as erroneously reported in the *Montreal Star*.

When success has been secured, it means that these "Barren Lands" will be used by the only domestic animal for whom it is possible; that the food problem—not alone for the natives—will be made easier of solution; and that the vast areas of minerals that are known to exist will be brought into use.

But beyond this, the native population, now living in misery so great that occasional lapses into cannibalism are occurring, as told to the Synod at Toronto by Rev. W. J. Walton, a missionary from the east of Hudson's Bay—will be put into comparative comfort.

To the Mounted Police, the Reindeer will be a means of preserving life, for the dreary, and sometimes fatal trips with dog trains, will be over.

To Canada as a whole, it will mean that an enormous area of her territory, now useless, will be brought into the line of production.

As to the method of bringing in these deer from Alaska, it has been decided to drive them in the whole distance. This, to those who do not know Reindeer, seems a wild idea. But as they are migratory, and easily led by driven deer, it is merely using their natural habits for wandering, and directing in which direction their wanderings shall point.

But some one with a fluent pen will be needed to record the history of the "Iliad" of the Reindeer from Alaska to Hudson's Bay.



A happy snowshoe party at one of the Algonquin Park shelter huts

Making Algonquin Park an All-Year Round Resort

THE Algonquin Park of Ontario has been regarded by the majority of sportsmen only as a summer pleasure ground where, with a canoe and a rod, the long, balmy days might be dreamed away, and as a place where bass and trout rose eagerly to the angler's fly.

With the opening of the spring fishing season a few sportsmen were to be found within the confines of the big reserve, but it was not until the middle of June that the real movement to the Park began. The season in the Park virtually opened when the big hotel, "The Highland Inn," threw open its doors for the reception of guests, and it continued for a period of ten or twelve weeks. The end of September generally found the Park pretty well deserted, and its winter glories left for the most part to the enjoyment of the Superintendent and the rangers.

That such a magnificent region should have so limited a season has always appeared to those who loved the Park to be very regrettable. That this view is shared by those who have the best interests of the reserve at heart is now being shown in the action of the Grand Trunk Railway System, which has decided to keep its hotel, the Highland Inn, open throughout the year. That the move will be welcomed there will be no doubt.

With the stress and strain of modern life a brief holiday at the height of midsummer usually proves an inadequate respite from a whole year's toil. Men and women alike work harder to-day than they have ever done, and it might also be said that their circumstances allow of more frequent vacations. To the city dweller there is only one form of holiday that brings the glow of health

back to the cheeks, and that is to get out into the great open places. Of all the playgrounds in the eastern half of this continent, where men and women can really break away from the sounds and suggestions of the city and be near to the heart of Nature, there is none which can excel the big Ontario reserve with its two thousand square miles of lakes and wooded lands. The region provides a holiday ground that is in accord with the ideas of medical science. Two thousand feet above the level of the sea, it has invigorating climatic conditions. The daily progress of the mercury during the winter months of the year from 10 or 15 above to 20 or 30 below is as regular as the swing of a pendulum, and, no matter how cold it is, the man with a sweater never suffers discomfort. Days spent in snowshoe tramps through primitive forests where every leaf and bough bears its weight of glistening crystals, in the breathless flight of the toboggan or ski, and in the ring of steel against the icy covering of some lake, together with evenings spent in social converse in the cosy warmth of an old-fashioned log fire—these slip away unnoticed; but those who have

once experienced them return to their avocations with renewed energies, with hardened muscles, and a grateful memory of the Park.

The attractions which Algonquin Park affords during the winter months are many and varied. The day may start with a snowshoe tramp. Men and women, garbed in sweaters and wool caps and stocking-filled moccasins, dig their toes into the thongs of the snowshoes with a vim and merriment that had never been connected with winter even in their most imaginative moments. For three hours and more they will tramp steadily along over distances that would have frightened them before leaving the cities. The call of lunch is eagerly attended to, but with unwearied muscles and surging blood. After lunch and a short rest, there is the toboggan slide or the ice cleared on the lake to tempt them. But at night, with the moonlight that is found alone in the north, the trails across the lakes and around the islands beckon irresistibly. The dead silence, the undimmed glamor of the moon, the crisp crunch of the snow under the *raquette*, the tingle of the frost in the veins, the merry shouts of



A snowshoe party, Algonquin Park, returning from a 20 mile hike



Salmon trout fishing through the ice in Algonquin Park

the line before and behind, are delights to be dreamt of long after the holiday is over. The bush trails on snowshoes are a real joy. Apart from the ideal conditions under foot, there are the glories of snow-laden

evergreens, of chattering squirrels visiting their winter store, of the cleanest whiteness that Nature knows, of the purest ozone, of bounding circulation, of unnumbered lakes and rivers, of deer, beaver, and fox.

suddenly encountered to their terror. The trail is always there the winter through, and new trails are tempting at every break in the bush. Every trail leads to a lake, and the veriest novice on snowshoes labors under no disadvantage. Ten minutes of the tramp bares fingers and ears that could not endure fifty degrees warmer before coming to the Park. Unexperienced pleasures heap themselves on the visitors at every breath and turn. A fine toboggan slide, with a grade of nearly five hundred feet and a total run of about a quarter of a mile, constructed close to the hotel, offers ample accommodation to de-

votees of that exhilarating sport. A number of roads wind their way through the woods and will be found attractive to the skier, while, for those more venturesome experts, a splendid jump has been arranged within five minutes walk of the hotel grounds. A large skating rink is also adjacent to the hotel.

There are a number of shelter huts throughout the woods, and arrangements are made for organizing snowshoe tramps, with lunch in the forest. In this way an excellent opportunity is afforded for nature study and for the photographing of the wild life of the Park.

Sonnets

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

I.

To one who would in roving fancy take
 To the broad road a silent autumn morn,
 In him shall be fresh wonder subtly born,
 At every sight more will he gloom forsake.
 Like one entranced seems to cry: "Awake!
 O be this day the bitter end of scorn—
 Malignant sorrow and its shroud forlorn;
 For shining thought this hour my mind will slake."
 Who is that soul would still be duty bound,
 To the cruel reign of strife—in quiet ease,
 Rests him full length on a wide orchard's breast,
 And gazing dim-eyed from his couch of rest,
 Startles to hear, amid enloaded trees,
 The ripe fruit thud upon the shadowed ground!

II.

So be there sweet respite for winter thought,
 To him who so his memory would choose
 To dwell upon—the while he tender woos,
 The fate that smiles upon his envied lot.
 New realizations will to him be brought.
 He shall have done with subterfuge and ruse,
 And happy-spirited all reins would loose,
 Ever to think 'mid fancies he begot!
 All day to haunt the phantom grass—to lie
 Stretched in abandonment upon the sod;
 To scan the azure heavens with an eye
 Attentive to all things—the meadows broad,
 Where wild bees drone, and aimless butterfly,
 Mellow the hours he homeward happy trod!

A Cruise on a Pink

Handlining and Trawling in Atlantic Waters

BONNYCASTLE DALE

IT was misty and rainy when Peter brought the batteries down at daylight.

"We'll get run down in this weather!" Laddie exclaimed.

"Not while I have this old shell," said Peter, as he dived his hand into the "Pink," (so-called because of her



Blowing the conch shell—these are used as horns

narrow stern—does that make you any the wiser—we were not) and brought out a conch shell, about twice as great as an orange, and blew a lusty blast on it.

"All aboard," said Peter. And "all aboard!" said a wee small voice, evidently from the depths of the "razor-shell" as she is called, named after the "razor-shell clam" with which these sands abound.

The wind was "No'east"—Peter said—so up went the twin sails, up fluttered the jib-off, "put putted" the auxiliary engine, with which every fisherman's boat on this coast is outfitted.

"Does the gas eat up your profits?" I asked Peter.

"No! You see we can run today well up into the wind and be out on

'the grounds' on a straight course. We'd have to tack many times if the wee engine was dead."

We were passing one of the numerous ledges that dot these inner waters and the harbour seal were plunging off in hundreds. From every mistily seen tide flat, herons and gulls were leaping with raucous cries. Once we ran closely past a school of herring inward bound.

"No good!" said Peter, "too small!" They catch and barrel the larger herring for lobster bait as well as for market.

"See that surf leap up?" howled the boy near my ear. A shallow bar runs out here and the great swells which were plunging in now, rushed across the pebbles of the bar in wild confusion.

The "Pink" was steadied by the ton of iron ballast she carried, and the sails also steadied her.

"What's that," called the boy.

"The Bell-Boy (buoy)" said Peter! his voice coming up like that from an oracle, as his post in the engine room placed his head on the level of our feet.

"And that?" asked the Lad as we passed another sea guide.

"The Groaner," said Peter. These are the two last aids to navigation on the way out. One of the boats from the harbour went astray one morning—the pin came out of the carburetor and all the gas leaked out. They were helpless and drove before the wind straight past the "Bell." It was a wild snowy winter day with very little chance of help from passing craft. Straight out into the Atlantic they drifted—luckily towards the big iron "Groaner" that swirled and bobbed in the heavy sea. Right for it they steered the gasoline boat, and as it struck, the bowman leaped with a line on the top of the careening buoy and made it fast. Here he clung for dear life while his mate cud-

dled down in the straining boat now securely lashed—if the rope held out against the strain. No sign of shore could be seen amid the swirling snow squalls so they settled down for a long, hopeless wait. Luckily it was early in the day when the engine gave out, as their families got nervous at their long stay and a heroic band of men manned another gasoline boat and left the harbour in the gale and headed out to sea. After a long search, just when they had decided to head home while the fading light lasted, they came in sight of the "Groaner" and its strange burden—and rescued them.

"Pretty wet place to squat," said Laddie in my ear as we raced down a creamy slope into a smooth dark hollow past it.

The rain had cleared off and the fog and mist clouds were in shore from us now and we were finally on the fishing grounds. To us it looked all alike but the shore-fish, as Cod and Haddock, Halibut and Pollock, Cusk and the ever present nuisance, the Dog-fish are called, use all these ten to twenty fathom waters, feeding on the bait fishes which abound here.

Peter chose a place out of the million similar places to come about and soon we were bobbing along at a slow pace, slow enough for handlining. We all took our twenty-five fathom lines, each with its eight to a dozen lead sinkers on it. Each line was heavy enough to make a first class clothesline for any lady reader. The two big codhooks were baited with two clams each from the great clam crate or bait box amidships, then the fun—No! The work began.

You must not blame these hardy fishermen if they fail to see the sport in hauling big heavy fish up out of cold water in fairly heavy weather—its a wee mite different from rod and line fishing in midcontinent.

Peter and his dory mate were off in the dory to set a trawl. He had three tubs of line. Fifty fathoms in a tub with big hooks every short yard apart. These had been baited on the way out—so off they rowed in the big dory—paying out the line as they went. It is rather a risky job both

hauling and setting. The dory running up the slopes of the big seas and sliding down the other side, makes a fellow keep his peepers open that he does not emulate a cod and get one of these big sharp hooks firmly imbedded in his clothing. Many a good fisherman has gone to Davy Jones' locker by the trawl line route.

The crew, and soon every line on board, were busily engaged hauling and baiting and killing dogfish and hurling them back whence they came—it's a pity but nearly all the fishermen I have been with, in both oceans, kill the dogfish and throw it back into the sea. The U. S. Government has made a campaign to educate the people in the use of the "Gray fish," as it is called in the markets, and truly good food it makes. I have only seen it used by the Indians, then only for its livers, which fill the entire body cavity, these make most excellent oil.

The codfish we were catching were the brown cod. Averaging some five pounds, a much better looking fish than the big black cod Laddie and I have taken in the Gulf of Georgia, on the Pacific.

There was an old grizzled salt quietly fishing near us. He wore "Stalls" to keep the heavy codline from cutting his hands. In came the cod or haddock? Out flew the pesky dogs—we saw him pull in a big fine cod, as it struck the deck out flew the words, "*Don't kill me—please don't kill me.*"

That old seaman just dropped everything he held and stared open-mouthed. The cod flopped around on the deck and once, just when it raised its head for another flop we heard, "I never did nothing against you no how." Then as one of the men advanced with a gaff, out poured the words, "Oh! don't kill me—I'm only a poor codfish—please put me back in the sea."

"His grammar is a bit off," I whispered to Laddie. "Watch the tall fellow's mouth."

"Oh! Oh!" groaned the cod, and the muscles in the tall chap's throat worked in unison—just as if he was drinking air. Then we all laughed as

the cod said "Fooled you Uncle Jake didn't I." "You're more of a fish than I am to be such a cod—kill me and have done with it."

It took Uncle Jake a long time to see the joke and then he burst out, "That long Galoot's got one of them music boxes in his clothes,"—then we all roared again and went back to our cod fishing.

The crates held an odd lot of fish by now. The great majority were codfish. Then came a few haddock, one or two cusk, a rare pollock and a big "Wolf fish" a most wicked looking thing, all fins and teeth, in fact its whole mouth looked like a mass of teeth.

Peter was back now handlining like the rest of us. We could see the barrel and flag which told where his thousand foot or so of trawl was. Soon he put the kettle on in the wee bit cabin and we all had a bite to eat—the pink was staggering a bit, close-hauled, and one did not always hit his mouth with the piece he aimed at it, but—listen to a secret and never tell it—Laddie had jam on the back of his neck from a big jam sandwich—first time I ever saw jam that far back on any human being.



Laddie and the wolf eel—called the cat fish along Nova Scotian shores.

Hours later, when the novelty of the day's work began to wear off and we pulled the big sloppy fish in stolidly—the crates were filling fast and the catch was good—the sun was descending the other side of the arch rapidly by this time. The wind had hauled shorewards and was replacing the warm air which had arisen above the land and our arms were tired and fingers sore, so we hailed with joy the signal given by each man beginning to clean his fish, and by the second appearance of Peter who had slipped off over the stern with his dory mate and had pulled the trawl.

"Half dogs but got forty cod all the same!" he laughed as he passed me and dropped into the engine room and gave the wheel a spin with his rubber booted foot — and off we put "putted."

The sails were drawing full now. Everyone was cleaning fish, even we made a show of doing so. The whole catch would weigh about 1000 pounds, a crate for each man of the four in the crew, each crate weighing about three hundred weight of cleaned cod and other shorefish, worth about five cents a pound salted, and about half of that if sold fresh. All the heads and stomachs were dropped overboard save the livers, from which the celebrated cod-liver-oil comes.

Now we were a big boat, well manned, but we passed many a small single craft, some not over twenty feet long with a single fisherman, or more often two in them, working here in five to twenty fathoms, five to twenty miles off shore, with a boat none too big for our fresh water lakes. Luckily very few men are lost this way. A good number of boats are lost through the engine breaking down and having no oars aboard, but really, the youngsters here think no more of putting out to sea in the dark a-fishing than your farmer boys do of going after the cows.

Once we were ashore at the fishing station all the fish were rowed ashore and laid neatly in circles in big half molasses hogsheds, and left to pickle in plenty of salt.

I want to give you a yarn we heard about the young sharks—the dogfish,

as they are really of the shark family.

Two youngsters from a neighbouring fishing village took the old ten bore single barrel breech loader (these are mighty guns that are used hereabouts, some of them have thirty-six inch barrels) and went down to the point of rocks to shoot at sea ducks. After many misses a lucky shot brought down a big duck and the elder lad called out that he would swim out and get it. So off went his clothes and in he plunged—an excellent swimmer with no fear of the sea. The bird drifted off out and the boy swam after it. Soon his brother heard him calling for help as he turned and swam towards shore—a churning mass of plunging things all about him. At times he shrieked out with pain, once he begged his little brother to “shoot him”—“the dogfish had got him”—finally he disappeared and the youngster ran home crying for help, where no help could avail.

Again I have had fishermen tell me off the bigger dogs to the south cleaning the hooks of all but the heads as the men drew the fish rapidly in. I have known the sea lions off Cape Flattery to strip the halibut off the trawls as the men drew them in. I tell you it would have made a master painting! the big slow dead swell of the Pacific—the toiling, gesticulating fishermen; vainly



The “Killeck” or tide channel home-made anchor

shaking his clenched fists at the big sleek sea lion bobbing in the trough—with the chicken halibut in its mouth.

There is one young chap along the coast here whom they call “Doggie Doggie.” It seems this young fellow had a sea coast farm left to him, so he entered into possession of its rocky acres. All the tools he could find were trawls and lines, clam hoes and cod hooks, so he baited up well and launched the fishing boat and anchored a mile or two off shore—fishing busily every day—finally when the fishbuyer’s sloop came along he received him gladly and took him in—and tried to sell him—two tubs of nicely cleaned and salted dogfish.





ALONG THE TRAP LINE



EDITED BY
H. C. HADDON

Furbearers and Trapping Conditions in Western Omineca

J. S. HICKS

MR. Haddon has asked me for a short article descriptive of the fur bearers and trapping conditions in what he calls my country, by which I take it he means that part of central and northern British Columbia tributary to Hazelton and the Bulkley valley towns.

This is rather a large order, as, for the purposes of this article it may be said to cover a region extending from the Teta-chuck river and Big Eutsic Lake in the south to the heads of the Nass, Skeena and Finlay rivers in the north, and in an east and west direction from the Coast Range to Manson Creek.

However, as the same fur bearers are common to all this region, and as I have some personal knowledge of a great part of it I hope to give the reader a fairly accurate idea of general conditions.

The fur bearers of this country are, in order of importance: the beaver, fox—red, cross, silver and black, marten, lynx, fisher, weasel, and bears, both black and grizzly. In addition to these, we have the wolverine, otter, mink, muskrat, coyote and a few wolves, principally in the northern part of the district. In fact all the Canadian fur bearers are here but the skunk. I have seen only one skunk of the furbearing variety in the country, and it was dead.

These animals I have mentioned are distributed generally throughout the district, but one or other usually predominates. For instance in the coast range, its eastern flanks and spurs, the marten is the principal fur, with beaver and periodically lynx in the mink valleys, and a few fox and fisher. Further east, fox and fisher become more plentiful, in fact the interior plateau country, from Francois Lake (Lake du Francois) south to Salmon River was a splendid fox country when I was there about a dozen years ago, but a great deal of poison has been used both there and elsewhere in the district, with the usual

results. Beaver were plentiful at that time throughout the lake country, and along the rivers heading in the coast range, and during the big rabbit years lynx formed a very important part of the trapper's catch, but they migrated when the rabbits disappeared.

Weasels, of course, were everywhere, and in great numbers in the lower country, but marten were scarce. Now and then a few would be found in some restricted area, but a dozen in a season was about an average catch; at least that was my experience.

No attention was paid to mink or muskrat at that time, though with present prices they might be worth going after around the head of Ootsa Lake, and along the Tatsah and Whitesail Rivers. Some good catches of marten have been made on the heads of these rivers, also on the Morice and Telkwa. What conditions are there now I am unable to say, but it would be strange if some pin-headed pyromaniac has not burned half the country.

North and East of the Bulkley Valley are three or four detached ranges of mountains known collectively as the Babines. These stretch in a north and south direction for about eighty miles, and cover an area from twenty to forty miles in width. A great part of this, however, is plateau, from 2,500 to 3,000 feet elevation, forming the watershed between the Bear and Fulton Rivers. Here conditions are much the same as those I have already described, beaver, lynx, fox, fisher, weasel and a few marten on the plateau, marten, fisher and fox in the mountains, though the marten are not as numerous as in some parts of the coast range.

Of the Manson country I must speak from hearsay, as during my only trip in there the only wild animals I had time to observe wore pack saddles, but I believe the same conditions apply there as farther west.

This is also true of the country along the Telegraph Trail, and the upper Nass and

Skeena. This was a good fox country a few years ago, but has been badly poisoned.

Such knowledge I possess of the Finlay country was gained during a couple of prospecting trips, and I was more interested in chasing the elusive yellow metal than in observing signs of game and fur bearing animals. However, one who has followed the trapline will naturally, if unconsciously take note of such things, and I believe I have a fairly accurate idea of the trapping possibilities there. I remember noticing quite a lot of fox signs, also some lynx and fisher, but very little marten sign. However, it must be borne in mind that this was in summer, and my occupation kept me to the more open country along the creeks, and in travelling from one creek to another I naturally picked the easiest going along the summits. There are not many beaver on the upper part of the river, the only signs I saw were around some of the small lakes, but this was to be expected as feed is scarce.

Indians report "Hiyu"—beaver—in the vicinity of the 'fishing lakes' but I did not get down that far. Crossing from the Omineca to the Driftwood, south of Bear Lake, in the fall of 1917 I saw a great deal of marten signs, and some lynx and fisher. Indeed the prospects appeared so good that had I been in a position to do so I would certainly have located there.

I have noticed in different parts of this country that lynx and marten seem to react on each other; as the lynx increase the marten disappear. Then when the lynx migrate with the disappearance of the rabbits the marten increase again. No doubt the lynx prey on the marten to some extent, but I am inclined to think the great horned owls are at least equally guilty. These birds follow the rabbits just as the lynx do, and periodically the country is infested with them. A marten on the snow must be a tempting mark for an owl, and I know from my own observation that it has proven so on one occasion at least. I mention this because of the stability of conditions as regards the marten. What is very poor marten country now may be very good three or four years hence, or the conditions may be reversed.

Reading over what I have written I fear that it may convey rather too rosy an impression of the trappers' opportunities in this district. While it is true that there is a great deal of fur in the district, yet it is also true that there is a great deal of country that

contains very little fur, and in addition to the many whites who do more or less trapping there is a large Indian population (large as Indian populations go) most of whom are very industrious trappers. Each family has its own territory which passes from generation to generation (through the female line) and naturally they resent the intrusion of the whites on their hunting grounds. In fact I doubt if there is a square mile of unoccupied territory in the district—from the Indian point of view.

Inaccessability is another drawback. In the greater part of this district transportation is very difficult and costly. It is true that in the southwestern part of the district, on the Whitesail, Tatsah and Morice Rivers canoes and poling boats may be used, but that section is already pretty well taken up. Much of the northern part of the district is drained by the Skeena, and as that stream above Kispiox is a succession of canyons and bad water, navigation of any kind is out of the question, and to have supplies taken up by pack train will cost from 10c to 30c per pound, according to where it is delivered. Probably the cheapest and most satisfactory plan for anyone going into the Ground Hog Mountains, would be to hire or buy horses and do their own packing (if they have the necessary experience) then bring the horses back to the Telegraph Trail in time to turn them into the government train on its way south in September. However, if I were contemplating a trip of this kind to the upper Skeena, Klappan or upper Finlay I would pack two years' supplies to Fourth Cabin in the fall, then start from there with a dog team as soon as the ice permitted, and relay to my destination. In that way one would get the spring trapping, have the following summer to prospect in, and be in a position to make the best of the second winter, and by packing to Fourth Cabin the worst part of the river would be avoided, and at least a month gained.

I have never seen any statistics covering the fur trade of this district, but before the war I believe the merchants of Hazelton, including the Hudson's Bay Company were handling furs to the value of about \$100,000 annually.

Last winter a couple of those merchants held a number of semi-monthly sales, organized on a commission basis. I do not know what they averaged, but I am informed that there were \$10,000 worth of fur at one sale, of which \$9,000 were sold.

As there are always a number of outside buyers in Hazelton, or travelling around the

country during the season the importance of this trade is evident.

Grading Fox Skins

H. C. H.

Red Fox.

THE red fox is distributed over practically the whole of Canada and the Yukon, and naturalists have found four or five distinct sub-species. These must not be confused with blacks and silvers, which are merely color-freaks from the original strain.

The best fox skins come from Alaska and the Northwest Territories, both for size of skin and texture of fur. Skins from Nova Scotia and Newfoundland are large, the fur long and heavy, but rather coarse in texture, and the color not as good as further north.

Fox are hard to grade, owing to the many ramifications of color, and in many cases the actual value can only be determined by an expert. It is a curious contradiction, but usually the most perfect and finest blacks are worth less, in proportion to *average* skins, owing to the difficulty in matching and blending.

Fox skins are thin, seldom burdened with fat and are easily damaged. In common with other thin skinned animals as marten and lynx the skins are turned before marketing, and are sold fur side out. This is to protect the skin from damage. This turning should not be left until the skins are perfectly dry, else the pelt is likely to be ripped, but should be done after a few days on the boards, when the skins are about half dry. A thin board should then be placed inside them to preserve their shape, and left there until the skins are perfectly dry.

A number one skin must be prime, free from tears or cuts, and the fur must be long, bushy and fine, and a bluish color from just below the surface down to the roots. Also—and this applies to all furs—there must be the correct proportion of guard hairs. If these are absent the fur looks flat and lacks luster and sheen. The color is a fine bright red, with black legs, white belly and white tip to the tail. Such a skin, properly handled, will always go No. 1. Fox are easily rubbed, and after about the middle of February many skins will show signs of damage, often around the hips.

The best skins come from young foxes from one to two years old. As the animal gets older

the color fades to a flat straw shade, which of course lessens the value.

Skins slightly unprime go No. 2., and a close examination will show the excess of hair as compared to fur. Wholly unprime, with short hair growth, are No. 3., or No. 4., and are a disgrace to any trapper. Badly torn or badly shot skins will rarely go No. 1., more usually grading No. 2. An average weight for Canadian foxes is about ten pounds, and the pelt, measuring from the fur side would be about 54 inches, of which 18 would be tail. Such a skin, correctly proportioned, would be 9 inches wide at the shoulders and 10½ inches at the rump.

Medium sizes would be from two to six inches shorter, and small shorter still. The difference in width in the three grades is not in proportion to the difference in length, unless the skins have been stretched too wide.

Cross Fox

The color of cross foxes varies greatly, running from a light red with a few gray and black hairs to a dark red with so many gray silver hairs as to be hard to distinguish from a silver. The legs and belly are black, with a black hand or dark red band running up the shoulders and crossing another along the back.

When silver and red fox are mated the pups have darker markings than the red fox, and these skins are termed bastards.

Inferior grades of cross foxes show a few silver hairs along the back and over the shoulders and hips. Better grades show red on the sides, ears and neck, turning to silver on the back and rump.

Black and Silver

Silver fox and black fox are the same, the only difference being in the amount of silver hairs. The color is a bluish black over the whole body, and the under fur is of a dark drab shade. The belly is usually black, sometimes with a spot of white. The tail is thick and bushy, and is tipped with white.

Skins with few or no silver gray hairs are called black fox, and are the final ambition of every trapper.

Light silvers are silvery all over except possibly the neck, dark to black on the belly, and tail tipped with white. Except the pure black skins the silvers vary greatly, as some have white patches on their hips, legs and breasts, while others have only a few white hairs on the tip of the tail.

Silkiness—softness of the fur must also be taken into account in determining the value

of the skin, as well as size. Young foxes have less silver than when three years or more old, but the fur of the younger animals is usually finer than that of the older ones.

Reliable quotations for blacks this season range from \$500 to \$1200, and for silvers from \$150 to \$800, depending on the amount of silver present.

The Mail Bag

HIBERNATION OF MARTEN

IN an interesting letter to the editor of this department, Mr. J. S. Hicks, who is at present located in the Yukon, puts forward a theory that would afford some interesting discussion if only the marten trappers could be prevailed upon to discard their customary shyness. It is needless to add that letters upon the subject would be welcomed and might easily be the means of increasing our knowledge of a very valuable furbearer.

Mr. Hicks says:

"For a long time I have had the theory that female marten hibernate during the coldest part of the winter. In support of this I have noticed that during such times the catch runs almost entirely to males, and I would be interested in hearing whether any other trappers hold similar ideas.

What appears to me as conclusive evidence, however, that such hibernation does take place is the fact that I have twice caught female marten in March, the fur of which had been badly damaged by mice, and both of these animals were very much alive when I found them. You can imagine what would happen to the mouse that would attempt to take such liberties with a marten that was merely under the influence of ordinary sleep.

Undoubtedly you are right in saying that lynx can be caught with dead bait. I have caught them in that way both up here and in Eastern Canada. In fact I have caught them with dead bait within a few miles of where you are located in B. C.

At the same time "Cap" probably has good reason to think otherwise, for lynx will not always take bait. I have proved this to my own satisfaction, or rather dissatisfaction. One season I had no scent, and was leaving the beaver alone in order to avoid trouble with the Indians. Lynx were plentiful, and the country literally swarmed with rabbits, and

quite naturally the lynx refused to touch frozen meat, when they could pick up a meal from under the nearest bush. It was seldom indeed that there was not at least one fresh track ahead of me on the trail, and time and again they turned aside to investigate my pens, but not one entered. In fact I had no success at all until I secured a supply of castor."

Editorial Comment

Your theory re the hibernation of female marten opens up a very interesting line of investigation. As you say, I myself have also noticed during the many cold spells that the catch of both marten and weasels runs almost entirely to males, and that, with the return of milder weather, the females start to run again. I have also seen skins damaged as you describe, both fresh injuries and also others that could be picked out by the different colored hair on the affected spot.

In some years I have also noticed that marten skins will frequently be damaged apparently by pitch or resin sticking to the fur, causing the hair to be much shorter and thinner.

It was rather a surprise to me to hear that "Cap" had only known two cases of lynx taking dead bait. Of course in a big rabbit year, with feed plentiful to the verge of the extraordinary any animal that keeps full-fed all the time can hardly be expected to bother with frozen meat, but in an average year, with the balance of Nature in correct proportions lynx are usually hungry as often as they are full fed, and at such times, in my own experience, they will rarely refuse dead bait, either rabbit, grouse or even deer meat, especially if part of the hide is left on. And I have found the same is true of the cougar, and have seen enough caught in steel traps to convince me that such captures were not accidental.

H. C. H.

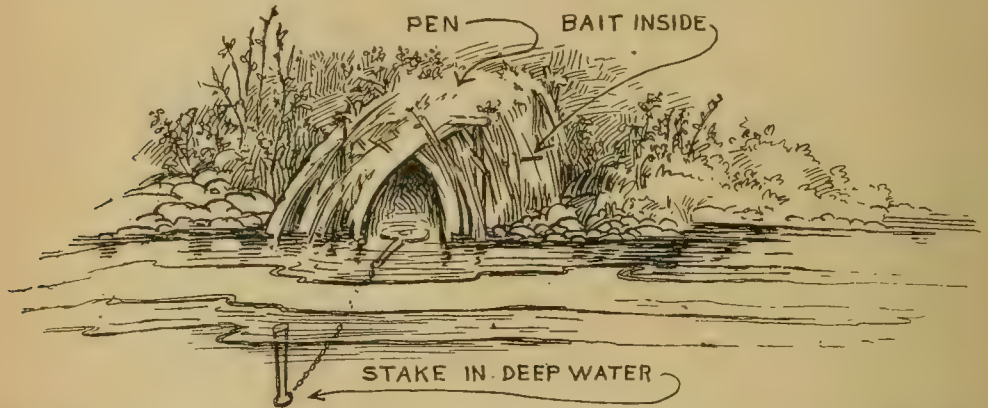
A WATER SET.

I am the recipient of your magazine each month, and I certainly enjoy it. In fact I would not be without it.

When I have a little spare time, I trap. Another boy and I have got three skunks, but one which we left for dead while we went to see our other traps played "possum" and beat it. However we sold the two for \$6.75. I have a .22 calibre rifle which comes in very handy to me. The traps I like best are the 1½, as they will hold anything from a weasel to a coon. I enclose one of my sets. I use

Unfortunately this but rarely happens except in the hands of a professional. Jays, hawks, squirrels and skunks will all pick up the poison baits, will crawl away to die, be discovered by other animals and devoured, so that the ultimate waste of fur will usually be greater than the gain. And in addition many a man has lost old and valued dogs from indiscriminate poisoning.

There are a number of facts that have to be borne in mind, among which are the following. Strychnine does not act instantly, and the rapidity of its action depends on the



fish heads or entrails for bait, and set the trap in one or two inches of water, making the set while standing in the water, and leaving things as natural as possible. I splash water over the whole set to remove the human scent, and cover the trap with water-soaked leaves. I have found it a very successful set.

Frank MacIntyre,

Dundalk, Ont.

POISONING COYOTES.

Query—Please give me directions for poisoning coyotes with strychnine.

I have some, but I don't know how to use it for them.

A. R. Carstairs,

Alberta.

Answer—It is very hard for an amateur to make a success of poisoning, and it should only be resorted to when all other means fail. You have only to read the article by J. S. Hicks in this issue to see what a professional trapper thinks of the use of poison, and this view is shared by every man who has the interests of the game at heart.

There would be no objection to the use of poison if it were possible to put out, say, ten poisoned baits, find two or three gone, and recover the animals that had taken them.

state of the animal's stomach. If the stomach is heavily loaded with frozen meat the animal may take a heavy dose of poison, and live for—an hour. Consider your chances of recovering the skin under such conditions. Again, an overdose of poison will have the opposite effect to that desired. Instead of killing, it will cause the animal to vomit—and eventually recover. Again, strychnine has an intensely bitter taste, so that the usual practice of smearing the poison on a large bait or carcass should never be adopted. The bitterness will spread throughout the entire carcass, and the coyotes will refuse to touch it.

The only safe way of using strychnine is the following, and if these directions are followed the danger is reduced to a minimum, and the chances of success increased.

You want a large bait that the coyotes are feeding on, and these are usually available in the form of carcasses of dead stock. Do not put out any baits until the coyotes have started to feed at the carcass. With a pair of blood soaked gloves roll into round balls chunks of lard the size of an English walnut. With a round stick drill a cylindrical hole, put in the strychnine, and mash the lard over the end of the hole to close it up. Do not

make too many of these baits, as, if they become tainted with human scent they are useless. They should be dipped in blood before being placed out, and should either be dropped around the carcass or placed on it.

Put them out in the late afternoon—*count how many you put out*—and pick them up again the next morning, putting out in the afternoon again. Pick them up with two sticks, and drop them into a bloody tin. Avoid touching them.

The correct dose of strychnine for coyotes is a subject for debate among wolvers. Vernon Bailey, of the U. S. Biological Survey, recommends four (4) grains of pure sulphate of strychnine for gray wolves, and this should not be an overdose for coyotes. If you find your bait taken, the distance the animal has travelled will show you if you are using enough. Do not guess at the amount you use. Have your druggist put up your strychnine in four-grain packets.

Another method is to mix equal parts of powdered strychnine and cyanide of potassium, which makes a quicker acting poison than straight strychnine, as the cyanide affects the heart. The dose for a coyote would be about one and a half times as much as you could pick up on a ten cent piece.

H. C. H.

FOX SETS.

Query—Could you give me some methods for trapping foxes successfully, or could you direct me to where I could get same. What I want is a set that will get them nearly every time.

G. E. L.

Williamsburg, Ont.

Answer—Generally speaking it is not advisable to rely solely on one method in trapping foxes, as weather conditions vary so greatly in the winter, and a set that is in working order during a mild spell will be out of commission in a cold snap.

Perhaps the most famous of the one-set methods is the old reliable spring set, which will never fail to give results, as long as the water remains unfrozen. Many of the fox trappers who make big catches by using only one method take the majority of their fur early in the fall before the snow comes, afterwards pulling up their traps until weather conditions meet their requirements.

Trapping fox after the snow has fallen becomes a matter of increased difficulty, especially where foxes are very wary and show reluctance to using roads and trails. Con-

ditions vary so greatly in different parts of the country. I have had trappers tell me that foxes habitually used their broken shoe trails, finding the travelling so much easier, and in cases like this it will always pay to drop a few traps in your tracks. On the other hand I have repeatedly seen both foxes and coyotes turn back on reaching a broken trail, refusing even to cross it, or else taking it on the jump, and for animals like this the betraying footsteps in the snow makes winter trapping increasingly difficult.

Foxes have one characteristic in common with wolves and coyotes that frequently proves the cause of their undoing, and that is their habit of climbing the nearest knoll or hillock to examine, from a safe distance, any object that has aroused their curiosity. This trait can, and should be, taken advantage of in trapping them. A good method is to make a number of artificial knolls of old hay, brush, etc., early in the summer, so that the animals have time to get used to them. The trap should be set, (covered in every case for fox trapping), on the top of the knoll, and the bait can either be a large one, as a beef head placed out in the open in full view of the knoll, or can be a small piece of tainted meat placed out of sight in the knoll.

Either tainted fish or skunk flesh, or a muskrat carcass all make splendid fox bait. Personally, my favorite set for either foxes or coyotes is at a carcass. Procure an old broken down horse, take him out into the woods, and end his misery with a bullet. As soon as the foxes start feeding at the carcass watch the trails they use in approaching. There is certain to be a number of places where blind sets can be made—an opening between two trees where they come through to reach the carcass, or a rock that crowds them against a stump or bank, or similar—all of which should be looked for, and a trap set in places like these, without bait, is usually successful, as the fox is temporarily off his guard.

Also, around the carcass, but some distance away, make four or five knolls and set traps on them. The foxes will be certain to use these knolls before approaching the carcass.

If there is snow on the ground, and the weather is settled, you can make the knoll out of snow, packing it together as hard as possible, and making it from two to three feet high. On the top of the knoll where the trap is to be set, scoop out a little hollow, lining it with dry leaves or grass or paper so that the trap will not freeze down; cover with

a thin sheet of paper, and dust a little snow on top. The method of covering traps with snow in winter is worth a short description. If the trap is placed directly on the snow it will freeze down solid, so a nest must always be dug out for the trap to lie in, and this must be lined with some dry substance that will not freeze. Afterwards, in covering the trap, place a piece of thin paper (butter paper is good) with an X cut in it over the pan of the trap. Then pick up two lumps of snow, and rub them together over the trap, grating off enough snow for your purpose. Do not attempt to cover your trap with snow scraped up by hand, for this snow will melt slightly from contact with your warmth, finally freezing and forming a crust that will prevent the trap from being easily sprung. When finally completed the covered trap should be slightly lower than the top of the knoll, as this will prevent the wind from baring the trap. If you lack the carcass you can make these knolls anyway, and at intervals in them stick little pieces of tainted flesh.

This is about the only snow set that will keep in commission during several changes of weather. Always remember that when the ground is covered with snow your chances of success will be materially increased if you set your traps while it is snowing. An inch or so of soft powdery snow will not prove any obstacle to a No. 2 performing its work.

The traps should always be fastened to a clog, never staked solid. As soon as a fox is caught it has a chance to get away from your set without destroying it. In the snow knolls described above the clog can be hidden in the side of the knoll.

In the fall before the snow comes wheat chaff or short straw will always furnish a number of good sets. Dump a sackful or so where foxes frequent, and either scatter small pieces of bait among it—cooked pork crack-

lings are good—or else use a large bait such as slaughter house offal.

Always in examining your traps never go nearer than just to see that the set is not disturbed, and do not return on your back trail, but make a wide swing round.

Where foxes follow up woods trails and cow paths a few snares will often prove very successful, especially if you choose places where the trail goes through a bush or clump of thick grass. Take eight strands of rabbit wire and twist together, making the loop six inches across, and setting them seven inches from the ground. If the wire is bright colored a handful of grass burnt under it will smoke it to a more neutral shade. A thin sapling split at one end and stuck in the ground at the other end will hold your snare at the right height. The snare can either be staked to one side of the trail, or fastened to a clog.

The spring set mentioned above can be made in any body of water that does not freeze too easily, and should be at least six feet in width. The bait is placed about a foot and a half from the bank, and should be on a rock or sod that rises two or three inches above the water. The trap is set half way between the bait and the shore, and the trap, chain and clog (rock) is covered with mud. The water should just cover the pan of the trap. Now cut a round sod and place it on the pan of the trap so that it will be one inch above the water. When properly done this will offer a tempting foothold to the fox when he attempts to reach the bait. Be sure that the sod on the trap is not too large to prevent the jaws from closing easily. The trap should not spring too easily, and should be bedded down firmly so that it will not turn when the fox steps on it. Stand in the water when making this set, avoid touching the bank, and you will find it a deadly killer

H. C. H.





GUNS & AMMUNITION

Caring for Revolvers.

ASHLEY A. HAINES

NOTICING a request in June *Rod and Gun* for an article on "Caring for Revolvers," and also having a letter from Mr. Landis asking for an article concerning any subject relating to firearms, I have decided to give the subject mentioned consideration at this time though at first I had intended writing of another matter but at the last minute discover I am short on photos for illustrating. I hope to have same in time for my next which should appear a couple of months or so after this.

I think practically every reader of *Rod and Gun's* interesting and instructive Guns and Ammunition Department will readily agree that the two best makes of revolvers are the Smith & Wesson and Colt. I am now wondering how many of said readers will also agree that instructions for use and care of such arms as sent out by the makers of these every where-acknowledged superior weapons are entirely inadequate? The great majority I believe, will admit that such information that accompanies each revolver sent out from the two factories is not at all what it should be, and while there are without doubt plenty of writers who can supply the deficiency far better than A.A.H., I have decided to offer a few suggestions hoping that some one better qualified to write on this subject may be inclined to give us a follow-up article which will cover the matter from A to Z and then some. Concerning the use, or perhaps I should say, proper manipulation of the revolver, this is a matter that can keep for another time; this will chiefly concern the care that all revolvers should have but which too few of them ever get.

When you open up the box that con-

tains the Colt or Smith & Wesson you have waited for so long, one of the first things you will likely see will be a bristle brush with a twisted wire handle. If it is a Target Model Smith & Wesson the box will likely contain another cleaner with some soft material like cotton or something of the kind but this at the end of another of the abominable twisted wire rods. In the box sent out by one of the makers you will likely find the advice to be very careful in cleaning not to injure the muzzle-end of the barrel while the cleaner found in the box that contains the revolver, and the most excellent advice, contains a cleaner that one with a bit of experience, or who will think half seriously for just one brief second, will know was evidently designed for the sole purpose of doing exactly what the makers very properly caution against;—that is, to injure the lands at the muzzle-end of the barrel. I never injured the rifling in any revolver with one of these cleaners, and I imagine there are others who never have, simply because we would never use one of these twisted wire cleaners without first carefully wrapping with soft cloth to prevent the eternal rasping of the muzzle that would accompany its use by the man who would not always keep in mind the necessity of guarding against such a thing happening. But there are far too many who will, unthinkingly, use those twisted wire cleaners just as they come from the factory and, paying no attention to the rubbing of the twisted wire against the lands at the muzzle as the cleaner is industriously worked back and forth, hasten the ruination of the finest of revolvers simply because they don't think, don't care or because the makers failed to send out a cleaner protected with a wood,

celluloid or cloth covering. I believe I can clean a revolver barrel thoroughly without the rod ever touching the muzzle of the revolver,—this by being careful,—and while it has become a habit with me to very seldom let the protected cleaner touch the barrel at the muzzle, at the same time it is very gratifying to know that with a protected cleaner



Ashley A. Haines

there will be absolutely no prospect of injuring the muzzle if same is touched occasionally in the process of cleaning.

Years ago I wasted some little time and not a little writing material in an effort to induce the makers to send out cleaners with wood, celluloid or cloth-covered rods and for a few years had reason to believe from promises made that with the opening of the next revolver box I would find such a rod accompanying the revolver. The writer had been saving the pennies for, for so long; but disappointment has always been my only reward.

Some will say, "Why be so fussy about all this when you can buy all sorts of cleaners for a trifle?" My answer is simply this: From 75 to 90 per cent. of revolver purchasers, if they clean their revolvers at all, and far too many of them are of this class, will use those unprotected, twisted wire cleaners simply because they will either never think, or if they think, will decide that they are all right or makers of such superior revolvers would never send them out, with the result that the

muzzles of their revolvers are certain to be more or less injured in the process of cleaning.

I mentioned something about some men never cleaning their revolvers. I might have included some rifle users as well for far too many of them can be found. These men belong to that class who are always harking back to the days of Grandad and the muzzle-loader he used which was so very superior in accuracy to the breech loader of to-day. Evidently they forget that Grandad cared for his rifle properly, forgetting that because one can force a cartridge into the rifle chamber is not proof that said rifle will place the bullet with unerring accuracy in the place desired. Still, there are too many owners of rifles who seem to think a gun should invariably land in the black whether ever cleaned or not. It isn't likely any of these will be met with on the target range where proper cleaning methods are everywhere in evidence, but far too many of them are to be found running loose in the "bush."

But back to revolvers: What causes them to wear out so soon? Fact is few of the Colt or Smith Wessons wear out, that is when properly taken care of; most of the ones we now have in mind are allowed to *rust out*. Others in which all kinds of ammunition black, Lesmok, Semi-Smokeless and a half dozen kinds of smokeless cartridges are shot, including often shells loaded with shot—with little or no cleaning, are ruined in short order and the owner will then boast in a superior sort of way that "that makes the third Colt or Smith & Wesson I've worn out in four years" when as a matter of fact that man never shot enough in all his life with all kinds of fire arms to have legitimately worn out a single first class fire arm! To me all such is little short of a crime and often am put in a humor where I am inclined to say all such men should be suspended from a cottonwood limb (or any other suitably strong) with a rope around their necks, for, say, twenty-four hours before cutting down.

Accompanying your favorite revolver, you may also find that you are advised not to keep your revolver in a leather holster as leather will absorb moisture. The makers evidently forget that leather will also absorb oil and that if the holster is made of suitable leather, and is oiled at proper intervals, there will be found no better place to keep the revolver than right in that same practically moisture-proof leather scabbard. There may be localities and conditions under which this would not hold good, but in all places where

I have lived which would reach from Kansas to Montana, Montana to Idaho, Idaho to Montana, Montana to British Columbia, British Columbia to California and from there back to B. C., I have never had a revolver rust under any condition, and I have always kept my revolvers in scabbards, the belts from which they were suspended hanging from the gun rack, a set of deer horns or from a convenient nail in the kitchen. Now hang me if you like.

But I clean my revolvers thoroughly, and rifles as well, as soon as possible after using and I can hardly remember the time I have returned from hunting, often with clothes frozen stiff, when I was too tired to clean my rifle or revolver, as the case might have been, before crawling out of my hunting togs into dry ones. After this, then supper and to bed for rest-up for next day's hunt, or as likely pulling a cross-cut or swinging an axe.

My desire is to make everything as clear as possible. I do dislike being misunderstood. I would not want to create the impression that a fire arm of any kind might not rust in a scabbard under certain conditions. I remember well an instance that occurred many years ago when antelope hunting in the Bad Lands along the Missouri. A friend and I rode nearly all day in a drizzling rain, our Winchesters in their leather scabbards with stocks exposed. My scabbard had been repeatedly greased with vaseline; his had never seen oil of any kind. I jammed a handkerchief in around rifle at top of scabbard to keep out the rain while he paid no attention to his. At noon under shelter of a tree I removed my rifle and gave it a good going over with an oiled cloth and wiped out the barrel and re-oiled. His rifle was never taken from the scabbard. My rifle received proper attention that night while his was left in the scabbard until morning. When removed it was red with rust from end to end. Mine was in perfect condition. His un-oiled scabbard had taken in plenty of water while mine had not. But, always taking all precautions possible, I had hung my scabbard near the fire soon after reaching camp, given my rifle another going over before turning in, the rifle being returned to its scabbard shortly before.

Here is where a revolver, or rifle either, for that matter, can, and likely will rust if left in a leather or any other kind of scabbard.

If a firearm is damp, or full of frost, and left in a scabbard for any length of time,

rusting may confidently be expected. I never let such an arm go without a thorough cleaning whether it has been shot or not. Afterwards it is put in its scabbard, which, remember, has been always kept properly oiled either with Neat's foot oil or vaseline. Some may say vaseline is not a leather oil. Perhaps not, but I have found it perfectly satisfactory for my use and especially do I like it for oiling leather cartridge belts as cartridges do not seem to corrode nearly so easily as when other oils are used. However, I believe in oiling belts, especially the cartridge loops, sparingly, but give the scabbards all the oil or grease they will take in.

Except when getting leaded barrels a few times when using slightly over charges of Bull's Eye powder, I have never found it necessary to use a brass brush and this brass brush, by the way, was a steel bristle brush such as I understand is, or at least was, part of the regular equipment for cleaning the .303 British Service rifle. By using a comb to straighten out the bristles the brush was enlarged sufficiently to fit sufficiently tight the .44-40 and .45 Colt barrels and by carefully using the lead was very easily removed. On second thought, I remember a few instances of getting leaded barrels very similar to that following over charges of Bull's Eye when using the Du Pont No. 3 Pistol Powder when that same steel bristle brush was brought into service. Contrary to the general belief, larger than factory recommended charges of Bull's Eye can be used in the .44-40 and .45 Colt revolvers. Remember, please, I am not advising these over charges, but I have it from a perfectly reliable source that larger charges can safely be used in the .44-40 and .45 Colt calibers. For years I set my Ideal measure at 14 grains for the old Laflin and Rand granulated form Bull's Eye and used thousands of such charges in the .45 Colt with the cast 255-grain bullet. No. leading and excellent accuracy. Many thought this excessive when as a matter of fact I doubt if I was getting in excess of 750 f.s. though at the time I was under the impression that due to its being .6 of a grain more in weight than factory recommended charge I must be getting a real man's load. I know now that I was not. In the .44-40, 4.5 and 5 grains Bull's Eye has been the standard charge but the velocity is quite low as compared with some of the other full charges for this caliber. I secured fine accuracy with 5.5 grains but here I ran up against considerable heat, barrel leaded, and

I went back to 5 grains. I have often wondered if a wad behind bullet might not have protected base sufficiently to have prevented fusing and thus dodged the leading difficulty but never tried it out as later found the 18.2 grain DuPont No. 80 powder so very satisfactory that I have had no desire to change though did experiment somewhat with their No. 3 to find I sometimes had leaded barrels and never averaged near as well for accuracy as when using the No. 80. Also had trouble of this nature in the .45. But in the two calibers, .44-40 and .45 Colts I can strongly recommend DuPont No. 80. In the .44-40 use 18.2 grains and in the .45 use 15 grains and you will find you have real men's loads in every way. I have thought it might prove of int rest to briefly touch on powder for these two calibers as some one in June *Rod and Gun* was asking for something of the kind.

Black powder for a revolver is a thousand-years ago, we all know, but as one may some time have to use (I sometimes have to myself) it might be worth while to briefly mention that I have never yet been able to load black powder in a cartridge shell for a revolver which would not show caking more or less after a few shots had been fired, this caking showing at the breech end of barrel and extending farther forward as the shooting continued. I have used the best of powders within reach and about all the lubricants for the bullets that have ever shown up in print not to mention many of my own combinations, one of the best I now have but it contains so many ingredients that it would be difficult to name them all. Here are a few; Beeswax, Mobilubricant, vaseline, 3-in-1, deer tallow, bear's grease, wood chuck oil and likely a few others if I could but think of them all. I cannot give the proportions of each but can say it sticks to a bullet nicely and leaves the barrels in perfect shape for easy cleaning with not a trace of leading in various rifles and revolvers in which it has been used. I am now speaking of smokeless powder loads. As I mentioned above, any black powder cartridge I have ever used, factory or reloaded, and this includes semi-smokeless as well, has given more or less caking in the barrel, less of course, in Semi-smokeless than the others, and before taking up smokeless powders for revolver use this was so slight with the semi-smokeless as to almost incline one to think the really perfect revolver powder had at last been perfected. If I could not get DuPont No. 80 it would be semi-smoke-

less for mine in the big guns when wanting really powerful loads.

Now if you simply have to use any black powder, or semi-smokeless which will cake more or less at the breech, one can shoot many shots by blowing the breath through the barrel after say every three to six shots. If saliva is allowed to be blown through the barrel at the same time it will moisten the powder residue but this blowing through barrel should never be resorted to unless it is expected to continue shooting as rusting of barrel would be almost certain to follow.

When cleaning after black powder has been used, I have always liked a slotted wooden rod with a cloth patch, not too long which will double when drawing back after same has been run through barrel and cause all kinds of trouble, dipped in water. This, with one wiping, will almost invariably dissolve the caking but it is best to use two or three wet clothes, after which several dry ones to dry the barrel's interior being sure, mind you, that it is dry, after which it may be oiled, and if cylinder chambers have received similar treatment, revolver, after being gone over with an oily cloth, may be placed in the oiled scabbard and hung on its accustomed peg with no thought of rust following.

Cleaning after using smokeless powders like DuPont No. 3 which I like better than anything else in all revolvers smaller than the big .44-40's and .45's and DuPont No. 80, I merely dip the cloth-protected bristle brush in some good nitro-solvent oil like Marbles, or Hudson's cleaner, scrub barrel and chambers thoroughly, wipe dry with dry cloths to get all the powder residue out, then oil with either of these oils and after wiping revolver off with oily cloth arm is ready for the scabbard.

I have spoken of Marble's and Hudson's cleaners. These were used mostly until the supply was exhausted since which I have been using the B.S.A. Saftipaste. I like them all and believe any one using any of them and cleaning properly will never have a rusted revolver barrel or chamber. Occasionally a few drops of thin oil should be dropped in the revolver in front of hammer when it is cocked. After cocking and letting hammer down a few times the oil works its way pretty well through the mechanism and no more will be required as a rule but if any doubts exist as to all parts which require oiling getting their share a few drops may be added at trigger and where cylinder stop works in the frame then manipulate the

arms a few times before placing in scabbard. The best oil I have ever used for the mechanism has been the Rem. Oil made by the Rem. U.M.C. people. They had some difficulty in getting some one of the ingredients which entered into its make up during the war, this, I believe, came from Russia, and for a while were unable to supply the shooters, but presume this difficulty has been overcome by this time. The one thing that appealed to me very strongly about this Rem. oil was its non-freezing qualities. I tried it with several other oils and when they were thick and white at 20 below zero the Rem. oil was as thin as kerosene. I had one revolver freeze up good and solid with another oil. After removing the offending fluid and oiling with Rem. the arm worked as freely as in summer time. I believe the Winchester Co. make a thin oil for mechanisms and while I have used nearly all their cleaning preparations and like them, this oil I have never tried. But I'll bet it is good or they'd never make it.

I see in answer to an inquirer Mr. Landis very wisely suggests the shoulder holster as being the best for carrying the revolver in the brush. I had hoped to have had photos of some of the belts and scabbards I have made for my own use to have shown with this article but was disappointed at the last minute so will but briefly refer to this matter at the present time but if Mr. Landis says the word will try and hand the readers something concerning this matter at a later date. But don't, please don't, write me for prices on such things as I have nothing to sell and might say that I could not make it win financially if ever so much disposed to make for the market. I spoiled many a good piece of leather before producing a really satisfactory belt or scabbard, but can now turn out articles of this nature which suit me rather better than anything I have ever been able to get from any maker. That's about as near boasting as I dare to go so will cut out any similar remarks and get down to business.

Carrying a revolver, a belt revolver, remember, with a belt full of cartridges when in the saddle and a similar outfit in the mountains or timbered districts on foot are widely different propositions. You'll make it all right in the saddle but on foot the average man will be mighty tired long before night. There are several ways of carrying a revolver when on foot which are much easier than carrying from belt around the waist. You can buy the regular factory shoulder scabbard, some of which will prove fairly satisfactory.

The only one I ever saw which came anywhere near suiting me was made by the H. H. Hesser Saddlery, Denver, Colorado. The one I like best is one I make for myself which may be briefly described as follows; Scabbard hangs under left arm from strap over left shoulder. A narrower strap of suitable length has its ends rivetted to the shoulder strap just back of but near top of shoulder (left shoulder) the loop of the strap passes back of the shoulders around right arm so that



there is no strap showing across breast (as in the case with the usual shoulder holster) even when vest is unbuttoned. On the front of the scabbard at about the height of the cylinder a row of cartridge loops is sewn which accomodates from ten to twelve cartridges depending on caliber of the revolver being carried. With such a scabbard one can handle an axe or do any other work without difficulty and besides he will hardly notice the weight, especially of a revolver not larger than the .38 Special caliber.

Another way which I have found excellent, and especially where many cartridges are to be carried, is to suspend the revolver (use regular scabbard if you like) from right shoulder (with strap) under left arm and wear cartridge belt around waist. This will distribute the weight and is one of the best ways of carrying a heavy belt revolver on foot I know of where a belt full of the heavy cartridges are to be carried.

Just a word or two concerning carrying a revolver in the pocket. Unprotected by a suitable scabbard, I know of no way in which this may be done without danger of rusting the weapon. With a suitable scabbard made for the hip pocket one may be carried indefinitely with no possible prospect of rust. Bear in mind a few important points, however. Keep the barrel's interior always protected with a thin coating of some thick gun grease

like Winchester Gun Grease, B.S.A. Saffi-paste, etc.: also every night wipe off outside of revolver with cloth slightly oiled. Note here that it is not necessary, nor desirable, to flood any part of the weapon with oil or paste it over with thick grease: merely see to it that the surface is protected with oil. If the outside is very slightly oiled every night and then if desired most of it wiped off there will be no danger of rust: at least from my experience I can positively say there will be no danger in this respect. But the scabbard in which the revolver is to be carried *must* be made right and of the right material. Get a piece of best saddle skirting, or sole leather will be as good or better, and cut same width as hip pocket. See that this is thoroughly oiled. This is the foundation on which you will build your pocket scabbard. Cut a paper pattern that will neatly fit over the revolver when placed on the "foundation" and when you are sure you have the pattern the right size cut from thinner leather the part which will finish your scabbard and sew it on. If properly done, you will have a scabbard for pocket use which will protect the revolver from rust and which will enable the easy carrying of the weapon under practically all conditions where a pocket arm would likely ever be carried. The shoulder holster, which has been briefly mentioned, is also a good one for a pocket revolver, and especially good for carrying a medium weight revolver with a longer than pocket revolver barrel. In such a scabbard a revolver with five and

six-inch barrels can be conveniently carried on practically all occasions where one would want to have a weapon of this sort with him.

I have mentioned the importance of oiling slightly the mechanism of revolvers occasionally and to cock and let down hammer several times that oil may reach all parts of the action. This refers to single-actions but if the arm is a double-action a quicker method is to grasp stock with right hand in the usual manner, place thumb of left hand over hammer spur and let it follow the hammer up and down as the trigger is pulled and released. After this is learned properly (always using an unloaded revolver of course, especially when first attempting it) the trigger will be worked very rapidly, a half dozen pulls being sufficient to bring oil to all parts of the action. The object in holding the thumb on the hammer spur as trigger is being manipulated is to prevent the hammer striking an empty chamber as it has been my experience that practically all firing pins are broken from snapping on empty chambers. When snapping on a loaded cartridge, the primer cushions the hammer blow and no damage to firing pin follows but when hammer is snapped on an empty chamber the jolt given the hammer is liable to cause firing pin to break and while such breakages are few, I might say right here that the few I have seen, break in both rifles and revolvers were where hammers were snapped on empty chambers. My advice would be to avoid snapping on empty chambers as much as possible.

The Blue Ribbon Hunting Sight for the .256 Newton

CECIL WHALLEY

SOON after my securing a .256 Newton rifle there appeared an article in a current sporting magazine by Major (now Colonel) Townsend Whelen describing what he enthusiastically declared "a perfectly splendid hunting sight." It was a Lyman, mounted on a large lug welded on the cocking piece of his sporting Springfield and equipped with a windage adjustment which was operated by a large-headed screw. This sight approximated to what I had in mind as ideal for the Newton, but there were improvements to be made before it would fulfil all requirements. No mention was made in the article of micrometer adjustments reading to minutes of angle, such as are provided in the Lyman receiver sight for the Springfield (No. 48) and in the No. 103 tang sight. Such adjustments

I wished to secure for careful study of the .256, and enquiry was made of the Lyman Corporation whether they would make to special order a sight with the distinctive features of the No. 103—adjustment to minutes of angle both in elevation and windage, movable sleeves to adjust accurately to zero in each case, and clicks—the sight to be mounted on the rear end of the firing-pin. In a most courteous reply from a member of the firm the difficulties attending the manufacture of such a sight, which must be kept short in the stem in a hunting rifle, were pointed out; but eventually they undertook to make it after due warning that considerable delay in delivery was inevitable. Finally it arrived, a piece of beautiful workmanship and with very

attractive lines, as the accompanying photograph will show.

The sight proper is mounted by the windage dovetail joint on a special nut cylindrical in form, of the same diameter as the sleeve of the rifle—three-quarters of an inch—and half an inch long. This nut, which takes the place of the regular firing-pin nut, has two wedge-shaped projections which engage in two notches in the cocking head, obviating



The Blue Ribbon hunting sight for the .256

any tendency of the sight to roll. When the rifle is uncocked, the nut lies close to the rear end of the sleeve. On the flattened upper surface is inscribed a scale for windage, each division of which corresponds to 5 minutes of angle, i.e., 10 clicks of the windage screw.

As will be remembered, the No. 103 sight reads to half minutes of angle in both elevation and windage, clicking as the divisions on the polished sleeves pass the marks on the body of the sight. These sleeves can be moved independently of the knurled sleeves on which they revolve, so that when rifle is zeroed, they may be turned to zero. All these features are supplied in the new sight. The windage adjustment, as requested, works quite stiffly, so that there is no danger of the knurled head being turned when dragged through brush. The joints are all tight and free from play, and when the sight is locked in the firing position by the small lever on the left side, it will withstand any blow short of one which would break the metal. It will be unnecessary to dilate on the advantage of the click, giving absolutely correct adjustment for target shooting, and enabling the hunter to change elevation for a long shot

without taking his eyes off the game—usually a fatal proceeding. For often the slight movement which first attracted attention ceases and its protective colouring makes the animal invisible.

The sight at its lowest elevation is a trifle higher than the Newton peep sight and requires a front sight about $\frac{1}{8}$ in. higher than that supplied with the rifle, but it is low enough to be carried through brush without catching. The projection of the windage knurled head with its sleeve is only $\frac{3}{8}$ in., which is but $\frac{1}{8}$ in. beyond that of the safety. The action of the latter is in no way interfered with: it can be pulled over with the thumb when throwing the piece to the shoulder just as readily as when using open sights, thus leaving unimpaired one of the best features of the Newton in which it surpasses the shotgun safety which has to be pushed forward.

The superiority of a peep sight on the firing pin over a receiver sight on a hunting rifle, both for quicker work and in bad light, has been pointed out by Col. Whelen in his book, "The American Rifle," after careful tests. The experience of humble and unknown sportsmen fully bears out his contention: in uncertain light at dawn or twilight you want the aperture quite close to the eye, and as the sight travels forward some distance before the recoil comes, there is no danger of injuring that important organ. To aim quickly and confidently in poor light a half-inch eyecup with a $\frac{1}{2}$ in. aperture is an improvement on the bare Lyman sight. Although not listed in their catalogue, the Lyman Company will supply such an eyecup to interchange with the target disc at the usual price, and the writer who used one for several seasons on a .250-3000 Savage has found it surprisingly quick in a snap shot, while in twilight one is secured against looking outside the ring when aiming in a hurry.

Taking it altogether as a sight for hunting purposes it is in my humble opinion beyond adverse criticism, while for target shooting it cannot fall much short of the very best. As readers of current sporting magazines will presently be made aware, a similar sight is being placed on sporting Springfields, and the writer felt that much burning envy in the hearts of the owners of Newtons at the announcement would be prevented by the information that their rifles can be equipped with what can fairly be called the Blue Ribbon sight for the .256.

A Freak Shot

ROY BRATTAN

THE incident that I am about to record happened in the timber near the forest reserve.

The early part of the season was not adapted to hunting on account of the lack of tracking snow. The fifteenth day after my arrival there it started to snow which encouraged us. The snow kept falling until dark. When the sky cleared off, it left us about four inches covering the ground. This was hardly enough for good tracking but sufficient to enable us to track game in most of the timber.

Early the next morning before sunrise, my cousin and I were up ready to start. We hastily prepared some breakfast, ate it and then set out.

After passing his green feed stack we saw numerous rabbit tracks and knew that tracking was going to be good so we therefore started on our steady climb toward the highest timber for we knew that our chances would be better up there than in the lowland.

My cousin was a homesteader but did quite a little trapping on the side. He had built his house on the level near some large poplars which surrounded an under-ground spring. This spring furnished water for his use. On both sides of the house were high hills which stretched out from the distant blue mountains forming a small valley which became smaller as it neared the mountain. The thickest timber lay high up on the hill.

We made our way toward the thick timber but it was slow work climbing. The sun was well up before we reached our hunting grounds. Being on the south slope of the hill, the timber proved to be too scattered to furnish much shelter for the deer, so we started on over the head back into the next valley.

Just as we came over the top of the hill a large wolf jumped up and started off and then fell. My cousin quickly drew an automatic revolver and firing, killed him.

We walked up and examined the wolf. It was a very large one being worth at present prices almost \$20.00. My cousin did not attempt to carry it along with us, but tied its legs together and left it until we should return. He hung it high up in a tree so that nothing could get at it.

We soon entered a thick grove of timber, so thick that the pine trunks were hardly far enough apart to allow us to walk through.

Suddenly my cousin stopped near a spring and picked up something. I could see that it was a trap that contained some fur bearer. Naturally I did not know what it was.

"What do you think of that," he said patting its dead body.

I confess that I did not know what to say.

He said that it was a marten, one of the most expensive fur bearers.

Although I did not know very much about fur bearers, I knew considerable about the prices of them, and felt a little envious of my cousin although I did not show it.

We stopped near this spring to eat our lunch, which was a surprise to me as I did not believe that it was more than 10 o'clock, but we found that our trip had taken us longer than we had expected.

After lunch I sat down for a rest and watched my cousin skin the marten. This did not take him long for he was accustomed to skinning game and he soon had it accomplished. After he was finished we started toward the top of the mountain. I began to wonder if this was going to be another disappointing day, when my cousin suddenly stopped and motioned for me to stop also. He moved around until he was behind a tree and beckoned me to do the same. He whispered, "I am going to allow you to try this shot." Then I suddenly saw the deer which was so close that it seemed we could hardly miss it. There it lay with its head erect. Although it was a large buck with splendid antlers it seemed entirely unaware of us.

I aimed very carefully, intending to shoot it just over the left eye. I shot twice. There was a cracking of bushes and the deer was gone. I knew that I had missed him. How in the world was I to explain this to my cousin, for the whole week before I had been bragging to him of my splendid shooting ability which I had been displaying at the shooting gallery at Medicine Hat, but luck was against me this day. I surely had not shown him any of my ability. I tried to speak to explain myself but my voice would not come, but instead I walked silently to where the deer had been lying. He followed me and said "It doesn't look as if you hit him." I had to admit that I was afraid not. Then he motioned that we had but little time left but nevertheless we could find him, so we set out on the track which was quite difficult to see on account of

the tremendous leaps that he had taken in running away.

The track led us directly over another hill. It took us sometime to reach the top of the hill owing to the large stones which covered it and to the slippery snow which made travelling very difficult. At last we reached the top of the hill and were able to overlook a clear valley which had been burned out sometime before. I shaded my eyes and looked across the now darkening valley and saw him over on the other side. He was standing still and was turned broad side to us. I waited for my cousin and showed him where the deer was standing. He said that he thought it was too late in the day to go any farther.

At last I decided to take a shot at him, from

that great distance. It would scare him even though the chances of hitting him were very remote. I raised the rear sight on the rifle and took a good steady aim resting my elbow on a stump. At this great distance the deer looked more like a fly on a window pane than anything else, but at last I managed to find him through the sights and fired with little hope of hitting him. When I looked again the deer was down and kicking furiously.

"You have killed him" yelled my cousin. With this we started to run toward him, but it was needless because the deer was almost stone dead before we came near it.

The next day we all had venison which I proudly contributed to that "crack shot" of mine, but I am forced to believe that it was only an accident.

Notes on Copper Capped Bullets

M. G. O.

IN the October issue of *Rod and Gun* appears a description of a lead bullet with a metal cap on the nose. This bullet is used in a 7.50 M.M. Mauser and makes a hole that is larger than your two fists. Your contributor asks you to try out this bullet if you have the facilities for doing so. From the drawing submitted by this article, I take it that this is a sample of the Westley-Richards Patent Capped Bullet.

These bullets are made up as shown in the illustration in the above mentioned article to shoot out of a rifle as suggested by the Editor of this Department i.e., in the low velocity rifles made by this firm. These rifles being roughly in the .25-20 or .32-20 class and using Cordite or Axite smokeless powders and using bullets of .310 and .297 inch diameter.

These capped bullets are also used in .303 British, .318 and various other calibers of this type, the copper cap being milled onto the forward end of the bullet outside the metal jacket. These bullets or others of similar type are also used in the same firm's "Explora" double barrelled guns using both this type of bullet and shot, using either the bullet or shot from either barrel. A full description of all these loads and their effects on animal tissue, on metal, etc., will be found in Henry Sharpe's book called "Modern Gunnery."

As a description of this type of bullet will prove of interest to some of your readers, allow me to describe the Patent Copper Capped Bullet that I am using in my own

Mauser rifle. This rifle is bored for the .303 British cartridge and is sighted for the ordinary Mark VI. ammunition, or the ordinary form of sporting ammunition in use prior to the war. I have owned this rifle for ten years and have found it very accurate on the range up to 600 yards which is the longest range it was used on. I have found it an extremely handy rifle for hunting as it weighs about 6½ pounds and is very well balanced. I have used the .303 soft point ammunition of Winchester make in it with good satisfaction.

Some years ago, I went into Westley Richards to get clips for this rifle, and somehow came away with several boxes of their Patent Bullet Ammunition. The weight of the bullet or of the powder is not marked on these boxes, but the cartridge case is stamped on the base "Mark VI." and cordite loaded. The bullet is the ordinary metal jacketed except that it has a copper dome milled on to the nose. This copper dome is hollow right at the point.

The idea is threefold: First, to give deadly killing effect by this dome caving in on impact and giving the effect of a mushroom bullet; second, to protect the soft point of an ordinary bullet from deformation or to protect the cavity at the nose in the ordinary hollow point bullet; thirdly, to give a long full weighted bullet with a light nose and good balance.

Forward of the metal jacket the lead is carried well up into the copper dome and then

instead of finishing off square across the surface, it finishes off in a cup shape.

Until reading the before mentioned article, I have always taken these bullets at their face value and have never taken the trouble of trying them out for penetration or smashing or to open them up. The fact that they were good killers and were accurate was all that interested me, and also my supply of them was limited.

Somebody else evidently was curious as to their construction as I found that one of them has been nipped by a pair of pincers. I, therefore, took a file to this mutilated bullet and the above description is the outcome.

Editor's Note: I have not had the opportunity to try out these bullets as was requested as I didn't have any of them, but

lately I have been doing some experimental work with ordinary full cased Spitzer bullets by filing off the points until about 1-10 of an inch of lead is exposed. By careful target shooting from a range of 500 yards, we have found that this does not affect the accuracy to any particular extent, the groups being almost exactly the same as those scored by the regular full metal cased Spitzer bullets. The only difference that we could notice was that these home-made soft point bullets shoot 10 inches lower at 500 yards which can be very easily remedied by very slightly raising the rear sight. It is needless to say that this proceeding would increase the killing power very much and is a very cheap method of making soft point bullets out of ammunition loaded with full patch bullets.

Queries and Answers

Various Questions.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

Which rifle will shoot the greatest distance, the .30-30 or the .303, or is there no practical difference between them?

What do you suppose would be the longest distance at which a 44 calibre round ball bullet would kill a coyote if hit vitally?

Would it be possible to kill a deer with this gun? If so about what distance would it kill one?

Swan River Man. A subscriber.

Reply—The answer to your inquiry depends entirely upon the load that you use for each of these cartridges and also whether in speaking of the .303 you mean the .303 British Mark VII, the .303 British Mark VI, or the .303 Savage. Supposing that you mean the .303 Savage and the .30-30 with their generally accepted standard factory loads, there would be very little difference between them, not enough to bother with. The .303 British of course, would outshoot either of them considerably.

In reply to your second question, the 44 calibre round ball bullet might kill a coyote at least half a mile away if it hit him at the butt of the ear or in an eye in such manner that it would penetrate the brain easily, or if it hit him directly over the heart without striking a rib, but if it hit him in an equally vital place such as for instance in both shoulders where it would need to break the shoulders or in the spine—from the base of the skull to the shoulders—it would require

considerably more penetration to reach the vital spot or if for instance it hit in such manner that it would be necessary to penetrate the skull at its thickest point, or if it hit at an oblique angle. Therefore this question would be very hard to answer. For general shooting this bullet would not be of very much use to you over 50 to 75 yards for any purpose because in only a small percentage of cases would you hit your game exactly right so that you could do the most damage with the least possible penetration.

It would be possible to kill a deer with a 44 caliber gun loaded with the round ball. I have seen a seventeen hundred pound steer killed with a .22 caliber long bullet, but this does not prove that the .22 long cartridge is at all adapted to killing big game or large animals. I have also seen a large tom-cat killed by shooting it in the side with a ball from a boy's sling shot which ordinarily will have very little effect on animals of this size as you may remember from your boyhood days.

Editor.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

What do you think of the following gun as the best all round six gun for general use? This is a single action Colt with 44-40 and 44 Smith & Wesson special cylinders. It has a 7½ inch barrel. This gun works fine and is very accurate. I will give you some more details about it with targets at a future date.
Toronto, Ont. David A. Schemnitz.

Reply—In reply to your communication concerning the 44-40 and 44 Smith & Wesson special Colt single action gun that you have, this would make a fairly good gun for all round work, but I do not believe it will prove as good a target weapon as some of the other models of Colt and Smith & Wesson arms which permit of a cleaner and shorter sweep of the hammer and which have a finer trigger pull.

The single action Colt was never intended for a target weapon. I do not remember ever having seen a really expert shot using one of them in close competition as the 38 specials and 44 specials and the .22 caliber single shot target pistols seem to be used in 100 percent of the cases by those men who can and do make really high grade scores.

I am rather inclined to believe that the writings of some of our gun experts who have obtained their experience in the West but not on target ranges and also to the writing of some other six gun shooters who have not obtained their experience in either locality has resulted in the old single action type of revolver being boosted very much more than it actually deserves.

I would be very glad to receive your targets and will publish as many of them as our space will permit. I would suggest that you make them at 20 yards rather than at a longer distance, as 50 yards targets are so large that the cuts must be reduced so much that the reader gets the idea that a target is really considerably smaller than it actually is.

Editor.

Editor Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I have a .303 Ross Special match rifle. Is it possible to cut off about six inches from the barrel and still have an accurate shooting rifle? My idea is to cut down the gun which is very long and use it for a sporting rifle.

What would you advise? I want as little weight as possible consistent with accurate shooting.

Vancouver B.C.

A. H. Carson.

Reply—In reply to your enquiry you could cut off the barrel of your .303 Ross match rifle to make a sporting rifle from it, and if this is properly done it should not spoil its accuracy to any great extent, but it would entirely change the balance and handling qualities of the rifle. Whether this would be an improvement or a disadvantage, would be almost impossible to say until the task was finished. I have known of cases where the accuracy of a rifle was materially increased by cutting off the barrel, but it does not always work out

this way and the only way to tell what will happen is to have the thing done and then test the rifle.

Such gunsmiths as A. O. Niedner, Malden, Mass, or A. W. Peterson, Denver, Colo., W. A. Brock, London, Ont., or many others could do this work for you and do it in a manner that would leave you with an accurate rifle, provided the rifle is accurate before the barrel is cut off.

My own preference for a bolt action sporting rifle would be to have a barrel 26 or 27 inches long. I never did like the feel of a rifle that had a very short, stubby barrel, especially if the barrel is light. I would not under the circumstances, consider cutting off the barrel to a shorter length than 25 inches, and even then it might be necessary to bore out the butt stock under the butt plate to make the rifle balance properly.—Editor.

Notes on the .280 Ross

Editor Guns and Ammunition Dept.—

What do you think of the .280 Ross as a gun for use on moose, deer or any large game. The velocity of this cartridge is 3000 feet per second. I have used it with fine success on Vancouver Island for black tailed deer.

Edmonton.

H. E. O. B.

Reply—This rifle has the reputation of being a very successful big game rifle. One of the reasons that you do not hear more about it is that the rifle is not being manufactured at the present time as the Ross Rifle Company went out of business during the War.—Editor.

Information on the 9MM. Mauser Pistol

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I would be pleased to obtain some information regarding the Mauser Pistol. Who are the makers of Cartridges for the 9MM. Mauser Pistol? Do you know of any dealer in Canada who keeps them in stock?

Why is the 9MM. sighted for 500 meters and the 7.63 MM. for 1000 meters?

What is the muzzle velocity of the 9MM. Mauser?

Is the effect of this 9MM. Pistol somewhat like the .38 Colt Automatic with a 6 inch barrel?

Is the velocity too high to give the bullet "stopping power" at 50 yards?

Regina, Sask.

J. F. C. Riepsamen,

Reply—You can obtain ammunition for the 9MM. Mauser from the Remington Arms U.M.C. Company and probably also from the Dominion Cartridge Company. The D. Pike Co. or Hallam's should have it in stock.

It is impossible to tell why the 9MM. is sighted for 500 meters and the 7.63 for 1000 meters, unless it is because the 7.63 is better adapted for long range shooting, as neither pistol is of any use whatever at 500 meters or in fact at 200 meters for practical shooting. This so called long range shooting with pistols and revolvers is pure nonsense. This revolver is about in the class with the .38 Colt.

The velocity of the bullet is not too high to give good "stopping power," in fact there is no reason at all why high velocity should be expected to give less stopping power than low velocity as a bullet at high velocity will always have more killing power than one at low velocity, provided, of course, that it can exert the same or greater amount of energy on the object which it hits.

The claim that a low velocity revolver cartridge is more deadly than a high velocity cartridge having a bullet of equal weight, cross section, and an equally deadly type of point, is merely a subterfuge to cover up the deficiencies of the inferior cartridge. The claim that you can do more damage by pushing a man with your fist than you can by hitting him with all your strength with the same fist, is ridiculous, and that is exactly the line of reasoning that is being followed by those people who try to claim that a low velocity cartridge is more deadly than a high velocity cartridge.

They do not take into consideration the fact that the high velocity cartridges, with which they are familiar, use a very light small calibre bullet. If they used a .45 calibre rifle, shooting a 500 grain bullet at a velocity of approximately 3000 feet per second, they would change their minds about the effectiveness of a high velocity cartridge. That rifle would be extremely effective at both ends, which is the reason why it is not being used.

Editor.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition, Dept.

Which of these two rifles would you prefer and why?

.280 Ross, .30 Newton.

What would be your choice for a "Moose Gun" and why?

Is the 45 Calibre Colt Automatic pistol an accurate shooter?

H. H. Smith,

Toronto, Ont.

Reply—In reply to your request, I will reply as follows;

The superiority between the .280 Ross and the .30 Newton is one that is open to con-

siderable argument. Both of these rifles have serious disadvantages. The disadvantage of the .30 Newton is that the .30 Newton cartridge is not at all common in any locality. Also a rifle chambered for the .30 Newton cartridge that is built as light as the Newton rifles, will have a very disagreeable recoil. The principle disadvantages of the .280 Ross are that it is no longer being manufactured and if you happen to break anything about it, you will most likely be up against the proposition of having to have this made by hand, which is an expensive undertaking.

Of the two, I would prefer the .280 Ross, due to the fact that you would have less trouble to secure cartridges, but you will have plenty of trouble in securing cartridges for the .280 Ross and for that reason I would suggest that you use a Newton, Ross, or Winchester rifle chambered for the .303 British or the .30-1906 Springfield cartridge. For either of these, you will have very little trouble to secure ammunition.

My personal choice of a moose gun would be a bolt action rifle using the .30-1906 cartridge loaded with a 180 grain soft point bullet. My reasons for choosing this gun would be because the ammunition that may be used in it is the most accurate that is obtainable in this country. It is about as powerful as can be shot from a sporting rifle with comfort, and it is a splendid killing cartridge. The trajectory is very flat, it bucks the wind unusually well and is not likely to be unduly reflected by limbs or twigs, as would be the case with a lighter bullet. I believe a cartridge of this type is a very good compromise between the light bullet, extremely high velocity cartridges and the low power black powder type of rifles, which unfortunately have a very high trajectory.

The .45 calibre Colt Automatic pistol is a very accurate shooter. It is a thoroughly reliable weapon for almost any purpose for which a pistol could be used.

Editor.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition, Dept.

As I have been a reader of your magazine for sometime I take the liberty of asking you a few questions.

Where in Canada can I buy a good 22 single shot pistol and how much will it cost. Can a 32 rim fire cartridge be reloaded so as to give it higher velocity and longer range and what is the killing range of a 32 rim fire rifle.

John C. Fraser,

Antigonish, N.S. Canada.

Reply—In reply to your request the Stevens Arms and Tool Company, Chicopee Falls, Mass., who manufacture the Stevens rifles, have just placed their No. 10 single shot target pistol upon the market. This pistol will sell for about \$22.00 or \$23.00 in Canada. Other good pistols that you might use are the Smith & Wesson single shot target pistol, or the Colt Automatic. These pistols could be obtained from John Hallam, Ltd., the D. Pike Company or from the Lion Sporting Goods Company, all of whom advertise in *Rod and Gun*.

It is not advisable to try to increase the power of the 32 rim fire cartridge. The effective range of this cartridge is about 100 yards, due to the fact that its trajectory is quite high and killing game with it at longer ranges is, rather difficult for this reason. It is not as satisfactory as many of the later center fire cartridges.

Editor.

Parts for a Standard Rifle

Editor, Guns and Ammunition, Dept.

Recently while looking over the May issue of *Rod and Gun*, I noticed an inquiry regarding spare parts for rifles manufactured by the Standard Arms Co. In your reply you suggested trying Francis Bannerman for the required parts. Bannerman does not at present list these rifles so it is doubtful if he can supply repairs, but Wm. R. Burkhard, 143 East 4th St., St. Paul, Minn. lists both Standard rifles and spare parts for same.

Hoping that this information may be of use to you, I am

Sincerely yours,
B. W. Broatch,

Maidstone, Sask.

Notes on the .303 Lee-Enfield

Editor, Guns and Ammunition, Dept.

I recently read the article by Mr. Alfred Geikie on "An American's Experience with a British rifle" in the October issue of *Rod and Gun*.

The above mentioned article seems to be nothing but a kick against the .303 Lee-Enfield, and in common fairness to the rifle I should like to think that the writer had been unfortunate enough to strike a faulty arm. I have had a close personal acquaintance with the Lee-Enfield, and have never had any trouble with it. Moreover, I have never heard of any trouble, either from the rifle jamming or refusing to feed from the magazine. I too had a share of Flanders Mud, possibly more than the writer, and I have

often seen the rifle used till it was too hot to handle with comfort. This article is the first kick I have seen or heard, and I have been associated with thousands of men who use Lee-Enfield under most trying conditions. The fact that it was used by the British Forces throughout the campaign should be a recommendation for a rifle that stood the strain of service as the Lee-Enfield did.

I hate to see the Lee-Enfield spoken ill of without a protest.

Yours truly,
A. Horsfield,

Findlater, Sask.

Rifles For Moose Shooting.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition, Dept.

I am a reader of your magazine and I want advice about rifles. I would like to have a rifle for moose and deer, one that would kill a moose at four or five hundred yards. I like a Remington .35 or a .303 Savage very much, but think the Savage would be the best rifle for my purpose.

Howard H. Wile,
Shubenacadie, Nova Scotia.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry concerning which rifle I would advise you to secure for moose shooting, either the .35 Remington or the .303 Savage would be a splendid rifle for this purpose but if you actually do have very much shooting at 400 to 500 yards, a Winchester rifle chambered for the .303 British or .30-1906 Springfield cartridges or a bolt action rifle chambered for either one of them will prove more satisfactory as these two cartridges hold up better at long range than those that you have mentioned. However, either the .303 or the .35 are very satisfactory at moderate ranges.

Editor.

New Stock For A .303 Ross.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition, Dept.

I have a Ross Model 10 .303 British. Last week I had the misfortune to crack the stock. Do you know where I can obtain a new stock for it? The old stock was plain with full pistol grip. I would like a new one with checkered grip and forearm.

What sights would be the best for this rifle? I did use an ivory bead front and Marble's Special Base rear. I had the rear sight poked into my eye by the recoil while taking a snap shot at a running deer so I had to fall back on the regular buck horn.

I wrote the Lyman people for a sight. The only one they have is their number 48 Micrometer Wind Gauge Receiver sight for the

.280 Ross. Will this sight fit the Model 10? This rifle has a bolt running through the stock just below the receiver and I think it would interfere with the elevation slide.

Clarence G. Thomas,

Fairville, N. B.

Reply—In regard to obtaining a new stock for your .303 Ross rifle, it will be necessary for you to have a new stock made by hand. Mr. W. A. Brock of London, Ontario could very likely do this work for you. Mr. A. O. Niedner, 1 Beacon St., Malden, Mass., could also do the work for you.

I can see no reason why the Lyman double Micrometer Receiver sight would not be satisfactory for use on your Ross. You would not be bothered by being hit in the eye by the peep of this sight.

Editor.

Setting Traps For Foxes.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition, Dept.

I would like to know your opinion about catching foxes on a farm where there are no trees or bush around, only fences and old straw stacks.

What sights would you think best for a .22 Calibre rifle for small game?

Can you tell me the price of "Fox Trapping."

Is it against the law to poison foxes in Manitoba?

Andrew J. Kruger,

Altona, Man.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry, I have heard it mentioned that foxes were quite frequently caught by setting traps on top of straw stacks or mounds of earth as foxes are likely to jump up on these places to take a look over the country. The traps, of course, are buried in the top of the mound or straw stack covered with chaff or some similar substance, and are much more successful after the first light snow fall as the small amount of snow on top of the mound would remove any traces of trap setting.

I always considered Lyman No. 1A and 5 as being a very good set of sights for small game shooting.

"Fox Trapping" costs \$1. It can be obtained from *Rod and Gun*, Woodstock, Ont.

Editor.

The .22 High Power.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition, Dept.

I would like to know your opinion of a .22 Savage H.P. Is it a good big game gun and all-round rifle?

Which is the better bullet to use, the Rem-

ington 70 grs. metal cased or the Savage 70 grs. soft point for target practice? Is there a better bullet?

Does every bullet when fired out of a high powered gun rise? If so, what causes it?

Is it practical to reload this bullet and are there reloading tools made for it?

Frank Palfy,

Cleveland, Ohio.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry, the Savage .22 H.P. would be a fairly good rifle for a big game gun and as an all round rifle provided you did not intend to do any serious long range target shooting, but I believe that you will find that the .250-3000 Savage will prove more generally satisfactory. It is a better big game gun and you will have less trouble to secure bullets for it in case you want to reload.

I did not know that the Remington Arms U.M.C. Company was making a full metal cased bullet for the .22 high power but if they are it will prove more accurate for target shooting than the soft point bullet, due to the fact that a full metal cased bullet is always more accurate than the soft point bullet. These bullets are as satisfactory as any you can obtain for the .22 high power provided you can obtain them, but as far as I know it is not possible to obtain any metal cased bullets for the .22 high power as none of the companies that I know of will sell them except in loaded ammunition.

The reason that the bullet appears to rise when fired out of a high power rifle is due to the flip of the muzzle of the thin barrel that is used on high power rifles. A great deal of trouble from high shooting is also caused by the sharp recoil of the rifle. This recoil is not heavy but it is very quick and some people have trouble from high shooting for this reason.

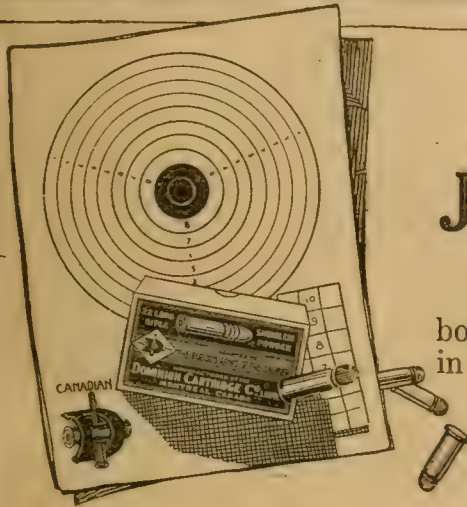
It is very practical to reload a metal cased bullet in a .22 high power provided that you can get the bullets. You can secure reloading tools from the Ideal Company which is the only company in this country that makes reloading tools for this calibre. In case you cannot secure these from the manufacturers, possibly you can secure a set from the Weber Arms Co., Denver, Colo., or the William Burkhart Company, 143 East 4th St., St. Paul, Minn.

Editor.

Rifle For Big Game Shooting.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition, Dept.

Would you kindly recommend a good all round gun, that is a gun that would be good



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Dominion .22's

—the small cartridge that is guaranteed by the big "D" trademark.

Dominion .22's insure accuracy and dependability to the target shooter and small game hunter alike. And they are obtainable at any store where good ammunition is sold.

Add Dominion .22's to your sporting outfit.

Dominion Cartridge Co.

Limited

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for mountains, prairie or brush, something that would make a good killing weapon for most any quadruped in North America, such as moose, deer, bear, mountain lion, sheep and crocodile. I would like one with a flat trajectory so that I can take a chance shot without always adjusting sights.

Is a take down rifle as good as a solid frame? If not, why not?

What would the price be for the rifle you would recommend in answer to question No. 1?

What is the most reliable action for a gun, automatic, lever action or pump?

Edward J. Ross,

Detroit, Mich.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry requesting a good all round rifle for big game shooting for the prairies, mountains or the brush that would be used on anything from moose to mountain sheep, I would suggest that you select a rifle using the .30-1906 cartridge, the .256 Newton, the .280 Ross or some similar cartridge as these cartridges have very flat trajectories for long range shooting. A take down rifle is not quite as accurate as a solid frame rifle but for practical work you would not notice much difference unless you were a very good shot.

The rifles mentioned would cost you from \$40 to \$75.

A Model 1895 Winchester, a Ross, a Mauser, a Springfield or a Newton would all be satisfactory for your purpose, and a Savage .250-3000 would also be satisfactory provided the range was not too long.

Generally speaking, either the automatic, lever action or pump action are perfectly reliable, as made by our well known manufacturers.

Editor.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition, Dept.

I would appreciate some information about reloading the .25-20 Winchester.

Would you kindly tell me where I could buy a reloading outfit, caps and powder, and what they would cost?

Would it be advisable to use the pure lead bullet in the .25-20?

Wilbert Rutter,

Vulcan, Alberta, Canada.

Reply—Replying to your inquiry, the only firm that manufactures reloading tools is the Ideal Manufacturing Company, New Haven, Conn. If you cannot obtain a reloading set from them promptly, we would suggest that you try the Weber Arms Co., Denver, Colorado or William R. Burkhart, 143 East 4th St., St. Paul, Minnesota, who have some reloading tools on hand.

You will find that reloading is not at all hard and that you will be very well satisfied with the results after you have a little practice. You can obtain primers, powder, lead and block tin for reloading and also probably the reloading set from the D. Pike Co., Hallam's, or the Lion Sporting Goods Company, all of whom advertise in *Rod and Gun*.

The main things to watch in reloading are to make your bullets carefully, to lubricate them well and then to resize them carefully.

Bullets for use in the .25-20 are very cheaply made but in case you do not care to make your own bullets, you can buy full metal cased or soft point factory bullets for about \$8.00 per thousand. You can secure these from the Winchester Repeating Arms Company or the Remington Arms U.M.C. Company and possibly also from the Dominion Cartridge Company. This will save you more than one-half of the work of reloading and they are not very expensive. You are also much more likely to obtain more accurate results at the start than you would with lead bullets.

In case you can obtain your lead without much expense it will pay you to cast your own bullets and it will be necessary to use about one part of block tin or two parts of tinner's solder, to 15 parts of lead by weight in casting your bullets if you use smokeless powder, and about one-half as much solder if you use black powder, as the soft lead bullets will not prove accurate in the .25 calibre.

Reloading will often enable you to do three or four times as much shooting for the same amount of money, and you will have the further advantage that you can load different shapes and weights of bullets and load them at different velocities so that you can reproduce any load from a .22 short to a .25-20 high velocity for use in your .25-20 rifle.

—Editor



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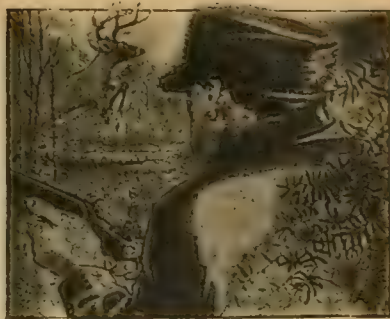
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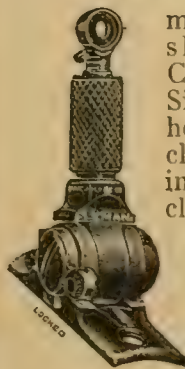
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make quick, accurate shooting natural. Combination Rear Sight No. 1A shown here is set on the tang, close to the eye, bringing the front sight close up in a circle

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Does not depend upon spring action to bring it into position, but locks firmly;

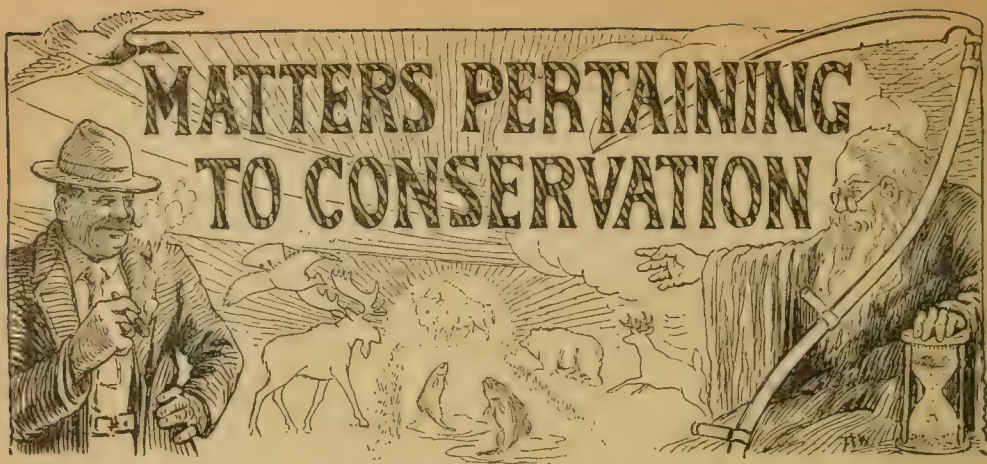
cannot shake loose. Will not break if struck. If a tang sight is not desired, Lyman Receiver sights are your best bet. Then you want a Lyman Ivory Bead Front Sight because it shows up sharply against bounding game, and a No. 6 Folding Leaf Sight to replace the factory sight. Send for the

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U. S. Opinion of Canadian Law Enforcement

THE TENDERFOOT

Reprinted from *San Diego Evening Tribune*, November 21

THE following from Manager Andrews of the Hazard-Gould sport goods store should be read with interest by the shooting tribe, as it details a topic in which Clan Nimrod is very much concerned:

"Sporting Editor Tribune:

"I note in *The Tribune* that George A. Lawyer, chief United States game warden, has visited San Diego and that he is interested in the Sweetwater duck drives and I regret that he was unable to inspect this mode of wild fowling. In the article referred to the question was raised as to whether the law was lived up to as strictly as it should be, and for Mr. Lawyer's and the public's information, I wish to state that it is against the rules of the management of the Sweetwater company to use motor boats or outboard motor driven craft to assist these drives in any way.

"For many reasons it is detrimental to a drive to have a motor boat disturb or make the ducks fly—they fly too soon as it is without being frightened. A launch is used for some of the drives to take the men back to the landing after the drive. This saves them from rowing back more than two miles and does not conflict in any way with the law, as the drive is finished and no shooting is allowed from the launch.

"This drive style of duck shooting has become very popular and is the envy of northern sportsmen, a number of whom attend every shoot. And undoubtedly through some of their glowing accounts of the drives and their wonderful success, some

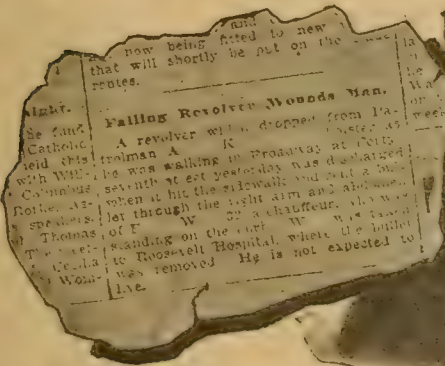
interested parties have decided the federal game laws were being violated."

Manager Andrews has stated the case clearly and his comments are very much okay. So far as San Diego hunters are concerned, they are obeying the game laws equally as well as any other group of nimrods in the United States. Mr. Lawyer's reference to hunters killing more than the limit and sharing with other nimrods who fail to kill the number allowed by law is timely, but that rule is being violated in every state, county and precinct in this big republic where wild game abounds, and a stack of laws as high as the Washington monument will not stop it.

The only relief from that offense lies with each individual hunter, his idea of a square deal with the law, the birds and his comrade. The main object of the federal game laws is to conserve migratory bird life and these splendid regulations are doing that very thing. Spring shooting and market hunting created a sentiment in this country that finally culminated in the treaty between the United States and Great Britain that has stamped out both evils. And take it straight they are enforcing the law in Canada. In *Rod and Gun*, published at Woodstock, Ont., is a department devoted to game conservation and each month is a resumé of the work accomplished, which includes prosecutions of law-breakers. In Canada the law is being enforced. In the United States this same law is respected. Kindly note the difference. And the Canucks have nothing on us at that.

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★ Reproduction of an actual newspaper clipping, but with names omitted.

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Just one way to fire an Iver Johnson—pull the trigger all the way back. At that point only the revolver responds with lightning quickness.

Drawn tempered piano-wire springs make the Iver Johnson always ready for use. And the perfect rifled barrel speeds the bullet straight as a streak of light just where you aim.

Choice of three grips: Regular, Perfect Rubber, Western Walnut.

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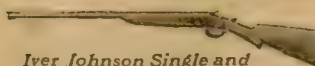
If your dealer hasn't in stock the particular model you want, send us his name and address. We will supply you through him.

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Iver Johnson Single and Double Barrel Shotguns combine accuracy and dependability.

Iver Johnson "Superior" Roadster Bicycle, \$55. Other models \$37.50 to \$65. (No extra charge for Coaster Brake)



At Sweetwater the big launch is used to tow rowboats and carry hunters back to the dam after the drive is finished. It is not used to "shoo" ducks to the blinds or toward the drive. Neither is any one allowed to go ahead of the drive for any purpose whatever. Only a few cheap skates sneak over the fence at the head of the lake (to save two 40-cent dollars) and mooch ducks ahead of the drive. Real men stay with the drive or go in blinds following the drive, and shoot square, and these same real men are living up to the federal game laws to the best of their knowledge of Uncle Sam's regulations.

Americans are strong for personal rights and they hate to be headed in, but they're canny and they sabb that the federal game laws mean the preservation of one of the nation's greatest assets—its wild life. Thousands of

Americans never hunt, yet they delight in the pleasure of seeing wild life in our coverts and on our marshes and lakes. It is a kindly, humane sentiment that has more followers than the hunting clan dreams of, and all of them are strong for the federal game laws.

Mr. Lawyer's mission is to get a close-up, first hand knowledge of game conditions and law enforcement in the entire country. His work should be backed and aided by every man who believes in protection for our wild life. Only recently has money become available in Washington to enforce the federal game laws and from now on a more determined effort will be made to "get" offenders. In the great aggregate these laws are enforced by public sentiment, which is strong for a square deal for our migratory game birds.

Clandeboyne Bird and Game Protective Association

Editor of Rod and Gun in Canada:

Kindly permit me space in your magazine to bring before the attention of your readers the desirability of the protection of our wild life, and in doing so to give a passing notice to the aims, etc., of our association, to the end that my readers may be the better able to judge whether or not our work is worthy of being extended over not only this country, but over this province. I shall also take advantage of your courtesy to state the means by which we believe this work may be extended, and I trust that any person "nudged" by us will not take our intrusion as an insult.

Some five years ago our club was formed having as its aims the adequate protection of all harmless wild life in this section, and also the protection and the encouragement of our few remaining game, song, insect and weed-destroying birds. Our officers are the customary ones, and there is no paid official, the only salaried one being the president, who also acts as corresponding secretary, and in return for his time, postage and stationery, receives the honor of the offices and the privilege occasionally afforded them to insult intelligent and respectable people. Our by-laws, briefly stated and explained, are:

1. No admission fee. Each member provides and maintains his own signs, our farms being placarded with our provincial game law trespass signs:

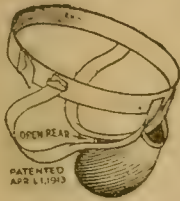
2. To eliminate the probability of spite, each member is in honor bound to regard an

insult to a sign or an injury directed against the property of anyone signing, as a personal insult.

3. The signs are exclusive. They bar a neighbor as well as an outsider. Were it otherwise, a group of farmers might simply be providing a nice game reserve for the benefit of the one or two unscrupulous hunters liable to be encountered in any neighborhood. Should the game multiply so as to become a nuisance, then the occupant is free to reasonably reduce it, or to invite someone, either from town or country, to do so. But let me add, that our experience has been this: that though we have each winter fed squirrels to insure them against starvation, and that while in mid-winter I have been able to count as many as 40 of them in a 20-acre bush across from my home, owing to the lack of sufficient suitable nesting-places, the majority of these squirrels move out into unsigned bushes, where they and their offspring furnish a "lucky find" for the itinerant hunter. In face of this fact I ask: Are the farmers who refuse or neglect to sign playing square with us who do? Remember, I do not accuse all such farmers of shooting them, for I believe they don't, nor do I accuse them of being deliberately mean, for I can personally vouch for many of them that they are not. Why, then, this indifference?

To this my answer would be: Owing to the fact that there is no time for non-essentials on the farm, and that they consider "signing"

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Will not chafe.
All elastic.
Anatomic fit.
Patented fea-
tures in under-
straps makes
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as such, they fail to do so. Accepting my conclusion as a fair one, I shall now proceed to show them their error. To do so, let me ask and answer the question, What good would result from signing every farm in this township, county and province?

1. It would be a "safety first" to the human and domestic animal life. It would decrease the number of such press notices as:

(a) Boy fatally wounded; Jack Brown and some school mates went hunting just outside the city, and owing to carelessness young Brown was shot.

(b) Farmer fatally wounded; William White was found shot dead in his bush; an investigation revealed the fact that a stray shot from the gun of an itinerant hunter was responsible.

(c) Valuable steer shot; Tom Black found his 3-year-old steer shot; some hunter had evidently done the deed.

It would be a move towards better crop production, hence better times for the producer and the consumer. Some three years ago I read in a Government report that \$80,000,000 worth of harm was annually done in this country by insects, whose numbers could be kept well in control by a sufficiency of their natural enemies, the birds. Today I find the same authority placing the loss at \$125,000,000. Now, brother farmers and city consumers, I ask you: Isn't it time to let some goat's hair and horns rather than wool ornament our brows? Time to buck and organize to check this wastage? Time that the thoughtful, patriotic farmers, who for years have been fighting such evils, should cease to be regarded as mere selfish game-hoggers and faddists? At this point let me pause to consider the one objection against signing that is worth considering.

It has been pointed out to me that signing will lead to a rapid and disastrous increase of vermin, and that therefore we should not placard our farms. The sincerity of many who have raised this point I question, and yet since it has been raised by some whose sincerity I respect, I feel obliged to deal with it.

Why, I ask, should those who never worry about the gapes, purple head and whooping cough, perhaps, of their neighbor's poultry, worry so much about skunkitis: foxitis, weaselities, etc.? When they don't put their heel before their toes to cure the first, why do they place themselves directly in the way of double pleuro-pneumonia, etc., to save them from the latter? Simply because the hunting

of vermin may lead to pleasure and profit, both of which things should be reaped either by the owners of the land or by those to whom they may see fit to extend hunting and shooting privileges. It has never been the desire of our associations to cudgel, cajole or kiss anyone into putting up signs. We claim the right to control our own properties, and that right of self-control of their properties we do not deny to others who may differ with us. Yet we would be persuasive. We would strive to lead others into following Commandments 8 and 10. And others are not following these when uninvited they play the part of itinerant hunter over private lands. Sign-objectors or neglectors, what are you doing by your attitude? You simply are leaving the bars down for a nuisance, a danger and a national detriment to enter. You are turning the clock of twentieth century civilization and enlightenment back thousands and thousands of years to the time of the cave men who wandered at will any distance, any direction, to secure food for himself. You are even worse than he was for he was impelled by necessity while you are led by selfishness and by indifference. This is your exact position. Is it a creditable one? Leaving yourselves to answer this I pass on.

It yet remains my duty to discuss wild life conservation from its religious and cultural sides, and in discussing it from such, my first questions would be: Whence originated our wild life? Did it occur by mere chance and grow up? Read! Recall the lines:

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small."

There is truth, if ever it was penned by human hand outside the Book of Holy Writ. For the Almighty created all these things, and not to love them is to deny His wisdom and His love in creating them. Divest Him of these attributes, then you needn't get down to pray, for it is sincerity, not hypocrisy, that He heeds. And here is another truth:

"The man who hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet
sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spite."

The universe, the work of God, is musical, and to assert that that music occurs by mere chance is to speak a lie. Chance does not enter into the Creator's work. He foresaw the value of music, and every church in the land makes use of the refining power of music. And yet we are divorcing the music and the rhythm if I might so call it, of color and graceful movements from our fields. Are we

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guided by wisdom and are we giving Him honor due?

For months writers in the public press have denounced, and rightly so, the Hun for his vandalism at Rheims. But, readers, let us be consistent. What is that cathedral, the work of man, compared with this universe, the work of the Creator, or what its pictures, etc., with the treasures of his gallery? Can they get down from their holdings or their niches, sing, flit about, gambol and perform useful work for and among the people? No. Being the work of human hands, they have their limitations. They have had an inspiring and cultural effect, no doubt upon those who have been fortunate enough to be able to go to see them. But only indirectly have they been able to affect the masses of mankind. They represent, perhaps, some of "the best of the centuries," but what is that compared with the perfect of the eons?

Urbanists! I ask, why your parks? "To give elbow room and breathing space," you say. Well, then, cut down your trees, uproot your flower beds and your shrubs, knock down those bird shelters and bird and animal cages, and destroy the wild life contained therein, and you'll be less encumbered. "Oh, goodness, no! They cost us money, and have a cultural effect," you say, and in saying it you hit our idea exactly. Our wild life, etc., costs us money and has a cultural effect. Were it not for the latter, we might and could settle the question of conservation in one short day. But since we would retain our furred and our feathered friends, we ask you to kindly stay home yourselves and cease to hire men to come and murder and steal our wild life, and this you do just as soon as you buy game taken on private property without the owner's consent. And what I have said to urbans I say also to rural dwellers. A number of you are prone to fault-find, to say that we should have this, that and the other thing. "This, that and the other thing" we never can hope to get till we have sane organizations, and we never can have the latter till we all are ready to be disciplined, and when it comes to discipline, some of us remind me of the dog who snarls and bites and sulks when one attempts to relieve him of burrs.

The above, it appears to me, is a fair presentation of our wild life question. The Governments of Great Britain, Canada and the United States have passed the Migratory Birds Act not through any whim but simply because the ablest men of these countries, who found time to make investigations along

the line of birds and their relation to the country, and to agriculture in particular, decided that birds are a necessary aid to agriculture. Isn't it time to bring this fact home to our people? Isn't it time to encourage our birds?

In this connection our members have this to say: Under protection our birds have increased, and several species of birds that had for years deserted us have summered with us. Five years' experience enables us to state that the "hunting and shooting forbidden" sign is the birds' best friend. We regret that these signs are not more in evidence. We believe that it is possible to have bird protection and encouragement become more general, but we are convinced that nothing less than a sweeping educational campaign led by the Right of our county, will produce the desired result. Our admonition is this: Conserve and encourage so far as is feasible while yet there is time our birds and our harmless furred wild life—His handiwork, visible, concrete expressions of the love and wisdom of His being—for apart from their economic value they constitute a potent factor to induce a higher sense of citizenship. With the desire of having our admonition driven home, we respectfully suggest:

1. Placard the farms of this and every other county with our provincial game law trespass sign. This will shut out the itinerant hunter, whether market-shooter, game-hog, boy peppering away at anything and everything, or good sportsman. The latter, being a stranger, might unconsciously, in a few short hours, destroy years of conservation work in any one locality.

2. Since the open season, broadly speaking, commences October 15, we respectfully suggest that the head, or acting head, of every diocese, presbytery, conference, etc., of London should in common agree upon some Sunday between now and October 1, as a time to have directed from every pulpit in this county a sermon on our birds and other harmless wild life, and the Godliness of wise conservation.

3. The educationists of this county should, between now and October 15, make through our schools a determined effort to bring this matter home to every family.

4. That our doctors, lawyers, businessmen, county and township councillors should move and lead each, as he best can, in this matter.

5. To city dwellers in sympathy with our movement we would say: See to it that every

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church, school, financial institution (for this is an economic question), store, fair building, etc. be placarded during exhibition week with "Protect Our Birds and Harmless Wild Life."

Were such a campaign carried out, a public interest in the subject would be created and wise conservation would become established. It would then be an easy matter to have a county public day or days appointed for the extermination of sparrows, blackbirds, crows, cowbirds and red squirrels.

In the name of our association I have called for united efficient and prompt action. Let us have it. And having it, I trust in the name of him, the Great Architect of the

Universe, that our labors thus commenced in order may be conducted in peace between neighbor and neighbor, ruralist and urban dweller, and closed by us, the wardens of posterity, in harmony with His divine intentions, viz., a wise dominion over the fowls of the air and the beasts of the fields.

With thanks for your courtesy, Mr. Editor, to you and to your readers, I bid on this topic: "Our Birds and Our Harmless Wild Life," a respectful farewell,

ELSIE CARTER

President Clandeboye Bird and Game Protective Association.

Migratory Bird Law Prosecutions

Central Argyle, Nova Scotia.

Two prosecutions for illegally shooting Willets, which are protected throughout the year by the Migratory Birds Convention Act, have taken place in Nova Scotia. An offender was convicted under the Nova Scotia law for this offence, which occurred on June 7th, 1919, and was fined Ten dollars (\$10) and costs—a total of twenty dollars and fifty cents (\$20.50). The magistrate in this case was Mr. Charles Pelton, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. In addition to the fine under the Provincial Act the defendant was reprimanded by the magistrate and held on suspended sentence under the Migratory Birds Convention Act with a warning that he would be fined one hundred and fifty dollars (\$150) if convicted under that Act.

Central Argyle, Nova Scotia

The accused was apprehended by an officer under the Migratory Birds Convention Act for a similar offence to the last mentioned one. The penalty, imposed under the Provincial Law, amounted to twenty dollars and fifty cents (\$20.50) and he was allowed to go on suspended sentence under the Migratory Birds Convention Act.

It may be of interest to note that "Willet" are known locally as "White-wings" in Nova Scotia.

Black Duck Unlawfully Kept in Captivity.

A resident of Lower Melbourn, Nova Scotia, captured seven young Black Ducks, which he intended to raise in captivity and

use as live decoys. As he had no permit under the Migratory Birds Convention Act to keep these birds in captivity, they were released by a Federal Game Officer.

Defendant of Boston, Massachusetts.

On September 5th, 1919, the defendant was detected shooting small shorebirds at Pinkney's Point, Nova Scotia, contrary to the provisions of the Migratory Birds Convention Act. The birds, which were being killed, were described as "Peeps", which term includes the Least and Semipalmated Sandpiper. He was fined ten dollars (\$10) and costs—a total of twenty dollars (\$20) under the provincial law, and his shot gun and fourteen of the birds in his possession were seized and confiscated under the federal law. A suspended sentence under the Migratory Bird Law was imposed.

Shooting of Black Duck Before the Open Season in Westmoreland County, New Brunswick.

Three defendants were accused of capturing, killing, taking, or having in possession Black Ducks at Point de Bute, New Brunswick, on or about August 20th, 1919. The informations were laid by a federal Game Officer, and the cases were heard by Magistrate William A. Gass, of Sackville, New Brunswick. Each defendant was convicted and fined twenty dollars (\$20) and costs. The costs were to be paid at once, and the fines were allowed to stand pending future good behavior.



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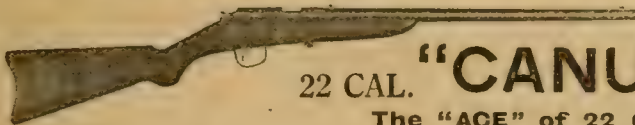
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On Stream Preservation

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

UNDOUBTEDLY were there no protest against it, were serious-minded sportsmen and anglers to let things drift with the tide there would be little or nothing done about preserving the streams of our continent; there would be little done toward saving the wild life and the immeasurably valuable song-birds; and the pernicious lumbering interests would soon contrive to make the most insignificant sapling into a piece of lumber so as to reap a profit. The reign of hideous individualism we have gone through seems all the more cancerous now as we look back upon it. I am making use of the past tense here for I feel that we are entering upon a newer day, the dawn of better things, a more thorough realization of the meaning of conservation of our natural resources; looking forward to a future of upbuilding and preservation such as we have never known before. To say that we are in the very infancy of appreciation of Nature is to say the very least. The decades of unparalleled selfishness we have gone through but proves what man will do to satisfy his own cravings, his own mean lusts. Money lust the most horrible of all lusts we have known. It has left its stain on everything. Commercialism which strips all life that it might sell something at a profit we have known. Let us offer up hopes in substantial meaning that that day is of the past and that what lies before us is some greater day; of intense regard for the natural things given us to guard and preserve, and not to ravage and degrade.

Man having dominion over earth's creatures and the vital resources of Nature has helped himself with a profligate hand. A common expression has been: "If I get enough for myself until I die that is all I ask for; let those who come after me take care of themselves the way I had to do." It has been a mad shambles to gorge one's self, all at the expense of Nature. Pseudo-philosophers and presumably "wise men" have taken the platform and have spoken in round phrases as to our "inexhaustible" resources. They have passed the subject by with a sweep of the hand. People have taken their word for it and have sapped out of Nature ten times more than they can find use for and are still craving for more, merely because some brainless speakers have gone about the continent speaking in cultured tones about "our vast and inexhaustible resources." Our country, (the North American continent if you will eliminate the imaginary border), may have an abundance of all; fertility to make for *super*-abundance; but there are also the natural wild elements that we are absolutely forced to preserve. The millions of people on this continent do not take this into consideration in the least. The people in the cities believe themselves apart from the world of Nature, as regards primeval conditions, forests and streams. It may be an expression with them that, "only the rich people ever get a chance to go there; I am chained to the city; and I suppose I will die there," hence he or she completely divorces himself or herself with the



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things that are of the wild. This is a selfish way of looking at the proposition. The preservation of Nature, of the natural resources should be the aim of all, without an exception. And are not the people of the cities to realize the harm done by the unscrupulous in the far away places they will never see? When the Mississippi River fills up in the spring and rushes south to the Gulf it does not hold its banks, but breaks over the puny levees made by man and floods thousands of acres of land, destroys millions of dollars' worth of property, livestock, washes out homes and kills thousands of people. This is the result of man's devastation in the north. When things were in a primeval state it never happened so. With the forests standing in an untrammelled state the universal greenery hid in the snows and when the thaw was on in the spring the snow melted and slipped away into the streams by degrees, a little at a time. That was Nature's way. Her forests kept the sun out sufficient so that it melted gradually. But now, with the forests near to levelled, the sun melts the snows of the north in a few days and the placid stream of the past now becomes a flood, a torrent as it rushes to the south. Nature's law, unbalanced through the act of unscrupulous men, it is inevitable that disastrous consequences should be suffered as a direct result.

Barren, vegetationless China is a visible example of the result of man's ruthlessness in taking with a free hand and replacing nothing where *all* has been removed. China once was a well-wooded country, but it was stripped. Scholars often point to the fact that China was at one time the most educated and civilized country in the world, but if we are to judge by the way the Chinese completely did away with the natural vegetation and did nothing toward replacing it, all that we are given to believe is that their civilization was as incomplete as our own. In the present day China finds itself with a super-abundance of people, the bulk of them living on boats along the coast and the rivers. In the inland valleys agriculture is followed to a certain extent, but the lack of forests to conserve the water supply has served to make it more a desert than anything else. The rains that fall, swiftly flow off into the valley streams. Lack of vegetation to shield and preserve the moisture allows the sun to sap up the last drop on the land without natural hindrance. Trees, trees, trees, and more trees is the cry of China, but this century old crime of devastation is not so easily overcome.

Famines are part and parcel of her life. Millions upon millions die annually through starvation and floods, all caused by the fact that Nature's laws, as regards that region, were once vitally imposed upon and man must suffer as a result.

Preservation of our natural resources and protection of our streams is not a matter of exploiting a sickly sentimentalism. We deal in clear, cold, vital, practical facts. *This we do know*: that the destructive tendencies of the people at large are far in advance of their nobler tendencies. What we contemplate is a land steadily being encroached upon by an increasing population, the flinging of city life into the wild places, the result being the taking with a liberal hand while the taking is good, as the term goes. The task before all sincere lovers of Nature and the wild places is very clearly outlined, and it was never so clearly outlined as in the present day. Eternal watchfulness is the price we pay in keeping and guarding the by-ways of Nature. No man has fulfilled his duty in the eyes of Nature who has not taken it upon himself to watch over the blessed heritage given man for his pleasure and his healthful benefit: the trees, weeds, woods, wild life, birds and flowers. No man, living near to Nature, imbued with the spirit of the wild but will make it his noble duty, self-imposed, to watch and protect; to see also that his neck of the woods is not encroached upon and devastated. In my life-long study of Nature it has been that I have noticed that when a law of Nature has been disregarded, or broken, she endeavours to repair speedily, or to protect in some manner the while she goes about reconstruction, re-building, so to speak. If man has imposed upon vital Nature and has shorn the earth clear and has ruined the rivers it will be true that Nature will demand of the hearts of men that they at once adopt a new role in the shape of re-builders, who shall plant the surface of the earth they have dispoiled, and cleanse the rivers and streams they have polluted while in the quest of gold and *more* gold. We are at the brink of that day. Nature now has a new meaning to us. Devastation must give way to protection. To deny ourselves when we could take with a free hand will be the duty we must set before us. Broad-mindedness must take the place of the narrow viewpoint.

And the price, if we are not loyal to Nature? We have the visible example in China. Do we wish to impose upon the people of the future any such state of conditions, or shall

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we make it our duty to build up Nature and watch and guard that which is left. As time goes on the children are approaching the estate of manhood and womanhood. They have been taught by concrete examples what devastation has done to Nature. Let them profit by these examples and pick up the task and carry it on with even more fervor than those who carried it on in the past.

In the case of Nature vs. Commercialism there can be no divided opinion. Our hearts are forever with these places where Nature reigns supreme; where the dawning sun looks over pure waters and where the wild birds held forth in their innocence; where the deer and the moose come to the shore of the lake to drink and know not the sight of man. Shall it be that or shall we see the last wild-fowl decimated, the last furred creatures hunted down, the last stream polluted and fished out? I think not. We do not wish to sound a pessimistic note, but the following passage from one of Ouida's novels seems fitting to quote at this time. It follows:

"When all green places have been destroyed in the builder's lust of gain; when all the lands are but mountains of bricks and piles of wood and iron; when there is no moisture anywhere and no rain ever falls; when the sky is a vault of smoke and all the rivers reek with poison; when forest and stream, the moor and meadow and all the old green wayside beauty are things vanished and forgotten; when every gentle, timid thing of brake and bush, of air and water, has been killed because it robbed them of a berry or a fruit; when the earth is one vast city, whose young children behold neither the green of the field nor the blue of the sky, and hear no song but the hiss of the steam, and know no music but the roar of the furnace; when the old sweet silence of the country side, and the old sweet sounds of waking birds, and the old sweet fall of summer showers, and the grace of a hedge-row bough, and the glow of the purple heather, and the note of the euckoo and cushat, and the freedom of waste and of woodland and all things dead and remembered of no man; then the world, like the Eastern king, will perish miserably of famine and of drought, with gold in its stiffened hands, and gold in its withered lips and gold everywhere; gold that the people can neither eat nor drink, gold that cares nothing for them, but mocks them horribly; gold for which their fathers sold peace and health, and holiness and beauty; gold that is one vast grave."

We comfort ourselves with the belief that this will never come to pass; that man has the foresightedness to guard against that Great Disaster. If so there is no time better than the present time to begin by turning a new page. Devastation of Nature is not confined to any one section of the continent but grinds on and intrudes everywhere in a hundred and one ways. This steady eating away, eating away goes to make up the sum total. Nature endeavours within her scope to contend with conditions arrayed against her. She succeeds at times in an amazing fashion, but in the long run she must give in to the merciless hand of man. Man, the arch-destroyer, if he is not restrained sees only within narrow spheres; is actuated only by his own abnormal selfishness; and laughs to scorn the thought that he is depriving the people of the future of a blessed heritage.

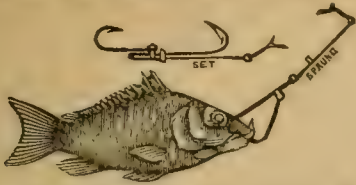
Stream pollution is a subject that should engage the attention of all sincere anglers and Nature-lovers of any form. Pure streams are the pride and boast of any country. Where you find clean streams near to civilization, unfouled, (and much the same as when the Creator left them), there you can be certain to find a populace of the right mold, clear-sighted and conscientious people. The pride of any community should be its streams and the lakes within its jurisdiction. That will be more and more the case in the future. Not only is such a stream the source of a vital water-supply but it may be made into a fish depository bringing both profit and pleasure to the people within reach of it. The natural attraction furnished by lakes and streams is one of endless charm. All admit their inherent value, therefore all should be as one in the duty of preserving them as much in their natural state as possible.

I sincerely believe that stream pollution is being done away with, and that in the next ten years pollution of the waters will be unknown. Nevertheless eternal vigilance must be followed up. There is no need for stream pollution. The manufacturer who discharges deadly elements into the streams is a criminal and should be treated so by all men.

"Thanks to a good forestry service and enlightened sentiment concerning the conservation of the forests," writes John W. Titcomb, "as a result of which the progressive lumberman is more careful about the size of the trees which he cuts, the covers for game are not rapidly diminishing. On the other hand the manufacturing industries and the modern sewerage systems tend to pollute many

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streams to such an extent as to make them unsuitable for the more desirable species of fish. The larger streams may be regarded as public highways for sewerage and the refuse and waste from manufacturing establishments. This is not necessary, however, with the smaller streams. The operators of long established sawmills are discovering that sawdust is a valuable by-product and many are either selling their sawdust, or out of regard for the interests of the public are dispensing with the waste of the mills by the use of blowers or other forms of keeping the sawdust away from the streams; on the other hand there has sprung up an industry which is seriously interfering with the smaller streams. Reference is had to the portable sawmill which is moved from one small tract to another and is used to cut down every tree which will make a 2x4 joist. Such mills are almost invariably located upon a stream, and any stream which flows sufficient water to carry away the sawdust and supply the boilers with water is utilized for such purposes. The result is that many small trout streams throughout the north which are the natural breeding places of trout from larger streams are absolutely ruined for breeding purposes and the fishing in the vicinity for years after a mill is moved away, is ruined. This is a menace which should be prohibited."

Early laws were passed in Canada forbidding the running off into the precious streams any such vile refuse and discharges as would endanger the life of the people and kill the fish life. Infringements have been numerous, but if anglers are persevering and follow up any such liberties taken by unscrupulous men and manufacturers and bring them to the law it will not be long before the nuisances of pollution of the waters is vanquished.

Pursuant to certain provisions of the statute 22 Vic., cap. 62, Consolidated Statutes of Canada, the following regulation was adopted on the 16th of May, 1860:

By-Law No. 9.—"Hereafter no slabs or other mill refuse shall be sent a-drift in any river or stream which may have been leased or reserved by the Crown for propagation, or where fish-ways have been erected."

Sub-sec. 2 of Sec. 18 of the Fisheries Act of 1865 (29 Vic., cap. II), after providing against the throwing of lime or other poisonous substances into the streams, goes on to say:—"And sawdust or mill rubbish shall not be drifted down or thrown into any stream frequented by salmon, trout, pickerel or

bass, under penalty not exceeding one hundred dollars."

The statute 31 Vic., cap. 60, assented to on the 22nd of May, 1868 contains the following provision regarding injuries to fishing grounds and pollution of rivers:

"Lime, chemical substances or drugs, poisonous matter, (liquid or solid), dead or decaying fish, or any other deleterious substance, shall not be drawn into or allowed to pass into, be left or remain in any water frequented by any of the kinds of fish mentioned in this Act; and sawdust or mill rubbish shall not be drifted or thrown into any stream frequented by fish, under a penalty not exceeding one hundred dollars."

On the 23rd of May, 1873, the Canadian Parliament passed rigid enactment in regard to sawdust and other refuse which was finally repealed on June 2nd, 1886, and the following sections adopted.

"7. No owner or tenant of any saw-mill, or any workman therein or any other person shall throw or cause to be thrown, or suffer, or permit to be thrown, any sawdust, edgings, slabs, bark or rubbish of any description whatsoever, into any river, stream or other water any part of which is navigable, or which flows into any navigable water; and every person who violates the provisions of this section, shall, on summary conviction be liable for a first offence, to a penalty of not less than twenty dollars, and for each subsequent offence to a penalty of not less than fifty dollars:

"2. The several fishery officers shall, from time to time, examine and report on the conditions of such rivers, streams and waters, and prosecute all persons violating the provisions of this section; and for enforcing the said provisions, such officers shall have and exercise all the powers conferred upon them for like purposes by The Fisheries act."

That the running off of sawdust into the streams is one of the most harmful things to fish life in these streams is generally a well known fact. But still there are numbers of anglers who are not aware of the danger until it is too late. No man has explained the case against sawdust in the streams with more exactness, more truthfulness than John W. Titcomb. He writes:

"You ask me my views as to the effect of sawdust upon fish life when emptied into streams. Many people, including men who have the subject a study, maintain that sawdust is destructive to fish life. Certainly those who go fishing all agree that trout will

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not bite when the saw dust is running. Salmon and trout will not live in stagnant and impure water. Most of our larger or salmon streams have been polluted by sewerage and manufacturers' refuse of various kinds. Hence we cannot attribute the extinction of salmon entirely to sawdust. But in our mountain streams, the native home of the speckled trout, the question very naturally arises as to the effects of sawdust.

"Let us, for example take a small trout stream with one saw mill upon it. The output of the average mill is one million (1,000,000) feet of lumber. About one sixth of the out put is waste, making the entire output 1,200,000 feet of which 200,000 feet is sawdust and refuse. 1,000 feet in round numbers make a cord, so that the 200,000 feet is equal to 200 cords. If the latter were condensed into one continuous bar 4 feet wide and 4 feet high, it would be 1,600 feet, or more than a quarter of a mile long. Multiply this by the number of mills on some other streams, many of them sawing two or three times as much lumber and we have several miles of sawdust, enough to entirely choke up the average brook if poured into it at one time. I give these figures to show the amount of sawdust the trout must contend with. We know that trout will exist in mill ponds, but it will be noticed that they are always in the running water where the supply is constantly renewed.

"I am unable to say that sawdust kills trout; I simply know that they do not thrive in impure water.

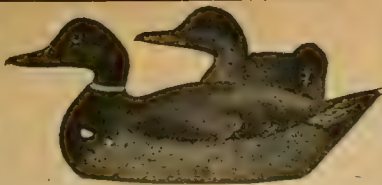
"Why then is sawdust destructive? The answer is that it destroys the spawning grounds. Granted that trout will succeed in clearing a spawning ground or find a place comparatively free from impurities. After the eggs have been deposited and fertilized, they are extremely sensitive. Any kind of sediment is injurious to them. Sawdust drifting upon the beds will adhere to the eggs and ruin them. It may, of course be, that some of the eggs will hatch. The fry seek refuge under the pebbles. Sawdust settling down upon them and another loss fellows. For these reasons I am led to think sawdust is deleterious to fish life, especially to trout, which, in their native haunts are accustomed to the purest water. Very few owners of mills will admit that sawdust is at all deleterious. In writing a friend who owns a mill and is at the same time an ardent fisherman, I remarked to him that I believed he

would eat hoe-cake made from sawdust and declare it quite as good as corn bread."

A lumberman when asked his opinion, stated:

"In the first place it is not a question of fish or lumber at all. I have cut and manufactured several million feet of lumber within ten years and I know whereof I speak. In the second place where does the lumberman get his right to dump his offal into a stream which invariably finds its way through our villages, contaminates the water, drifts on the intervals and fills up the mill ponds and bulkhead situated below? Most of our streams are used for drinking purposes if near to civilization; and who has given the lumberman the right to convert a pure stream into a soup filled with floating, rotting shavings, sawdust and bark? The additional expense necessarily borne by owners of mill privileges situated below these offal dumping lumber mills in consequence of the blocking up of the bulkheads and flumes, running all sorts of debris through the wheels, filling up the mill ponds and decreasing continuous power, would more than pay for taking care of the surplus mill offal from every mill. What right, because more convenient for him, has a lumberman more than any other man to dump his offal on his neighbor? What right has he to poison any land with drifts of sawdust and shavings that will always breed brakes and weeds, but never timothy, clover or corn? What right has he to fill up the bed of the stream on my land, so it shall go wandering over my interval meadow and water-soak it? Moreover, what right has he to fill my mill pond with his rubbish so I must spend days with many men each season to empty it for his convenience? Or, what right has he to ask me to spend from one to several hours each morning clearing my bulkhead of his rubbish which has floated down during the course of the night. If he should dump stone into it with the same result the law would protect me—even though he left the stream pure and did no injury below. The same question was a fierce contest in California. The hydraulic miners insisted on running their washings into the stream, to be carried below, this filling up the river beds and coloring their drinking water the same as the soil above, until it was prohibited by rigorous laws. How much worse, if instead of soil, they had run into the streams shavings, wood turnings and sawdust to fill up the bed and ferment and rot in drifts along its shores? Let anyone

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who doubts the effect of this kind of rubbish on drinking water take a pail of pure water from an unpolluted mountain stream and add a pint of ordinary resinous bark or sawdust and try it for a few days.

"Now as to the effect of sawdust upon trout. It is a mistaken notion that trout eat sawdust. Of course they are far too wise for that; they breathe it in with the water, through their gills, where it becomes entangled and they die, just as man would if compelled to breathe sawdust into and out of his lungs."

Summing up we have this:

The importance of the question of the pollution of public waters is greater than the casual observer is apt to think. It is not measured by the sportsman's rule; by the injury done to fish; and the consequent injury done to fishing. It is a question in which everyone, whether he goes fishing or not, should take deep interest, inasmuch as it bears an intimate relation to the questions of public health.

This question, as to what uses to make of the waters of ponds, lakes, rivers and brooks, without prejudicing the public health, and without working prejudice to any person or community, has long been studied in this country and in Europe. Of course the two uses to which they are most commonly put are *first*, the carrying off in suspension, and in solution of various kinds of waste, *i.e.*, they have been utilized as great open sewers; and, *second*, for the purposes of public water supply. These two common uses of streams of water, as everyone knows, are likely to interfere with each other, as especially if water for domestic use is taken from a point below that at which sewage empties into them.

The kinds of waste or refuse that spoil water for drinking purposes include chiefly organic matter. Organic matter may be either vegetable or animal. Either of these renders water suspicious for domestic purposes.

There has prevailed quite generally a belief that swift-flowing streams rapidly purify themselves by a process of oxidation of organic matter, but I think it is now agreed that no stream can surely furnish pure drinking water, after it has received any appreciable amount of organic waste.

It is rather a question to if rivers and streams once despoiled by the destructive lumbermen are the same again as streams suitable for the perpetuation of fish life. The large streams of course wash away the bulk of the sawdust but the smaller streams that feed the larger, and up which the fish go to spawn, are quite unable to contend with the discharge of refuse. The most vital harm done of course is the making unfit of the spawning grounds or beds in these small streams. Spawning grounds clogged and imbedded with sawdust make that place totally useless. Whether time brings about a change in these conditions, re-establishing natural conditions is open to question.

The conscientious lumberman in the present day employs what is known as "blowers" and thus dispenses with the sawdust on land. Such a blower set up in an average sawmill including incidentals should not cost, complete, much over \$150 which would include a suitable length of galvanized iron conductory pipes; some of these pipes are up to 150 feet in length, all of course depending upon the size of the mill. The use of a blower at a mill is always commented upon favorably. By the use of it more work is gotten out of a mill since the sawdust is taken away and the machinery is also cleaned. They are a saving as to fire risk and insurance.

The demand for sawdust for commercial purposes is now great, but of course sawmills far from civilization cannot dispose of that waste with the expediency of the millman near to civilization.

Miniature Portraits

The Reverend O. Warren Smith

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

O. WARREN SMITH was born on a farm just outside of Weyauwega, Wisconsin, and has spent practically the greater part of his life in that state. He has made to me the

claim that "I am not altogether sure that a sidelight upon my character might not be obtained from studying my two grandfathers, one a trapper and hunter, the other a



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Methodist local preacher. From the first I derived my love for the open and the chase, also the lure of the stream, and from the other that love of words which has made me what I am by profession, a preacher of the Word." Warren Smith was just like any other healthy and nature-loving youth. As a boy the call of the open was strong upon him and many a long evening he sat by his campfires, dreaming dreams of the great adventures that were to befall him in that far-off time of which all boys dream. Warren Smith early agreed with that whole-hearted philosopher, Emerson, that the silent church was more vocal than any preaching. He admits that his tramps abroad in the woods had more to do with the formation of his character than the acknowledged power of the church. His life on the farm was the life of the average farm boy, early milking, long hours a-field with many fishing trips thrown into the bargain. Shortly, however, High School claimed him, and we can appreciate with him the fact that he begrudged the time that must needs be spent there, keyed up as was his desire for natural perfection, the great world of the out-of-doors and its ever-lasting glory. However, he was not to stop there. He next found himself attending Lawrence College, with the ministry profession looming large upon his horizon. In his own words he says:

"I was anything but a bright student, I guess, for I dreamed too much. I knew I had rather lie on the banks of the historic Fox River, dreaming my dream of something lost behind the ranges than grub in my room, still, I worked faithfully enough, considering, and got much out of my college work, more in truth than I realized. I learned to think for myself as well as dream."

Early Warren Smith removed to the West, but it did not satisfy as he thought it would. He was a typical lover of home surroundings; our north was the place that fascinated him. Having fished through his neck of the woods I can understand fully why it is so attractive to him. The very country he has loved and fished over shall call me many times in the future I hope. Returned again to Wisconsin, Mr. Smith blossomed out as "a full-fledged Methodist preacher" and was soon in demand among his people. Then he says: "So the years slipped by and the love for the open grew apace while my spirit chafed at the over-much authority of the church. I wanted to think for myself, in a word, be my true, independent, nature-loving self."

As an angling writer O. Warren Smith

made his initial appearance between the covers of *Field and Stream*. Soon *Forest and Stream* began to feature his articles; for them he wrote letters, stories and articles, notable among these being a series of recountings on trout fishing entitled, "Now That Reminds Me." I do not recall ever having read a group of stories of fishing adventures that were quite so enthralling, and the charming thing about it was that they have to do with little home trips that only a master hand can depict. When the works of this pleasant writer are printed complete I hope to see the series of stories, "Now That Reminds Me," heading the list.

From the year 1902 to 1910 the name of this writer appeared in most of the outdoor magazines in America. In the latter year Smith became fishing editor on *Ouler's Book*, a position he held with credit for three years. In 1914 he became angling editor of *Outdoor Life* which he still holds with credit to his pen. This sums up the main features of this writer's life; a writer whose name will be added to the glowing list of angling immortals.

Vividness; a remarkableness of descriptive powers are closely associated with many specimens of this writer's work. For instance his portrayal of a mid-summer thunderstorm while out fishing:

"I looked, and what I saw caused me to toss my rod into the boat, regardless of consequences and reach for the anchor rope. The lowering westward sky was inky black, frosted along the upper edge with frothy, curling, white clouds. Vivid lightning incessantly flashed athwart the threatening heavens while thunder boomed and crashed like near-artillery. Had we lingered too long? I began to think that we had. The Mailman was at the oars and I held the steering paddle. How we worked, but the water-logged scow seemed only to crawl. When within twenty rods from the shore there came a sudden puff of wind that set the ripples dancing; then a few large drops of rain fell. The wind, more powerful than can be imagined, whirled our boat around in spite of our best efforts; but fortunately we had reached water a little less than waist deep, so we jumped overboard and hauled the boat to shore while the stinging rain-drops pelted us unmercifully. Then we tipped it against a rotten stump and crawled under. *How it rained!* The wind reached the velocity of a hurricane. The little lake was a seething, whirling maelstrom of angry water that spelled death in large letters to anyone who might be caught upon it. Upon



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the shore the mighty trees were tottering to earth before the devastating wind while others were rent and wrenched in twain by Jove's terrible lightning. All in all it was one of the worst storms it has been my fortune to behold."

That is stirring description, exceedingly well turned. From an essay "The Winter Woods" another example of his word artistry, I draw the following:

The architecture of new-fallen snow is beautiful beyond description. The woods are transformed by their white burden into a veritable fairyland, and you have only to gaze in one direction long enough to behold the glint of an evanescent wing, the glitter of priceless jewels. A black pine stump, capped with white becomes an altar at which the purest white-robed priest might officiate without sacrilege; and a gnarled and deformed tree trunk becomes an ivory statute when mantled by the spotless snow. Even a brown reed, the fragile remnant of a mid-summer golden rod lives anew, a bending, swaying thing of crystal whiteness—not less beautiful than in the days of its pristine beauty.

"A single spruce tree, transformed into a white spire of immaculate purity, by pounds upon pounds of glittering snow is more productive of spiritual thoughts than the tallest church spire of a smoke-begrimed city. The latter is man's attempt at soul expression, the former the result of the labor of the Great Master Craftsman. Would you behold cathedral spires such as never climbed the skies in the haunts of men? Would you behold beauties such as are imagined by painters and poets, only in their maddest moments. Then go to the winter woods where God lets his imagination run riot, building, and like a child at play, destroying that he may build again."

From the last quoted example of his work it can be seen that Warren Smith truly lives up to the boundless freedom of Nature: hating all narrow restrictions: choosing words of liberality in placing Nature foremost in our consideration of that which is beautiful on earth. As I have said Warren Smith, (as a student of Nature) is in knowledge of all these things. He is given to comparing the gloomy church with the beauties that he discovers a-field and a-stream and he shrinks from the former equally as he welcomes the latter. The world of Nature "is more productive of spiritual thoughts" to him than all the churches in the world. That is the way we

would want Nature viewed. To have a proper understanding of the world the preacher must study Nature. Some do: but they are in the uncomfortable and pitiful minority.

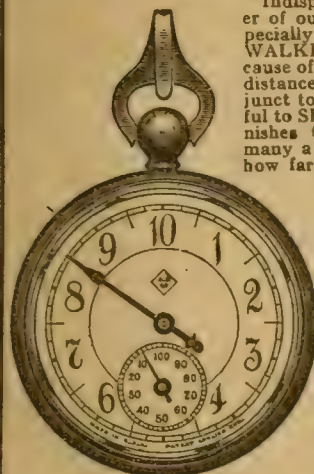
But it is in writing of angling that Warren Smith is at his best. When Smith captures a fish he can tell you about that event better than anyone that I know of amongst our present-day angling writers. Take for instance this exhilarating description relating to the capture of a black bass, with which I will close this skit. It follows:

"A sound from my reel attracted my attention; it was turning, not in a menacing manner, but slowly—inevitably as Fate. Fascinated, I impotently gazed. I looked under the willows for the glittering spot where but a moment ago I had seen my Silver Doctor. *It was gone.* A rapidly widening circle of ripples told where it had been. Experimentally I placed my thumb on the slowly revolving spool, and struck hard. Instantly a splendid bass leaped into the air, the shining water falling like rain from his golden sides. I came back to things terrestrial with a jerk, and the battle was on. O, boy that was a wise old bass. He had not escaped the nets at the mouth of the river without learning a thing or two. Three airy flights in rapid succession tested my tackle and proved that he could not easily rid himself of that tantalizing thing that clung so tenaciously to his upper lip. Then without a moment's hesitancy he made a fifty yard dash in record-breaking time, but found the pressure of the reel too insistent, and he went into the atmosphere turning a back somersault in midair. Then straight toward me he came, eliminating space with the speed of a twentieth century flyer, while my reel shrieked and groaned vainly trying to recover the slack, but despite its utmost efforts when the bass passed me he gained at least six yards of line and I trembled for the moment when he would snap tight. With thumb gently pressing the spool I waited for the crucial moment, knowing that the odds were in favor of the fish, but the fates were kind that day. I saw the gossamer thread tighten, and felt the inert spool spring into sudden life beneath my finger. Then I applied the drag with a force that set the line singing like an aeolian harp, as it went ripping through the water, and once again the fish leaped into the air, but I could see that he was weakening and knew that the battle was nearly over. A few spasmodic rushes, a few futile attempts to leap and he gave up the struggle."

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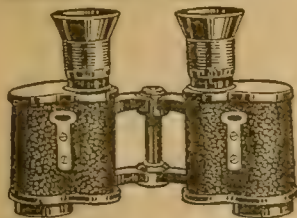
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A FISHERMAN'S PETITION.

*O Ananias! Father of all lies,
Inspire me here beneath these summer skies,
While I recline among mendacious guys,
That I, too, may depict the phantom rise
Of that "lost fish" of most enormous size,
Give me the patience to sit calmly by,
While amateurs with veterans gravely vie
Recounting deeds performed with rod and
fly,
Then help me tell the final, crowning lie!*

THE angler who lacks imagination is just no angler at all. It is always the colorful viewpoint that should engross the attention of those piscatorially inclined, and this being the case there will never be such a thing as a day without a catch, for what is lacking the mind will easily make up if given its own free sway. And so it is with angling. It is very much of contemplation aided and abetted by the wholesome imagination; it is the fancy wedded to the reality. Were we to court the wholly materialistic viewpoint we would see nothing in the day's fishing save the gross number of fish that we pour out on the grass of the lawn upon our return from the stream or the lake, as the case may be. But there being a sentiment of the soul in connection with the pursuit the narrowing materialistic viewpoint is gently guided into the background and there allowed to shift for itself, glum and forbidding, the while the rosy recountings are being mustered out in the fulfillment of blessedness evermore. Singularly enough the hours, days, weeks and months of anticipation of a coming season of fishing days are as much a part of the exquisite dream as the reality itself. Without

the space allowed one for ample speculation and anticipation the reality would not be half so acceptable; we need to be held away just so long from pleasure, allowing the sweets of the soul to tickle the mind's palate to realize more fully the joys of life when again the line is cast to water.

The wholly materialistic fisherman sees only the string, sack or creel full of fish that the stream yields him by fair means or foul. He is brutally sincere in telling you that he is out "after the bacon" and all the rest "contemplation and that" can go hang. We do not feel a hardness or bitterness toward him and we smile with the thought stored away in us that he is still an amateur in the game and that before long he will graduate into the school of fishers who fish also with the eyes and with the hearing as well as with a rod and line in the water. But though our friend the materialistic fisherman is sincere as regards most of the things he does he will yet tell you that he caught two at one time, and that this big fellow he played out in the current for fully an hour. He picks up the fish, and you view it carefully. Although there is a snare mark around the big fellow just back of its fore-fins there is that in you that shuts out suspicion completely. The only way you can see that the snare mark happened to be there was that as the fisherman brought the fish in close enough to him at the termination of the hour's fight he had a copper snare on a pole ready and skilfully snared the fish. And though he will tell you with the straightest face that ever was straight that he caught the bulk of the fish using artificial flies, when he *did* use worms you still are not in a mood to



Here, on the left, we have the size of a fish at capture, and, on the right, the same fish three years later as the story of that catch is rehearsed.

NOTE—I have asked the artist to be sure that the fish on the right be hung up with a heavy chain. An ordinary rope might break. If the fish should drop without warning it might crush the unoffending angler's foot.

question him. You meet a friend later who has also seen the fellow and though he hints briefly toward a suspicion that the fellow made use of worms still you hurriedly broaden out, close all by-ways with the information that you know positively that flies were used. If need be you will bring in some one who will prove to the skeptic's satisfaction that the fish were caught by means of the dry-fly floating daintily upon a glassy brim.

"It is sometimes said that there is such close relationship between mendacity and fishing that in matters concerned with their craft all fishermen are untruthful," says a former president of the United States, Grover Cleveland, himself a devout angler. "It must, of course, be admitted that large stories of fishing adventure are sometimes told by fishermen—and why should this not be so? Beyond all question there is no sphere of human activity so full of strange and wonderful incidents as theirs. Fish are constantly doing the most mysterious and startling things; and no one has yet been wise enough

to explain their ways, or account for their conduct. The best fishermen do not attempt it; they move and strive in the atmosphere of mystery and uncertainty, constantly aiming to reach results without a clue, and through the cultivation of faculties, non-existent, or imperative in the common mind. In these circumstances fishermen necessarily see and do wonderful things. If those not members of the brotherhood are unable to assimilate the recital of these wonders, it is because their believing apparatus has not been properly regulated and stimulated. Such disability falls far short of justifying doubt as to the truth of the narration. The things narrated have been seen and experienced with a fisherman's eye and perceptions. This is perfectly understood by listening fishermen, and they, to their enjoyment and edification, are permitted, (by a properly adjusted mental equipment) to believe what they hear. This faculty is one of the surest signs of full-blooded right to membership. If incredulity is intimated by a professional member no injustice will be done if he is at once put under suspicion

as a squaw-fisherman. As to non-members, who accuse true fishermen of falsehood, it is perfectly clear that they are entirely unfitted to deal with the subject. The only theory fitting the condition leads to the statement that any story of personal experience told by a fisherman is to the fishing apprehension indubitably true; and that since disbelief in other quarters is owing to the lack of apprehension, the folly of accusing fishermen of habitual untruthfulness is quite apparent."

I know an angling writer who sets down the most delightful accounts of fishing trips he enjoys on many waters. I helped him take photographs on a stream in the meadow back of his house and while the stream was inhabited by no other trout than German carp, the trout fishing along that stream was fine. My friend had a most cutting outfit, creel and all that. Here at the bend I took his picture in the act of netting a large one. The hook was inserted in a sunken log and the rod bent in an arc. It made a fine picture. We took other pictures, too.

Now I could not possibly disbelieve this angling friend of mine. I know he is an expert trout and I will match him against any other angling writer in this country. He knows how to get the fish. In this case he merely needed photos to go with an article; he could not place the article without the photos—and there you are. He was merely acting within the loftiest principles. This was a good picture, stream, and none of the streams he fished that had trout in them could possibly produce such pictures. A passer-by seeing us in the act of arranging a picture would be led to doubt the veracity of every statement my angling friend had made, or would make, merely because he had seen him fishing before the camera on a trout-less stream. Away with such nonsense!

Among anglers themselves there are few doubters. But outside of the charmed circle the atmosphere of agnosticism, even atheism as regards the truthfulness of fishermen, is simply appalling. Of late years this has increased to such an extent that many fishermen have been forced to cease buying fish in the markets and to go out in dead earnest in the endeavor to woo success. If a man brings home a large fish he is at once asked: "Where did he wash up?" or "I'll bet this one cost you a week's pay," and so on and so forth. A recent writer in airing the same views anent this subject states the case of the outsider very frankly. He says:

"It is said that the true test of the raconteur is the ability to tell a simple truth in so simple a manner that the reader can readily reach up on memory's shelves and find a duplicate among his own experiences of the story so simply told. But what if the tale relates to something really out of the commonplace, which, while absolutely true, may be considered improbable? What if it has to do with the personal experience of the writer, and bears his most positive assurance, in every part and parcel, of its absolute truth and verity? Oh, very well; it might be accepted with the requisite grain of salt; but, of course, if the tale bears the most remote relation to the gentle art of angling the whole briny ocean is necessary to make it acceptable to the most casual reader. Just why this unjust reputation should have been attained by our otherwise respectable cult is unexplainable. Possibly it dates back to the days of Jonah and the whale, before the unenlightened people of those days were conversant with the fact that a whale is not a fish, but the necessity for salt is obvious in every case where fish, or fish stories, are concerned. Alas, my brethren to what depths has our reputation fallen!"

The outsider can see angling only as two thirds falsehood and one third a fish that has been purchased. People regard the situation much as the negro boy in a class in the South whom the teacher was questioning. Said the teacher:

"Can you tell me what amphibious means, and give me a sentence to illustrate it."

The boy answered: "I know sah. It's lying. Most fish stories am fibious."

At this juncture I feel called upon to state what I think to be the honest convictions of many. While it is freely stated that nine out of ten anglers are wholesale liars, in no instance is the genuine *bona fide* proof of untruthfulness submitted for general inspection purporting to settle the matter once and for all as regards the piscatorial adventures recounted by any one of the nine out of ten anglers I have mentioned. It is regrettable that this is the case. It is also unjust. One can never tell but that this man or that man actually did catch the fish accredited to him; hence the wound inflicted can only be staunch-ed by the healing hands of time. There is a general statement that is going the rounds to the effect that anglers are ninety-nine per cent liars and one hundred and one per cent honest. That leaves only one per cent. for truthfulness left in the score. You may wonder where that one per cent went to.



"The ball instead of penetrating the head of the fish hit the spoon-hook at its junction with the line"

That's simple. It was added to the hundred per cent honestly score. Thus there is nothing lost neither is your big fish story discounted. But then a person not imbued with the ethics of piscatorialism can be counted on to disregard the fisherman's every promise. His eye merely skims over the surface of things. He does not go under the surface to get at and study out the facts. No one has stated the case so well, nor so accurately as the Reverend Lathan A. Crandall in his delightful book, "Days In The Open." He says:

"A gentleman told us of seeing a string of five fine bass and some fifteen or twenty sunfish and perch caught by a cottager who came over from an adjoining lake. The next day another gentleman gave an account of the same catch and the number of bass had increased to twenty-five. On the third day, as vouched for by another gentleman, there were one hundred bass in that string, and they averaged between four and six pounds. Now some suspicious individuals would scoff at the apparent discrepancies, but it is easy to reconcile the different statements. The first gentleman may have seen the catch early in the day, and the other accounts may have been based on later accumulations. Just why fish stories should be discredited so readily by those who do not fish it is difficult to understand. Why should a man who does not know the difference between a spoon-hook and an ostrich feather, and who cannot tell a sunfish from a rainbow trout, sit in judg-

ment upon the solemn assertions of experienced anglers? *This attitude of chronic unbelief concerning the testimony of honest men is unbecoming!*"

One often hears anglers tell of "the big one that got away." The moment one starts to tell about the big fish he snagged and which he had almost up to the boat;—as I say, about the time the story reaches this point the people listening begin to stir uneasily and find it hard to hold back the smiles that they cannot down. Then when the ribbon counter clerk chirps up with the inevitable question:

"Well, did you get him?"

You are bound to state truthfully enough that just as you were going to reach down and slip your fingers into his gills and lift him into the boat with one swift movement the fish gave one mighty flopping, flapping splashing exhibition of highly concentrated watery agility and the result was that the "big one got away." At this point you bow your head the while the assemblage roar out their insufferable and pent-up glee. They slap each others knees, they get up on the chairs, they pound on tables and one lies down on the floor and laughs so that it is deemed necessary to call the doctor. Through all this performance you are sitting watching first one, then the other, wondering what kind of exhibition is going to come off next and if you will come out of it alive. *If it keeps on a person will have to have a body guard surrounding him when he comes back from the lakes!*

Now that it is the big one that always gets away is nothing strange. The bigger they are the more certain they are of getting away, since the bigger they are the stronger and the more tackle tearing you will find them. I knew a fisherman one time who had had so many get away that he swore by the beard of a saint that the next big one he hooked onto he would get if it cost him his life. So he brought along a single barrel shotgun loaded with a ball cartridge—that is to say a ball in the end of the shell such as is used in deer shooting. As luck would have it the finest muscallonge in the lakes was hooked into that day. I believe the man who rowed the boat stated that it was a thirty-five pounder. After a long tussle the fish was brought up near to the boat. While the party of the second part held the rod and kept the fish from diving into the depths again the man with the shotgun took deliberate aim at the head of the fish and pulled trigger. *The ball instead of penetrating the head of the fish hit the spoon hook at its junction with the line. . . .*

And that's how another big one got away!

However, if a man has made a few gold medal or silver merit captures in his day and the fact is known, from then on he begins to enjoy life. However it is best to have a battery of cameras along to record the deed; and it has gotten so that you have to weigh the fish as you take him from the water in the presence of at least two reliable witnesses; and weigh him again two hours after capture because fish shrink when taken from the water. They don't like too much notoriety it appears.

A man with a few records or near records in his possession is fixed for life. He can get away with any fish story. In gatherings of his kind his word is listened to in silence and his advice is taken as a golden text; his recommendations as to piscatorial paraphernalia are as holy commandments. He never seeks office; he is welcome whenever he wishes to become the supreme guardian of his community.

The argument of a successful fisherman settles all arguments as to high-powered superiority. For instance Sam Jones and Mr. Peabody Green get into an argument and in the first essay made Mr. Peabody Green completely snows Sam Jones under. Mr. Jones is left without a word to say. But Sam Jones starts another argument a-going—an argument he thinks himself studied up on and able to hold his own in. But Mr. Peabody Green has studied that subject all

his life and the result is that again Mr. Jones is bearded, cowed and awed by this exhibition of learning that transcends anything he has ever come across. For a moment he is dejected and crestfallen the while Peabody Green draws a cloud of smoke from his cigar, blows it forth like a master-smoker, and then meditatively flicks the ashes from the end of his cigar. Sam Jones watches sidewise and envies.

Then of a sudden Sam Jones straightens up. The storm clouds disappear from his brow. A triumphant smile spreads over his countenance.

"O, by the way," he remarks, off-hand, as though it were a mere passing trifle, "did I tell you about the record catch of fish I made last week up on the Chain?"

Peabody Green winces, and gets smoke in his eyes.

"O," he says, "did you really have any luck?"

"Always do," returns Sam Jones. "And say I certainly put it all over these near-fishermen that go up there. But of course I have been hard at the game ever since I can remember. It comes natural with me. My father was a great angler and so was my grandfather. It seems to run in the family." Then as an afterthought: "Let's see, you have never taken a fish in your life have you?"

And Peabody Green has to admit he has not. He was brought up in a flat and never got beyond the limits of his home city until he was twenty-five years of age. He cannot tell a black bass from a shark, or a sun-fish from an eel. Under the penetrating gaze of Sam Jones, (looking down from his sun-crowned summits on the mere ant below), Peabody Green melts and instead of flicking off the cigar ashes at arm's length as previously, he hides the perfecto back of his coat to rid the tip of its pearly grey.

"And here are the photos I took of that catch," adds Sam Jones, bringing a set of prints from his pocket. "Here is the one with the twenty-five pound muscallonge on it; and here is that large pike. Harry, the old-timer up there says he don't recall ever having seen a larger pike caught in the lakes. Here is a picture of me playing the big one, and say that reminds me. . . ."

And he goes on to relate what took place with the confidence that only an angler feels when he knows he is in his element. Shortly, however, Peabody Green has to get off; it's his street next. He feels cheap and smiles weakly: "See you again," he says; and is gone.

All his years of learning and study, his intellectual supremacy and superlative polish have dwindled. Against the feat of Sam Jones he has nothing to offer. Sam Jones can fish, and when a man can fish, everything else vanishes infinitesimally into thin air. As

though to mock him as he goes home that night, Peabody Green sees a book on the rack at the old book store that cries out: "How To Fish: Learn In Three Lessons." But he does not care to learn.

Fishermen are born, not produced!

AROUND THE ROUND TABLE

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

MR. WALTER GREAVES of the Post office Department, Ottawa, Canada, writes in the following interesting strain: "I noted Mr. Lincoln's allusion to my "Massassaga" bass fly in a recent number of *Rod and Gun* referring to me as an expert fly-fisherman for black bass, (which I certainly claim to be). There is, however, one correction I desire to make in the event of anyone wishing to have the right formula for this fly, and that is that the wings should be guinea fowl with the large spots dyed bright yellow. This is important and for that reason I am mentioning it. I shall be pleased to give any further information in regard to this fly or my other patterns on hearing from interested anglers. I may add that this fly is an excellent killer in some waters. It should be dressed on hooks No. 1. I prefer the O'Shaughnessy with twisted gut eyes. I tried this fly on the Sebago Lake in Maine and caught 7 nice bass one afternoon, much to the surprise of a gentleman who said he had tried for bass there for several years but had never succeeded in getting the fish to take the fly. Another fly I have found very killing for bass is the Parmachene Belle dressed with bright silver body instead of a yellow body. It also kills salmon in some rivers when dressed on double hooks, Number 6. Give it a trial and I am sure that you will not be disappointed.

"I have experimented considerably in regard to what I have long desired to ascertain, namely: Why certain colours in salmon flies appear to possess greater attraction than other patterns in taking fish difficult to move; and, while I have not come to any definite conclusion I have satisfied myself on one

point, that being that salmon, as a rule are not partial to a fly containing much red or scarlet—at least that has been true in the waters that I have fished. I have found a fly (one of my patterns) with fiery-brown body, ribbed with gold, dark mallard or merganser wings, small jungle-cock cheeks, violet tail hackle, golden pheasant crest and green peacock head (a strange combination of colours) to be very killing. The Durham Ranger, Jock Scott, Silver Doctor, Silver Grey, Black Dose, Butcher and Lion are also excellent flies as most salmon anglers know. With these flies dressed on hook Numbers 4, 6 and 8 it seems to me one would meet with success in most of our waters. Another of my patterns, equally successful at times is made with bright silver body, tail, golden pheasant crest with butt of golden pheasant frills, tag, blue ostrich, hackle, black and gallina, wings, black crow with jungle cock cheeks, head, black ostrich. I also make this fly with mixed black and orange hackles. It certainly is a killer."

Mr. F. Hallam of 355 Queen Street, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, writes: "Our part of the country is a fine place for anyone wanting sport, we have plenty of partridge, deer, moose, caribou, lynx here, besides all kinds of fish; rainbow, speckled and salmon trout, bass, both small mouth and big mouth; also pike and maskinonge, perch and so-called fresh-water cod."

Mr. D. N. Grant, Chenier, Quebec, writes, asking the following questions: "We have lots of fine grey trout in this lake, but cannot

catch them during the summer months although lakes on each side of us contain apparently exactly the same fish and yet are readily caught at any time of the year. We have used every bait that we can think of or in fact have ever heard of. During the latter weeks of September and the first ten days of October we can catch all the grey trout we want to on an ordinary linen line and spoon troll down, I judge, about six or seven feet. We also have all kinds of a species of whitefish. I have heard them called the fresh-water herring. "During the twenty three years we have been here we have not caught more than four of them. I was fortunate enough to get a two and one half pound one on an ordinary spoon troll while fishing for pike. My mother also got one of three and one half pounds the same way. We have tried every lure and bait we can resurrect but cannot catch them. Could you explain these peculiarities?"

Your question about grey trout has been answered many times in the columns of *Rod and Gun* and for your benefit we are again giving our solution of the matter. In the spring and the early part of the summer the grey trout are generally found in the shallow water, but with the coming of the summer heats these trout (generally very sensitive to a heightening in the warmth of the water of the shallows) betake themselves to the deep holes of the lake, or lakes. This being the case there is nothing for one to do but go down into the deep places for them. As the autumn comes on, and the waters free themselves of heat the grey trout again come into the shallower water and the result is, as you have stated, you easily catch them in six or seven feet of water. I would suggest that you go down deep for the trout of the particular lake you mention, next summer, and you will find out that what I have said is true. You claim to have used every bait or lure that you have ever heard of in trying to get them. Better guess again, for I doubt if you have tried out the wobbling or darting spoons which have proven to be the best that can be tried on this particular trout. Any of the large sporting goods stores in New York City can furnish you with spoons of this type, as any of the large stores in Canada which regularly advertise in *Rod and Gun*. It will be too deep down for you to troll with a single line out in back of the boat after the usual way of trolling, therefore you will have to use the method I have mentioned many times in *Rod and Gun*. To the end of your line you

attach a dispey sinker of two or three ounce weight. This should pull the line almost straight down in the water. Now right above the sinker at the end of the line you attach a swivel, and to that swivel you attach a branch line of some three feet. To this line you attach the spoon or the hook with the minnow on it, whichever you are fishing. When you troll it will be found that while the line will be more or less perpendicular it will usually assume a quiet angle in the water, while, at the same time the branch line is running through the water more or less horizontally.

I trust that you will understand the above directions which are very simple to grasp.

Your second query in regard to the whitefish that will not bite I can say that that question has also been answered many times in *Rod and Gun*, or at least it may be said,—We have attempted to answer it. As is peculiar of the whitefish they rarely take the baited hook in one form or the other, and while at times some have been captured in the ordinary run of fishing, still this is contrary to the rule. If you can locate a section of the lake where you think these fish keep themselves it is not a bad idea to fill a paper sack of the sort that flour comes in full of meat scraps, old bread, etc. Have some holes distributed here and there all around it. Now attach a weight to it and sink it to the bottom. It is figured that the whitefish will be attracted to that sack and will get to feeding from the scraps. In due course of time a hook baited with a piece of fat from pork is let down to the bottom,—the pork bit to lie on the bottom. If the fish are feeding around the sack it will not be long before one samples your offering. If you see the line moving out let him have line so as to get it well in his mouth and then pull up, not sharply, however, for the whitefish have very soft mouths and the hook will tear out. The above is the only method I know of by which the whitefish may be taken. If you can attract in a school of them all well and good—you may have luck. But fishing with any variety of bait is no guarantee of success for it certainly is a peculiarity with this fish that it cannot readily be taken on the hook. Now and then we receive a letter from parts of western Canada telling of fine catches of whitefish being made with the hook, but as a rule fishermen return a case of no luck.

Doctor C. R. Huber, of Logan, Iowa, writes:

"I am much interested in the Lincoln-Gove letters on fly-dressing. Undoubtedly your efforts have marked a new era in the

fly-tying art. For the past two years I have been in the service of my country and have not kept up with the tide in outdoor circles but I am back again to the old love and have renewed my subscriptions to all my old favorites including the one and only *Rod and Gun*.

"I think that I shall confine myself strictly to the use of the fly from now on, not alone as a wielder of the fly-casting, rod, for trout, but often for that prince of stream fish—the small mouth. I reached home in time to spend some three weeks in August on St. Ignace Island in Nipigon Bay, Lake Superior, in quest of that aristocrat of fishdom, the speckled trout. My best effort was a four pounder. I did not catch him on a fly but on a spinner. I do want to learn to tie some real flies but how am I going to be able to do it if Dr. Harry Gove and yourself do not put out a treatise on the art of fly-tying?

"It would seem that a work on the art of fly-tying describing the materials and your new ideas in dressing the nature flies would, in a measure, repay you and would surely be a boon to thousands of anglers who want the best in flies and are willing to pay for them. All we can do is to buy the pretty feathers and tie the old time flies until something better is placed on the market.

"While I enjoy the Gove-Lincoln letters and think that the ideas are good still there is always something in the make-up of these flies that is kept in the dark, so why can not a book by you gentlemen be placed on the market for those who wish the best in fly-tying methods?

"I wrote Dr. Gove asking that he tie me some flies and I hope that he will condescend to do so. If the old flies are but poor make-shifts and unnatural as to insect life, where, pray tell me must we turn if both Dr. Gove and yourself do not place your productions on the market or give the world your new ideas in a work on modern fly-tying?"

Permit me to thank you for the kindly sentiments expressed in your letter which are received as only an angler receives a greeting from another enthusiastic member of the artful craft. I have in past numbers of *Rod and Gun* threatened to blossom out in print with a series of articles on fly-tying and while these vagrant papers have been delayed they will no doubt be forthcoming as soon as I have completed my experimentations which I intend shall be exhaustive. And that reminds me: you state that you are intending to go after the small mouth bass with the fly, and that is surely a good thing. The idea of anglers

going after the small mouth bass with unsavory plugs when they can be as readily taken on the flies, or with flies and small spinners in conjunction proves that there is yet much to be learned by fishermen in that line. Furthermore bass will take the flies more readily than the plugs, and the sense of satisfaction one gets from catching a few fine bronzen warriors of the sparkling stream or lake with the flies is surely a transcending emotion. Plug fishing for these gamey fellows is too much in the ordinary and beyond getting the fish there is not much to recommend the method. And that reminds me, as I have just stated that I have improved upon a bass fly that I shall get out for the coming season. I am confident that this fly will be well received in bass fishing circles all over the land. I have been so tied up in the common practice of making my bread and butter that I have had to give up many projects that I had in view, especially in line with fly-tying. This accounts for my being very slow in saying anything on the subject as I had intended to do big things. Fly tying is certainly an engrossing subject and even with the attention I have given if I feel that I have a world to learn. Some years ago, after Halford had come forth with his advanced expositions on the fly and fly tying it was generally thought that all had been said on the subject that could possibly be said. The end of the trail had been reached. We now consider that ridiculous. The ice has just been broken and the future should see a new era in fly tying that will completely overshadow the efforts of the past. The main trouble in the making of the floating trout fly I had written about is that my initial efforts were in the making of a fly that was rather large. By making the fly-large I was given the opportunity of working free and so using materials that on a smaller fly will be quite impossible. This large fly was tried out on wild waters and of course it made a good show—say To make that same fly in a smaller size, ing from Size 12 to 16 is quite another matter. However, I hope to have time again at my command so that I can master even the finer details in that portion of the art that pertains to the making of the fly that I had constructed. I do not like to be hurried in this business because, after all, that which is of angling and all that pertains to the craft is the world with me. I surround that subject with a great deal of my thought, more indeed, than I should—but that is always the case with the crank. Many of our findings, that have been

set down in detail in *Rod and Gun*, have, in the time that has elapsed, been acted upon and I am surprised by the wonderful specimens of flies that have been presented to me, made by enthusiastic followers of these directions. This is very pleasant indeed and I am always glad to have amateur fly-tyers send me their productions.

As I have said, we now know that only a good beginning has been made in the art of fly tying. We do know that flies and fish lures of all sorts and varieties have been made to sell by their looks, apart from what inherent value they may possess as genuine fish catchers. Now a fly or a bait of any sort may be made up in such a tasty looking manner as to deceive the human eye and judgment into believing it a sure-death unit. But what the fish think of it who are asked merely to kill themselves sampling it is quite another matter. This only goes to prove how extremely faulty the human judgment is. Fishermen are generally very liberal with their money from the poorest man up to the richest; they will *buy* and *try*, but they will not sit down and use their wits and study for themselves. They will say: "Well, if this bait or fly was good enough to spend time at making and in manufacturing there must be something to it," and as a rule they waste their whole time trying them out and with little result. It will be remembered that I made mention in *Rod and Gun* that I had intended to place certain flies on the market; I did not say for certain, but I had looked forward to that event. Circumstances however, prevented me doing this. In the meantime, upon the supposition that I was going right ahead, anglers sent me much money for these flies (figuring that I would charge two dollars a dozen for them) and this money I sent back for I would not send out a production that I was not sure was finished enough to meet with success. I have a reputation to keep clean and I intend to do this at any cost. When the time comes I will offer certain flies for sale, and will, at the same time write up how to make them in our magazine. I say that I will offer them for sale for the simple reason that a great number of sportsmen would rather buy their flies than make them,—and I don't blame them, for any man who has gone into fly tying knows how nerve tearing it is, and how exacting, if one is to make a good job of it. But, as I say, I will write up my details on fly making in *Rod And Gun* so that the fly makers may get in their licks. I have no tools to grind; what I find out I want

all to know. I am a child so far as knowledge of this sort goes but it takes often no more than a hint to get a person started in the right direction.

Incidentally I wish to correct a false idea that may have been grounded in many minds. That is the belief that fly makers make easy money. There is no easy money made in fly making I can assure you that. Besides my own efforts (and an inner knowledge of the experiences of three or four professional fly makers) I can surely say that they certainly deserve to make what profit there is in it. Of course I am speaking here of high grade work. Flies turned out wholesale by big manufacturers who possibly depend upon the sweat shops for their labor being done, naturally would make some profit. However, even big companies now, I am informed have taken to paying their wholesale fly tyers a wage that is certainly a hundred per cent higher than it was say, eight years ago, or even before the war. Taken by and large there is not much profit in fly tying in the present day in any branch of the service. Two dollars a dozen may sound steep as a price for good flies, but it is not. You will find out why when you sit down to make a dozen flies, putting all your labor and skill into it.

I could point out in any one of a hundred ways where modern fly tying and bait making is not only unnatural but impractical. This summer I had occasion to stop before a sporting goods store window to survey what they had to offer. It was all very brilliant and no doubt the nine out of ten were convinced that what was there represented was the acme of human inventiveness. Most of the plugs, save those made by the old, true and tried manufacturers were glossy and durable, appearing but a trial or two and they would split, the enamel would peel off, and they would be useless. The flies were also cheap, unsoundly tied with silk threads which, sooner or later would come undone and the fly would fall to pieces, unless re-tied. Then there were imitations of bugs and what-not, all slated to kill fish in great numbers. Then it was that I almost fell dead. I looked closer to assure me that I saw a-right and sure enough there on a card was an imitation of *what do you believe?* None other than our old friend, *the cockroach*. And that was to be used for trout. Think of it. . . . And over there next to it, what do you believe had been imitated for use in taking the soul-inspiring trout? *None other than the house-fly!!!*

One might just as well make an imitation of a bat or an owl with which to catch the trout as these. It all goes to prove the bluebeards that are abroad frisking the pockets of innocent Waltonians who should know better than to purchase this thrash. But to foist upon the public an imitation of a *cockroach* in this late day—on which to catch highly respectable trout mind you!—is perhaps the gravest insult that has ever descended upon man.

I often receive letters from beginners in the fishing game asking me what I think of rubber imitation angleworms, rubber helgranite, rubber grasshoppers, rubber frogs—and last, but not least an honest-to-goodness rubber leech. The whole outfit is not worth two red cents. The fact that this merciless array continues to appear upon the counters and within the cases points to the facts that there is a sale for it. How long will it be before honest men will cease to buy this junk? Only when they realize that at the cost of a few cents it need be, they can contrive off-hand a lure that will catch ten fish where one of these ludicrous bug-house performances catch but one; and that fish must surely be a totally unsophisticated fish I must say *and very young*. You can cut a spoon out of any bright-tinned can, add a swivel, attach a hook to one end of the spoon with some red feathers neatly tied to that and you can go out on most any Canadian lake and catch fish. If you doubt it, try your ingenuity at spoon-making some time and you will be surprised at the luck it will bring you.

I have been asked by a well known angler who has never visited Canada, but who would like to pay the north a visit next summer, object—fishing, just where he should make his initial try-out so as to get the best of all sorts of fishing, at the same time situated in a region of scenic beauty—a locality not too far from civilization, and yet not so near that it has been harmed by the destructiveness of man.

I must certainly recommend the French River and its confluent lakes. Indeed I know of no place where one can go to enjoy two or three weeks, or even two months than on this wonderful and far-famed river. It is surrounded by a forest of primitive grandeur, indeed much the same as the Creator made it. A few strokes of the paddle up from the town of North Bay and one might say he is in a total wilderness, which is very nearly true. The river itself is a marvel in every sense of the word. It is doubtful if there is a river

in the world with so many varieties of channel formation as this stretch of water. It twists and curves; it has falls, white waters, and long stretches of still water. Here the channel is extremely narrow and again it widens out into veritable lakes. Here there are cliffs on both sides; and here the forest comes down to the very water. Any variety of water may be had here and as for picturesqueness it is doubtful if there is anything in the north to equal it. Furthermore the territory furnishes what might well be called the *ne plus ultra* in that line.

In aiming to take in the French River one should start out from the town of North Bay, north of the city of Toronto. From this town too, one has access to the hinterland toward the Height of Land; also one can head in for the Temagami region. Remember, then, that you start from the town of North Bay.

It is a well-known fact that one can outfit right at North Bay, obtaining there everything needed from tackle to provisions, blanket to canoe, and last, but not least one can obtain an Indian guide; the Indian reserves in that region will supply your wants at a most reasonable rate of expenditure per day. The Indians here are Ojibways and are skilled canoeemen; in fact they know the ins and outs of the outdoor game and can, of course, be trusted. They know the region and its waters like an open book, since they have been brought up in that region and live and die there.

As I have stated you can purchase your stuff right at North Bay, but if you desire you can have your own outfit shipped north, which would include, say, your canoe. And right here let me state that if you are intending to ship north a canoe it is best to select an 18-footer, the so-called cruising canoe. The trouble with the 16-footer is that it is too small; for when your tents, dunnage, *et cetera* are included the 16-footer leaves very much to be desired. And as between a canvas-covered canoe and a basswood canoe it can certainly be said that the canvas-covered craft is the one that you should select. This recommendation holds good on all accounts. It is the ideal canoe. At the end of your trip you can sell the canoe in the north at very much the same that you paid for it, that is to say if it is in A-1 condition, which is almost always the case. A canoe in the north holds its value much the same as a diamond. If you do not wish to ship the canoe north you can rent or buy one at North Bay. Again

you can hire an Indian guide, and by adding a little more he will furnish the canoe.

The two big fish (and famous ones) to be found in the French River and its tributaries are the muscallonge and the small mouthed bass and it is highly doubtful if fishing for these two species of fishdom can be found under better conditions than in this region, on the French River in special. Fishing for the muscallonge and the small mouth bass in lake waters may be one thing, (and they may fight when taken on the hook and line) but it remains to try a stream reared specimen of either species before one knows what they really can do. The still waters of a lake do not imbue a fish with the same degree of activity or vitality that the rushing waters of a stream does. Here the fish are constantly forced to face the current and hold their own against it. By reason of this they have a "kick" to the tail that is every bit of a wonder. They are strong, and surprisingly active; also they are keen, very alert. Their fins are strong from breasting the surge of the waters and when they are taken you can be sure that they give an account of themselves that is well worthy the name. And as for the small-mouthed bass—the small mouth as is well-known is a stream fish and is there in its element. You may have caught small mouths in the lakes but they are not the same as the ones that live their lives in the rushing waters of the river or stream.

In the pools below white water you can get your small mouths using spinners with flies, or spinners alone, or flies alone as you like. Much still fishing for the small mouths is done along the French River—in the big pools. The one best bait on the French for small mouths is the crawfish, though live minnows and frogs are also in line for trial. But the expert man with the flies will eschew all of these and use the flies solely.

French River muskies run in weight up to thirty pounds though it must be admitted that within recent years the number of real big muskies that have been taken in this region has fallen down considerably. However, if one hooks up to a twelve or fifteen pound stream-reared musky I doubt whether he wants to go any higher. He will have his hands full. At that a ten pounder on the hook fights like an imaginary fifty pounder to the man new to the game.

Pickereel River, one of the confluents of the French River is perhaps as famous as the French itself owing to its unexcelled muscallonge fishing there to be found. The

waters widen into what might be termed veritable lakes, and in these waters the larger fellows hold themselves. Here one may cast for them or he may troll in the regulation manner. It is true that one needs to be quite an expert to troll and fight a large fish from a canoe but it can be done. One must kneel in the canoe, keeping his knees pressed against the sides and throwing the weight of his body thereon. One must also keep himself in the center of the canoe. Also it is well that one have along with him a twenty-two caliber pistol, say of the Stevens type. With one of these the fish can be marked down when it is near the canoe and shot through the head. A long barreled or short barreled Stevens pistol is a blessing to the man who is after large fish in the waters of the north. The including of one of these handy affairs may be the difference between saving a fish you have hooked or losing one.

It has been stated that you can obtain almost everything that you need for your trip up the French River right at the town of North Bay. This includes tackle, but I would recommend that you bring every article of tackle that you desire on your trip right along up north with you. This should include three or four extra lines of each kind: a suitable number of extra spoon-hooks: and extra everything, for you can never tell what you are going to lose or how you are going to lose it. Again one should have a heavier trolling rod and a lighter casting rod. Personally I suggest steel rods for I know they can utterly be relied upon—if they are made by a worthy firm.

When should we start out on this trip, will be asked: and right there I may say that Canada has about as many flies and winged pests as any place to be found on earth. These are particularly severe and troublesome in the early summer, June in special. Better conditions (as regards freedom from insects) occur beginning in the month of July. From the 15th of July upward things begin to look brighter. Date your trip from the 15th of July and you will be following a wise course and you certainly will not be missing anything. At that you will not be doing anything amiss to include in your outfit some fly dopes of which there are some mighty good ones on the market and some which you are able to make yourself right at home. A trip of this sort should of course be a camping trip and that means that you should include tents, especially shelter tents, for, as a rule, the wal tent, unless in a small size is out of considera

tion. The shelter tent is the one for the canoe trip and is given preference.

The photographer who wishes to go into the north for some pictures that are real pictures let him try this French River trip. It has been said that the flashlight photographer is in his element on this river for all sorts of wild game are found in abundance coming down to the water to drink in the evening and in the night. Camp scenes, picturesque forest scenes and so forth can be added to actual fishing pictures making it all

around a notable trip. In any event it is desirable that you include a camera of some sort; a small box affair of the three dollar size will take exceptionally sharp and clear pictures in the north. Out of three hundred photos taken with a three dollar camera I was able to use upwards of a hundred in the magazines in papers.

As your initial trip into Canada try this French River trip and if you don't like it you certainly are hard to please—in which case we'll have to recommend some other region.

Re Sock-eye Salmon

Angling Editor's Comment:—An exceedingly broad statement, that was misinterpreted, appeared in a recent number of *Rod and Gun*; the article containing the said statement was the following in "Around The Round Table" in the September Number, *Fishing Notes*. It read, (about the sock-eye salmon):

"Mysterious as are the lives of the other salmon as an individual member, as a separate species the sock-eye is the most mysterious. They present a complex problem indeed for they are indented with one river alone, the Fraser River of British Columbia and will go up no other."

Mr. R. C. W. Lett of Winnipeg states in a communication to this magazine that he, personally, has seen thousands of sock-eye salmon in the Skeena River. He also quotes from the *Canadian Finance* which says that the sock-eye pack from the Skeena was valued at \$2,700,000.

The mistake was mine. The sock-eye (*Sukkegh*) also known as the *blueback* and the Alaska *red salmon* is found spawning in the rivers of Alaska (and in this latter state are found by the millions), but I did not know that any other river save the Fraser of British Columbia had a representation of the sock-eye, at least in over-whelming numbers. In the states bordering on the Pacific few, if any, sock-eye are found for the simple reason that this salmon will not spawn at the head of any

river save where a stream flows into a lake. In California there are no sock-eyes, for the Sacramento River is not fitted, (by a lake-fed character) to interest the sock-eye. In Oregon, so far as I know there are no sock-eyes; there are none to be found in the Rogue River. There are none in the Columbia River of Washington so far as I know; or, at least in no great numbers. I say this even in the face of the assertion made by a writer that: "There are many (sock-eyes) in the Columbia. They run with the Chinook salmon, but sometimes, when a stream forks, each salmon goes its way; the Chinook to the snow-fed branches, the red salmon to the head of the lakes." The attempt of the fish commissioner, Mr. Darwin, to turn the sock-eye into the Samish may make the State of Washington a sock-eye state but at present, (aside from the above attempts) this section is not well fitted for the sock-eye.

In British Columbia the sock-eye is found in its greatest numbers and the Fraser is the big spawning river. I had not heard that any other river in British Columbia was a sock-eye spawning stream. In the Yukon River the sock-eyes run up 1,800 miles to spawn with suitable conditions found at Lake Labarge.

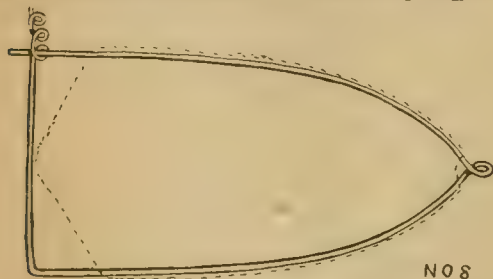
In line with the assertions made by Mr. Lett it would be highly interesting to know more about the runs of the sock-eyes up freshwater rivers to spawn, eaching from Washington to Alaska.





MAKING A FUR STRETCHER.

A splendid stretcher for your furs can be

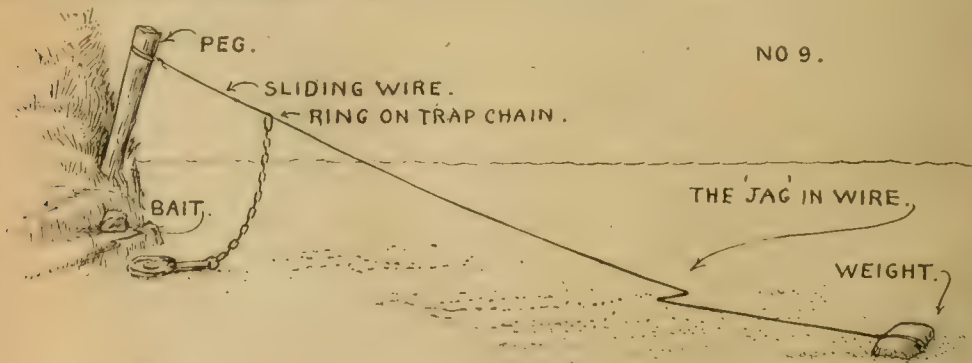


made with a heavy weight wire fashioned in

the manner of the illustration. For muskrat skins, procure a piece of wire about forty-eight inches long; first make an "e" twist about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches from one end and then fashion after the manner of a properly stretched skin.

A SLIDING CHAIN SET, KINK.

If the water is deep, place a heavy weight on one end of your long wire on which the chain is held. In the water near the weight put several "jags" large enough for the ring of the trap to slide over when going to the end of the wire.



The Clam

PHYLLIS MOORE

The boisterous eager curious waves
In blown spray leap the dune
To listen to strange hidden lips,—
A gently whispering croon.

And lush caressing summer tides
Bring murmurs from the sea;

The opal mists speak o'er their nest;—
They answer:—"Mystery."

So dark and cool their sandy bed
In mother Earth's soft breast;
A miracle in slumber,—they;
Shell-wonders wooing rest.

A FEW NOTES ON THE WILD GOOSE ALONG THE ATLANTIC COAST.

BONNYCASTLE DALE

The "Canada Goose" is the one seen in huge flocks in Port Joli Harbour, N. S. Among these flocks may be seen a very few "Lesser Canadas," geese marked almost exactly like their big namesake but weighing only about half i.e. some six pounds. From the oldest records these birds have always wintered here. They started to arrive in the last week of October and they are still arriving now—in late December.

I have tried long and hard to keep track of their numbers but this last cold snap—and it is no snap either!—shut me up, telescope and all. I made out about five thousand by December the first. Since then they have been arriving nightly in flocks of ten to a hundred. Allowing that a thousand a night arrived we have about twenty thousand in the harbour this chilly morning—No! I am not going out to verify the numbers. It is 5 above—our coldest weather.

They are perfectly safe too. They have the distances measured off to a nicety. As these gunners have always been using very heavy shot (they call number one "fine shot") such as 2A, and 3A, they have taught the birds to fly out of range of our mid-continent, sixes and fives and fours. We are going to copy our neighbours re shot. Laddie is casting some about the size of marbles—and we are going in for one of those captured German guns—to get even—as the heaviest gun here weighs only nineteen pounds. Say it slowly to get the full significance.

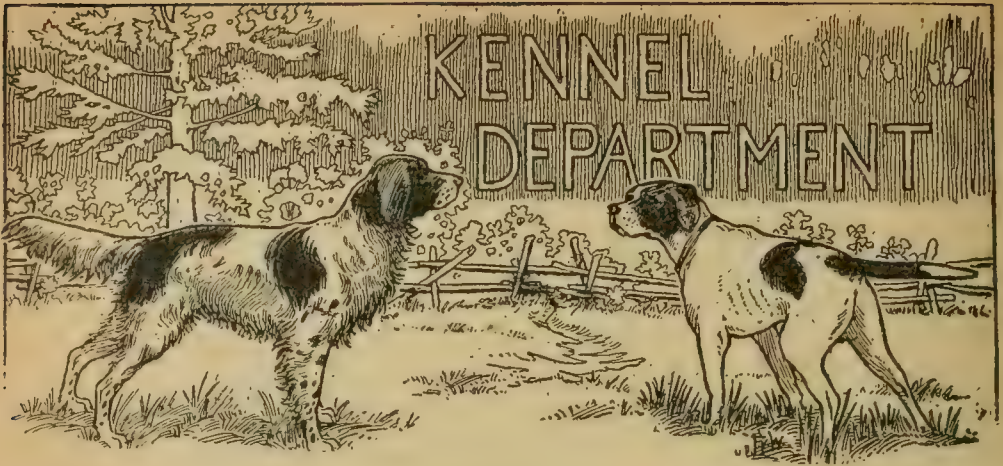
As there are several weeks in which the laggards may arrive I will later give you a fair count. But I think any hundred thousand count is A count of no account. It is a wonderful sight from where I write this—long black lines of geese. Thousands of redlegged and yellowlegged black ducks—but this is a preserved harbour—so stay at home boys.

The geese are killed as they fly over the hills—now called "Goose Hills."



Record of Game Killed in Cassair District for Year 1919. Compiled by J. Frank Calbreath from the Official Measurements

NAME	ADDRESS	GUIDE	Locality Hunted	MOOSE			CARIBOU		GOAT			SHEEP			BEAR	
				No. Sp.	Palm	Pts.	No. Sp.	Pts.	No. Sp.	Base No.	Spd.	Lgth.	Base Black	Gtlyz.		
Capl. L. N. Palmer	New York	Little Dick	Sheelay and Nahlin	1 53	30	x14	30	2 47 1/2	51 1/2	43 1/2	2 10 1/2	5 1/2	*3 21 1/2	36 1/2	15	5 8 ft. 6 in.
H. S. Leyman	Cincinnati	George Williams	Klappan	1 45 1/2	29 1/2	x10	20	2 35 1/2	49 1/2	41	2 10 1/2	6 1/2	2 24 1/2	30 1/2	15	1
W. S. Mead	New York	McCluskey	Klappan	1 46 1/2	26	x9 1/2	20	2 50 1/2	52 1/2	42	2 10 1/2	5 1/2	2 24 1/2	30 1/2	15	1
E. Mathinkrodt	St. Louis	Packer Johnnie	Glacier Lake	1 41 1/2	23	x7 1/2	15	2 44 1/2	48	27	1 9 1/2	5 1/2	2 27 1/2	36 1/2	15	1
W. H. Stedman and Wife	St. Louis	Bob Reid	Glacier Lake	1 40 1/2	23	x7 1/2	15	2 44 1/2	48	27	1 9 1/2	5 1/2	*3 26 1/2	35 1/2	15	2
Kenley Adams	St. Louis	Doogan	Speelay and Nahline	1 48	29	x10	19	2 37 1/2	47 1/2	21	1 8 1/2	5 1/2	*3 22 1/2	43 1/2	15 1/2	2
Kenley Hunter	New York	Lew Decker	Speelay and Nahline	1 51	36	x14	30	2 43	53 1/2	30	1 9 1/2	6	*3 25 1/2	32 1/2	15 1/2	1 5 ft. 6 in.
Gale Hunter	New York	Lane Dick	Nahlin and Nakina	1 51 1/2	32	x13	30	2 40 1/2	55	31	1 10 1/2	6	*3 19 1/2	34	15	
J. T. Hoover	Uniontown, Pa.	Billy Fann	Nahlin and Nakina	1 48 1/2	33	x11	2									7 ft. 11 in.
J. H. Hoover	Uniontown, Pa.	Tom Dunston	Nahlin and Nakina	1 53 1/2	29	x12	20	2 37	45 1/2	38	3	9 1/2	*4 28	39 1/2	14	27 ft. 6 1/2 in.
Dr. A. W. Elling and Wife	Albany, N. Y.	Dennis	Klappan	1 53 1/2	29	x12	20	2 37	45 1/2	38	3	9 1/2	*4 28	39 1/2	14	27 ft. 6 1/2 in.
Dr. T. Arbutnot	Pittsburg	Charles Quast	Dease Lake	2 41	53		34	1 8 1/2	5	2 25 1/2	33 1/2	14				27 ft.
G. Arbutnot	Pittsburg	Pat McCluskey	Dease Lake	2 35	56 1/2		32	1 8 1/2	5	2 19 1/2	33 1/2	14				7 ft. 4 in.
George McGodley	New York	Bob Abesta	Klappan	1 51 1/2	38	x12	25	2 29 1/2	50 1/2	35	2 9 1/2	6	2 22	37	14	47 ft. 1 in.
F. S. Groves	Philadelphia	Bear Lake Billy	Klappan	1 48	30 1/2	x12	24	2 43 1/2	58 1/2	33	2 11 1/2	6	2 25 1/2	36 1/2	15 1/2	7 ft. 1 in.
Dr. C. S. Mills	Philadelphia	John Colbert	Klappan	1 46 1/2	24	x12	19	2 37 1/2	54 1/2	35	2 9 1/2	6	2 23	39 1/2	14	25 ft. 1 in.
Al. Jones	Godby Wyo.	Bennie Frank	Klappan	1 46 1/2	23	x10 1/2	18	2 36 1/2	46 1/2	38	2 9 1/2	6	2 28 1/2	33 1/2	13 1/2	7 ft. 3 1/2 in.
H. A. Aslett	New York	Larry Marten	Dease Lake	1 47 1/2	30	x10	19	1 39 1/2	52 1/2	33	2 2	2	2 28 1/2	33 1/2	13 1/2	46 ft. 1 in.
E. A. Aslett	New York	Pete Henio	Dease Lake	1 50 1/2	35 1/2	x12	23	2 48 1/2	55	35	1 10 1/2	6 1/2	2 26	40 1/2	13 1/2	17 ft. 1 in.



Canadiad National Field Trials

FRANK H. WALKER

The sixth annual field trials of the Canadian National Field Trial Club were run off November 18 and 19, two miles south of the old historic town of Sandwich, Ont. The grounds on which the trials were run are just southwest from the city of Detroit, and when one can see dogs handling quail, then turn around and see Detroit, with its big buildings, just across the river in the distance, it speaks a lot for the protection of wild life Essex County is getting. There are about fifteen square miles of territory which cannot be beaten on the American continent for quail grounds. A large portion of the land is rather light and sandy, which makes it easy for the spectators to follow the dogs afoot. The balance is owned by the Canadian Steel Corporation, on which shooting is strictly prohibited at all times, and on these grounds the club will have plenty of birds and rabbits for years to come.

The lunches served in the field have always been a feature of these trials, and they were better this year than ever. Emile Seguin, Edward Gray, and Bruce Bennett, the committee in charge, are to be congratulated for their hospitality in serving the lunch, never excelled in bounteousness, with all trimmings pertaining thereto. Nobody was omitted or neglected, and the man whose appetite for the "luscious bivalve" was not satisfied should see a doctor. Among the visitors present were Dr. C. A. Bromley, Harry Barger, Mr. and Mrs. G. Able and daughter, Mr. J. McConnell, Mr. T. Beath, Minor Gregg, Mr. J. Craig, Mr. J. Edwards, of Detroit, Mich. F. H. Mason, C. H. Mason of Port Huron,

Mich. Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Ridenour, of Dowagiac, Mich. Tom Gilbert, James Hendricks and daughter, Edward Gray, Emile Seguin, Tom Gray, Jack Thracher, of Sandwich, Ont. J. J. Spracklin, Mr. Bruce Bennett, F. H. Walker of Windsor, Ont. and many others. They all followed the dogs daily and, wonderful to tell, they were all satisfied with the running of the trials.

The judges for the bird dog events were Tom Gilbert of Sandwich, Ont., and J. J. Spracklin of Windsor, Ont. They both have been professionals who have run dogs in open trials East and West, and with birds plentiful they had an easy time placing the dogs. The beagle trials were judged by A. J. Ridenour of Dowagiac, Mich., with Tom Beath of Detroit, Mich., as an assistant. The club is to be congratulated on securing the services of Mr. Ridenour, and we believe every competitor went away satisfied that the dogs were placed right in all instances.

THE BIRD DOG WINNERS

The first event on the card was the All-Age Stake for bird dogs, with nine starters. Pepp's Honey Boy, owned by Dr. C. A. Bromley of Detroit, Mich., the winner of this event, is a son of that good Llewellyn, Pepp Wind'em D, and by winning this event for the second year on clean bird work proves that he is a finished dog. Second place went to Toby Kent, one of the few good living sons of Manitoba Rap, and is owned by F. H. Mason of Port Huron, Mich. Toby has the class when handling birds, but in this event was a little unsteady to wing, which made the going easy

for Honey. Bird D, the third placed dog, is a large white, black and tan setter bitch, owned by Minor Gregg of Detroit, Mich., not fast or wide, but a good shooting dog, which hunts the birdy places, and she showed that she had the nose in both her heats.

The Derby was not a large one, having but two entries, but it was good from the start. The winner was Rap's Proctor, a daughter of John Proctor, and is owned by Harry Barger of Detroit, Mich., who is a beginner in the field trial game, but in Rap's Proctor he has a dog with the nose and, as for speed, she has that.

The start was made from headquarters in Windsor at about 8.30 Tuesday and after a drive in autos of about four miles the first brace was cast off in a stubblefield, just south of the old Jockey Inn. The weather was clear and fine, with scenting conditions good.

Essexfield Lady—Toots Whirlwind.—Cast off in stubblefield, going south, both dogs went off at a shooting dog pace, Toots going wider than the setter. Working through ragweed to the edge of bush, a bevy was seen in the air, with both dogs in the thicket, and a little further on another lot of birds were seen flying wild. By this time both dogs were hunting hard, but neither of the dogs was seen on birds. Down 8.45, up 9.15.

Toby Kent—Stix Lady.—This brace was put down at the edge of the Yawkey bush, worked through ragweed into bush. Toby, going down through swale, banged into a nice bevy, but owing to the high wind that was blowing at this time he was undecided at this point, and his handler sent him on, but the birds were right in front of him and when flushed both dogs gave chase, but stopped at command. Sent on, both dogs were soon on singles, but owing to the high wind they handled them very raggedly. Down 9.25 up 9.55.

Bird D—Pepp's Honey Boy.—Cast off at the edge of a large thicket, both dogs went to work quickly and for a while they could not be seen, but Bromley soon called point and there was a rush to the spot. By this time Gregg had Bird up backing. Bromley went up, flushing the birds, directly in front of Honey: both dogs steady to wing. Sent on, Honey was soon on the other side of the hill among the singles, and handled four very nicely. On going back to auto, carrying the dogs, spectators walked up a bevy. Down 10, up 10.30.

Alford's Frank—Rodney Dru.—Cast off in cornfield, they worked toward bush. Both

dogs at this time were working nicely. Near edge of bush a bevy was seen flying, with both dogs chasing. After their handlers got them steady among the singles, it was first one, then the other, to chase every bird flushed. Down 10.40, up 11.10.

Second Series

Stix Lady—Daisy Dru Boy—Boy was the bye dog. Put down in cornfield, they both went away stylishly and fast, but Lady soon out-classed her braccemate in every respect. Boy, being a first season All-Age dog, did well, considering he has had no field work to speak of, but he is going to improve. Down 11:15, up 11:45.

Toby Kent—Pepp's Honey Boy.—Cast off in weed-field, both dogs went out well, being independent of one another at all times. On the edge of scrub oaks Bromley called point and when the judges came up both dogs were pointing independently on the same bevy. Birds were flushed, with Honey steady to wing Toby breaking, but stopped at command. Sent on from here, both dogs were soon on a feeding bevy, roading them across stubblefield into thicket, but could not locate, as the wind was blowing hard at this time. Three birds were walked up by the judges on the return. Down 11:50, up 12:25.

Bird D—Toby Kent.—Put down on the edge of scrub oaks, Toby got away to a good start on the right. Bird, also going wide on the left, but cutting back in circles to her handler most of the time, she being a little confused hunting quail, after being in the Michigan woods all Fall on partridge. Toby was seen in hollow making game and soon froze onto a stylish point. Bird, coming in from front down wind, flushed birds in Toby's face, both breaking to wing, but stopping on command. Down 12:30, up 1.

SUMMARY

OJIBWAY, ONT., November 18.—Canadian National Field Trial Club's All-Age Stake. Nine starters, five English setters and four pointers. Judges, Thomas Gilbert and J. J. Spracklin.

Essexfield Lady, white, black and tan setter bitch, breeding not given. F. H. Walker, owner and handler.

With

Toots Whirlwind, liver and white pointer bitch, by Alford's Whirlwind—Connolly's Queen. Dr. C. A. Bromley, owner and handler.

Bird D, white, black and tan setter bitch, breeding not given. Minor Gregg, owner and handler.

With

Pepp's Honey Boy, white, black and tan setter dog, by Pepp Wind'em D—Ruby Dru. Dr. C. A. Bromley, owner and handler.

Alford's Frank, black and white pointer dog, by John's Timorah—King's Sister's Sioux. F. H. Walker, owner and handler.

With

Rodney Dru, white, black and tan setter dog, by Pride of Gibraltar—Sally Winifree Rodstone. E. J. Seguin owner and handler. Toby Kent, lemon and white pointer dog, by Manitoba Rap—Gypsy Jingo. F. H. Mason, owner; F. H. Walker, handler.

With

Stix Lady, liver and white pointer bitch, breeding not given. Dr. C. A. Bromley, owner and handler.

Daisy Dru Boy, orange and white setter dog, by Roy's Ramson—Daisy Dru, a bye. Fred Drouillard, owner; Ed. Gray, handler.

II

Stix Lady with Daisy Dru Boy.

Toby Kent with Pepp's Honey Boy.

Bird D with Toby Kent.

Result

1st—Pepp's Honey Boy.

2d—Toby Kent.

3d—Bird D.

DERBY

Rap's Proctor—Billy Rodney.—Rap's Proctor ran a snappy heat, fast and fair in range, and hunting her ground intelligently. She pointed a bevy in stubble, handling them well, but broke to wing. Billy was a dog sent in all out of condition, but ran a good heat considering that he is a young puppy of nine months.

SUMMARY

OJIBWAY, ONT., November 18.—Canadian National Field Trial Club's Derby Stake, open to pointers and setters whelped on or after January 1, 1918. Two starters, both English setters. Judges, Thomas Gilbert and J. J. Spracklin.

Rap's Proctor, liver and white pointer bitch, by John Proctor ———. Harry Barger, owner and handler.

With

Billy Rodney, orange and white setter dog, by Rodney Dru —Daisy Dru. Callix LeBeouf, owner; E. Seguin, handler.

Result

1st—Rap's Proctor.

2d—Billy Rodney.

BEAGLE WINNERS

Sprack's Charlie, winner of thirteen-inch All-Age, is a low-set twelve-inch dog and was

bred by our late member, F. A. Johnston, but is now owned by J. J. Spracklin. Charlie is not fast, but is always going where the rabbit is going. Jip, second, is a nice worker, but at times runs mute to trail. On account of this fault the judges could not get a line on her. Little Mollie, third, did not run to the form expected on her. We think she has been overworked, as she has been in the Michigan woods all Fall.

Leader, winner of the fifteen-inch All-Age, is a well-made dog all through and in his two heats demonstrated to the spectators that he was the class dog at the trials. Sprack's Charlie, placed second in this event, ran better with the big dogs than he did in his own class, and won his place easily. Jip, third, also ran a fine race, but was not running in the luck the other dog had.

Little Lady proved that she was a class Derby and we feel that her owner has not given her justice by only letting her start in this trial. Mack's Flash is a well-made little bitch, with the speed and trailing instinct, and is going to improve with age.

The beaglers and spectators did not leave Windsor until 9 a.m. Wednesday. The weather was getting very cold on the way to the trials, but by the time the judges called for the first brace of dogs, conditions could not have been better.

THIRTEEN-INCH ALL-AGE

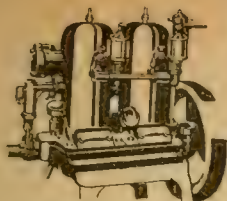
The first brace was put down at 9.30 and just as the start was made Judge Ridenour kicked up a rabbit that was a good runner.

Sprack's Charlie—Little Mollie.—Put on line, Charlie opened up with a long drive to check. Mollie was running mute to trail. After some hard hunting Charlie lifted check for another long drive, around a large thicket to loss. Mollie did not run as was expected of her, as she depended on her bracemate. Charlie started another rabbit, which was a small one, but a good runner; Charlie driving hard when ordered up, Mollie improving. Down 9:30, up 10:05.

Jip—Beauty.—Dogs were put down in small swamp, where a rabbit was soon seen running. Dogs were put on, but could not lift. In this brace there were four rabbits started, neither dog lifting any of the trails. Beauty was inclined to babble, which made it bad for her bracemate. It was a poorly run heat. Down 10:15, up 10:45.

Second Series

Jip—Sprack's Charlie.—Put down in thicket, Charlie soon had a rabbit on the move, with Jip harking in. Jip was a better dog



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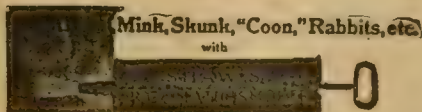
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in this heat, being down with a dog which was not babbling. After driving to a loss, Charlie started another rabbit, taking it for a long steady drive to check. Jip worked out check, but was beaten to the lead by Charlie, both driving hard when ordered up. Down 10:55 up 11:30.

SUMMARY

OJIBWAY-ONT., November 19.—Canadian National Field Trial Club's Thirteen-inch All-Age Stake, for dogs and bitches thirteen inches and under. Four starters. Judges, A. J. Ridenour and Tom Beath.

Sprack's Charlie, orange and white dog, breeding not given. J. J. Spracklin, owner and handler.

With

Little Mollie, black, white and tan bitch, by Afton Dandy Boy—Beauty. James Hendricks, owner and handler.

Beauty, black and tan bitch, breeding not given. James Hendricks, owner and handler.

With

Jip, white and tan dog, breeding not given. Mr. McConnell, owner and handler.

II

Sprack's Charlie with Jip.

Result

1st—Sprack's Charlie.

2d—Jip.

3d—Little Mollie.

FIFTEEN-INCH ALL-AGE

After lunch the judges called for the fifteen-inch All-Age dogs and bitches. There was some good driving done by the winning dogs of this event.

Afton's Dandy Girl—Dandy's Boy.—Put down in scrub oaks, it was a little while before any work was done. Girl decided to self-hunt and bolted away by herself and Able spent practically all the running time getting her back on the course. A rabbit was started and Dandy brought to line, but could not lift it. Down 12:30, up 1.

Leader—Jip.—Started in weedfield, Leader soon had a rabbit running. Jip was put on, but did not catch up till the check. Leader worked out check and took bunny for a long drive around a large thicket, with Jip harking in and putting up a nice race. Rabbit was seen to pass the spectators on both trips around, and at loss Leader promptly cut through thicket and started another rabbit, Jip falling into line, dogs driving hard when ordered up. Down 1:10, up 1:50.

Sprack's Charlie—Little Mollie.—Put down at the edge of small swamp, Charlie had a

rabbit running in a few minutes for a nice drive to check, with Mollie harking in at times, but a little inclined to self-hunt. Another rabbit was started by spectators and dogs put on, Charlie taking the lead, driving to a loss, with Mollie harking in, and at this time seemed to improve. Down 1:50, up 2:15.

A move of about two miles was made onto some new grounds to run the second series. The grounds were in better shape and held more rabbits than was expected.

Second Series

Sprack's Charlie—Jip.—Started in weedfield and worked toward gravel pit, a big hard-running bunny was kicked up and dogs brought to line. Charlie started off to a good drive, with Jip trailing well. They took rabbit around pit twice for a good drive, then into an open field, across field into swamp, both dogs driving when ordered up. Down 3:10, up 3:45.

Leader—Dandy's Boy.—Put down in scrub oaks, Leader soon had a rabbit on the move for a long drive across bush, with Dandy following trail slowly. Leader drove rabbit into a pile of timber and out the other side. When the judges saw the rabbit they promptly ordered dogs up, as this was the best piece of driving seen in the trials.

SUMMARY

OJIBWAY, ONT., November 19.—Canadian National Field Trial Club's Fifteen-inch All-age Stake, for dogs and bitches. Six starters. Judges, A. J. Ridenour and Tom Beath.

Leader, white and tan dog, breeding not given. J. J. Spracklin, owner and handler.

With

Jip white and tan dog breeding not given. Mr. McConnell owner and handler.

Afton's Dandy Girl, white, black and tan bitch, by Afton's Dandy Boy—Charmion Nellie. George Able, owner and handler.

With

Dandy's Boy, white, black and tan dog, by Afton's Dandy Boy—Beauty. James Hendricks, owner and handler.

Little Mollie, white, black and tan bitch, by Afton's Dandy Boy—Little Beauty. James Hendricks, owner and handler.

With

Sprack's Charlie, lemon and white dog, breeding not given. J. J. Spracklin, owner and handler.

II.

Sprack's Charlie with Jip.

Leader with Dandy Boy.



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Result

1st—Leader.

2d—Sprack's Charlie.

3d—Jip.

THIRTEEN-INCH DERBY

The judges did not waste any time in calling the thirteen-inch Derby. As there were only two entries in this event, they wanted to finish early.

Mack's Flash—Little Lady.—Put down in scrub oaks, a rabbit was soon started by spectators and dogs put on, but could not carry it far. Lady started another one for a great drive, with Flash harking in and running well to loss. Another was started, with Lady doing all the heavy driving and Flash running true to trail. Dogs could be heard driving when ordered up. Down 4. up 4:40.

SUMMARY

OJIBWAY, ONT., November 19.—Canadian National Field Trial Club's Thirteen-inch Derby, for dogs and bitches whelped on or after January 1, 1918. Two starters. Judges, A. J. Ridenour and Tom Beath.

Mack's Flash, white and brown bitch, by Uncle Sam—Afton's Flash. Mr. McConnell, owner and handler.

With

Little Lady, white and black bitch, by Billy Sunday—Beauty. James Hendricks, owner; J. J. Spracklin, handler.

Result

1st—Little Lady.

2d—Mack's Flash.

This concluded the running of the Canadian National trials. The two proposed Championships to be run under Canadian-Kennel Club rules were called off on account of the lack of entries.

The Canadian National Club will hold another meet next year, at the same location, with an added attraction of a four night show for sporting dogs, to be held while the trials are in progress. All the events will be recognized by the Canadian Kennel Club. And every beagler and bird dog owner is cordially invited to attend the 1920 field trials.



No. 5---Canadian Natural History Photos

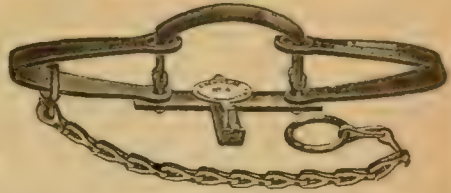
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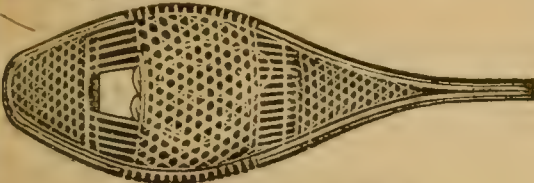
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The Toronto Indoor Rifle League commenced its season in the first week of January, when the Irish "A" team and the St. Lawrence Firsts won their matches, and North Toronto and the Grenadiers tied after a close and exciting match. Owing to some misunderstanding regarding dates, the match between the Queen City and York Associations fell through, but will probably be arranged to take place later in the season. The St. Lawrence seconds were a "bye." Scores were;

St. Lawrence Firsts.

J. Fitzgerald.....	33
J. Monkman.....	34
J. G. Pilkey.....	30
M. H. Rutledge	34
W. Heist.....	33
C. B. Randlett.....	35
J. E. Kennedy.....	33
G. F. Dove.....	31
J. W. Smith.....	35
S. Dean.....	34

Total 332

Exhibition R. A.

J. Wood.....	33
C. Stinton.....	30
W. C. Dymond.....	31
D. McKenzie.....	35
C. Clapham.....	30
F. Ballantyne.....	34
G. Lawrence.....	33
J. Thomas.....	32
E. Plumley.....	33
W. L. Dymond.....	35

Total 326

Irish "A"

A. H. Sharp.....	35
I. Sharp.....	35
W. A. Hawkins.....	35
A. R. Humphreys.....	35
H. J. White.....	35
C. M. Gratz.....	35
A. Emo.....	35

W. J. Kingdon.....	33
W. G. Lake.....	33
W. J. Bennett.....	31

Total 342

Irish "B"

J. A. Carstairs.....	33
D. Craig.....	33
J. E. Clemence.....	35
R. Kerr.....	33
W. Corbett.....	33
R. Freeborn.....	33
A. J. McCusker.....	35
H. Cusack.....	32
D. Spence.....	32
E. J. Price.....	33

Total 332

North Toronto.

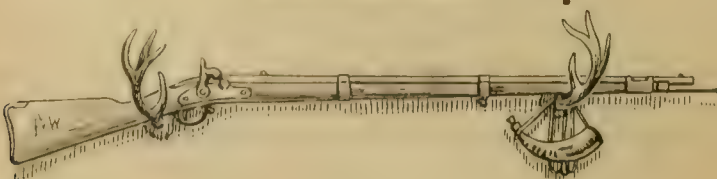
A. H. Gilmore.....	34
W. Brown.....	31
H. Madill.....	35
F. Lloyd.....	33
F. Stiff.....	32
G. Rudd.....	32
F. Hobbs.....	34
W. Fox.....	31
A. Nicol.....	32
J. Sercombe.....	33

Total 327

Grenadiers.

H. Whitehorn.....	33
R. Clark.....	33
H. Roberts.....	31
A. Robertson.....	32
W. Kelly.....	31
G. Dudley.....	32
F. Leushner.....	33
J. Hillis.....	35
G. Rowe.....	31
R. Stuart.....	33

Total 327



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Coming Events

The "Hamilton Gun" Club will hold a one day registered tournament on Good Friday, April 2nd. A very attractive program has been arranged which will be issued in the near future.

1920 WINTER CARNIVAL AND BON-SPEIL AT BANFF, ALTA.

A Winter Carnival and Bonspeil will be held at Banff from February 2nd to 14th inclusive, the bonspeil running from 2nd to the 7th and the carnival starting on the latter date. It will be replete with interesting and novel features in the line of outdoor sports. Visitors are assured a right royal welcome and thoroughly good time.

A splendid program for the Carnival has been arranged.

BALMY BEACH GUN CLUB

Jan. 10.—Under ideal conditions the regular Saturday shoot of the Balmy Beach Gun Club was held, and a record attendance was on hand. It was another day for the President, Tom Wibby, who carried away the feature prize, and tied with W. S. Armstrong on the Victory Bond. In the spoon event A. Laird was high, with 24 out of 25.

	Shot	Broke.
Thos. Wibby.....	100	79
A. A. Laird.....	100	84
P. Morgan.....	100	67
W. Armstrong.....	100	89
F. Hoocy.....	50	39
W. Alward.....	75	60
G. N. Bernard.....	75	50
W. W. Walker.....	75	40
W. S. Lansing.....	75	39
A. Holden.....	100	78
C. Newton.....	100	83
W. H. Hamilton.....	50	22
Joe Jennings.....	160	145
W. Johnston.....	100	60
G. Jennings.....	60	29
W. Joselin.....	50	43
Geo. Cashmore.....	50	41
A. Holden, jun.....	40	15
G. Dunk.....	100	73

W. Andrews.....	100	69
J. Douglas.....	25	10
W. S. Edwards.....	75	60
T. Marsh.....	40	26
W. Gooderham.....	75	58
W. Hughes.....	50	29
V. Parker.....	40	32
J. Cutten.....	50	28
H. W. Burke.....	90	70

HAMILTON GUN CLUB

Splendid Shoot Followed by Banquet

In spite of the cold biting wind of Saturday, a good crowd of shooters turned up at the Hamilton Gun club to take part in one of the most interesting shoots of the year. The president and vice-president chose their teams to battle for high honors and on the afternoon's performance the vice-president showed the better judgment. There were 12 shooters on a side and the team for the vice-president turned in a score of 250, while the other side broke a total of 232. C. Syer, the vice-president, set a good example for his team by breaking 24 out of 25, which was duplicated by R. Jones a little later. M. E. Goodale also turned in a good score for this team with 23 out of 25. A. Bates set up the best mark for the losing team by breaking 24 out of his 25, and he was followed by W. J. Marshall, H. Newlands and A. Glover, all of whom broke 22. The president, H. Lennox, while being beaten real good, is not discouraged and believes he can turn the trick the other way around some time in the future. A. Bates had the high average of the afternoon, with 47 out of 50, but he was followed closely by T. Jones, who broke 46 out of 50. W. Barnes was in third place with 45 out of 50.

At 7 o'clock everybody sat down to a sumptuous dinner at the Royal Connaught, and after doing justice to this the balance of the evening was given up to an enjoyable entertainment furnished by the Duke entertainers and members of the club. Court Thomson acted as chairman of the evening and was in particularly fine form, which is "enuff sed."

The scores of the afternoon were:

"Penny Wise and Pound Foolish"

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The Lakefield Canoe and Boat Co. Limited

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Khaki colors

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TORONTO.

	Shot at.	Broke.	Following are the scores:	
H. Lennox.....	50	39	F. Young.....	30
E. Harris.....	75	63	C. A. Cromwell.....	34
N. Long.....	100	88	E. H. Flatch.....	34
C. Syer.....	50	43	H. Moore.....	38
R. Montgomery.....	75	64	A. Glover.....	13
H. Lutz.....	50	38	W. Guy.....	37
W. J. Marshall.....	75	67	W. Wing.....	32
H. Newlands.....	75	59	Geo. Ponsford.....	31
L. Long.....	60	38	R. Stone.....	29
J. Mower.....	50	40	C. Hill.....	33
A. D. Bates.....	50	47		
W. W. Livingstone.....	75	59		
W. Barnes.....	50	45		
A. Parmenter.....	50	41		
F. Gardiner.....	50	41		
C. Thomson.....	50	37		
A. Glover.....	50	13		
M. E. Goodale.....	50	43		
Geo. Stroud.....	50	38		
H. Marsh.....	50	33		
M. Rasberry.....	50	40		
John Hunter.....	10	32		
W. Rasberry.....	50	39		
T. Jones.....	50	46		

PT. STANLEY GUN CLUB

The Pt. Stanley Gun Club held a shoot Christmas-day at 50 targets. This is the first shoot the Club has held since May 24.

The Pt. Stanley Gun Club held a New Years' shoot at blue rocks. The prizes were donated by the Vice-President, Charles N. Hough and were highly appreciated by the club and also the winners. The weather was very bad there being a strong wind and a snow storm. Following are the results at 25 rocks.

FIRST EVENT.

R. Day.....	24	McCausland.....	22
S. Edwards.....	15	J. Oliver.....	19
J. Taylor.....	17	G. Hough.....	14
S. Taylor.....	10	J. Truett.....	22
C. N. Hough.....	20	W. Stanton.....	19
W. Binns.....	18	L. Black.....	17
R. Guest.....	21	A. Glover.....	23
H. Moore.....	20	S. Shipley.....	18
G. Ponsford.....	19	H. Parker.....	16
D. Smith.....	19		

SECOND EVENT AT 25.

R. Day.....	22	McCausland.....	22
A. Glover.....	22	J. Taylor.....	22
C. A. Cromwell.....	19	R. Wing.....	20

WOULD INTRODUCE NEW SONGSTERS.

Editor, Rod and Gun In Canada,

Several years before the war it was reported that an attempt had been made to introduce a number of British singing birds into the coastal region of British Columbia, with the idea of brightening the woods by the presence of these musicians.

I have often wondered if this experiment was tried, and if so, what measure of success attended it, as it is a subject I am deeply interested in.

Perhaps if you would be good enough to publish this letter someone with the necessary knowledge would answer it. I am sure your interesting correspondent Mr. Bonnycastle Dale, whose very clever articles appear from time to time, would be one, who could.

This plan is one which given the facilities, I would like to do myself, I would like to take command of a Noah's Ark, and like Captain Cook, introduce new birds and animals into new localities.

If one begins right there should be no

trouble about the future. Unfortunately our most glaring example, that of the English sparrow, is a bad mark, which is not likely to encourage others. The sparrow was originally intended to be a city scavenger, and as such he has his uses, but unfortunately like his prototype in the animal kingdom,—the rat—he is equally at home in city or country.

The British Blackbird and Thrush while excellent songsters, would no doubt, be troublesome to fruit growers, but there are others which are quite harmless, such as the Skylark, Goldfinch, Chaffinch; the robin is a sweet singer but would not stand the confinement of the journey. The skylark is altogether the most suitable in every respect, an insect, and weed seed eater, and can be netted in vast numbers in winter, and could be crated and shipped direct by the Blue Funnel Line to B. C.

Yours truly,

Edmund H. Fletcher,

597 University St.,
Montreal.

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You, reader, will like this little book immensely, and can grasp the full meaning of its special advice from one or two careful readings. It contains a great deal of heretofore unpublished information of interest to all men, young or elderly, single or married, and may easily be of value to you throughout your entire lifetime.

In one part of the book I describe my little mechanical VITALIZER, which was invented by me to assist men to regain lost vigor. However, you are not to think of getting this VITALIZER at the present time, but first send for the advice book and read up on the subject of self-preservation without drugs.

Please use the coupon below and the book will come to you free, sealed, by return mail.

SANDEN, Publisher.

Reader, did you ever stop to consider that it is not looks which make the real man? Nor is it necessarily a large man who wields the most power in his community. However, whether big or small, young or elderly, we invariably find that vigorous, manly manhood stands behind all of the world's greatest achievements and successes. In this respect, I give it as my honest opinion, based upon over 30 years' experience, that no man need lose hope of himself restoring his full manly power, if he but be willing to make a fair, square effort, and will lead a decent, manly life, free from excesses and free from dissipations. My free book gives you all the desired information. According to my belief, lost manly strength is no real organic disease in itself, and, for that reason, should easily respond to any mode of treatment which puts new vital force into the weakened nerves and blood.

The little VITALIZER mentioned above was designed by me to render natural aid to the man who really WANTS to get strong, and who is willing to make a reasonable effort to regain his manly vigor. To the man who persists in living an unnatural life of excess and dissipation, no hope can be offered, but for the other kind there is every hope and encouragement, because in regulating his habits he has taken the first grand and necessary step, which prepares the way for the action of any natural treatment which may resupply his body with the FORCE which it has been drained of.



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One 18 ft. x 5 ft. hull,	“ 8
One 18 ft. x 4 ft. hull,	“ 7
One 16 ft. x 4 ft. hull,	“ 6
One very roomy family boat,	25 ft. x 7 ft.

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3 h.p., 9 miles
per hour, 20 to
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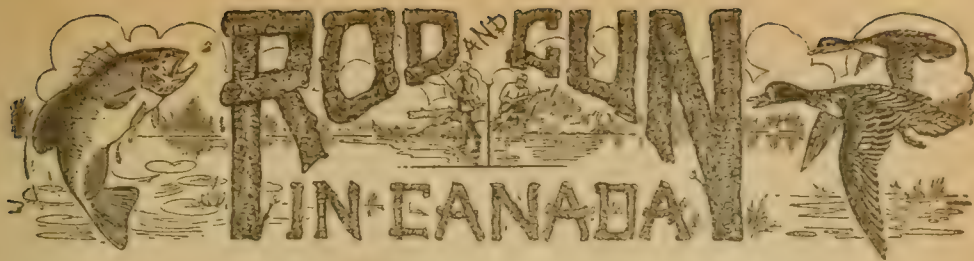
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A fully descriptive catalogue showing boats and engine in actual colors will be gladly sent for the asking.

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Model

Length 18' 1/2"
Beam 1' 8"
Depth 1' 11"





Ye Olde Time Brooke Trout in Nova Scotia

BONNYCASTLE DALE

THERE! That sly old tide has run away off and left the canoe high and dry." This was Laddie's complaint this glorious morning. We dragged the sixteen footer over the dry sands—she looks big on land—but mighty small when we get her in a tideway with an Atlantic swell running, and a few most inquisitive harbour seals following you and splashing down each time you stop.

We were bound up the salt water harbour to the dry "carry over" into a fresh water lake. All of Nova Scotia is spattered with these flooded hollows of the glacial period—they make excellent fresh water homes for brook trout. Or the creeks which feed them do. Well! We pulled over and pictured the scene; so that you may see just how the ice age dotted this province with glacial debris.

The creek leading up to the lake had been dammed to keep the spawning kyacks in—a small ocean fish of the herring species that each spring seeks the brooks of Nova Scotia to spawn. I pictured a young man, belonging to the neighboring state of Maine, taking out a dam plank, so that the fish might return to the sea. There are a few busy days when the small fish are running up the brook they are dipped out with hand nets; easy dipping when the fish run up to your own metes and bounds.

You may judge of the Nova Scotia scenery by the background in this picture, it is one long ever rolling

forest of evergreen trees. There was a light wind from the so'west—the prevailing wind in the province—as we paddled across the lake to the long, narrow, winding brook which feeds it—a thing of beauty in its wooded borders, where many a moose no doubt quenches its thirst.

"Say, but they're dark looking fish," exclaimed Laddie when I landed the first fish—a brook trout of about ten inches in length. Yes! they are very dark when taken from the bog waters of Nova Scotia—for a week at a time we have drunk from a stream, the waters of which were as dark as well boiled black tea.

"Watch him fade! look at the spots now! bright, eh?" said the boy.

This continent wide fish varies exactly in colour as does the water he comes from. We have caught them in Ontario where the stream was silver in its purity—and the fish was of silvery sheen and spotted like a rainbow. Out of the coppery waters of Vancouver island streams we have pulled the hard fighting little *salvelinus fontinalis* as black as a catfish, hardly a spot to be seen until it dries and fades. The natives call them "bulltrout" or "mudtrout". Across in the Olympic mountains the trout (or charr as they really are) are of a deep purple tinge. They too get lighter as they die. But if you want to see beautiful trout take the "rainbow" and the "Dolly Varden" delicately, beautifully colored

fish. There is also a trout in California called the "golden" that outshines in glittering splendour any and all trout. In the swiftly running streams of the rockies we have seen hard fighting "cut-throat" trout as clear as silver—with a red gash on the neck as red as blood. "Dolly Varden" and "Bull trout" are there also. It is here that the brook trout live and (true these along the C.P.R. at Banff are a transplanted fish of Lake Nipigon origin) attains its full beauty—living jewels as they speed upwards after the windshaken ant or fly.

I remember seeing a *flying trout* one day when Laddie and I were watching some gamebirds. We were seated on a little pebbly bank hurled up by the mountain stream in the springtime, above us was a crystal bend of the stream in which some large cutthroat trout wereswimming, they had cleverly ignored every bait and fly with which we had tempted them so we gave up and sought a rest on the stream-whitened pebbles.

"Look," whispered Laddie, "that fish flew!"

I followed the lead of his outstretched finger and we watched patiently for many minutes—as I full well knew flying fish were very rare in the Rockies.

"There," accompanied by a pinch that brought a squeal. "Did you see that one?"

Most truly I did—and that trout flew right up into a broadleafed maple. Seizing the glasses I finally made out the form of an Indian in the thick foliated branches—and we went up and interviewed him. He had a long thin line of transparent gut; for bait any handy flying ant or bug or even a tiny mouse. But the exquisite patience of creeping into the tree and staying motionless there; until one of these alert three pounders swam in—well! he earned them. (It is in the swift waters of Nipigon that the brook trout grows fully as large as the ocean running steelhead trout)—go out from Banff on the C. P. R. if you want some of these various hard fighters.



Removing the plank that held the kyacks imprisoned up the stream



A typical ice age boulder strewn Nova Scotia lake

"Do you think it can hear?" innocently asked Laddie. What nice wee puzzlers the boy can spring? Yes! there is no doubt all fishes hear remarkably well. I have dropped a paddle on the canoe on a September night, when it was very calm, and every fish within about half a mile circle promptly dived with a resounding splash.

Time after time I have crept up with a slight a footfall as possible to see if I had failed to frighten out the trout from in under the grassy bank—I have never yet stepped lightly enough.

In one place there was a great summer imprisoned trout which was black as a coal from lodged sediment. I never pussyfooted quietly enough to find him under there—no he was always out in the middle of the pool.

Just take a common lath and put one end under the water. Tap the other and see the fish dart away.

Remember I am not telling you that fishes have external ears, nor do they hear altogether by the internal ear sacs (for these have been removed and yet the fish responded

to slight noises and vibrations.) Many learned men agree that the whole dark strip on the side of a fish—the median line—is sensitive to sound.

"Well, if they're not deaf I'll bet they're dumb?" continued the awful boy. I had a chance to prove he was wrong at once. We had caught a common sculpin in the sea and he, at that moment, moved the fish box—result, the sculpin gave a most unmistakable "grunt."

"I know of some fish which make sounds by gritting their teeth together," I told him.

"I wish that shark we dissected last week could; then he'd be a whole orchestra"; the lad was right for this same shark had a fearful dentition. We find that nearly all the lakes and brooks in Nova Scotia contain a fair amount of the so called brook trout—

"Do you think they can taste?" broke in the boy.

"Yes—look at those young trout—throw those crumbs in." for the lad, as usual, was eating—the fry instantly gobbled up the crumbs. They

were more like fingerlings than fry, as they were two to three inches long.

"Now try a bit of that fungi," the trout nibbled and mouthed the fungi but did not swallow any of it.

"Try a bit of that rotting wood. It looks very much like bread-crumbs," I said. The young fish, with a true sense of taste, expelled every morsel of the food. "If you will read the old time fishing books you will find that our forefathers

put them in your aquarium or fish bowl. The fish will take no notice of them; except casual curiosity. Now put a bit of any shell fish in the shells, and fit them together; and watch your pets—they will smell the shellfish meat the first time they swim pass, and will soon tear the shells apart and eat it.

If you want some most unusual work try photographing live trout, or other fishes, this novel and beau-



Laddie landing a Nova Scotia brook trout. Pretty good rod—eh ?

used all sorts of pastes and oils to attract the fishes," I continued.

"How would the limburger cheese we had do?" queried the boy.

"I read of a man in the "Trouts of America" who used limburger cheese mixed in with cotton batting; and had excellent success too."

Of course the sense of taste in fishes has been amply proven by laboratory tank experiment.

If you want to prove it my reader take two common clam shells, old empty ones, fit them together and

tiful work can be done in a small as well as a large tank. With the large one, pipe your water and you have an excellent aquarium. A movable shade, a good lens and much patience are needed. Some fish like the pike and the bass may remain still long enough for time exposure. There is a wide open field for some man who wants a lifetime's hobby. Only the expense has deterred me personally, from undertaking it.

Or, if you want another fad, try transplanting brook trout. This can

be done with a minimum of loss, especially above rapids or falls where other fish have hard work to ascend, but get a stream where the water keeps a fairly low temperature in summer.

Science has even tried to cross the brook trout with the Dolly Varden with fair success too. They took the eggs of the Dolly Varden and fertilized them with the milt of the

So far as I have read the authorities agree that the color of fishes is inherent, superinduced by the water in which it lives.

"If you took one of our yellow-reddish fleshed brook trout, and put it out in your old rocky mountain streams; would it turn lighter fleshed?" asked Laddie. Now here was a poser.

I have taken cut-throat trout, fresh



Laddie landing a good one in a swift stream

brook trout—they were fine healthy youngsters the last time I heard of them.

The flesh of the brook trout in Nova Scotia is almost a terra cotta shade: the food no doubt—is the popular notion—that cannot be; for I have taken salmon in the Pacific that were red and white striped, all through the flesh—like a barber's pole.

run from the sea, as red meated as a sockeye or red salmon, and I have walked a mile from the sea and taken landlocked cut-throat trout of the very same family of fish, only living in fresh water, barred from the sea by some obstruction, with flesh as white as a fresh water perch—and their young share their inheritance.

We ran into an odd experience some time ago. There is a very

beautiful little creek that purls merrily along its fir-clad way, sending a rapid, gurgling, dark brown flood along its course to the sea. In this wee stream, its only a couple of jumps across at its widest, dwell some very shy trout; some very big ones too, as they lived for a few years in what was then a trout pond but is now the shallow creek water again.

"I've been over to trout creek," sputtered Laddie, "and just think, they've dammed it and turned it out of its course, and all that wide place where the pond was flooded, and then drained again, and all those big trout were left gasping on the grass. The man who owns it came running down and he and the men and I lifted about fifty trout into a big willow basket. He let the wee ones go but he kept the big chaps. I saw him weigh them. Jolly big chaps too. About half a dozen weighed over a pound each. There was one big spotted chap that went over three pounds;

and five about two pounds—you never saw such fish!"

"You saw them weighed? I asked.

"You bet you! I copied all the weights down in my notebook, as you always told me to," he answered.

It was fully a month after this that I happened to be doing some work along that brook and saw the newly finished pond. As it was on private ground I asked permission to take one fish and picture it and dissect it. "Sure thing!" answered the owner. "but I wish you had been here a month ago. I was trying out some new flies I had just received from London and I had some wonderful luck. I have a photo of my catch. I broke every tip I had in the cabin, one fish tipped the scales at three pounds, there were five very close to two pounds and the other six weighed over one pound. I threw all the small ones back. Come on up to the house and see the picture." Oh! what prevaricators ye brooke trout make of ye fisherman.

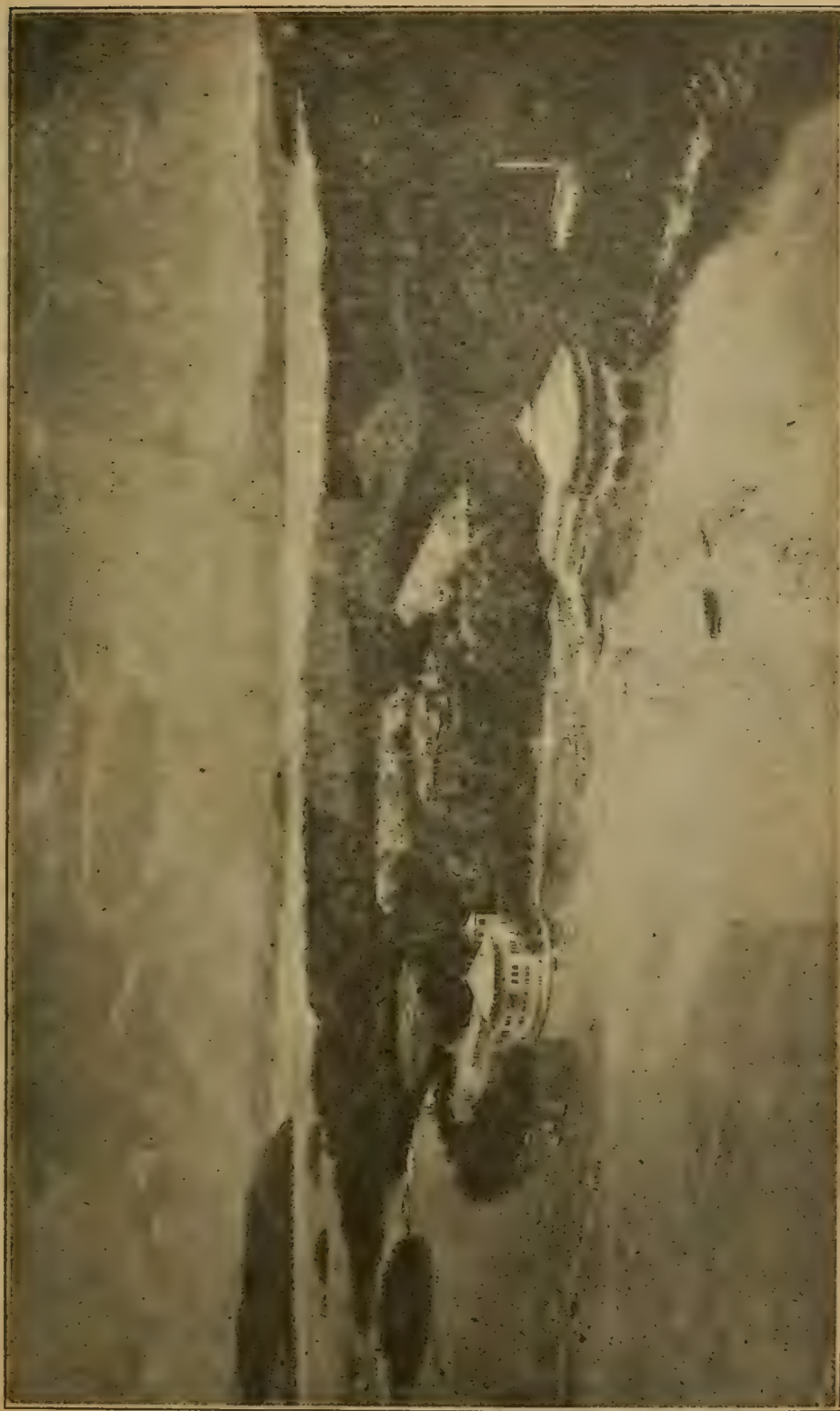
Will be Largest Summer Hotel in Canada

Bigwin Inn, Overlooking Lake of Bays, has been Completed—Will Accommodate Six Hundred Guests

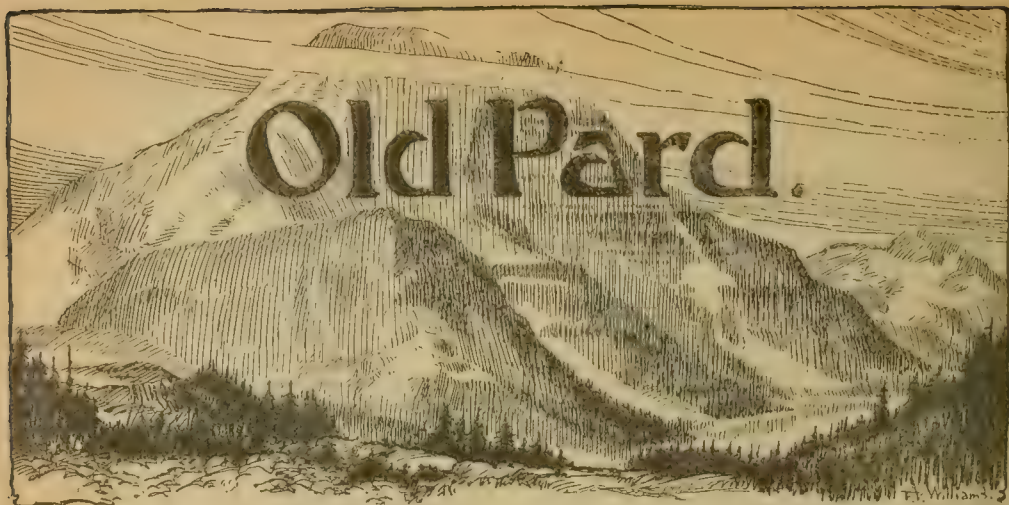
Information has been received at Grand Trunk headquarters that Canada will have next year a summer resort hotel that will surpass in size any similar enterprise previously erected in the Dominion. This hotel will be in the Lake of Bays District of the Highlands of Ontario and will be known as the "Bigwin Inn." The site selected is a beautiful island two and one half miles long, half a mile in width and having a series of sandy beaches jutting out into the waters of the Lake of Bays. Construction work has been completed and the hotel will be opened during the coming summer. It will have accommodation for six hundred guests. A novel architectural plan has been adopted, there being a series of buildings instead of one large

central block. The main dining hall is built in Venetian style, its wide verandas overhanging the waters of the lake. This building is circular in shape and will seat six hundred people. Also on the lake shore are a music and dancing pavillion and the boathouse, similar in design and construction to the main dining hall. Covered walks lead from these buildings to a great social hall which will be given up to indoor amusements of all kinds. The guests are in two buildings near this social hall and occupy the whole length of two splendidly wooded avenues.

Railroad authorities state that the opening of the Bigwin Inn will mark a notable forward step in the development of Canadian summer resorts.



The Bigwin Inn, Lake of Bays District, Highlands of Ontario, 150 miles North of Toronto



JEAN STEVINSON

IT was a glorious day in September that we took a run up to Bear Lake on the Nakusp-Kaslo line, Old Pard, his missus, the kids and all. Denver Canyon was wild and lovely in its deep and tortuous course, and as we came to Three Forks and understood the "Switch-back" up to Sandon, we started plying questions and Old Pard began talking.

"Gol," he said, "don't I wish I was young again!"

"Why?" I asked.

"I'm homesick to get out prospecting," he almost groaned.

It was no wonder, for the very air of that region breathed prospects and mines, and all one heard was claims and ore, dumps, quartz, smelters and concentrators, and all the freight one saw was tinned milk—carloads of tinned milk.

Adventure was in the atmosphere, and we knew Old Pard had a story to tell even before he took his pipe from his pocket and began to poke inside the bowl with a ruminating finger.

"There's one experience that I never want to go through again all the same," he said.

"What's that?" I asked, and waited patiently, for Old Pard was leaning forward peering up at the side of a mountain where a slide had peeled a path down to the railroad. Rocks and other debris had come down as clean as though a giant broom had swept from the top of the mountain to where we rumbled along on the

train. The trees in the way had been smashed to splinters.

"It looks to me as though there might be ore up there," he said, then came back to his subject.

"It was 'way back in '97," he said. "Maybe you remember the excitement around Kaslo that summer? From Ten-mile Creek and the North Fork fresh samples of ore, pre-native silver, were brought in. Some were regular thin sheets, and my brother Jack and I couldn't stand it, so we got our grub-stakes and went on the hike. It was three in the morning when we first hit the trail, so you know we were younger then. We were grub-staked for two weeks, and started over the hill as eager as two young colts. We camped that night on Ten-Mile Creek, fifteen miles out, where we caught some dandy little brook trout for supper. When we were eating them two men came along with pack horses and said 'Howdy, boys.' They were Bucky Wedge and Joe Gates, and we weren't very glad to see them, for we knew no good of them.

"Hi, there," Jack says, "where the deuce you going?"

"To where the ore's as big as this," Bucky crowed, showing us a piece of silver from his pocket.

We knew they meant to give us the slip later, and were not surprised when they said they would camp with us that night. They did, and when we got up at four in the

morning they were gone. We saw by their tracks that they had taken a different direction to what we were going, but that didn't stop us, for we knew they were trying to throw us off the track. We got a good breakfast of bread and butter, beans, bacon and coffee, and started off again. We travelled all day, and toward night came right here to this very spot, where Three Forks heads for Kaslo, and pitched our tents at the head of the Lake. We had no sooner got our frying pans out than two more fellows with grub-stakes, Tino and Red Nose, came and camped by us, and inside of an hour Ricky and Glass Eye blew in from Coffee Creek, where the great strikes had been made. Once I had done something for Ricky, and I could see he had something to tell me, but Red Nose kept his lamp on him and he hadn't much of a chance. After supper, though, he went down to the lake to wash the frying pan, and I followed. I pretended to be looking at something in the water while Ricky said hastily: "Cross the Glacier shortest way to Coffee, when you strike Coffee turn to your left for about half a mile, till you strike Little Creek."

Just then I saw Red Nose coming along quietly. He didn't want to miss anything.

"Gol-darn you!" I says loud to Ricky, "didn't you ever see anything like that before? It's one o' those big lizards." We pretended we were quarreling.

"Lizards!" Ricky says with scorn, "you punkin-head fool, lizards don't live in a cold place like this."

"What's all this?" Red Nose asks Ricky.

"This?" I repeats after him. "It's just this: Ricky's scared o' one o' those red lizards that's run out into the water. He's nothing but a darned fool."

"That's just what I've found out," Red Nose says satisfied. "He hasn't got as much sense as a last year's bird's nest."

Ricky pretended to hunt for his knife to cut off a hangnail, and pulled out a piece of native silver. It was a beauty—it was great.

That night we sat out till the stars twinkled down at us like big diamond drops and sparkling points of gold, and we felt that the whole glorious old earth belonged to us.

"What time are you getting out?" I asks Red Nose.

"Not early—must take things a little easy, you know."

As soon as I got into bed I nudged Jack. "Out at daylight," I whispered.

"All right," he answered.

While it was still dark we got up and gathered some sticks.

"Short rations this morning," I says, "only bread and butter."

I heard Tino and Red Nose stirring in the next tent, and talked a bit to myself. I knew all along they were going to try to follow us, but perhaps, we would give them the slip yet. It is an unwritten law that anyone in your party, when you make a good strike, must share evenly, and Red Nose and Tino wanted to get in on anything we happened to have a hunch about. They knew Jack and me well enough to know we would stand by any unwritten law, and they expected to be in on a good thing. So they hung on, though they knew darned well that we didn't want them.

"What's the rush?" Jack asked when I scooped up the things and started off.

"Never mind," I answered as I headed for the Glacier.

"Great Scott, man, you're not going to cross the Glacier?"

"I'm going to try."

Tino and Red Nose were following us. I could see them in the dim gray of the morning light.

"What do you mean?" Jack put up to me.

I told him we must get there first, and that I didn't think Tino and Red Nose would risk the Glacier.

"You're fooled, then," Jack says, "for they're heading straight for the Glacier after us, and intend to stay with it."

It was as he had said. When we reached the edge of the Glacier they had caught up with us.

"Where are you going?" asked Red Nose.

"Coffee," says I.

"What's on?"

"Nothing, only prospecting."

"Anything in sight?"

"No."

Still they came on. Nothing would shake them. And little I thought then that I would live to thank my stars that these two old timers did hang on to Jack and me that day.

"Is this the shortest way?" Red Nose asks.

"Yes," says I, "it's three miles further if you go round. It's about a mile across here, and around this peak there's an angle of forty-five degrees. Are you sure you want to take it?"

"Sure thing," those two cusses answered.

"Look here," Jack says to me, "there's no use going over the Glacier now and risking all our lives. We'll all be together no matter which way we go. Come on down below."

I understood what he ment. We were running away from Red Nose and Tino when I decided to cross the Glacier, but nothing was to be gained by it now.

"All right then," I said in an off-hand way, "just as you like."

We went round down below. Jove! I hadn't realized the Glacier was so high. We felt like pygmies as we wended our way here and there over the rough country, clinging to trees here and there, wading creeks, climbing by roots and rocks, and going eight miles to make four. I began to think it would have been better anyway if we had taken the Glacier. At night we had just about done the extra travelling, and were glad to pitch our tents by a little lake in sight of the towering cliff. After supper I went off by myself, round the lake, and sat on a rock to take in the sweep of the vast and beautiful country. I was just bursting with thankfulness that I had been dropped down in the glory of the Canadian Selkirks, when my eye fell on some float, some galens, that seemed to come from a narrow ledge behind me. I turned round, and soon saw as pretty a lead of ore as I have ever looked at. The ice had slid off the ledge a few days before and taken some of the earth with it. This had exposed the ore.

But now I was in a box, and did not know how to get out of it. If I staked the claim now I was in honor bound to divide evenly with all four, and my brother and I wanted what we found for ourselves. I felt, too, that we had a right to it. Still, I decided I would have to do the square thing, so I took a piece of the ore to camp, and everyone came around to see it. It sure looked good to them, and we went back and staked all together. Then we turned in for the night. I did not sleep well, but was pestered all night with bad dreams. There were two evil faces that came and went, and I couldn't help wondering if they were meant for Red Nose and Tino; but we were up early the next morning and went on toward Coffee.

When we were crossing the ridge at Low Pass, Red stooped and picked up something. It was a piece of gold quartz.

"Does this look good to you?" he asked.

"You bet it does," we answered.

"Now for the lead," Red said, and we all looked for awhile, but did not want to take up too much time until we had seen what was doing on Coffee, so stuck in our stakes and said we would prospect when we came back.

We camped that night at the head of Coffee, and next morning my brother and I started out the way Ricky had told us to go, while Tino and Red Nose took the opposite direction. I climbed up to the top of a peak, and the climbing took longer than the telling, but I found the ore no good there, so I went down another way to look at a likely prospect, and after an hour's hard going came to a dead stop. I either had to go back three miles and come back, or jump and catch a tree that grew three feet out, climb down and see what I could do then. This is what I did, but when I landed at the base of the tree I found myself on a narrow ledge with no way of getting off. I went from one end to the other, but could find nothing better than a straight drop of twenty feet to a ledge lower down. This lower ledge seemed to be easier going, but should

I risk it? I was in a fix again. If I hollered could I make my brother hear, or was he too far down hill?

I did holler again, and again, but he could not hear. At last, however, Red, who had swung round another way, heard and hollered back. He went to the camp for rope, for he knew I was caught in a bluff. When he got to camp my brother was there, and they brought the pack ropes to the ledge underneath me and threw them up. They did not reach, so they tied stones to them and tried again, and this time they landed at my feet. I tied them together and fastened them to the trunk of the tree I had slid down an hour before, and got down easily to where the men stood. The rope is still there.

We kept at it for another day, but got nothing but trouble. The second day Jack fell with a rotten tree and broke his front teeth out, and when we got back to camp I said "Well, I've had about enough of this." The others said "Me, too," and next morning we started for home, deciding to prospect perhaps a couple of days around Red's stakes.

When we got back to the place where Red had stuck in our stakes we found fresh stakes there. We looked closer, and found they were marked "W. & G." We followed the line, and discovered that the snow had melted just enough for us to find the lead, and talk about gold! I never saw the like of it! Gates and Wedge had followed unknown to us, and had seen our stakes, but on account of the snow having melted a little more, had seen more than we had, and there, only two feet from where we had driven our stakes, they had planted theirs, and had gone off hot-foot, we knew, to Kaslo to register the claim before we could get back. If they arrived first, according to law the claim was theirs.

You can imagine the indignation and anger we felt, but we knew words were useless. The only chance for us was to beat the thieves to Kaslo, but it was a slim chance, for they had pack horses and the start of us. There was only one chance, and I decided to take it.

I headed straight for the Glacier.

"What!" my brother yelled, "You're not going over the Glacier?"

"You bet I am," I returned, and there was no turning me off this time. "We'll save nearly a whole day by it, and it may mean thousands of dollars apiece for us."

Red Nose was now as determined as I, so the other two gave in.

I took the lead, my brother next, Red Nose following him and Tino coming last.

The travelling was good at first, but soon began to get a little slippery, and when we were about a quarter of a mile across the Glacier my foot began to slip, ever so slowly, but I couldn't get a grip again. Two hundred feet below there was a sheer drop of two thousand feet, straight off, and though I knew it, I hadn't given a thought to its awful possibilities until my feet began to slide.

"What are you doing?" Jack yelled.

"Nothing," I said, trying to get a grip of the ice.

I couldn't regain my step. I was slipping slowly but surely down to the awful chasm below.

"Drop behind," I heard Red Nose order my brother in short tones of command.

By this time I had dropped to one knee, and felt myself steadily going. Red Nose saw I was surely sliding to the drop-off, and began to swear.

"What are you looking at?" he hollered to me as mad as a March hare, for I was gazing down over that chasm as though it was a magnet drawing me along to my doom. "Drop that," he ordered, "and look up here! Jab it again, *hard*, man!"

We all carried prospecting picks, and I had mine, and if sheer force of will had been able to hold me Red Nose would have done it. He was the darndest man I ever saw to hang on, and his name from then on should have been "Hang on" instead of Red Nose. "Red Nose" didn't come from whiskey, either; he was born with that red nose—some kind of eczema, I think, inherited from his father. He was always rubbing salve on it, but no salve ever made any difference. I remember his red nose now, outlined against the Glacier as he yelled again "Strike hard and

hang on, you fool, you! What? Drive again, I tell you!"

It was no use. We were all in. I was slipping faster. The men were driving their pikes in for dear life. Jack threw off his pack and cut the rope.

"Drive hard and hang on!" Red Nose ordered again, tying a loop in the end of the rope Jack threw to him. Then he measured the distance to me with his eye. I was going still faster now, and I felt nothing would save me. My legs were shaking and my hands were shaking, and try as I would my pick wouldn't catch. I was twenty feet below the others by this time, and going faster.

"Steady, now!" Red Nose said quietly as he flung the lasso straight for me.

I had slipped so far that the noose caught only the head of my pick, but it held.

"Hold steady," said Red Nose again, "I've got you."

I gripped my pick as hard as my shaking hands would allow me, but the sweat was pouring off my face so I could hardly see, and I was still slipping down. My brother was cutting notches in the ice. Tino had the rope off his pack, and passed it along to my brother. Jack passed it along to Red, and as Red took it he asked "Can you hold?"

"I'm afraid I can't," I cried, for my hand was shaking so I couldn't grip.

"Hold for a few moments if possible," he said quietly, "I am working my way down. Shut your eyes."

I was still holding the pick, but felt, it, too, was going from me. At that moment I felt the rope strike me, and I caught it with one hand, at the same time losing my hold on the pick. It went skidding down and over the edge of that awful deep. I wondered how I held the rope at that moment, but the instinct of self-preservation was strong in me and I ran my arm through the loop. Then I heard them say "There we've got you now." Still I was slipping lower as the rope tightened. "Put your other arm through," Red said, and I did. I felt them pulling me

gradually across, though as they drew me along I still went down a little nearer to the edge. I wondered if the rope would hold, or if I were going, too, the way my pike had gone. Inch by inch, though, they worked me up to where the notches had been cut in the ice, and Red asked "Can you stand up?"

"I think so," I answered, but my knees doubled up under me. Tino said "He's lost his nerve, we'll have to drag him."

It was half an hour since I had started to slide, and I had been slowly slipping and jabbing my pike all the time. It was enough to take the nerve out of any man, and even now, when my reason told me I was safe, I could feel myself going down, down, and could see nothing but my pike skidding over the edge of that terrible drop. It was two hours since we had started over the Glacier, and it was a slow trip back, you may be sure. It took us three hours to go back, and during the whole trip I was dragged along as limp as a dish rag, over a sheet of solid ice sloping at an angle of forty-five degrees. At any time I thought, the rope might give way, or the men might lose hold—but not with Red Nose on the mob, I have realized since.

At last we got off the ice, and I was able to walk, but even then my legs shook as though I had the ague. We soon reached the woods, though, and my brother made a fire and got me a strong cup of tea. That fixed me up, and I felt myself again.

"Are you going to try it again?" Tino asked.

"Again!" Red shouted. "There's not enough silver or gold on the whole of Coffee Creek to make me try that again."

"There's not enough silver or gold in the whole world to make me try it again," I declared.

We went around the three extra miles, the way we took going to Coffee, and we camped beside the little lake beneath the drop I had nearly gone over. I looked for my pike, but could see no sign of it. I looked up. Ah, if that rope had not held! Would I, too, have gone into oblivion after my pike?

That night I did not feel like talking. I wanted to get away to think, so I went and sat under a grand old pine on a little bluff. It was a heavenly night. The smell of the cedars was in my nostrils, and the rustle of the wind was in the pine needles above my head. What was all the gold in the mountains compared to my life? I wondered if Gates and Wedge were happy that night. Then I lay down in my blankets under the open sky and slept like a new-born babe.

In the morning we found prints of horses' feet and ashes of a day-old fire, and knew there was no use wasting time on a trip to Kaslo, for our claim was jumped for sure.

When we got back to our cabin by the Silvery Slocan every bunk was occupied. Prospectors and mine men coming through were always welcome, but they all seemed to have come in a bunch this time, so we rolled up in our blankets and went to sleep on the floor, for it was midnight and we were about all in.

In the morning we were looking at the ore we had staked by the lake, and Larson, the big mine man, asked "How much do you want for it?"

"Fifteen hundred cash," we replied.

"Done," he said.

We went to Nelson on a handcar and got the money, which was clean money, at any rate.

Gates and Wedge sold their stolen claim within a week for sixty thousand dollars cash, and Gates put his thirty into lumber. They seemed made for life.

I looked sharply at Old Pard. "Why 'seemed', I asked.

"Well," he said slowly, laying his dead pipe on his knee, "did you ever think that things were pretty well balanced on this earth after all, if you only waited long enough to get a birdseye view back into the past?"

"No," I answered, "I have often thought just the opposite."

"Perhaps you don't wait long enough, or look far enough back into the past," he returned, the light of his own philosophy shining in his clean blue eyes. "Wedge married a beautiful woman. He was mad about her, but in two years she ran away with another man. He followed her to California, then lost track of her, but he spent every last dollar of his thirty thousand trying to find her. He never did, and to-day he is digging ditches in California along with the hoboes."

"But Gates?" I asked, for I had known he was conducting a prosperous lumber business.

"Do you remember that terrible fire in the lumber camp at Blank last year?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered, "the whole camp was wiped out, and fifty men were caught like rats in a trap."

"It was Gates' camp," said Pard, "and among the fifty men was Gates' only son, the apple of his eye, and he died with a curse on his lips. Those who know Gates well say he has never smiled since that day."

There was a dead silence for awhile, for I was balancing a few other things that I knew about; then Old Pard brightened up.

"Who do you suppose I picked up at Ten-Mile last week?" he asked.

"I don't know," I answered.

"Good old Red," he said. "He had been back prospecting round Coffee Creek, and asked me if I remembered when I nearly went over the Glacier. 'You bet,' I said, 'I've never tried that since.'"

"Nor have I," he said with a shudder. "Whenever I go that way now I go the long way round, and thank the Lord I'm alive to tell the tale. But say! whenever I look up at that awful cliff I feel the cold sweat stand out on my forehead, and I shout right out loud: 'Hang on, you fool, hang on.'"



In Black and White

F. V. WILLIAMS

THE first of the trapping season and the man after the furs was making his first rounds. Up the lake from the comfortable log house, then a turn into a small bay,—the travelling all done on the ice—and at the head of the tiny bay a wee bit of a stream runs in,—now frozen over, even if the ice was a trifle thin,—as the collie dog that accompanied the trapper discovered when he broke through. But he was soon out and on firm ice again before the man with the traps could offer any assistance, and with a shake of his white coat to dislodge the freezing water he resumed his place at the trapper's heels, leaping along in the eight inch snow from one track to another of the trapper's foot prints as the easiest method of travel.

A half mile of this and the first trap,—it is baited with frozen fish,—and this is the first time this trap has been set, the same with the next, and the next, and the third which was a trap set for a weasel, it contained what had once been a moose bird; feathers scattered about and the two frozen black legs of the bird in the jaws of the trap bearing mute evidence of the tragedy that had taken place at this point, weasel tracks all about, and they were large ones at that. Yes Sir, one weasel had had a feast hereabout not furnished by the trapper, he had eaten the imprisoned bird. The trap is reset and the journey resumed.

A quarter of a mile further on there is an old uprooted tree, the roots of which pointing skyward and holding a half ton of frozen earth make a conspicuous land mark, more than that, where the roots of the fallen tree have torn away the earth there is quite an excavation, and if you look about you a bit you will see that a part of this excavation leads away back under the roots of the tree that still remains in the ground. The trapper approaches this place as carefully as possible, but his careful approach terminates in an sight of the trap he had so carefully explosion of wrath as his eye catches placed under this old root, sprung? to be sure, but the closed jaws were gripping nothing more than a mink's fore foot, the animal itself was gone.

As he glanced about over the snow however, he noted that there had been another visitor at that same stump, a weasel, and this weasel had evidently been "pesticating 'round" while that mink was in the trap, perhaps this had hastened that mink's determination to be rid of the steel horror that gripped his fore feet, who shall say? At any rate he was gone, gone minus one foot.

When the trapper left that place there were two traps there instead of one, a 'set' at each side of the big up-turned root. Away down the line he went setting new traps, resetting those already sprung. The last trap

on the end he was almost certain would hold a big weasel that he had made a special set for, this trap had been set under the usual small shelter of boughs and twigs, so arranged that it keeps the falling snow from covering the trap and rendering the set useless.

A moose bird had sprung this trap and paid the penalty with his life as so many others of this kind do during the trapping season.

The day ended and the tired man of the trap line disappeared down the trail, discernible only by the spots here and there on the trees, that led to the lake and the short cut home over the ice.

For two days it had snowed just a little, and it had also been quite cold; by *quite cold* we mean with the mercury hovering somewhere around zero, and this is the weather that the people who wear furs, the little four-legged ones, delight to chase and romp on still, frosty nights. The big snow-shoe rabbits,—food for all the Northland hunters, or at least the principal ones,—were about in the bush by the hundreds. Their trails were everywhere, and here also you find lynx, coyote, timber wolf, fox, weasel and mink, and it was with these last two that our story deals, for over there on the trap line the very first night they had things *stirrin'*.

It has been snowing a bit for perhaps an hour, just a light feathery sort of snowfall, when had you been provided with the right sort of eyes you might have noticed a pair of beady black spots, followed at a distance of perhaps a foot, maybe more, maybe less, by a black tip of hair about one inch in length, the latter being the this same fellow's body being so pure white as to be invisible. He was moving about in the falling snow so noiselessly that even a big owl on the edge of the thicket he passed a half mile back, did not notice him.

Now he came to the edge of the pit made by the windfall, in chase of a rabbit that had passed that way perhaps fifteen minutes before, and just as he arrived at this particular place the odour of fresh fish smote his sensitive nostrils, and as he had

been a trifle late in getting his supper he did not pause to ask questions or even investigate properly, he had apparently even forgotten the episode of the mink six feet away from this very spot a few days previous, he simply went ahead, his white snaky body moving in sinuous bounds almost up to that fish smell, and here he displayed his first bit of caution, he sniffed right and left, left and right; that fish was in a curious place up here under an old root but it was just possible it has been dragged there by some over-fed fisherman such as a mink. His nose telling him of that splendid fish, his empty stomach urging him on, he took a short bound forward, perhaps he moved eight inches in a straight line when the snow suddenly flew in all directions, there was a sickening crunch and the jaws of the little round steel trap had the weasel far up on both front legs. In vain he wrenched and tore and snarled his wrath at the steel clutch on his legs, the grip was too high and his efforts to free himself simply brought on exhaustion and presently he lay in a half stupor on the frosty, cold steel of the trap, and the snow silently fell and covered the mark of the struggle he had made to free himself.

All night, all the next day, and up to the midnight hour of that day nothing happened to him of the white coat in the trap, except that he grew weaker and the merciful stupor that had begun after his first struggles had so benumbed his senses that he felt no more pain in his crushed legs.

But at midnight something *did* happen, the something came on three legs, it was black, or nearly so, and one fore foot was missing. It came out of the darkness and its blackness was like the spirit of the evil one. It paused for perhaps two seconds and took in the scene in front of him, and then it made a snake like rush, a rush on three feet, perhaps you think for a four-legged animal, would not be effective, but this rush was. The half dead white one in the trap met death in the shape of the black one with a snap and a snarl, but he was a smaller animal. The white one was also



A moose bird had sprung this trap and paid the penalty with his life

handicapped by a steel trap, and with one lightening-like crunch the mink had broken the weasel's neck, and then,—tho' it is not a pretty picture; there are many things in life, true things too, that perhaps were better left untold, and again perhaps it was surely better for many if they knew more of truth, more truth than fiction, for as it has been said before truth is far stranger and more terrible,—The mink proceeded to tear a hole at the base of that weasel's skull and eat his warm brain, and giving the body a few vicious bites for good measure, he backed away and surveyed his work, eyeing the carcass of his late enemy with malignant satisfaction, he backed away,—and, with a twist and squeal of rage tried to rid himself of the second trap that the trapper had put there on his last rounds. He could not get rid of this trap, it had caught too high up and the trapper found him there the afternoon of that very day.

He crushed his ribs in—a way of killing the small fur bearer so there is no blemish on the fur, and putting a wire about his neck hung him up on the branch of a nearby tree as he had

a mind to take him home in that condition to have him photographed by a visitor who was back at camp.

The trapper went on his rounds and on his return he found his mink gone. A dead mink run away? Hardly! That mink was nearly dead but not quite, and the trail in the snow told the story of how he had 'come to' long enough to wriggle free of the branch and with the wire managed to reach a large stump under the roots of which he crawled to die, quite out of reach. And as Ernest the trapper told his guest that night "there are some things that are not to be, and my capturing that mink was one of them."

Editor's Note—Since the above interesting story was written we have received word from the trapper whose picture appears in the drawing, and among other items of interest he mentions that he has at last secured the mink. He set a trap at the entrance to the hole under the stump, into which the mink, with the wire around its neck, had gone and after a few days captured him for the third and last time.

A GAME SPORT

A Regina man who comes to Saskatoon once a week was here to-day and was sport enough to tell this story on himself. The reporter promised on oath not to tell names, but, the story is good enough to pass without a name.

"I was at Yorkton last week and went out to Yorkton Lake to shoot ducks. The ice looked strong enough to hold up an elephant. So I didn't even question its promise. I'd stepped some distance from shore when there was a great crashing of ice and I went down.

"At first I thought I was going down for the rest of my days, but finally I managed to get my arms out on the ice and stopped just as the water began to get into my ears. That must have been the only weak spot in the ice, because it took most of my strength to break away a path so I could paddle ashore.

"I was not very happy when I got there and had a notion to jump back into the lake. But I like to shoot ducks. So I pulled off my clothes and spread them on the ground to dry. Then I made a shelter under some bushes and crept in with my gun and some dry shells I borrowed from my friend, who at this time was deciding that falling into an icy lake was the funniest thing on earth. I waited there until the ducks came by, and shot. The worst part of the performance was when a duck fell I had to run from shelter and get it. I was not dressed for that. You will understand how cold it was when I tell you that before my clothes dried, the path I'd broken in the lake was frozen again. Also, my shoulder is all black because I didn't have a thing to make a pad for my gun.

"You bet I got some ducks."

—Saskatoon Star

In Which Hungerford Grapples With A Bear



ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

"BY gosh," said Hungerford, coming into camp through the heavy dew of an early morning, with a platter in his hand, "if there is nothing else in this country there certainly is a lot of blueberries hanging around on the bushes not working. What I haven't already eaten I got here on the plate with me, ready to eat for breakfast."

Beachcraft, Hartley and the insignificant scribe viewed the incomer with mildly unpleasant glares, not to speak of sarcastic glances and curling and withering lips.

On his plate Hungerford had some blueberries. There was no doubt about it. It did not take a Sherlock Holmes to see that they were of the blueberry gender, but the scarcity of them and their comparison as with the overgrown platter was something too astonishingly ludicrous for words. Then to look from the berries to Hungerford's unblushing proportions was enough to cause one convul-

sions. Close scrutiny revealed a few large berries and some thin, weazened small ones that only an enthusiast could think of picking.

"O don't hold the platter like [you thought we were going to rob you of it," said Hartley, who was otherwise busy untangling three lines and drying four; he was always untangling lines being a devout bait-casting enthusiast. He continued:

"If it wasn't for the fact that these gentleman, our noble and thoughtful brothers would bitterly condemn me for such a course I would ask you to share them with us, but—"

"You showed great consideration for our feelings all right, what Beachcraft," I pointedly suggested, turning to the doleful one who had gotten sand inside of his fifteen dollar reel and was studying how he could get it together again so that the springs and whatnots would jibe.

"You certainly are right there," vouchsafed Beachcraft, studying Hungerford with a keen, introspective eye. "Think of a great mountain like him sneaking out in the morning before people are awake, running around with a platter as big as a continent and coming back with that outlay of fruit."

"Thanks, guys," said Hungerford, sinking his teeth into a purple globe of sweetness. "You know the early bird gets the worm. Ha--ha, how it that?"

"Worm, eh!" broke out Hartley, who had only fifteen more knots to solve and then he would be through—"Worms. Well you were early enough, Hungerford, also you may have

got more than one worm. You may have got several."

But Hungerford already was on his way to the cook tent. Some very nice slices of rare sugared ham were sizzling on the spider. This held Hungerford's eye. His appetite was enormous, especially when ham occurred.

"When you eat those berries," I called after him, "be careful so you don't get them caught in your molars."

This was the crowning triumph of sarcasm. I turned with the air of a man who has witnessed his life's work accomplished and leans back, content to rest upon his well-earned laurels.

"I like blueberries," I said to Hartley and Beachcraft.

"O that's impossible," said Hartley; and I didn't know whether he was addressing the knots he was working on or if he was answering me.

"It's a fact nevertheless that I do," I continued. "Nobody in this wide world loves blueberries better than I. I would travel from here to the North Pole for a dish. That's why Hungerford is so enthusiastic. But he shall not have all of them. It will hurt him. Besides his stomach is out of order anyhow."

"Even the guide perhaps doesn't know where the bushes are," Beachcraft held. "I bet two bits that Hungerford is stuffing him though. If I dropped a dime out of an airship into the middle of a ten-acre meadow he would find it. The only way we can do is to lay around and watch where he goes. For my own part I could hear him walking ten miles off and his figure fills my eye at a like distance."

"Well, berries or no berries I certainly would like to throw one great big scare into Hungerford," I said. "There is a man who claims for himself the courage of a gladiator and his only prowess is his ability as a trencherman. The question, excluding the blueberries, is: Does courage and a big bay front hob-nob together?"

"Say listen," intervened Beachcraft, winking his eye. "Tell you

what we will do. Bears hang around berry patches as I understand it, at least in little frequented places. The guide says that there are bears around here so there must be. Then comes this proposition. Somebody here at the right moment should rise out of the bushes in the midst of the patch disguised as a bear and if that won't test out Hungerford's nerve, nothing will."

"Let Hartley do it," I volunteered. "He would be only too glad to celebrate after he has untangled those three last backlashes. He will be through about four o'clock with the first one, maybe, maybe not."

But at that identical moment as though in challenge an unutterable smile of happiness stole over the face of Hartley; astonished we looked at him, wondering what was up now. A man having found a dime in an old vest could act no more surprised and delighted. With the hand of a magician he was untangling the line he was working on.

"Four o'clock, eh? Look at that. That knot is solved. That little measly knot is, or was the cause of it all. It holds the keynote to the problem all in itself. There: by Jove, I got it, sure enough. Well, well! Now then—"

"The deuce the matter with him,? I asked Beachcraft, wiping my glasses and adjusting them for a better look.

Beachcraft tapped his head significantly.

"It's all right to untangle a few of them," he said, but there is a point beyond which no man may transgress. Too much is too much."

But Hartley paid no attention. Said he:

"I will pull this end through this and through here, like *that*. Ah, how nicely that was done. Then this end through *this* and *this* and *this* one; then through *this* and *this* one, and then *this* one over here. Now gentleman I have it; a feat that is unrivalled. Look at this mass of line closely. Looks bad, don't it? As a matter of fact it is the most simple thing you can think of. Do you know that by one move this whole thing will fall apart, and everything will be free? To show you

how confident I am, I am going to give this end line a jerk any old way and you will be surprised at the very simplicity of it. *Now watch!*"

He seized an end out of that bunch of line and holding to the reel with the other hand he gave the suggested end a truly violent jerk. A moment thereafter to his sorrow he was looking balefully down upon an impossibility of a tangle that never was, is or will be equalled. It was now bound together with the tenacity of adamant. I never saw Beachcraft laugh as he did then.

"Pound me in the back, hit me in the back, quick, for Heaven's sake," he shrieked, rolling over and over and kicking out the kinks of laughter with his legs. "O lord, O lord; O will I ever stop; O can I quit. Hit my back—hit my back—hit my back."

Exasperated at what he thought was merely an exhibition of laughter Hartley worked up steam and hit him an insufferably resounding smash between the shoulder-blades that felled Beachcraft, as he rose, like an ox. Not another unnatural grimace appeared upon his countenance.

At breakfast I noted Hungerford eating blueberries and thick condensed milk with the avidity of a whale. This did not serve in the least to make me forget my secret ambitions.

"Look here, Jim," I said, addressing the guide. "I heard an awful scratching outside of my tent last night. I hear there are bears around here, in this neck of the woods. Could that scratching outside my tent last night have been caused by a prowling bear?"

"O," responded the guide, "you air mistaken sir. It was I. Ye see I knew that I hed fergotten to scrape off one of the tin plates, and not desirin' to let it harden up on that plate I got up and scraped it off after ye hed gone to bed. That must hev bin it."

Merriment held Hartley and Beachcraft transfixed.

"Well this must have been a bear. Anyhow," I continued, "I hear say there are bears around here. Is that right?"

"Many of 'em," said the guide. "Now around about these times, in the blueberry season ye will find 'em strippin' the bushes like ez not, and I shouldn't wonder but that ye would see one or so afore the time's out."

"They are pretty wicked and dangerous sometimes are they not," put in Beachcraft, turning to the guide rather interested.

"O, sometimes. 'Bout now they got their cubs ye see, and like ez not a fellow try to fuss with 'em they won't no-how stand fer it. Bears ain't like to stand any crowdin'."

I, Beachcraft and Hartley nodded our heads in understanding, but we were not prepared for what Hungerford said the next moment. He said:

"My life's ambition has always been to meet face to face with a bear, and all I want when I meet him is a good, hefty cobble-stone and then just let me soar into action with this good old right arm of mine."

We studied Hungerford with care and consideration from every angle. He meant it, you could easily see that. Next we shifted our attention to his blueberry-dish. Many small blueberries that wouldn't sink in the milk were floating on top off to one side. I pointed to them:

"Why don't you eat the floaters too? Aren't they any good?" "Give me time, give me time," said Hungerford. "These are my berries aren't they?"

I approached Hartley and Beachcraft later.

"Well, boys," I said, "I have it all fixed fine and dandy. I bought out the guide. I slipped him a five spot. In other words I have him all primed. We are going down to the village and get a bear robe with a head on it owned by Peters the blacksmith, you remember. What do you think of that?"

"Do you mean to say you bribed that cuss? Why I gave him five dollars myself not twenty minutes ago." These words from Beachcraft were followed by a facial exhibition by Hartley and a venting of spleen that held us spellbound.

"O Lord," vociferated Hartley, "there's one born every minute."

"I suppose next minute you will be telling us," I hinted with dim forebodings, "that you also handed him a five spot for ulterior motives."

"Not a five spot," mourned Hartley, rocking in his misery, and holding his head, "but two dollars and thirty five cents. It happened not five minutes ago, behind the cook tent."

We allowed this information to seep through us.

"That cook," muttered Beachcraft, half under his breath, "is a born crook. He may look like the re-incarnation of a mop; his face may sag suspiciously into his beard, but nevertheless he nurses in his brain a vampire ambition."

The upshot of it all was that we decided to carry out the bear scare. Presumably to get supplies at the village the guide and I went there driving the car. We got the loan of the hide for a consideration; and by pledging that we would return it in condition as we found it. When we returned to camp we hid the hide away in the tent. Hungerford was catching sunfish down the lake shore aways; his pants were rolled up over freckled legs and the sun had reddened him to a rusty tint. It was good to see him enjoying himself. Occasionally he would shout, "I am going to hoist one out now, watch." And up would come a sun-fish sailing through the atmosphere to its doom.

"We'll draw lots on who is going to play bear in the morning," I announced when Hartley, Beachcraft and the guide were present. "This thing has got to be done fair. I will hold three matches of different lengths in my hand. The one that gets the short one is the victim. Isn't that fair?"

"But what if I draw it," whined Beachcraft.

Well, naturally," suggested Hartley snickering, "you will have to become the goat; a target for whizzing rocks."

"Here's hoping you get the short one, Beachcraft," said Hartley as he drew. It was the middle-sized match. He was out of it. Beachcraft drew with his eyes shut. He drew the long stick. Then it was my turn to draw. I drew the short

one naturally since I was the last of the drawers. I felt sorry then that I had not told Hartley, who was very susceptible to taking directions;

"Draw the one on the end Hartley, its the long one," but it was in reality the short one which I later on drew.

That day and night we talked about black bear and their hideous doings; the guide told a few himself about bearcraft that ought to have caused bead-drops of sweat to stand out on Hungerford's brow. This working an individual up to it has many points in its favor; but Hungerford, with a smile on his face took it all in vowing to the last that all he desired was to meet a black bear face to face and shake hands with him. And he rounded out with:

"I shot a bear once, did I ever tell you about that?"

I heard Hartley sniff his unbelief into his balsam pillow. "You used to shoot craps in the alley back of Ratzberger's store too in your youth, didn't you," he murmured.

Early in the morning, very early, the guide appeared at our tent and woke Beachcraft, Hartley and myself, telling us to get out to the blue berry patch before Hungerford was abroad. This I did with a caution and finish that left no room for doubt. I brought the bear-skin with me and as the guide had promised to give me directions as to how to find the blueberry patch all went well. Here let me for the moment draw the curtain on my endeavors. I got lost with my bearskin and had to race to keep ahead of a drove of mosquitos that advanced on me in mass formation at which I unlimbered with my arms and with a sulphurous invective. I was saturated with dew. The whole woods were dripping with it. The bearskin as I dragged it behind me made a grating sound that got on my nerves so I picked it up and carried it over my head. Any hunter coming through the woods in the hunting season would have shot me in my tracks just to see which way I would fall.

As I cautiously approached the patch I saw Hungerford was already there picking berries, and I knew that Beachcraft, Hartley and the

guide were somewhere in the neighborhood on watch for they had decided to follow Hungerford. Except for the fact that I had lost my way I would have been there long before Hungerford.

While I was artfully preparing to go forward entirely enveloped by the bearskin something happened that made me change my mind. *Out of the patch rose a real live bear.* Evidently he had been on all fours before his rising to his full height. Upon seeing the bear Hungerford gave a yell and broke into laughter. Did he run? Emphatically no. He reached down under the bushes and brought forth a villanous cobble-stone with jagged edges to it that would have caused me, if I had been in the bear's place, to flee for cover.

"O, you can't fool me," cried Hungerford, calling my name at the bear and taking aim with the cobble-stone at him. "Pretty good imitation all right but you gotta get up before daylight before you fool me."

So saying he let drive with the cobble-stone straight at the bear, grazing it by an inch and a quarter. The bear held ground. Picking up another rock Hungerford ran forward, throwing as he went. The bear which had at first been transfixed with fear now fell on all fours and made for safety. Hungerford, with a triumphant glee ran after and caught at the bear's fur. Then the creature turned and snapped at him.

We all broke cover, running toward them.

By this time Hungerford and the bear were fixedly clinched in a death grapple, but seeing us the bear wrenched away from his active assailant and won his safety. Hungerford was as white as a sheet and was quivering so that he could hardly

stand. But one could hardly blame him. We ourselves were a bit off color and the guide had comfortably left the scene.

"But didn't you know it was a live bear, Hungy," I asked Hungerford later as we continued the process of applying cold towels to him.

"No," muttered Hungerford. "I thought it was you. You see I bribed the guide. He told me all about what you were up to so that I could double-cross you. I thought of course that the live bear was the imitation that's why I was so confident. O Lord, that's the worst I've ever been up against."

"I want to ask you something," I said.

"All right, ask it," answered Hungerford.

"You say, upon being cross-examined, that you bribed the guide. All right, so far, so good. Now then—*now then*, might I ask you what price you paid to have us double-crossed?"

"I gave the guide one dollar and sixty cents, three artificial minnows, one rubber frog and a quart of Three Star Hennessy," sheepishly replied Hungerford.

As Hartley and Beachcraft fainted I caught first one, then the other in my arms!

A Letter from Jamison Hartley:

"We have read the manuscript copy of this account and I want to say that Hungerford enjoyed a good laugh over it, only he protests about the episode of the blueberries since we had blueberries at every meal—and such blueberries—big bowls full of them. Believe me Mr. Lincoln has created the best bear story that ever came out of the sticks of Ontario. . . . Let's have the rest of the story."



PARTRIDGE SHOOTING IN ALBERTA

HERB MACGREGOR

ONE evening in October, 1913, a companion and I, armed with shot-guns, left the house where I was boarding in the vicinity of Stettler to procure some ducks for breakfast. As we neared a fringe of poplars shadowing a slough a bevy of partridge rose, unexpectedly, directly in our path, and, flying low, glided among the trees. Cautiously entering the grove I detected a partridge perched on a low limb. Thoughtlessly, I aimed and fired. The range was so short that the bird was reduced to an unpalatable, pulpy mass.

"Why didn't you aim at its head," my companion observed.

"You try it," I retorted, pointing to one still perched on a nearby tree. Owing to the gathering dusk it had, undoubtedly, elected to remain rather than run the risk of crashing into a tree.

My companion found it harder to confine the shot, to the head than he had anticipated; and we decided that for pleasure or profit a rifle was superior to a shot-gun for hunting partridge.

In January of the same year I had formed my first acquaintances with those shy inhabitants of the grove. Returning from work in the twilight I saw, almost daily, flocks—families I suppose—perched in isolated trees, silhouetted against the azure sky, or, perchance, stumbled on a flock snugly ensconced in an unpretentious snow-drift perforated with suspicious looking holes. Then as the chinook heralded the approach of spring they scattered to the four winds and, when the warm balmy days were ushered in their "drumming" filled the budding groves. Occasionally, as I skirted the groves I was rewarded by a glimpse of beautifully blended feathers protruding from behind the trunk of a tree. Somehow the inevitable tree always got in the way.

As I left the house one afternoon in October, a week later than the shooting incident mentioned, armed

with a .22 Winchester repeater, to hunt partridge, I felt some qualms of conscience about stealthily trailing what I had come to look upon as friends.

As I neared a poplar grove, many acres in extent I observed a partridge standing on a log at its edge. It was an easy range, so I secured my first contribution to the day's bag.

On entering the grove I admonished my senses of sight and hearing—for to be a good hunter these senses must be acutely trained, and of the two hearing is probably the most useful in locating partridge in the woods. "Yes; I'll see and hear everything," I promised myself. I stole cautiously on; then stopped to listen. Not even a glimpse of a living denizen, feathered or furred,—excluding a few small birds—rewarded my efforts. I began to meditate on the beauty of the woods in autumn, especially on such a day—it was gorgeous! I lowered my rifle.

"Jip!" A snow-shoe rabbit leapt almost from my feet, and sped away in long jumps; and I had been so sure I was seeing and hearing practically everything.

Continuing the hunt, keenly alert, sometime later—I heard the pattering of feet on the dry leaves. I had already heard many similar sounds but this time it had the right patter. Listening, I heard a soft "clucking" sound and almost instantly saw a partridge step behind a tree, only its head, centered by a bright, inquisitive eye, remaining visible. I took careful aim at the dazzling target and fired, but missed. The partridge then ran on, but soon slowed down to a walk. I tried to get another shot at it but it always managed to get a tree between us before I could get the sights in the proper line. Then on again we went. Our game of "peek-a-boo" was becoming monotonous when it made the fatal mistake of getting behind two rather small trees that stood close together; its body showed be-

tween and a pair of partridge soon graced my belt.

On and on again I slowly drifted always on the *qui vive*. As my patience was beginning to suffer slightly I ran on to a partridge's dusting-place. I examined it and concluded that I had disturbed a partridge at one of his favorite recreations. I scanned the woods carefully but my efforts were fruitless. Stepping over a log I proceeded to cast about. From the far side of a large poplar to the far side of one several rods ahead hurried a partridge. I took up the trail treading softly so as to avoid frightening it. We were nearing the edge of the grove when, without any warning or appearance of fright, it whirled into the air and steered for a small grove a quarter of a mile distant, flying low as is usual with them when frightened. Before it had gone many yards it flew full tilt into a barbed-wire fence, and was thrown back to the ground stunned or at least a very much surprised bird. I dashed to secure it but before I could reach the place of the accident it had recovered and continued on its way. Nevertheless I watched its flight; marked where it lit, and in five minutes was examining the marks caused by the barbed-wire. My brace now consisted of three plump birds.

About an hour later I emerged from the grove without having had any more success. I thought of an

island grove of not more than an acre in extent that I knew harbored a partridge, but I was loath to shoot it as I was in the habit of skirting the grove during my daily walks and taking a peep in at its little inhabitant. The lengthening shadows warned me of approaching twilight, so I threw sentiment to the winds and cut across the prairie. Entering the grove I immediately encountered its little ruler. Unlike the other partridges I had trailed it did not endeavour to escape or get behind the trunk of a friendly tree. It seemed to resent my intrusion. Undoubtedly it had come out conqueror in more than one taloned conflict. I stood and watched it parading in all the glory of its perfection. For in those wild denizens of the grove nature seems to have reached that state. The rich brown feathers tipped with white, black, and dark brown; the dark green ruffles scintillating under the rays of the setting sun; the great spread of the fan-shaped tail; were a marvel of perfection. Of course I felt some compunction about shooting it, but I reminded myself that I was a hunter not a naturalist.

As purple twilight deepened and the rallying call of the coyote began to drift in on the night air I reached home perfectly satisfied with my afternoon's sport.

ANDREW McCLOSKEY

KEMPER H. BROADUS

EDMONTON is many miles south-east of the homestead of my old friend MacLosky, and he was the last person in the world that I expected to meet in the town. But there he was, strolling along the crowded street, with his hands in his coat pockets and his strong-flavored black briar nipped between even, yellow teeth. He did not notice me, for he seemed a bit dazed by the sights and the number of people—

twenty years on a homestead do not accustom a man to crowds—so I slid up behind him and touched him lightly on the shoulder. He turned with a start.

"Mon," he said simply, and crushed my hand in his great paw, "I'm glad to see ye."

"To think that I'd have met you here, of all places," I cried. "How's things up your way?"

"Gran'; in fact, maist splendacious." He chuckled deep down inside of him. "I was speerin' that I'd be seein' ye here, fer I'm gaein' moose huntin' the vera meenit I get hame, an' I kenned that ye'd be wantin' tae come with me. Fer ye do, don't ye?"

"Mac," I said feelingly, "you're a well-disguised angel. The doctor says I need a rest and there's nothing I'd like better than to see if I can't miss a moose better than you can. When do we start?"

"Aweel," he grunted thoughtfully, and looked at a fat and noisy watch, "gin ye're wantin' tae get there before next week, ye'd best be ready in about twa hours, fer trains are vera scarce aroond here; an' furbye, they're a'fu hard tae catch."

"Two hours! Mac, do you really think I can get my traps together in that time?"

"Ye puir, helpless, wee pen-pusher, all ye need's a gun an' a ween shells, an' lots and' lots o' baccy. Here, I'll come an' help—ye're a bachelor, ar'n't ye?—guid; then I'll help ye pack up."

Providence kindly made that train twenty minutes late, and we caught it. But unfortunately, Providence continued to make it late, and it was one o'clock in the morning—a very cold, black morning—when we dropped off the train at Endersby, the station nearest to MacLosky's homestead.

I shall never forget our drive out to his place. We left town about two in the morning and the ponies covered the twenty miles of trail at a trot, the buckboard bouncing behind them, and the coyotes away off somewhere howling at the coming dawn.

When we reached Mac's homestead and had breakfast, he proposed that we sleep awhile. When we woke up a few hours later, the ground was white with snow, and more was falling.

"Are ye still wantin' tae gae after the moose?" said Mac through the last of a series of huge yawns.

"Sure," I replied.

"Aweel, get busy an' put yer warm claes on, an' coom outhye wi' yer gun, an' if ye canna' get a moose

by the time ye're hungry again, ye can ca' me onything ye like."

MacLosky armed himself with a Snider of doubtful age and wicked appearance.

"You must have a hard job getting shells for that cannon in this part of the country," I said.

"I mind me," he replied, "it was nigh four year ago when I got thon bunch o' shells in Edmonton—ye canna' get them in Endersby. I've used them about twa or three times since then; an' ilka time they worked better, fer when I pit the pouder in, I pit about a teaspoon extra fer luck. O' coorse, they keek a ween."

I gasped and thought of my factory loaded '30-'30's, the charges accurate to a tenth of a grain.

We crunched out over the fresh snow—the flakes were small and almost as hard as sand—and struck fresh moose-tracks within a mile of the shack. We must have trailed the brute for five miles before we sighted him, about a hundred yards off, standing motionless, black against the white background of the snow. I took careful aim for a point just behind his shoulder, and fired. Instead of even stumbling, he turned and started off at a terrific pace. I emptied my magazine after him, raising the sights and firing as fast as I could, and had the satisfaction of seeing him drop to my last shot.

Mac and I went up and looked at him, and to our surprise, could find no bullets in him but my first, which had gone through his lungs.

He looked at me and scratched his head. "Weel, I'll be domned!" he cried. "Ye meesed him wi' yer last four shots."

We cached the meat and, when I had loaded on to a pack-board, we started back. MacLosky was ahead of me, for I was carrying the head, and anyhow, it was his turn for a shot. And he got it.

We had not gone more than a mile when MacLosky stopped short.

"Guid sakes!" he gasped, and raised the trusty old Snider. There was a crash! as the gun went off, and there was MacLosky staggering backwards from the kick; through the dense

cloud of smoke I caught a glimpse of a moose, who, under the impression that he was a non-stop express train, was rapidly making himself scarce. As I coughed in the reek of the black powder, Mac looked at me dazedly, and said, "Did I heet him?"

Dumb with laughter, I pointed to a bullet-hole in the bark of a poplar some twenty feet from the ground. He shook his head solemnly as the smoke cleared away, and sighed, "I'm thinkin' thon shells are na' vera guid. Gin ma shells are all richt, I can heet maist onything."

Much disgusted as MacLosky was, he recovered his good spirits soon, for he was by nature a cheerful soul.

"I'm hopin' vera hard," he remarked suddenly, "that I'll be ha'in' a chance tae show ye that I'm no in the habit o'missin' things like thon. I mind me ynst whin Wankel—he's the mon wha tends shop in Endersby—an' me was oot huntin' an' a muckle bear rins at him, I ca'ed tae him tae sclim oop a tree, but his fit slippit in the snaw, an' the bear stands abin him wi' his lang rid tongue sticket oot like he was hungry. The auld beastie hauds oop his paw like he was agaein't tae dunt puir Wankel an the lug, but jist then I shot him, an' he gies an a'fu' roar an' rolls over. I was feart that—what the di'el are ye laughin' at? D'ye no believe me?"

"A bear story in which you really hit the bear? No, Mac, you can hardly expect me to believe that."

"Aweel," he answered, with a ghost of a chuckle, "maybe ye're richt. Whin I get romancin' an' stravagin' around wi' ma stories, aplins I stretch 'em a wee. But it fair makes me greet tae think that ye're sae dour an' feart about believin' me."

To prove his ability to hit "maist onything," Mac distinguished himself during the last mile of our return to the shack, by missing two rabbits and a coyote. The first rabbit gazed in vague surprise at a puff of snow some ten yards away, where the bullet struck; the second fled madly when a branch cut by Mac's shot fell near him; and the coyote did not even turn his head or change his pace as he heard MacLosky shoot.

The calm indifference of the beast filled Mac with rage.

"Domn ye!" he cried after the vanishing animal, "Gin ye ever coom around here again, I'll put ye tae bits wi' ma bare hands."

And not another word did MacLosky say until I left his shack that night with the team and my precious moose.

"Aweel, young mon, ye got yer moose," he said as I picked up the lines. "An' gin ye're wantin' anither next November, come along oop here an' shoot it. But mon, oh mon, when ye come again, bring me a ween box o' noo shells fur the gun, fur wi' these auld uns, "and he shook his head sadly, "wi' these auld uns I canna heet nowt but the trees."

A ONE-LEGGED DUCK.

Down here in Hants Co. Nova Scotia, we have some decent duck shooting at times.

Late in the afternoon of a recent October day on the St. Croix river which runs very close to a number of grain fields, (the combination being a good one,) I killed among others a very large Blue Wing duck weighing 4 lbs. which had only 1 leg. Plucking the bird revealed the fact that Nature had never intended in any way that modern Blue Wing should ever have more than one. No signs

of a second leg had ever appeared on the body. How do you explain it? Have you ever known of a freak of Nature like this in Wild Bird life?

D. H. E.

I have not found a one-legged duck in the many thousands I have handled, evidently an accident of Nature. I think most of the immature cripples perish easily.

Bonnycastle Dale.

The Husky Dog



GEORGE ROBERTS HUNT

THE husky dog, although much depended on and of great usefulness to people living in far north countries is one of the strangest of any of the dog family. Without them, transportation would be much retarded in the Arctic and semi-arctic wilderness where they are an absolute necessity, the dog team being the chief method of travel in the northern Canadian wilds.

Compared to other animals of similar size there is nothing to equal him in strength and while in some books of fiction we read of the husky's wonderful accomplishments, most people accept it merely as fiction. Jack London in one of his books on the north, tells of a dog moving a sleigh weighing 1200 pounds over half a ton. This feat actually happened in the North during the gold rush.

Again as another instance showing their strength and staying capacity thirteen huskies drew a mounted police whale-boat weighing, with the sleigh over two tons, or to be exact 5500 pounds, across a fairly rough country for four miles without ever stopping. This would average four hundred and twenty-five pounds per dog.

The genuine husky dog comes from the McKenzie river section and is named "Malamute" after a tribe of Indians living near the mouth of the river. This particular name however is applied to all dogs coming from this particular section. They are very large, savage and rough, the strain being kept up by breeding with the large northern wolf. The male dogs are from around the Yukon

river, at least two thousand miles distant from the huskies named after the Indian tribe of Malamute, and are smaller and shorter than the husky dog, the latter word being really Eskimo, somewhat changed in the way it is pronounced.

The Eskimo dogs are about half the size of the husky, and are stocky in build and heavier than the English pointer. They have a bushy tail which is frequently curved tightly over its back. These dogs have oblique eyes, elongated muzzle, and the colour is usually a deep dun, obscurely barred and patched with a darker colour. These characteristics give them a very wolfish appearance. In recent years these dogs have become mixed to some extent.

As I said the husky is a cross between a dog and a wolf. This cross may be a half breed wolf or may only have a trace of wolf but it usually has a great deal the appearance of the wolf even though nearly all dog. The weight and colour varies a good deal according to the breed of the dog that is introduced, the usual color is gray, from a white to a dark gray. The weight of an ordinary sleigh dog is around seventy to eighty pounds in working condition so they, as shown above can move exactly fifteen times their weight. Or again taking as an instance the drawing of the whaleboat they drew for a distance of four miles over five times their weight. A team of horses, both weighing about three thousand pounds are considered to have a good load for average country roads when they have a load of two tons, a little over one horses weight.

Considering his size, the husky dog moves loads impossible to man or other animals.

Some people are of the opinion that our domestic dog, could they be traced back, were really derived from the wolf or coyote being tolerated by primitive man until in time they became domesticated. Be that as it may, we know for a surety that were it not for the wolf blood in the husky dogs they would not have such endurance as they now have.

A friend of the author's owned the fastest dog team for miles around in his district. They were black and white, part husky and as tough as whalebone. They came from Lake Winnipeg, were very affectionate, and would guard children as well as any dog. They were however, not to be trusted around stock, for being raised in the wild they had never seen domesticated cattle. Their thievish nature is another drawback. I remember one time a certain person who was well acquainted with these huskies told me they would steal anything that wasn't tied down then corrected himself by saying "they would steal it anyway unless it was tied up." They have a more ravenous appetite than any animal I ever saw. I once thought I had a hound that had no equal as regards getting away with food notwithstanding which he was always lean. I found out however, that the huskies could make away with several times what that hound could and still be—poor.

Their thieving nature combined with their exceeding cunning, developed from their wolfish ancestors, makes it necessary to keep everything out of their reach for they will even chew harness, moccasins, flour sacks and on occasion bolt a rag that has any odour of meat fryings on it.

They are fed once a day, usually after supper, and are given a place to lie down. They are then contented and ready for the next day's work. Their hair is short and unusually thick so they can make themselves fairly comfortable in the cold. The allowance for their day's food is one pound of cornmeal and one quarter pound of tallow made into a mush. Sometimes they are

fed on fish, however, depending on which food is the most plentiful or the most easily secured.

They seem to have a mean, sneaky disposition for which the treatment accorded them is much to blame, that of the Indians especially. During the winter months from October to April, the dogs are constantly in service making long trips and when summer comes they are turned loose to shift for themselves, and are then kicked around and much abused. It is not much wonder then if they are bad and of a thieving nature. All wild life desires to live and it has been bred in them from the past generations that it is the "survival of the fittest" and the weak must go to the wall.

Huskies are much like persons in their different dispositions, some being always over eager to work, always wanting to be in harness, others being real slinkers that hate work and whenever possible try not only themselves to avoid it but by getting into fights with others, stop them from working and in general, mess things up. Then there are those who, like some horses, can travel all day in a bushel basket—they do a lot of moving around but never get anywhere. Dog teams have been meeting one another on trails, or on near trails and when there were fighters in both packs would be at one another before either driver could stop them. Some would come out badly used up, the harness would be broken and so would the ten commandments—by the drivers. When they do get fighting they are like a pack of wolves and you nearly have to knock them out before they are parted.

During muck travel they must be "shod" and moccasins usually made of buckskin or caribou skin or even horse hide are put on their feet or they would quickly cut them to pieces.

And so if you journey to the land of the midnight sun, during the winter you will see these dogs in actual use and will become as familiar with the "Mush! damn you! mush on," as you formerly were with the "Get up

Dobbin." But do not make up your mind to buy one and take it home with you as a pet, no matter how you may revere and admire them,

for if you do, your husky will undoubtedly eat Fido for breakfast and then vault over the high board fence to give himself another appetizer for dinner.



What Happens to the Rabbits

Editor, Rod and Gun in Canada.

I have just read the little article on Indian Blankets by Robert G. Hodgson in the December number of *Rod and Gun*, and I have noted what he says about the seventh year plague that kills off the rabbits in the north.

I am reminded of this by a controversy that was carried on on this subject some years ago, and one man undertook to explain the scarcity of rabbits by explaining that the rabbits travelled in a huge circle, that is the main body of them travelled this huge circle, and they could always be found in great numbers at some point along this line while at others they would naturally be extremely scarce, or entirely absent. Mr. Hodgson in his article uses the words "in the north a plague strikes the rabbits every seven years and they die off so fast and in such large numbers that where they were formerly very numerous, by spring there is scarcely one to be found, *seldom even a dead one.*" He also says "The cause of this is not known, but it has been noticed that when this disease becomes rampant, the lynx, which practically live on rabbits, also decrease in numbers and whether they also die or only migrate is not known."

Now there are two things in this that would seem to support the former writer's theory of migration. He claimed that the rabbits migrated and the lynx simply followed them, so that it was perfectly natural when rabbits were scarce at any point to find very few lynx. Then again, could such a great number of rabbits die of plague without their dead bodies being found all over the place. This matter is most interesting, and if any of your readers have knowledge of it, I am sure we would be glad to hear from them.

Yours truly,

E. J. McVeigh.

As Mr. McVeigh points out, a discussion on the disappearance of the rabbits would be both interesting and educative. In the spring of 1915 I noticed hundreds of dead rabbits along the trails in the vicinity of the Saskatchewan River, southwest of Edmonton. Every few hundred feet one could see bodies of both rabbits and hares in varying states of decomposition. Some mysterious malady had swept over the entire country and killed them all during the winter previous and it was the seventh year from the date of their last destruction.—Editor.



Splendid heads have been obtained by a party of Ohio sportsmen who have been hunting in Northern Ontario. They outfitted at Savoff, 193 miles west of Cochrane in the Transcontinental line. One of the prizes, an 1800 pound moose, with an antler spread of 64 inches was bagged by Mr. James Clegg of Toledo. This moose was bagged on the first day of the trip. "He appeared some five hundred yards from us," said Mr. Clegg, "and I let him have it. The shot took effect in the hindquarters and the big fellow went down. In a few moments he was on his forelegs trying to get up, and one shot, in the head, killed him. We were from Monday until Thursday getting the moose to a railroad."

At Savoff Mr. Clegg had his prize packed in ice and sent to Toledo, where it has been on view as evidence of the magnificent hunting which the Dominion affords.

Courtesy Grand Trunk Railway

Amusing Account of a Moose Hunt

Porcupine Citizens Have Weird Adventures

The Porcupine Advance, Oct. 29, 1919

Recently a party of brave hunters from the Camp had a round of amusing, amazing and melancholy adventures up the Grassie River. The party included Ben Lyons, Art Young, Jack McLean, Fred Sexton, Jack Boyd, and an old-time hunter who went with the others as a special guide and guard and anchor.

One of the first stories told on the return of the party to the Camp was more or less at the expense of Jack Boyd. He was out in the canoe with the old guide when a moose was sighted well within range. Both Jack

and the guide thought quickly and at the same time, though unfortunately along slightly different lines. The old guide figured to himself that perhaps Jack might miss the shot at the moose and so it would be best if he (the guide) could get around behind the moose to head the beauty for the water again where Jack could have a second or a seventh shot at him, if necessary. On the other hand Jack was figuring on what a nice, close clear shot he had. He took careful and deliberate aim and just about to pull the trigger when—, Well, just at that moment the

guide jumped out of the canoe and made for the shore. The result, of course, was that the canoe upset and instead of landing the moose, Jack pitched unexpectedly into the water, where he had to flounder round for several minutes, fervently muttering "Referendum" and "Four Noes" and wondering why people never thought of sending the rivers of water "dry" in this North Country during the hunting season.

Another story from the trip relates a fine shot made by Fred Sexton. There was a moose just one hundred feet away, from him one day, broadside before him, and Fred, fired and missed, fired a second time and missed, and then the moose stopped twitching its ears so as not to allow even this slight movement to interfere with its possibilities as a target. Four more shots were fired by Fred at that motionless moose, and then the moose deliberately walked off absolutely untouched and unhurt except in its pride of race. The rest of the hunting party are unanimous in acclaiming the veritable genius of Fred Sexton as a shot. "Any one of us," each man admits, "could miss a moose like that once or twice perhaps, but no one of us ~~has~~ knows in his heart of hearts that he could not fire six shots point blank at the beast and miss every time. Only Fred could do a trick like that."

But the best little true story of all is at the expense of the whole party, the old guide included. One night they were plugging up the Grassie when night overtook them and they made their camp on a small island. They passed away the wearisome hours of the night by swapping yarns taller than the gloomy timbers on the shores nearby. When it grew so dark that they could not see the point in each other's stories, Art Young began to explain how he knew how to call moose. "You could call all right," says Ben, "but the moose would only answer 'Nobody Home'." "Well, you just see and hear and be convinced," persisted Art. Then he made weird

haunting moose-like sounds in his throat. For a few moments only the silence answered. But soon there was a crashing and smashing on the nearby shores. The moose were answering the call, answering gladly, answering madly. It was too dark to see the animals with any distinctness, but there was no doubt of their being there. They had rushed with a vengeance indeed to answer the call of what each monstrous moose no doubt took to be his long-sought soul mate, none of them up to that time being personally acquainted with Art Young. As the moose smashed and tore their headlong way to answer the soul-stirring call, the hunting party gave silent but sincere thanks that they were safe on an island where they could not be rushed upon and trampled over by the roused moose that could be neither seen nor shot nor stopped on account of the dense darkness. But the party prayed their thankful prayers too soon. The water between their island and the mainland was not deep as they believed, and soon the moose were splashing through it, fast and furious, in answer to that call of the Young. In a moment they were on the island heading straight for the little party of hunters. One man was so alarmed that he dropped his gun and ran. None of them may have climbed any trees, but yet they were all soon up in the air. The moose soon found that the call had been a spurious one, and back they hastened to the mainland, never to be fooled again until the next time,—they are just that much like human beings, "We must be more careful," they said in the moose language, "there is a lot of this vamping business going on these days." Then the hunters took Art Young quietly and firmly to one side of the island. "Now, see, here," they said to him, "whenever we are having a moose hunting party on an island or anywhere else you will be very, very welcome there, of course, but please, never, never NEVER call again when we are there!"

Strange Animal Creation of Indian Minds

ALTENEY EVANS

THE Indian mind conjures up many strange ideas, heirlooms handed down from generations of forefathers. In particular are these weird stories brought up around the campfire in forest depths. When the subject of conversation pertains to animals class the Indian mind portrays huge sizes and of fearful appearances alleged to

have been observed, and they are usually of that extinct species the scientific world features to have existed during some remote era possibly one million years ago.

The scene was a hillside of Pembina Valley, Manitoba, during last fall. At this camp the writer was staying with some friends and several Indians, who as the palefaces listened

eagerly to the stories of an elderly Indian, from time to time nodded their heads as if in corroboration of the yarns. The night was very dark with a heavy wind howling among the trees, and such forms a most befitting kind of occasion for Indian recital of happenings handed down from father to son.

"What is that name you call it by? questioned one of the paleface listeners. "Not many of those animals around nowadays, eh!"

"Him, boz, was a hell-bull. Me see him," said the Indian in response to the question. "That hell-bull was a big fellow, for my father say he never see one like him. The bull come up over there," and the Neche pointed toward a low part of the valley surrounded with tall rushes, a place wherein it might be supposed types of the hell-bull existed if they were ever other than brain creations.

"My father and me had lot of traps out after Spring muskrats," continued the Indian. "We were up in those trees over there getting dinner. There was a great noise in the valley and father asked me what it was. I said me not know and father listen more then he say hell-bull was come back to get Indians."

At this point the remark may not be out of place, to state Indians claim animals of fierce man-eating character come back to places at intervals perhaps of seven to ten years. Hence we may assume the hell-bull was paying a visit to Pembina Valley after a lapse of years.

"Him roar awful, his voice shake the ground," said the Indian, a statement other Neches stated as correct, the roar having been heard by their fathers at the time, they being also out upon trap lines. "My father tell me come down and see what the bull was like, so we walked out of the trees. We not go far when the bull splash the water and we stood still. He keep on roaring and after a bit he lift his head over the rushes. Boy! Boy! he such big eyes, horns long as my boat, his mouth like big hole, and he have fins long as a poplar. When we see him my father tell me to come home quick. That long time ago, and I not see him since."

And thus a legend conjured up within the Indian mind has been related. Without doubt, the Indian's story is a relic of such handed down to posterity of a once alleged animal creation of dinosaur type, and others of mammoth species as recorded to have been seen within the memory of living man in Alaska and latitudes of northern zones.

The Indian concluded his story by the remark, that during the following summer, some Neches went to look at the hell-bull's resort when the swamp had become free of water. There was it is claimed, a huge hole of such great depth, stones thrown in could not be heard touching the bottom. However, a quantity of hay had been cut upon the place shortly before the writer's visit during last fall, hence it is safe to conclude the hell-bull has removed its occasional visits to some other portion of Pembina Valley.

Forms and Properties of Mushrooms

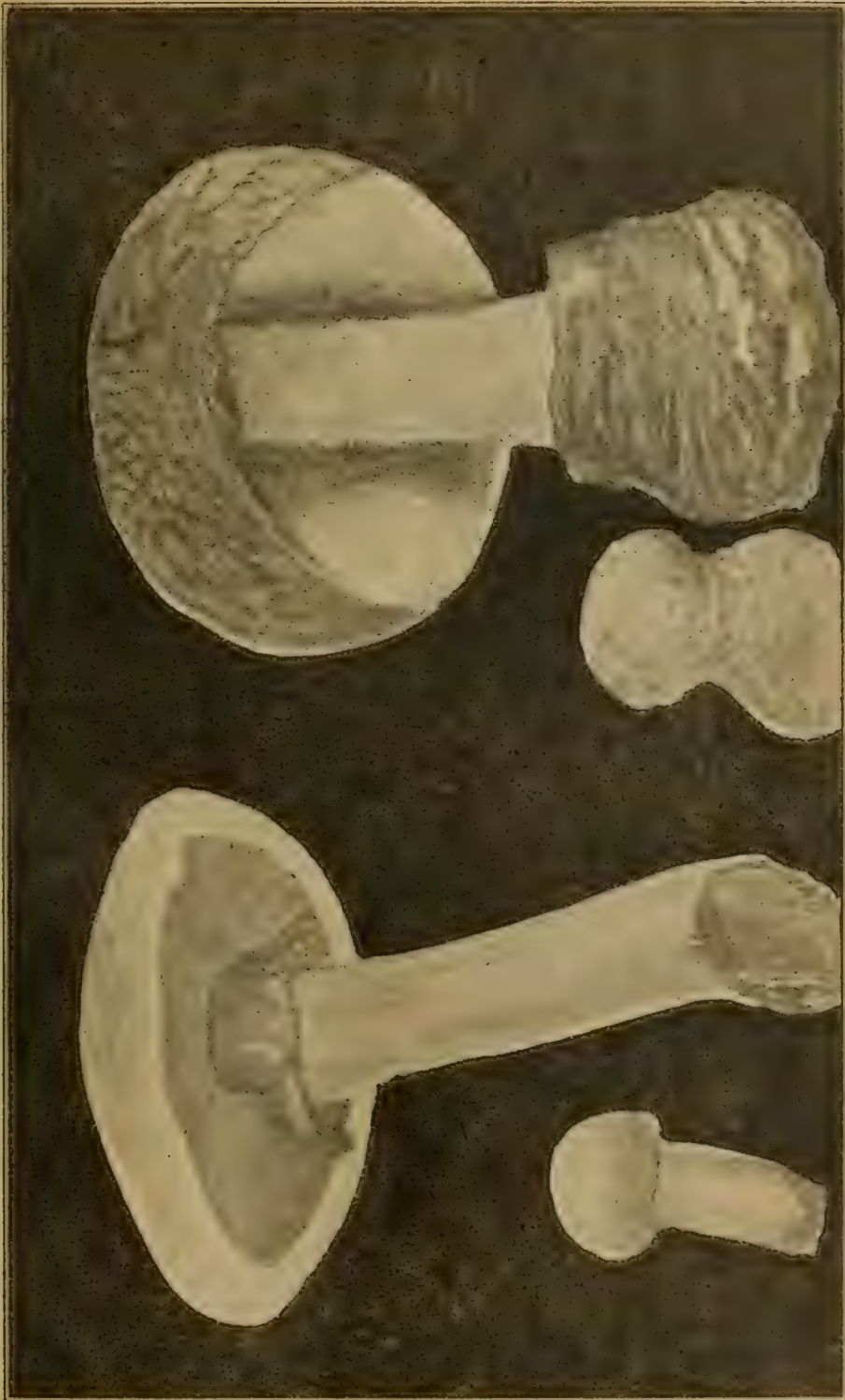
T. WARE

I believe that people in general are well enough acquainted with the common cultivated mushroom, *Agaricus campestris*, so that very little need be said in reference to it. But as they vary considerable in form and surface color of the cap it may be of interest to note some of these variations.

The very young or button mushrooms are white beneath and great care should be taken when collecting them for the table. Always dig them up and the poisonous sort will be found to be deeply embedded in the ground with a bulb at the bottom while the edible ones sit close to the surface. When packed, the edible and poisonous ones, in the button stage resemble each other very closely but if they are dug up the difference is quite apparent and as some of the poisonous ones are so deadly poisonous it is always wise to take this precaution.

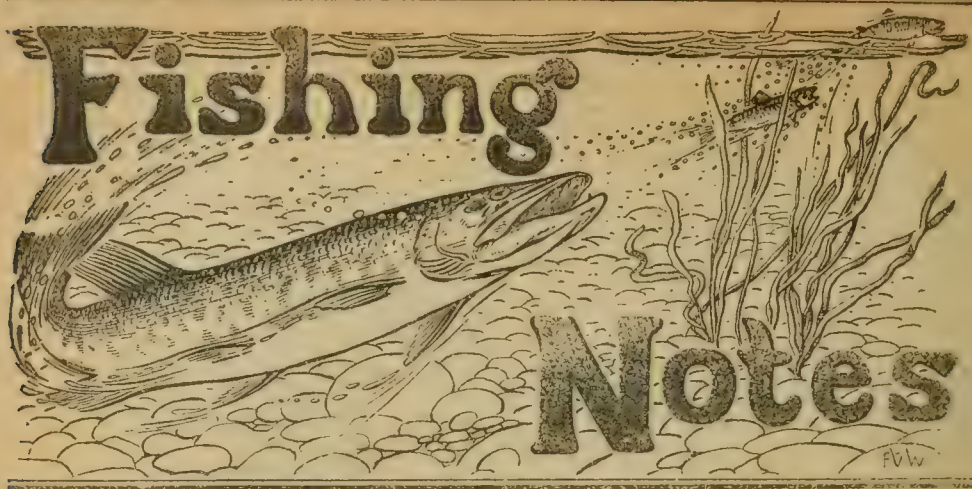
As the plants grow older, we are now speaking of the edible ones, the gills or under surface of the caps change to a pale pink, becoming deeper in color as the plants expand, until in the fully developed specimens they become brown and in decay almost black.

They are found in pasture fields away from woods generally, but sometimes I have found them in the woods in very shady places where horses and cattle have frequently stood to escape the heat and flies. And occasionally the most deadly one will be found growing in pastures with no bush near but mostly they grow in the borders of woods or in thin woods.



1. CULTIVATED EDIBLE
Agaricus Campersus

2. POISONOUS
Amanita Muscana



Trouting With Angleworms

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

ONCE, a long time ago now, when I was actively engaged in approaching fishes with worms I had the nerve to write an article about "worming for trout." I did the best that I knew how, and I considered that I had made a pretty fair job of it when the now deceased angler, the late Charles Bradford, took me solemnly to task, stating quite emphatically that I was all wrong; I meant well, but I was being led astray. He stated that it was for my own welfare that I adopt the wet fly method of angling. He held that I had talent, even a broad streak of genius, and that a man of my caliber would hurt the literature of angling by writing about fishing with worms, but that if I would only write about wet flies I would soon be in such demand as a writer on angling that I would have to travel incognito—or words to that effect. Anyhow, ever after that Charles Bradford kept his eye on me and when I would make a break in an article and mention the delights of "spring worming for trout" he would send me a clipping containing the offending paragraph heavily inter-lined with red and green ink with many and various neat border annotations asking, "Why?" or "You mean flies, don't you?" and so on, and so forth.

It was only after the death of Brother Bradford that I dared again write on the sub-kingdom of *vermes* in their relation to the art of the immortal Walton. One of these articles appeared in *Forest and Stream*. A pretty well-known New York writer took exception to many of my statements and

therefore I am writing down a few things I know and think about worming for trout and what others think on the subject.

The writer who has criticised me in a lengthy letter (and which criticism I greatly delighted in reading) holds that it cannot be proven that any of our famous writers on angling could be quoted as being advocates of the use of the worm in trout fishing. But when I say that very nearly all of the angling writers at one time or another speak very broadly on that subject I am not stating anything that I cannot prove. It is as David Starr Jordan says: "Fly fishing is an art, a fine art beyond a doubt, but it is an art and like all art it is artificial. Fishing with an angle-worm is natural." At first glimpse you will say: "Of course, he is right there," but then if you think it over you will ask yourself: "Is fishing with an angle-worm for trout a natural method of obtaining trout?" I will say no to this for angleworms are certainly not the food of the fishes of the stream. To employ a natural bait for the trout we must use natural specimens of the food that the trout feed upon. In the spring the trout will be grubbing, as we call it, or feeding upon the insects in their stick cases; and these grubs they devour sticks and all, as can be proven by opening their stomachs. If we should use helgramite for a bait we certainly would be fishing natural for if there are helgramite found in a trout stream the trout will be feeding upon them. However, in the case of the angleworm it is an importation, so to speak, and if one should float down the

stream to be picked up by a trout it would certainly be rare. This is not to say that the angleworm, used upon the hook, will not win trout, for it will!

Again if we are to fish natural later on in the season we would catch live specimens of the short living insects that the trout feed upon, and, attaching these one by one to the hook we would fish the surface with them and so obtain trout—that is to say, we think we would obtain them—but who has tried the method? They do it on the English and Scottish lakes; the process is called “blow fishing.” The natural insect is attached to the finest of hooks, as I understand it, with gossamer leaders to attend it. A slight whisper of a breeze going the right direction will aid in “blowing” the insect toward the spot aimed at, where the fish is feeding; the result, (the fly falling delicately to the surface) should be a capture. The method may be in use in England but I doubt if it is being tried out here. Merely to point out that I think this could, (without a wide stretch of the imagination) be called “natural” fishing.

The question of sportsmanship is always involved in bait fishing, and certainly it has been true that the purists have scathingly denounced worming as some device of the devil to soil down the purest pleasure ever put before man to encourage him on the road to happiness. It is painfully true that there are men who will thread on as high as ten worms on a large hook and hurl this into the deep and it is also true that on this horrible,

writhing gob they are liable to hook some emaciated, over-grown brown trout hugging the bottom of the stream and thus get into the newspapers; much to the ire of the indoor sportsmen. Gob-fishing with angleworms is one thing; the artful use of the angleworm is quite another. John Harrington Keene was enthusiastic over the skilful use of the angleworm on the hook as it is identified in trout fishing and spoke of it enthusiastically as being “an art in every sense of the word.” At the same time Keene was a fly fisherman of great renown. He held that the worm should never be allowed to settle to the bottom of the stream but should be kept a-stir in the water in such a manner that the trout is deceived into believing that the worm is being carried down with the flow of the current. After Mr. Keene’s method the hook is inserted just under the skin at several places and is cast; he warns, however, that in casting the worm if the delivery is violent it is liable to tear off.

Therefore the taking up and delivery of the lightly-hooked worm must be accomplished with due gentleness and care. *It was Mr. Keene’s sincere belief that it was harder to successfully swim a worm than to fish the wet fly in the ordinary manner and have results.*

Mr. F. M. Johnson, author of one of the most beautiful gotten up books on angling ever put out anywhere, is an enthusiastic advocate of worm fishing, as an examination of his writings will prove. He is exceedingly liberal on the subject. Mr. Johnson’s method



These Gentlemen Are Engaged in the Art of Excavating Garden Hackle

of attaching the worm to the hook or hooks is shown in a drawing with this article. It involves attaching a Number 10 hook to the end of the leader, with another one of the same size attached to the leader about an inch above the first one. A study of the illustration will show one how to proceed. The worm is hooked right under the skin, the first hook being inserted right back of the head or at the point where the worm has its collar. The hook in back is inserted at another point slightly back from the middle. When this worm is fished in this manner it gives a genuine appearance of lifelikeness in the water. And, too, by this method a sure catch is made certain for in seizing the worm both hooks are taken.

It is always thought by the strict fly-user that trout are easily taken on the worm and it is a rare fly fisherman of the purist school who does not think the average worm user an unscrupulous man and that he will catch a great number of fish using these crawlers. As a matter of fact you will find times when you can fish the streams day and night, if that were lawful, with worms, and not get a fish. The reason is that the trout are after winged prey and are watching the surface or the mid-water for the newly hatched insects rising off of the bottom as they break their cases. I have always held that it is quite an art to swim a worm and have success by that method. One of our most famous writers on angling in common with so many of our writers held the same belief. Says Prime:

"The piscatorial dilettante is fond of condemning worm fishing as a low business. I differ from him. *It is a fine art and in all the classics of our art worm fishing has taken high rank.* If the test be found in the amount of skill required for its practice, then, without dispute it ranks as high as fly fishing." And again Prime states that, "the barb of the hook in the angworm is your main reliance, but if that does not take, try the tail of a small trout, or a bright-colored minnow fin. Sometimes nothing is so taking as a grasshopper; at another time the eye of a trout, and often the red gill attract large fish." In commenting upon the lures that Mr. Prime named as being so useful to the trout fisherman Mr. Louis Rhead, one of our foremost angling writers now living states: "The baits Mr. Prime has mentioned are as truly effective to-day for the three species of trout in any locality of Eastern waters." Mr. Rhead himself holds that it is a "broad-minded angler" who uses all these baits, including worms, each having its time and place. He states:

"I am fully aware that wild trout may be captured on other lures than the fly, worm and minnows, but the right choice of them for the proper time and place, the care and skill used, are the things that achieve success." Again Mr. Rhead has stated:

"Worm fishing in brooks where trout run small should be followed up thus: Select a supply of small, pink worms; place them in forest moss. In two days they will be divested of earthy matter and will then be found to be very tough and lively, a condition, by the way, which is very desirable in a worm that is to be used for trout fishing, or any sort of fishing for that matter. Depend upon it, dead worms will not go down like the wriggler. It is the lively, active worm that does its work well, without the shadow of a doubt. Until they are baited, worms should be kept at the same temperature in which they live in the cool soil. By attending to this more general good all-around results will be had. Hook these worms gingerly, only just by the skin; use one at a time, and do not run the hook right through the body as is done by many fishermen, who, in a very unnatural manner hook on large gobs of worms and expect to have results from the process of floating this bunch over the bottom of the river. Some trout, it is true, seize upon the gobs of worms, the wriggling masses on the hook, but the wise trout pass them by but are fooled by the single worm rightly used on the hook in the manner I have mentioned. That there is an art to "worming for trout" is admitted by all, even devoted fly fishermen, and if it is intelligently employed it is productive of some very agreeable and prompt catches. In casting worms allow them to run ahead thirty feet to go just anywhere the flow of the water will take them. Use no lead, and the gut leader should be at least six feet long with a Number 8 or Number 10 eyed hook attached to the leader by a neatly tied knot. The method of using split BB-shot on the leader to sink the worm is a most unnatural one. A leader or line so weighed down usually sinks the lure in between the rocks or the cobbles on the bottom of the river and nothing but poor luck is had."

It is a fashionable belief among many anglers that all fly fishermen are against worming for trout. This has been proven untrue, as a close inspection of most writers will prove the contrary. We can agree with Willis Boyd Allen when he says: "I am not one of those sportsmen who despise 'ground hackle.' That fly fishing is clean, and free from the muscular efforts of mountain climb-

ing; that it is usually rewarded with larger fish than those taken with a worm; that it has a freedom, a jollity, a certain broad, wide-faced exhilaration I willingly admit. But the humbler, old-fashioned method has a charm of its own which I am not ready to fore-go."

successful bait fishers as "past masters" who are every bit "the equal of the skilful handler of the sunken fly and even of the dry fly." In speaking further about worm and bait fishing in general Mr. Brown says: "Good bait fishing cannot be done with a fly rod or with



"The Spring Troutler"

Richard Gourlay, famous fly fisherman, states that "a box containing many lively specimens of the humble angleworm of the large snake or dew-worm variety is the true stand-by (I blush not to own up to it) of the trout fisher in tiny streams." One of the most refined of fly fishermen was the late lamented Neal Brown of Wisconsin, known to most readers of angling literature for his brilliant articles on the subject of trout fishing. He speaks in glowing words about bait fishing with worm and minnow when after trout and regards it truly as an art, mentioning the

a short, dumpy rod. The first is too flexible and the last one too short. Bait fishing for trout should be conducted with a long rod, one purpose of this being to prevent the trout from seeing the angler. Generally this bait fishing for trout is short line work. A fairly stout rod is necessary in order to retrieve the trout properly. The greater flexibility of the fly rod is recompensed by the longer line and the wider spaces chosen by the fly caster."

Says O. Warren Smith: "How much has appeared in print on the subject of bait *versus*

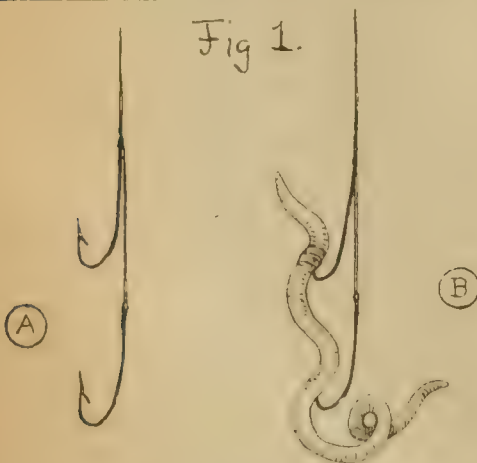
artificial flies. Just as though it were 'more sportsmanlike' to use one than the other. I have seen a fly-fisherman using three flies on one of 'my' streams taking sometimes two fish at a cast, all of which, large and small alike went into his basket. He was a fly-fisherman, therefore a sportsman (?). Says Charles Dudley Warner: 'No sportsman will use anything but a fly—except he happens to be alone.' He also remarks: 'The unsophisticated, uncultivated trout in unfrequented waters prefer the bait.' Most trout fishers will agree with Mr. Warner. I am a maker of artificial flies and a user of them—also I use worms and grasshoppers on occasion, neither do I consider myself one whit less than a sportsman when using the latter than when using the former. I do not vary the tackle one iota, therefore I must needs play and handle the hooked fish with the same circumspection, employ the same tactics."

We have shown in the two illustrations with this article just how worms may be hooked on so that they will fill the bill to perfection. In the first drawing we show the method recommended by Mr. F. M. Johnson the angling writer, a system by the way that I have fully tried out before passing it on to you. The hooks used should be the Number 8 or 10, and even a smaller hook may be tried but I would suggest nothing under Number 10. The smaller hooks may be just as good, but since I have not tried them in bait fishing I cannot say how they work. You will note in (B) of this drawing a worm attached to these two hooks, which are set far

enough apart so as to hook the worm well in the heaviest portion of the trunk. Notice, too, that the upper hook is inserted into the collar of the angleworm. This collar, by the way, is a rim around the worm, usually of a reddish color. You will notice, too, that both the head and the tail of the worm are left free to do all the wriggling they may. In fact the appearance of the worm on these two hooks is exceedingly lifelike. Incidentally, in regard to this method of two hooks, when the trout does take it you are more liable to get a sure hold on the fish, there being two hooks here against the one that is ordinarily in use.

In Figure II we are showing two other methods of attaching worms to the hook, although in both these cases only one hook is used. The idea of both of these methods is to make the worm act as a weed or obstruction guard and yet, at the same time, do its duty, in a natural manner, as a lure. The drawing (A) shows two worms to a hook, and (B) shows but one. In one there are two wriggling ends to act as enticers, and in the other there is one. Both of these methods are good ones as I have found out.

The complaint of many a worm user is that the wriggler tears and comes off a few moments in the water and it is a worm no more. This leads me to give a few hints as to the care of the worm from the time it is taken from the ground until it is to be used on the hook. As you take a worm from the mother earth it is soft and will easily tear. The idea therefore



This is the way the well known angling writer, F. M. Johnson, goes about worm fishing. One hook is attached to the leader directly above the other. Note that the



upper hook is inserted in the "collar" of the angleworm, thus to assure a firmer hold.

Here we have two methods of attaching worms to the hook so that they can be fished, at the same time acting as weed-guards. This is a dandy method by the way. The drawing (a) shows a hook with two worms on it. The head of the upper worm is pressed down over the barb of the hook. In (B) is shown a single worm on the hook, the head of this one too being pressed down on the barb. It, therefore, is also weedless.

is to toughen the skin of the worm to such an extent that it will not easily tear. At the same time a worm that is full of earth does not make a very appetizing lure, but that is the way most of them are used. Worms of a pinkish color are the ones that should be used and to obtain this natural coloration in them they should be rid of the earthy matter. Fluffy forest moss is what you should aim to get, or any moss for that matter. It is first dampened and then pressed dry with the hands. Now the worms are placed in this moss and allowed to clean themselves therein.

The dry moss will soon have a tendency to toughen the skin of the worm and at the same time it will shed its earthy filling. The time to obtain worms of the very best sort is during a rain, for then, as is well-known, they come out of the earth to take in the sights. Also these worms are generally clean and are ready to be transferred to your clay jar in the shed with the moss in it. Another method of cleaning the worms is to put them in sand. In this way they scour themselves; likewise the sand filling gives them a whitish appearance, especially if the sand is of the very

fine sort. In dry weather when you have to dig down about five feet before you can get at any worms (for when it grows hot the worms go down deep to the cool spots) you can easily bring them up by pouring many pails of water on the ground where you usually get your worms. Cover over this wet spot with sod and scraps to preserve the moisture and it will not be long before they will begin to come to the surface. Water will always bring a worm up to the surface; that is why the rains cause the big fellows to come up into the world of light and sound.

Naturally to make the worm appear "in the pink" one would attempt feeding them some food that would give them this color. Corn-meal has been suggested, but because I have never tried it I do not know how it would act, though, I see no reason why it should not be a good idea. The corn meal should be dampened and the worms placed therein. When filled I understand they turn out the regulation pink. I do know that feeding with the yellow of eggs has this tendency of brightening up the worms, but at the present price of eggs one cannot think of this.

Trout Flies: Natural and Artificial

A Composite Appraisal by Charles Bradford, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Dr. James

A. Henshall, Dr. Edward Breck, Charles Zibeon Southard, Robert

Page Lincoln, Louis Rhead.

IN 1914 I wrote an article in the *Outdoor Life Magazine* of Denver, Colorado, on the use of both the wet and the dry fly on the streams of this continent. Charles Bradford selected a paragraph from that article and himself commented upon it in an article to the *New York Press*. The paragraph referred was the following:

"The wide range of difference between the wet fly and the dry fly lies in the fact that the wet fly is an imitation of no special thing active and living, while the dry fly purports to be an imitation of the natural fly. It is generally a well known fact that any of our well known American wet flies can be converted into exceptionally good dry flies by giving them an ablution of oil."

In the *New York Press* Bradford wrote:

"Then the wet fly resembles the dry fly; and therefore the wet fly is an imitation of the living fly." Of course it is! Is not the artificial black gnat imitative of the live black

gnat? And is not the white miller artificial fly patterned after the living white miller fly? Certainly. Mary Orvis Marbury, author of "Favorite Flies" and daughter of Charles F. Orvis, one of America's greatest fly-makers, says so. So does William C. Harris, Seth Green, Frank Forester, Louis Rhead, A. Nelson Cheney, Frederick Mather, Dr. Henshall, Charles Hallock, Dean Sage, William C. Prime, Charles Z. Southard, Dr. Van Dyke, Dr. Edward Breck, *et al.* All angling writers in discoursing upon artificial flies use the expressions, "in season", "seasonable flies," etc. Now, could this or that artificial fly be in season if it were not copied from the living fly? Of course there are some artificial flies that are not copied from Nature but the artificial fly in general is a duplicate of the living thing. "When a fly is said to be in season," says Alfred Ronalds, "it does not follow that it is abroad on every day of its existence." But, Robert, our opinions

must not be harshly expressed—rather set forth “in pleasant discourse,” as Walton says—for, as Pritt tells us, “one of the charms of angling is that it presents an endless field for argument, speculation and experiment.”

Mr. Bradford, desiring to have the opinions of the great angling men living today on the subject wrote to them, telling them to set down their views on the matter. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, author of the immortal, “Little Rivers,” “Days Off,” “Fishermen’s Luck,” etc., wrote a poem in prose form, saying:

“For flies as wet or flies as dry, I do not care a whit—not I! The natural fly is dry no doubt, while through the air he flits about; but, lighting on the stream, you bet, he very often gets quite wet. This fact is known to all the fish; they take their flies just as they wish, upon the surface, or below; precisely why we do not know. The honest angler should not be, a man of rigid theory; but use the most alluring fly, and sometimes wet, and sometimes dry.”

Louis Rhead wrote:

“After thirty-two years active fishing for the trout, beginning with a worm as a bait I have developed through various stages to now fish with nothing save my own nature flies. I have made careful color pictures of all the most abundant insects and produced flies tied to exactly imitate them. Many insects do not and cannot float, yet an imitation can be made of them with which to fish wet. The English dry fly is not of necessity a copy of the natural insect. Halford has many fancy dry flies that are not copies of insects. Nearly all American commercial trout flies are fancy flies and do not imitate insects. To be exact, in fishing with a floating fly it is only right to use copies of insects that will float, mostly drakes. The average angler has been sadly fooled by this so-called dry-fly fishing, and books have been written (mostly culled from British sources) making anglers more bewildered than ever.”

Charles Zibeon Southard, author of that masterpiece of printer’s art, “Trout Fly-fishing in America” wrote as follows:

“In reply to your question about trout flies, ‘Am I right?’ I would say that unquestionably you are. From the earliest days of trout-fishing it has been the intention of anglers to have their flies resemble so far as possible the natural ones found upon their trout waters. One has only to read dear old Izaak Walton and the many noted fly-fishing authorities that have followed to the present day to be convinced of your view. Of course the art of fly tying has advanced

with mighty strides during the past fifteen years, and more especially during the past ten years and to the makers of dry flies for the wonderful development of the artificial fly, too much credit, in my judgment, can not be given. That wet flies are not such remarkable imitations of the natural flies as are the dry flies, goes almost without saying. As a matter of fact it is not the question which fly is the better imitation, but that both the wet fly and the dry fly are patterned, in most cases, after the natural flies. From the time of Walton and before that, wet flies have been patterned after natural flies. In many instances now-a-days wet flies are not designed to represent natural flies, but, quite often in the past and in the present day have not been and are not good imitations. As the art of fly tying has advanced, more nearly do the artificial represent the natural flies, and this advancement is due, in a great measure to the makers of dry flies. Speaking from a practical standpoint the so-called dry flies are the very best wet flies obtainable, and on most American waters more trout will be caught on them when fished wet than when fished dry; and this is especially true if you are after the *fontinalis*.”

Dr. James A. Henshall, author of “The Book of the Black Bass,” wrote:

“Regarding the “Trout Flies” clipping sent me for comment, I think the mention of my name in it is sufficient without adding anything more.”

Without having seen the comments of the other gentlemen who have given their opinions, Charles Bradford asked me to make another statement in regard to the assertion I had made at the same time, however, sending me the *New York Press* clipping printed at the beginning of this article. I did answer as follows:

“Perhaps I should have said that *some* wet flies are an imitation of no special object connected with living things. In the list of wet flies there are experimentations galore that will serve as well as any of the standard regulation flies. I can sit down and construct off-hand a fly to be used as wet or submerged that I feel sure I can use with as much success as with the miller, gnat or any other fly that is, no doubt, much on the order of an imitation of the natural. Perhaps in writing the article I was thinking too deeply of the eccentric nondescripts that do not imitate nature. Yet these nondescripts (flies tied any way to suit the fancy, yet having hackles, wings, etc.,) will get fish; they are drawn in the water gently back and forth, thus pur-

porting to be that of some insect drowning; yet I doubt very much if the fish can tell what sort of a fly, *living* fly, it should be. I do not care; it is the motion, the apparent endeavour of the fly to get out of that watery prison that arouses the fish's blood and impels it, *on the impulse of the moment* to seize it *without any reflection or judgment*. Halford says:

"The modern theory is that these patterns (the wet flies) are taken by the fish for the *nymphae* or *pupae*—these being the scientific names of the immature insects at the stage immediately preceding the winged form.

"Candidly, however, the presence of the wings in the sunk fly pattern has puzzled me, because, in my experience, I have never seen the winged insects submerged by the action of the stream. Sedges do at times descend to oviposit and so do certain spinners, but the appearance under this condition with an air bubble between their wings resembles nothing so much as a globe of mercury—an appearance which bears no resemblance to the ordinary sunk fly pattern."

"I have been strictly a devotee to the wet fly form the bulk of the time, and always hold that the wet fly is the better fly for our swift western and northern streams; in the wet form certainly it is the better fly two-thirds of the time. Nevertheless, smooth waters, though they come few and far between, do occur and, where they are, there the dry fly is certainly an invaluable addition to the angler's outfit. You might change my article, (the paragraph in question) to read thus: "The wide range of difference between some wet flies and the dry-fly lies in the fact that a good number of the wet flies are an imitation of no special thing active and living, while the majority of the dry flies purport to be an imitation of natural flies." This would exclude the wet flies that make good dry flies, namely, the suggested millers, gnats, etc. It would be interesting to know the number of captures made with wet flies as they fall lightly to the water surface and for a moment ride the brim. In my articles to the press I have always suggested that the fly be cast easily to the water expecting, *first*, a rise as it lies on that surface; *second*, falling at this then the fly submerges and is drawn in the water to assure the open and close of hackles, thus purporting to imitate the drowning, struggling insect."

Dr. Edward Breck, author of "The Way of the Woods," etc. (a past master in the art of fishing), wrote:

"I suppose that I may subscribe to your paragraph in answer to Mr. Lincoln. We

old chaps all know that laying down any hard and fast rules for trout is a futile undertaking; there are so many exceptions, and *les extremes se touchent* so very often. Many wet flies are certainly not imitations of natural flies nor are they meant to be; as, for instance, the Parmachene Belle, which they say Wells fashioned to imitate the belly-fin of a trout, always known to be a killing lure. 'Non-university' trout grab anything that looks like food, whether it has the appearance of an insect or something else. The more educated fish of the more southern waters may make finer distinctions. It is a vast subject and as many authorities may be found for almost any statement as for the several pronunciations of the word 'Bysantine.' You remember the scoffing English angler who dyed his dry flies blue and red and took a lot of fish with them, to the scandal of the purists. The charm of the whole thing is precisely that there are no rules. It is like style in writing English. Every man makes his own. Whether it is more pleasing in the sight of Saint Izaak to wait for a fish to begin feeding before casting over him, or for a man to sally forth and by dint of knowledge and patience and skill, actually make the trout rise to his lure, what arrogant mortal shall judge?"

Addendum.

R. P. L.

The keenness of the eyesight of a fish or its comparative limitations has always been a subject full of conjectures and suggesting numerous possibilities, especially to the angler with whom the details evolved in this question are ever present in the mind. The idea that the fish is limited to seeing just the things that go in the water around him, and that everything is a blank as to what is occurring in the world of light above, is an erroneous supposition that active observation has proven groundless. The vision of the fish we may believe is not limited to his watery sphere, but it is able to see what is going on above, if not to a far-reaching extent, then certainly within generous boundaries. We know in the case of the black bass that it can be known to rush twenty or thirty feet to catch an artificial minnow as it sailed through the air. The test in question has been with the floating coxer minnow, which, with its red wings, has much the appearance of a large butterfly in action. Observation has proven that the black bass is, uniformly, very keen of sight as to what goes on above him; and that is the reason you will often find him

lying under a wide-spreading pad, with his head out just far enough under water so that his eyes can watch the world above. The shadow from the pad acts as a sort of an eye-shade with startling results as I have found out. I have known the pike to employ the pad as an eye-shade also; and it is in this manner that they watch for prey, moving through the pads, from one to another, but always seeking the pad for an eye-shade. Without the shade to ward off the bright rays of the sun I doubt whether they could see anything going on above—which is absolutely certain if it is a dazzling bright day when it is hard enough for the human eyes to see anything let alone the eyes of the fish. No doubt fish seek the overhanging banks, logs, weeds and so forth to be found in a stream to aid them in their eye sight, the same acting as a shade. Those medium bright days we know of, with their mellow sunlight no doubt afford the trout their best opportunity to see something of the upper world, but on the gloomy days, or when the sun is behind the clouds the vision of the fish is no doubt dimmed and rendered extremely faulty. The lesson learned from this is that on the brighter days one must needs practice more care in the artificial flies he uses on the trout, for, aided by the brightness in the water their eyesight is that much the keener. We also learn from this that on the cloudy days the eyesight of the fish is not so reliable and the flies that he would veer from on the brighter days he may be fooled by now, owing to faulty vision. Also on the mellow-bright days the angler should make as little a figure of himself along the bank as possible for there is no doubt but that the trout can make him out and is cautious as a result.

The remarks made by Dr. Francis Ward having to do with the eyesight of fish in its relation to the upper world are of vast importance.

Dr. Ward assumed that the vision of a fish approximated to our own and pointed out that the appearance of an object below water, and the way in which this varied in different situations, was entirely a question of subaqueous optics. The angler could only learn what the fish could see of him by placing himself in the position of the fish. It was the angler's business to keep out to sight, and to do that he must learn the fish's range of vision. This varied with the depth of the fish in the water. Imagine the fish to be three feet deep, the range of vision looking upward, was through a cone of light the surface

of circumference of which was 18 feet. In a room with a single window an object held between the eye of the observer and the window appeared as a silhouette, and with the fish every object which came within the cone of light appeared as a silhouette against a bright background. The line of vision continued above the surface of the water at a much wider angle, so that a fisherman standing on the bank might be plainly seen by the fish, apparently right on top of him, while an angler wading deep might be unobserved though quite close to the fish. The arms and rod would, however, be almost sure to come within the view of the fish, hence it was the belief of Dr. Ward that there would be a great advantage in deep wading and of kneeling or lying on the ground when throwing the fly over a shy fish. Outside the cone of light mentioned, vision did not penetrate beyond the water, but objects in the water outside the cone, instead of appearing as silhouettes assumed their natural colors, and the surface of the water reflected exactly, and on calm days reproduced the same colors as the bottom. In the same way, according to Dr. Ward, the under parts of birds of prey acted as mirrors. When a heron stood in the water making its meal of fish its legs looked like stalks of weeds, and the body with murderous beak was quite invisible to the fish until too late to escape. The cormorant, the gulls, the water hen and other birds which generally preyed upon fish had wonderful powers of concealment when under water, the most conspicuous birds on land appearing under water as streaks of bright light, the countless air bubbles in even black-plumaged birds causing the bodies, as they passed rapidly through the water, to become mirrors reflecting the surrounding colors. Thus, when hunting in green weeds, the blackbird would appear green, among brown rocks, brown, etc., with the result that the general outline of the bird would be hard to distinguish. Fish had also the power of changing color according to environment, but directly a fish turned off the even keel its presence could be detected and then it fell an easy prey to its natural enemies.

As Dr. Breck has stated the trout in the wild waters will take almost anything that is cast to water without knowing just what the lure happens to be. These fish have not known the contact of men. In streams where men come and go with more or less regularity it may be suspected that the fish are somewhat more cautious and in waters where anglers wade the streams every day of

the season it can be expected that in those waters the trout are "cultured," if that term can be applied to trout sensitive to the presence of man; trout, by the way, given to thinking twice before seizing what appears to be food but which is generally some strange device of man sent out to contrive their downfall. One thing is certain: the trout on a stream of this nature are forced, in the name of self-preservation (an instinct conveyed to them very fully in this case) to adopt methods of guarding their actions throughout all their life. They have not only their natural enemies to contend with, but also man, and sooner or later they come to list him as their greater enemy. We may, therefore, expect one thing of the trout found in waters well fished or fairly well fished by man; two senses in that fish become extremely sensitive:

- (1)—The sense of hearing, and
- (2) The sense of seeing.

Either of these senses will communicate to the fish that danger is nigh and that he should watch carefully his every action. It is therefore that on the well fished streams, many of them famous, often rivers, presenting all sorts of channel formation, depths and shallows, that we find the best trout beside overhanging banks or in those places where they are provided with the "eyeshade" that I have previously spoken of. If we do not undervalue the ability of the fish to see what is going on up above, in the world of light and sound, within a limited area, then we can believe that the trout can see the angler along the bank, for instance, and, where the angler is wading may see the rod and the arm of the angler when very near to him yet not be able to see the body of the angler himself since it is brought down closer to the water. One of the surprising things of my life was the taking of my largest brook trout, a matter of ten feet from me. I was wading the centre of the stream and was up to my waist. I was casting inshore. Had I been on the bank the catch would never have resulted. As it was the fish did not see me nor did he see the rod nor the shadow of the rod for I was casting, not perpendicular, but at an angle in what one might call an under-handed cast. As between walking the bank and *casting* and wading the stream, *and casting* the latter performance has by far the greater recommendation. Even anglers who have believed that the fish cannot see what is going on above the water, more than a foot above the surface, have nevertheless, cautioned the angler to obscure himself as much as possible; to keep out of sight; and one writer holds that

the rod should be a long one so that it can the easier be thrust out over the stream, thus preventing the fish from seeing you. The writers themselves, without knowing it, admit that a trout can see what is going on upon the stream's bank!

Unhappily not every stream can be waded; there is the rub. It is a question of walking the bank and fishing or not at all. Even walking the bank in many cases is impractical for the reason that the banks are so grown in with trees and brush that the water cannot be reached. In all writings on angling for the trout, more or less, you will rarely find any mention of this unpleasant environment that the angler often has to contend with—and in most cases of the sort all he does is to "contend"; to approach that stream in the silence desired is something connected with the utterly impossible. The angler who can catch trout along the brush-hid streams no matter what sort of lure is used, has certainly mastered a situation that ordinarily is quite hopeless.

In fishing the stream, therefore, for trout, (especially in the stream that has been fished over to some extent) *one must keep out of sight as much as possible*, likewise keeping his shadow behind him. This does not permit in all cases, but usually it is the best thing to do. As between bank walking, and wading, the wading method is the best because we are given to believe that it brings one below the line of the fish's vision.

But likewise as one keeps himself out of the sight of the fish so must one be cautious in wading the stream. The angler who makes a great commotion and splashing in going up the stream spoils it all; he warns the fish, and it does not matter if he were using the best flies in the world, I doubt whether he would make a capture. If you will study the circumstances under which you captured your best trout you will have to admit that you were making perhaps not a sound in approaching your fish, and you were not to be seen. Both of these things score in successful trout fishing, and unless they are recognized it does not matter if one uses the best flies in the world, exact imitation flies, dry flies or the standard regulation fancy flies. The fish must not be fore-warned of the fisherman's approach. The angler should learn from this that to wade up-stream as cautiously as possible is the best way. This can easily be done, pushing along step at a time so to speak.

If a trout has no warning of the approach of the angler either by *seeing* him or *hearing* him we are given to believe that that trout is

taken unawares, and is therefore a subject one may reasonably expect to "talk to." The next thing to do is to cast the fly in such a manner that it will strike the water as lightly as possible and this is especially a demand if the water is more or less smooth; where the water is wavy no doubt a clumsy cast may not look suspicious to the fish. Of course we are counting on the fact that the trout is watchful to what is going on about him; we are counting on the fact that he will see the fly when it hits water hence the need of a natural appearing drop of that fly to water. And here I wish to explain a theory I have on those brisk, sudden captures of trout that so many of us meet up with and for which we cannot account. A trout may be lying in such a position that the falling of the fly escaped his attention, but the sudden seeing of that fly being worked through the water caused him to strike it on the impulse of the moment, so that, one might say, the fish saw the fly and struck it at the same moment.

The conclusions drawn from the above

would be these. That if you wish to interest a trout you must first see to that he is not suspicious of your presence. If he is at ease on that score he may take your fly just out of recklessness and curiosity, or he may be totally deceived if you have a fly imitated from a natural fly so closely that, in the water, the appearance is deceiving to the trout. That trout do not take the artificial flies always in the belief that they are real to satisfy their hunger is proven by cutting up the trout. You are liable to find them full of food, hence in no degree hungry when they seized the fly. Therefore the fly may be taken out of curiosity.

The remarks made in this addition to the previous appraisal directly bear upon the argument therein contained. The gist of the addendum is: Be sure that the fish does not see or hear you while you are fishing, cast the fly to water as natural-like as possible no matter what sort of a fly you are using, nondescript or the highest type of the fly-tyers' art.



CANADIAN NATURAL HISTORY PHOTOS. No. 6

Leaping Trout. Exposure of 800th of a second.

Beside The Council Fire

Introductory.

Under the above title we will print now and then short skits covering a wide range of subjects, the object being to interest almost everyone who reads the magazine. This will not be in the nature of a department; it will not be run as a regular feature; but when it does appear we figure to print facts regarding the world out-of-doors that will not only be mighty interesting, but the hints that will be contained therein will guide many a person on the right road to enjoying more fully his contact with old mother Nature. I shall glean from my own mind the many things that I know about how to do things out-of-

doors and set these down for the benefit of those who wish to be aided in their pursuits; also I hope that many of the readers will come in to the council fire, take a seat and give the assemblage some of their views on various subjects under discussion. With the aid of our artist, Mr. F. V. Williams, I hope that we can make this feature not only highly interesting and instructive, but also artistic. Leave that to Mr. Williams. What he can't do with the brush and the pen, as regards Nature and camp-life, and so forth, I doubt if any other man can.

R. P. L.



MR. F. T. Webber writes:

"The following is a formula for tanning, a method most used by trappers and Indians, and one which leaves the skin in most perfect condition. It is more applicable to light weight skins, although the Indians used it for tanning buffalo robes. The brains of any animal will tan its hide, but the fact should not be lost track of that it is the elbow grease used in pulling the skin after the brains are rubbed in that is of the most efficiency. I have used raw sheep skins, wolf hides, mountain lion hides and numerous other skins under my bed until they were as soft and pliable as they could be made by any method of tanning. With the formula inclosed I have tanned a wolf-skin (done the pulling) in an evening while gossiping with the boys. Beaver, badger and an old otter being thicker and containing more glue, are more difficult to work soft, and unless one wishes to put considerable extra work on them should not be tanned by this method.

The formula stands as follows: Stretch and salt the skin and let it dry. When dry, moisten the flesh side, double it flesh side in, roll tightly and let it lie, until pliable. Place on a smooth board held in the lap and with a sharp knife remove all flesh, fat, etc. Take the brains of a beef and thoroughly clean them. One set of beef brains will tan two wolf hides. Place them in cold water with a little salt for twelve hours. Place the hide on a board and apply the brains, rubbing them in thoroughly. Roll the hide flesh side in and let lie twenty-four hours, then take the hide over the knee and pull it from you until dry. The squaws were in the habit of holding the brains in their mouth and chewing them as they used them. This is not necessary but I have no doubt but that it adds to their efficacy."

If, in the middle of the summer you have gone out in the fields and you have sunken your spade therein for two thousand times,

questing in vain for angle-worms you will know why it is a good idea to have some angleworms on hand, in a box wherein you have reared them, or where you have kept them. The angleworm box may be four feet square and four feet high. This box is sunken in the ground, first however, having cut two or three holes in it about six or eight inches in diameter. These holes are carefully covered with porch screen. The box should be in a place where it is shady a good deal of the time; for instance next to a shed. If too much in the open the sun will dry it out. The box is now nearly filled with rich loam and the angleworms you have selected are placed therein. After a rain the largest worms come out of the ground and it is then that they may be gathered up; but be careful not to get weak ones. The liveliest ones you

can manage to get are the ones that should go into your box. It is well to change the earth in the box twice a month. The worms are fed with fine coffee grounds mixed with cornmeal, same being scattered throughout the box once or twice a week. It is a mistake to believe that success can be had in caring for the angleworms unless the above precautions are taken.

As soon as the frost is out of the ground in the spring get your box ready. By removing a manure heap near to the barn you will find the frost out and you will also find your worms. Sink your box there and get it ready for the season.

To have worms when worms are not obtainable elsewhere is indeed a luxury and that is what the box I have outlined above assures.



The proposition of waterproofing tents has been laughed at by many who have not tried the system out and who know little or nothing about it. Tents can easily be waterproofed at home. Tents can inexpensively be made out of common muslin in any size or shape desired and, when waterproofed, will shed the rain nicely. A tent made of muslin is about as light an affair as one would want. There are several methods of waterproofing muslin and light canvas, or any canvas for that matter so that it will hold out water. A waterproofing solution commonly used is sugar of lead and alum. For a small tent less will be needed of course than in a larger canvas. Ordinarily four pounds of sugar of lead and four pounds of alum, well mixed in a couple of pails of water, lukewarm, and poured into a tub over the tent, with an increased portion of water to cover it well in the tub, will do the job. The canvas is well worked and saturated in this mixture, and is then taken out and dried. Don't wring it. Spread it out wet and let it dry in that soggy state.

Many do not understand the paraffining method of waterproofing tents. This is the manner you go about that process: A pound

of paraffin is placed in a pan and is melted on the stove. When in liquid form have a gallon of gasoline ready and pour this paraffin into it. The mixture is stirred and is then sprinkled on the tent, the sprinkler being a can with a number of holes punched in the bottom. The tent, when the mixture is applied should be erected, and well stretched so as to leave no slack in it. Enough of the mixture is sprinkled on so that the tent, all over, is wet appearing. The hotter the day you apply this mixture to the canvas the better luck you will have, for if the day is chilly the paraffin will thicken.

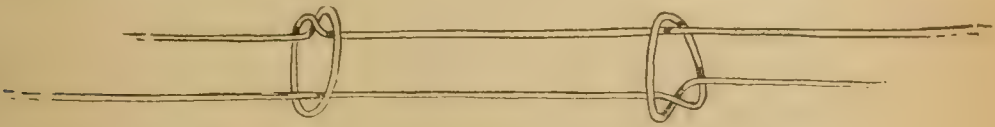
The gasoline it will be remembered is used only as a receiver or conveyer of the melted paraffin. The gasoline of course immediately evaporates, but the paraffin will by that time have sunken into the canvas pores, thus making the entrance of rain through the same a thing of impossibility.

The angler who does not buy his gut leaders ready made can easily tie his own leaders. Commercial gut, in strands twelve inches long comes in what is known as a "hank." A hank will cost from one to two dollars and contains a hundred or more individual strands or twelve

inch pieces. Any large sporting goods establishment handling supplies for the angler and fisherman have the commercial gut, in the hank form, for sale. When you have your hank of gut at hand select the various strands to match as to thickness. That is to say, all should be uniformly thick throughout, not one thick and one far thinner. That will make an untrue leader. When you have selected enough gut strands for a leader six or nine feet, as the case may be, they are soaked in tepid water to take the brittleness out of them, and to make them pliable. Else they cannot be tied.

after which it is coiled carefully up and placed between the moist pads of the leader box.

In the above manner you can select from your hank strands material to make light, medium and heavy trout leaders. You may have heard a great deal in favor of tapered trout lines and tapered leaders; that they cast better and are more useful all around than the level line and level calibered leader. This is true, every word of it. You can easily make the tapered leader if you desire. All you have to do is to select heavy strands in back; hunt out some medium ones for the centre and then get some light ones for the



When your leader strands are pliable and ready to work proceed to connect them by what is known as the Single Water Knot, illustration of which goes with this. A glimpse at the drawing will show you how this is done. Simply a loop is made at the end of one of the gut strands. The other leader strand is pushed through this and a loop thrown over the one above it. Each loop is now pulled tight, and then, taking hold of the end of each gut strand the two are pulled tightly together, the result being an unbreakable knot. The knot is examined carefully and then the ends are clipped close to each knot. It is very simply done.

Caution is made here that in selecting your leader strands they should be *round* if possible. Those that are flat appearing or with corners, or with lumps or ridges along their length are the least worth while. But those more or less round, level throughout, and without splinters along their sides, these are the sections you should select.

After a leader is tied it is gone over, and if it looks worthy then it is tested as to its strength. The leader is fastened to the wall by its loop; in the loop at the other end the scales are inserted by the hook. A dead pull is then brought to bear upon it. For a medium or rather light leader a test of two pounds pull is all that is needed. For a heavier leader, such as a heavy trout or bass leader a pull of three pounds may be administered without fear of going too far. If the leader breaks, then cut the gut two or three inches from the point of breakage and re-tie. When next tested the strain brought to bear upon it need not go much over half of the previous pull;

front. Connect these together and you have your tapered leader.

The length of the leader is a matter open to conjecture. Some prefer the nine foot length and some the six foot length. In my eyes the six foot length is plenty long enough, but there are some things to be said in favor of the nine footer. One thing, however, is certain. If you are going in for the tapered gut leader it must be a nine foot length, since the six footer does not leave much to work on. At any rate it is well for the angler to try out both the nine's and the six's and find out for himself which he likes the best.

All campers and people inclined to outdoor life should know the fuel value of various woods.

The fuel value of two pounds of wood is roughly equivalent to that of one pound of coal. Certain kinds of wood, such as hickory, oak, beech, birch, hard maple, ash, elm, locust, longleaf pine and cherry have fairly high heat values, and only one cord of seasoned wood of these species is required to equal one ton of good coal. It takes a cord and a half of shortleaf pine, hemlock, red gum, Douglass fir, sycamore and soft maple to equal a ton of coal as, against two cords of cedar, redwood, poplar, catalpa, Norway pine, cypress, basswood, spruce and white pine.

Equal weights of dry, non-resinous woods, however, are said to have practically the same heat value, regardless of species; and, as a consequence, it can be stated as a general proposition that the heavier the wood the more heat to the cord. Weight for weight, however, there is little difference between the various

species; the average heat for all that have been calculated is 4,600 calories, or heat units, per kilogram. *A kilogram of resin will develop 9,400 heat units, or about twice the average for wood.* As a consequence resinous woods have a greater heat value per pound than non-resinous woods, and this increased value varies, of course, with the resin content.

stumps are piled up and burnt just to get rid of them. This is perhaps the most foolish thing that I know of. Here is being destroyed thousands upon thousands of cords of the best fuel man can lay hands on; fuel in fact that surpasses coal or at least being full equal to coal in the heat it sheds. The sight of settlers in the north wasting these stumps by burning



The pine stumps of the north, left by the lumberman of the past I have proved to my entire satisfaction are the best fuel that one possibly can lay his hands on. These stumps if chopped into will be found in a remarkably fine state of preservation, which is due, of course, to the resin in them which acts as a preservative. By placing dynamite in sufficient quantity under one of these large stumps it can easily be blown up, the charge tearing up the long feed roots themselves being some fifteen, twenty feet in length, tapering from eight to ten inches in diameter near the main stump to three and four inches in the end. These feed roots are themselves veritable "trees" in cases. Cut up in stove wood lengths they make the best wood obtainable and they give off twice the heat of ordinary wood. Up north where land is being cleared these blasted

them broadcast to rid themselves of them and then cutting soft, green woods and tinder-dry rampikes for their stove wood is too ludicrous for words. It but proves how little men use of their native intelligence.

The available heat value of a cord of wood depends upon many different factors. It has a relation not only to the amount of resin it contains, but to the amount of moisture present. Furthermore, cords vary as to the amount of solid wood they contain, even when they are of the standard dimension and occupy 128 cubic feet of space. A certain proportion of this space is made up of air spaces between the sticks, and this air space may be considerable in a cord made up of twisted, crooked and knotty sticks. Out of the 128 cubic feet a fair average of solid wood is about 80 cubic feet.



The amateur camper when he makes his fire to cook over gets the blaze going good and then at once shoves the frying pan or the coffee pot into the blaze, while the fire is at its height; the result is trouble galore; much cursing; smoke in the eyes; burnt flesh in the frying pan, and a coffee pot that may rebel in any one of a hundred ways. The right way to cook over a fire is to get your fire started with plenty of wood piled on. Let this burn

down to coals. On these coals place your frying pan or coffee pot and you will find that you will have no trouble whatever, the coffee coming to a boil evenly, and not all of a sudden as is the case when cooking in the blaze.

One of the troubles that the camper has to contend with is the rainy weather, which coming suddenly upon him leaves him without dry wood at his arm's reach. To seek in the

wet woods for a dry stick when all is soggy is an experience that soon breeds discouragement. Campers often have a cook tent in which dry wood is stored, looking forward to rainy days. But this is true only in certain cases. In most cases no canvas cover is available for covering the wood to be had when the rain-drops begin to patter, say a matter of three or four days at a time.

It is true that with one's ax a tree may be split in two and the centre of that log will be dry and ready to burn, the centre portion of each piece placed inward to the blaze; thus it will be found that the outer wet surface will dry while the dry portion is burning. A better system of preparing for a rainy day is to gather dry wood and place it teepee-fashion against a wide-spreading, thick-leaved tree in a leaning position. By packing the pieces close together the inner pieces will be uniformly dry, while the outer ones may be wet. The foliage of the tree above will shed a great deal of the rain, and what does come down is taken in by the outer sticks, while the inner ones are dry. You will find this system I have discovered to be the best in the long run and the results are such as to leave nothing to be desired. If you have a five foot piece of canvas a roof can be made over this close-packed mass of upright sticks and freedom from a wetting obtained.

One is often camping in wet weather and finds himself with a world apparently-soaked through all around him. He must have a fire, but how is he to go about it. There is the rub.

If you can find a fallen tree, not lying on the ground but partially off of the ground, say, two or three feet off of the ground, you will generally find dry sticks and leaves underneath with which to start a fire. If the tree is a dry one you can take your camp-ax and cut off pieces on its under surface which will be found dry no matter how wet the world is. Hollows in a tree will often yield up leaves and such like; hollows in trees having their entrance at the bottom can be used as a place to store the dry material you have gathered. Leaves in autumn often are blown into these holes and you will find them there as dry as ever. Inside of trees you will find long sticks of very dry wood, some being the heart of the tree which has been killed by dry rot and what is left is found in the form of "sticks."

In making a fire in wet weather one needs a good basis on which to place the wood he has ready. Say that one is travelling along; it is raining; he intends to stop and make a fire and dry out. With this end in view he starts in

to collect his dry material for the coming fire. In a tangle in grape-vines, say, he finds some very dry and from these he may strip long stringers of bark. This he stows away in his pocket and inside of his shirt, if need be. Here may be a rain-shedding cedar that yields up the same sort of stringers which will burn like tinder. Here he may come across a birch tree, in which case he brings out his knife and rips off all that is within reach. In the case of birch bark it may be said that for making a fire in wet weather it cannot be equalled. It burns as though saturated with oil and will give a blaze long enough so that the sticks are eaten into.

Where old pines stumps are found a little work with the ax will bare the inner wood, and it will be found heavy with resin. Chips of this, and even pieces, can be taken along to start the fire.

The fire may be made against a wall of rock or under some tree with wide spreading limbs. A fire under a tree will permit of a draft upward that will never be found out in the open. In fact the trunk of the tree will act much the same as a chimney in that the heat and smoke have a tendency to follow the course of the tree. Therefore it is easier in wet weather to start your fire alongside of a tree; but if there is an electrical storm on I have no doubt but that it is a poor place to have your fire for the lightning may hit the tree. But if there is no electricity in the air if its just an ordinary drizzling rain there will be no harm done.

In case you are going into permanent camp somewhere it is well that you so locate your camp so that you are within easy reach of a great deal of firewood. In all writings on camping you will never find any mention about this. The easier you can avail yourself of firewood the less trouble you will have. Many a camp-site has been found ideal so far as scenic outlook and ground drainage is concerned but the nearest one can get within reach of firewood is a mile. It is true that one hates to forsake such an ideal camp site, but it begins to lose some of its attractions when one has to carry wood from regions remote. And the unspeakable conditions that obtain in such a place in rainy weather, when firewood is in demand, are never fully realized until one has experienced the sensations such a situation affords.

If you intend to take a trip into the wild places with the object in view of fly fishing for the trout I most certainly would not suggest your taking along a fly-rod of bamboo.

The bamboo rod is by all means the better rod but when you think of the rough places you have to take that rod into, and some of the savage stream conditions you have to face, and the harm that may come to it during transportation, you do not just exactly like to think of that rod (a thirty to fifty dollar one, say) smashed and ready for the rod-hospital instead of affording further use that season. Fishing in the wilderness demands a rough and ready rod that can be used both for bait fishing and fly fishing, as is in demand. The steel rod is the rod for the wild places. It is admitted that it is heavy; that you cannot do the far and fine casting with it such as is obtainable with the split bamboo, but the strength of that rod, its imperviousness to wear and tear makes it very desirable as a part of the angler's paraphernalia. However, even in taking a steel fly rod along I would suggest that you include an extra centre joint and also an extra tip. If, through some bad luck you should bend the middle joint or the tip you always have the extras to fall back upon. The same should absolutely be true if you take your high grade bamboo along; and as is well known these extras, of middle joint and tip come quite high in price depending of course upon the price you pay for the rod as a whole, which involves of course the grade of bamboo used and the workmanship put into it.

Should you decide to use your high priced

bamboo rod be sure that you care for it and keep it out of harm's way. When in camp do not let it stand around, but take it apart. Many a rod has been spoiled through letting it stand leaning against something; a "set" then becomes noticeable; if not much so at least to such an extent that it is out of true line.

For those who are wont to go on short trips, and who pack their things right on the back there is such a thing as a pack rod that may be included. The point scored by the pack rod is that it takes up little space, all the joints together making a bundle, one might say, of foot length pieces. Thus a nine foot fly-rod will have as many as nine joints, but it can easily be carried in the suit-case, or in the pack sack without trouble and is always practically out of harm's way. The point scored for the pack-rod, therefore, is that it is easily transported, far better so than the three part rod. The point against the pack-rod is that with so many ferrules in its length it is not half so flexible as the rod with lesser ferrules. However the necessity for far and fine casting is hardly ever needed in the wild places where the trout take anything that comes to water; therefore a rod should be of the wear and tear sort that can fight a large rainbow, brook trout or cutthroat all around the pool.

The steel fly-rod is the better rod for the wild places, whether that be in the mountains or elsewhere.



Some of the best fishing for bass is to be had at night, from dusk to twelve mid-night using the glowing or phosphorescent lures, of which much has been written. When ready to go out fishing for the night you simply hold the phosphorescent bait close to the lamp for a few moments; this brings out the glow and it is ready for a night in the water. These glowing lures, or artificials, are made in many styles, both surface and under-water. There is the floating lure, that may be cast in the pads, and the underwater lure that is meant to be cast in the more open waters.

When the bass are in the shallows in the early part of the season it is then that they will take the glowing lures with a dash and vigor that is, to say the very least, surprising. Just what the bass conceive the glowing lure to be I am sure I do not know. At least it can be seen in the water for a great distance; the fact that it moves in the water is sufficient to cause the bass to become excited and curious to test it out. I have no doubt that a great number of bass are attracted in by this lure with its ghostly nimbus. If the first cast in a place

does not get a fish, try again. Sooner or later a fish is going to sample it. In fishing at night it is well to have a reel of the sort that is so constructed as to prevent backlashes; there are several of these reels on the market. The trouble with casting in the dark with an ordinary reel is that a backlash may occur with more frequency than would be the case in the daylight. For this reason, too, it is well to have a lantern in the boat. You will find out when on the waters how desirable this addition really is. In fishing try to drop your lure without too great a splash and row along easily to create as little disturbance as possible.

A correspondent writes me that I had once mentioned the fact that crayfish, (often called crabs) are one of the lures that the black bass samples if you are going after them with a live lure; he states that he has opened the stomachs of many bass and, sure enough, has found parts of crabs therein; he adds that he has used these hard-shelled creatures on his hook, but instead of fascinating the bass with them they appear to flee from it. He states that he has not caught one bass using a crab on the hook and wants to know how in the deuce I can recommend the creature for a bait when it is patent that the bass will not recognize it.

My correspondent has made the mistake of many another fisherman, simply because there is no information extant telling the rodster how to go about using the crayfish or crab (as it is commonly called) on the hook.

In the first place the crab in its hard shell will never do as a bass lure; it must be captured and used on the hook while it is in its soft shell state before the bass will have anything to do with it. And it is in knowing a few facts about the process by which a hard-shell crab becomes a "soft-shell" that one is led right.

As a crab grows up its hard outer covering (which is composed of chitin combined with a limy substance) becomes too small for it, and it must, therefore, cast it off and take on a more roomy covering. So when the time is about ripe for discarding one coat the newer coat is forming directly underneath. The crab is now called upon to undergo intense labor. He must split the old case along

the back to be able to get out of it. If you have ever watched a crab going through this process you will understand that it is no easy trick, and the actions of the aggressive-looking invertebrate are not only ludicrous but even grotesque. This changing from one coat to another is what is called scientifically, "moulting." In the stage of moulting the crab also sheds the horny lining of its stomach, mouth and the eye-covers. The feat having been fulfilled successfully the crab issues into the watery world in its new raiment; a light coat, very thin, flexible; pale white or cloudly white in color. The crab is now what is called in piscatorial parlance a "soft-shelled crab." The bass can now handle it and digest it, a thing that is more or less an impossibility if the hard-shell were swallowed.

The crab in its soft-shell state does not move around much, keeping under the rocks and the banks. Lakes that have a rocky shoreline (that is to say, many rocks in the water along the shore) are natural harbors for the crabs and under these rocks they are to be found; and it is the crabs that are in the soft-shell stage that the bass come in to nab. If you have a point of vantage on a lake you can watch the bass almost with their backs out of water, so close in do they sometimes come, hunting among the rocks for the close-hiding soft-shells. Beware the thinly garmented one who dares show his presence. He is liable to make a big meal for one of the tribe of *Myropterous salmoides*.

Naturally in the early part of the season when the bass are inshore questing around if you can locate soft shells they make the finest lure in the world for the bass. I doubt if any bass would turn it down. Many fishermen jab the hook through the crab any old way. However the crab soon dies. A better way is to rig up a hook affair with hair-like wires to form a sort of a harness over the crab body. The creature is then as lively as ever, whereas the driving of the hook through it mutilates it. In the absence of fine wires for a harness, use the finest rubber snaps such as the druggist uses; your corner druggist will supply these.

While I hardly ever use the soft shell crab in any form of fishing, I can say that it really is one of the foremost of the live lures by which bass may be enticed.



Bear Hunting Up North

ALFRED DONALD

I GUESS the fellow who said "Time flies," wasn't far wrong. In the evenings when I grab my aged Protestant pipe and sit way back in the old arm chair and think over all the events that have taken place during the last twenty years I find myself wondering where all the time has gone to, everything seems so recent.

I've about struck my last camp now and am billed here for good but I can still dream of the old days and that is almost as good sport as taking part in the events which make me remember them.

The winter was my season and I always used to get a friend along and hire a good guide and get in about a month's bear-hunting, at least. It was a fine winter sport, but now my haunts have been used so much that my friends tell me that old man Bruin has moved farther north.

A fellow who goes up on these expeditions must take a gun which is both reliable and sufficiently heavy-bored. A gun whose calibre is .35 or under is about as much use in bear hunting as a peashooter. My Winchester 30-30 has seen me through all my trips and I recommend it for this particular purpose because it is a light gun and very deadly when properly handled. I guess I have fired all of 14,000 rounds with mine and it is still in excellent condition. The whole secret lies in keeping the gun cleaned, (and oiled when carrying it through the snow) otherwise rust, etc., will eat the heart and soul out of the barrel and you will soon possess a candidate for the sheenies' pile of scrap-iron.

I remember one winter I was up on a bear hunt with a friend. He had an old Savage and had loaded it with fine shot. We picked up a trapper who lived nearby and the three of us started off. We must have followed some tracks for about four miles when the trapper, Black, who was some distance to the right of us yelled that he saw a cub. My friend, Vic, ran over just in time to see Black heave his trigger. The cub, a good sized one, squealed and vamoosed and before Black had time to reload, the mother appeared out of nowhere and made a bee-line for him. Black dropped his gun and did a Marathon for the nearest tree while I bawled at Vic to let loose at the old girl. Vic was so numerous that I was afraid to shoot from where I was about 30 yards away, and he was afraid to fire for

fear his fine shot would only tease her and make matters worse. He didn't realize that at that distance a barrel of shot would have made as big a hole as a nine inch shell. Well, the bear started up the tree after Black and I guess he never prayed so hard in his life as he did then. He finally crawled out on a branch meaning to drop to the ground I suppose. The bear was about four feet behind him and between the two of them they broke the branch, Black held on to the limb, which did not fall, and the bear missed him by about six inches as she fell to the ground. Vic and I each pumped our little contribution into her before she could get up. Friend Black came down, all of a shake, and said he felt fine, thanks. A little morning exercise is always good for one.

About three or four winters before that I was up north seeing about getting some lumber out. A chap from Gravenhurst named Miller was with me at the time. We had walked some distance through the bush and Miller stopped to rest on a fallen log. After about five minutes we were getting ready to go on when I remarked, "This is about the right sized log for a bear to sleep in." Miller said "yes" and glanced inside then jumped up and said, "D—d if there isn't one in it, too!" We beat a "reveille" on the log with our hatchets and then got over to one side of the hole. Presently she came out and got two shots in the neck and two behind the shoulder. "Exit, the bear." The men nearly threw a fit when we hauled her into camp.

I once knew a fellow up north by the name of Grasond who had a rather weird experience one winter while after bear meat. He was walking down a trail towards his cabin when he sensed something behind him. Owing to numerous bends in the trail he was unable to see far to the rear but decided to draw out his pursuer to where he could get a look at it. His only protection was a .35 cal. Winchester which he knew would be of little use to him if there was anything worth while following him. About 300 yards ahead of him he had made an old-fashioned trap in the trail by digging a wide hole about six feet deep in the ground with a four foot stake, sharpened at the upper end, planted in a vertical position in the middle. The trap was concealed with a covering of light brush and snow, the only markers being blazed trees on each side of the trail at this point.

It was getting dusk so he decided to hurry and accordingly "advanced down the trail at the double." His friend in the rear had apparently increased his pace as Grasond could hear him plainly and the animal seemed to be gaining. He looked over his shoulder and beheld a huge black bear about fifty yards behind. A little way ahead he could see the two blazed trees through the dusk and as the trap was his only hope he put forth every effort to "beat the bear to it." The bear was now close behind him and he could plainly hear its angry snarling. The pit was about six feet ahead and Grasond gathered his muscles and took a flying leap over it about one second before the bear sprang onto the covering and fell onto the spike, which impaled him through the hinder part of his body. Grasond carefully dropped into the pit and ended the bear's agony by sending a bullet through its brain. He then got out and went for help to get the animal off the spike. Two days later Grasond disposed of his .35 and got a .45.90 (I don't know what

make) which sounds like a howitzer battery in action. His motto seemed to be "Safety First."

A man's pleasure on one of these trips depends largely on the guide he takes along. A good guide is "half the battle won," and some of these old boys have campfire yarns that almost make you start looking over your shoulder. They are the men who know what "roughing it" means. I have several times used an old Indian trapper on my "excursions" who lives 26 miles from the nearest house, and lives alone. He has cleared a tract of about fifteen acres by himself and on it grows enough vegetables, with hay for his stock, to see him through the winter. He shoots most of his meat and his only means are the proceeds from his stock and any money he can earn during the summer. In spite of his lonely life he is a very cheerful old chap. To him the wilderness is "home." I sometimes wonder how long some of us would last were we placed up there under similar conditions.

A Good Hunting Glass

I notice on page 921 of the January issue of *Rod and Gun* that Mr. H. C. Knapp enquires regarding a hunting glass. He mentions a telescope as being likely to answer his purpose. The writer one time was in about the same fix as Mr. Knapp and so can appreciate what a good glass would mean to him. Often in the woods one will see indistinct objects just beyond clear vision and a hundred times during a week in the woods one will find himself saying, "if I only could see what that is. Is it a deer or isn't it? No it cannot be," and yet—and then up goes the flag and a deer has vanished, leaving the hunter in fit shape to kick himself, whereas a glass would have settled the question in a flash. Then again a hunter MAY get a little off the track and if he is a good climber and gets up on a convenient hill and puts about 30 or 40 feet between himself and the ground—well, a vision of three or four miles is away ahead of three or four hundred yards and may well get anyone out of an unpleasant situation. There is no question that a good glass is a valuable asset in the woods. Not only can the hunter determine instantly what distant objects are but he will find a hundred uses for it and can take in the beauty

of the surrounding country and find pleasures in it little dreamed of. It really gives the hunter 7 or 8 times the range of vision he has with the naked eye. Then the question naturally arises, what is the best glass for his purpose. And here is where the hunter may easily make a mistake and instead of getting lasting satisfaction may only get disappointment and be out his hard earned dollars. Like the revolver, if a man needs one the best is none too good, and I would advise the purchase of the very best glass that one can afford. The pleasure of possession will be there long after the price is forgotten. To get anything like power in an ordinary field glass means carrying a large and bulky article, and bulk and weight is exactly what the hunter will wish to avoid. And a telescope does not solve the question either, as we cannot get power without bulk and weight. The writer once bought a telescope of supposedly 30 power. Well, when it arrived and was tried out it was found that at 300 yards one could see fairly well, beyond that distance it was all pretty much prayerful guess work, everything too blurred to be of any use at all. And this glass? was about 12 by 3 inches closed and weighed about 3 lbs.

Exit the telescope. Last year I purchased a Weiss binocular made and guaranteed by Paul Weiss of Denver, Col. This glass sells in the States at \$55.00 so that with duty added it cost me in the neighborhood of \$75.00. Pretty steep, yes. But worth it. I thought about this glass some time before buying it but finally got up the necessary courage to hand over my \$75.00. I haven't missed the money much since and I have an instrument that is a constant source of delight. It is a 7 power glass, 25 M-M. I notice you are carrying an advertisement of the maker in your January number which describes it. These glasses can be relied on to give satisfaction. The image at any distance within its range is very distinct and the illumination perfect. Looking through this glass one is surprised at the ease one can distinguish objects. The light is as perfect as if one was using the naked eye. You can adjust for distance between the eyes, and for eyes that vary in strength. It is very compact, about 6 by 3½ by 2½ inches closed. On a clear day with a good light I could easily distinguish a dog at 3 or 4 miles. Of course with any glass much depends on the light and the atmosphere. With a smoky atmosphere or excessive heat radiation in summer, one's vision is naturally reduced. It is in the fall and winter months that one gets the most out of a glass. On a clear cold winter day such as we are getting just now the power of this little instrument is really surprising and one never tires of taking in the sights "away off." I have watched children playing and could see their every move when if I had

walked to them it would take me an hour of hard walking to reach them. This is the glass that would fill the bill for Mr. Knapp or any hunter who is looking for a real good instrument. The maker furnishes a real good solid leather case with the instrument and three carrying straps. You can carry it in its case over your shoulder or by hand with a shorter strap, or out of its case on a small light strap or in its case on the belt, there being a good wide leather loop at the back of the case for this purpose. In short it is one good glass in every way and while I have no interest in the sale of it and no connection with the maker I can and do recommend it to anyone desiring a first class instrument of this nature. Anyone that has tried to line up on anything with a heavy telescope with one eye and a wobbly hand will appreciate the difference when he gets hold of an instrument that gives him two eyes, "one circle of light" and good illumination combined with a large field of view. There is as much difference as looking into a mirror and through a smoked glass. There is a high hill near where I live, and on it I saw an object at the top on the skyline. Through the Weiss binocular I found it was a man on horseback. I could see the reins under the horse's head quite distinctly, and every move of horse and man. The distance would be easily two miles. So far as deer are concerned and the distance one sees them in the bush you could see them open or close an eye.

H. Brockway.

Sudbury, Ont.

INDIAN BLANKETS

Editor Rod and Gun.

In reading Mr. R. G. Hodgson's article, in *Rod and Gun* for December regarding Indian blankets, reminds me that I slept in one of them while a prisoner in 1885 in an Indian encampment. I can vouch for the lightness and warmth.

This particular blanket was made of rabbit skins, cut in strips about one and one half inches wide. They were folded skin side in

and made up very open; like lace work more space than skin. The holes were big enough to put my fingers through, at the same time you could see through them.

The fur being very loose in the skin makes them very untidy.

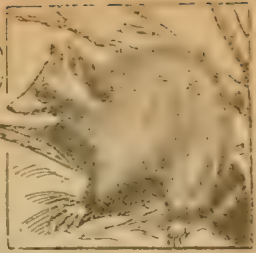
Yours very truly,
Neil Brodie.

Cereal, Alberta.





ALONG THE TRAP LINE



EDITED BY
H. C. HADDON

Timber Wolf Trapping

A. F. WALLACE

WE see many methods of trapping fur-bearing animals of all kinds, but very little about the deer and stock killers. In days gone by Northern Minnesota, Dakota and Montana knew the print of my "shoe packs," and in thirty years I only knew of two or three methods of trapping the wolf that would make good. The "wherefor of why" of the timber wolf we will leave to the high-brow, and confine ourself solely to catching him.

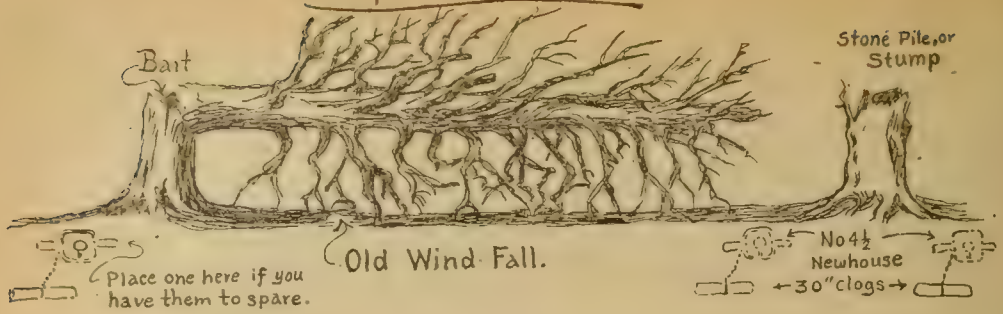
An old Northern Minnesota trapper and homesteader was very successful with the following method or set. Now get this under your hat good and hard, that is that there is nothing worse to scare wild animals of the fur tribe, including wolves, than human scent. Opinions of some differ from mine, but their opinions don't interest me. I went to some trouble and expense (if one figures his time) to try this out to my satisfaction, so if you use the following methods, *you must do just as I tell you*, without any patents of your own.

First, don't use any traps smaller than No. 4½ Newhouse traps. Take your traps and wash them in lye and hot water. Don't use soap, it leaves an odor of its own. After this is done lay them in running water for a couple of days—if no running water, then bury them in the ground, away from the house, for a week, then take them up, knock the dirt off them, and set and spring every one of them with a stick to limber them up. Then, with a pair of new gloves hang them away from camp, until ready for use. Now go to where deer are running, or hang out. Usually wolves are feeding on them. Look for signs. Usually a ridge is a good location in early fall, later tamarack swamps. Lay out a dead balsam from a stump, one will do, but four are better. The illustration explains itself. The bait may be anything that interests a wolf. Say a hatful of deer offal. Rig up your set and let it stand a week, so all

scent will blow off, dig out a place for your trap and place the dirt on a piece of canvas—careful don't scatter any—and take it away with you. Lay two sticks in the bottom, or some fine dry rotten wood, so trap won't freeze down, cover the trap with a piece of writing paper, with an X cut in it over the pan, then cover with a shy half inch of fine dry dirt, and be careful and leave things on the surface just as they were, before you set the trap. If leaves were there, then put them back, if pine needles do the same. Use a thirty pound clog for each trap, covered carefully. Never stake solid. Clogs are good, grapples are better. Now after this has stood a week, tie a rabbit's skin, piece of raw cow hide or sheepskin to the soles of your shoes. Take the bait, approach the stump from the far side, lay it on top and put a flat stone on it so the birds can't eat it. Then come away in as near your same tracks as possible. If snow is on the ground, then brush some into your tracks with a hemlock top. The riper the bait gets, the better it will attract the wolf. Don't go any nearer to the set than where it can be seen with a spy glass, and this should be taken into consideration when putting out the set. If you have traps to spare set four at the base of the stump, as it has been known that when one was caught at the end of the tamaracks that the pack made a rush for the bait. Never stake a trap for a wolf or a fox. If they see one of their number roiling around at a set, you'll never get any of them that saw him in a set of that kind again.

Another good set that "brought home the bacon" in Northern Michigan for timber wolf was used by an old trapper friend of mine who trapped them for the bounty, and made a specialty of it. Along the shore of a lake where the ice had settled, and water had run over the ice close to the shore and frozen, makes a good path for a wolf to travel.

Stump and Windfall Method.



Where a spruce or cedar tree has fallen into the lake so as to leave a space between the boughs of the tree and the bank set your No. 4½ Newhouse as already described. Just before a snowstorm, approach the set from the far side and place a good sized bait a few yards out on the lake. My friend sometimes used a whole deer. Where it is known that there are wolves several trees can be felled into the water along the shore before it freezes up. In both of these methods advantage is taken of the wolves' habit of always circling a bait before approaching, and it will work if you have paid faithful attention to details. Sometimes wolves will take poison in January or February, when feed is scarce, and they are crazed with hunger. Also in some cases scent is good. The best I know is used by the U.S. Biological Survey.

Here it is. Grind sturgeon, or the oiliest fish you can get, through a sausage mill, and all the dead mice you can get, get a dozen "horse warts" from the front and hind legs of horses, grind them up and add to the mess. Hang it in the sun for four weeks. This is the best I know of, and it will do business every time if they will come to scent at all. If you want a paste mix rancid lard with the mess. I

believe it is the duty of every trapper to put out a few traps for wolf, to protect the deer, the most useful and harmless animal he has and from which he gets his good meat and buckskin.

In regard to poisoning I am a good deal like the man who never drank unless he was alone, or with somebody. Do not use poison for any other furbearers except wolves.

The U.S. Government poisoners use it this way with fair success. Mix equal parts strychnine and baking powder together, fill the large ends of two-grain capsules with the mixture and throw the small ends away. If in cold weather close the end of the capsule with lard, or with firmer grease in warmer weather. Place your thumb over the open end and press the capsule into the meat bait. Fresh pork is best, and horse meat next. Have bait no larger than a walnut and then they will swallow it without chewing it. The grease plug melts quickly and liberates the poison, and the baking powder hastens its action. Stick the baits up on sticks eight or ten inches above the ground or snow, away from mice; also a wolf will not take a sandy bait. Use clean gloves in making the baits, and place them on trails, or around a big bait like a carcass. This method is used



by Mr. Ed. Sanderson, a Government trapper in the employ of the U.S. Biological Survey with good success.

Look out and don't leave human scent, use new gloves that have hung outside for a spell, and have a wooden blade to do your mixing with. If you leave any human

scent your work will all be for nothing.-- Pay close attention to the small details, both in the two trapping methods and in the poisoning recipe. They will get wolves if used as directed, and they are the only ones I have ever seen do it. Get him if you can—he is the Hun of the woods.

Handling Bear Skins

H. C. H.

THERE is a considerable amount of hard work about handling bear skins, and owing to the fact that most of the animals are killed in the late spring and early summer when the weather is getting warm there is also a large annual loss through skins tainting and the hair slipping.

The skins are large and fleshy, usually with more or less fat on them, and heat very easily, and for this reason they should never be allowed to remain rolled up in a bundle for more than a few hours.

They are awkward things to handle, owing to their size, especially in camp where facilities are limited for drying them, and many skins are lost each year that could be saved if proper methods were known for preserving them.

I have lost some fine skins myself in the bitter school of experience, and the way that follows is the only method I will use, whether I have a barn handy to stretch them on or not. Do not let anyone persuade you that it is all right to stretch your skins on the end of a building for the sake of saving a little trouble. Keep away from buildings. You will find out the difference when you come to take your skin down.

First of all—and important—in skinning make the best job you can. Skin clean as you go along, especially over the shoulders and around the ears and nose. Skin the paws right out to each individual toe, cutting the bone at the joint just before the claw starts. When the skin is off lay it on the ground, fur side down, and stretch it out as far as it will go. Then cut four poles of a convenient size to handle, and make a frame a trifle larger than the skin, the limit of size being determined by the front and hind paws on the sides and the tip of the nose and the tail on the ends. There is no need for any fancy carpentry. Simply nail the four

poles together securely, giving your frame an inch or so more play each way than the size of the skin warrants.

Now put your skin (fur side down) inside the frame. Put a nail in each nostril and nail the nose securely to the centre of the top pole. Then pull the tail down and nail to the centre of the bottom pole. This should just give the skin sufficient tightness, and should not leave any slack.

Then pull out each front paw to the side of the frame, and nail there, extending the paws fully, and putting a nail in each toe.

Treat the hind feet the same, and you will now find that the skin is stretched fairly tightly. The bottom of the skin (where you made the knife cut in skinning the hind legs) will reach to the bottom of the end pole sufficiently to allow two or three nails to be tacked in. Do not overstretch—simply have all slackness taken up. For the loose skin between the front and hind legs either with a nail or a sacking needle thread in two or three pieces of stout string, and tie these to the nearest pole. The slack around the head and neck can be taken in the same way, tying each piece of string with its own individual knot. Should any slackness now remain it can be corrected by tightening one or two of the strings.

There is now nothing either behind or in front of your skin that will give the flies a chance to do their deadly work in secret.

Turn the frame upside down, with the head of the skin downhill, and dust in salt on the ur side around the nose and ears and the eyeholes, and wherever there is blood or a bullet hole. If you have the opportunity to suspend the skin above the ground the free current of air will hasten drying, but do not expose to the direct rays of the sun. If the flies should blow the skin (usually among the fur wherever there is dampness) a little salt will prevent the eggs from hatching.

Spring Ratting---Under Difficulties

FABIAN

I AM not much of a writer, having no hankering after the pen. The gun or trolling line are more suited to my tastes. However having been asked to write up my little trapping experience I will endeavor to satisfy my friends. In the first place I am an Englishman of five years' residence in Canada, and consequently, (at trapping) a greenhorn. But let that pass.

One afternoon, early in April, my friend, a well-known trapper, said to me "Come trapping."—I said "Yes."—and the deed was done.

We packed up our grub, camp stove, pipes, tent and poles, traps, guns, blankets and two canoes, loaded them on a rig and drove below the locks at Lindsay, on the Scugog, of muskrat fame, where we embarked on our expedition.

The snow was falling lightly, but there was lots of it, and to say the least the air did not feel very much like spring. Still, we paddled down to our destination called Teener's Landing, and went ashore. I say went ashore. Yes, but we had to force our way through countless logs, slide over dozens of partially submerged stumps and break ice two inches thick all the way into the landing. Well, after about an hour's struggle we got ashore, to find the snow about a foot deep. Going to the extreme end of the point we found a little clearing where we proceeded to erect our future home for the next few days. We got the stove fixed, and had dinner or supper—I don't know which. Anyway—we ate.

Afterwards we went out to see what the prospects were like for fur. To use the words of my partner they were "pretty blue."

Nevertheless we put out half a dozen traps apiece and then proceeded to get some dry wood and boards and straw, using the last two for our bed. First we put two limbs endwise and on these we put our boards, first cutting them the proper length, about six feet six inches. On them we laid about a foot of cedar and spruce limbs. Then we begged two or three bags of pea straw from a farmer and spread this all over the top, then we laid our waterproof sheet, next some good-thick blankets and our bed was ready—and we were ready for it. Did I sleep? You bet, and the tent door was open and the stove went out, and the thermometer got tired of being up so long and gradually went down to somewhere about

zero. But I never slept better in all my life. Presently about 2 a.m. I heard a sharp "Wow Wow." I said "What's that?" but the only answer was a snore. So I went to sleep again. At 4.30 my loving friend said "Get up and light the fire." I had taken off my pants the previous night, and wondered why he did not. But I found out then. Wherever the water had splashed on them while paddling was a solid chunk of ice. I got the fire started and got some water after breaking through the ice. We had breakfast and tried to see our traps, but they were frozen in good and tight, likewise all that day and the next and the next and the next too. We passed our time away cutting dry wood for the fire. In the meanwhile two well-known trappers had pitched their tent alongside of us, and a few rods further up were encamped at least a dozen local sports who were trying for the birds or rat or mink.

On Monday morning I decided I would break the ice along the shore where my traps were, and did so, securing two rats. My mate got none, nor did any of the others get any. My conceit rose. I understood trapping thoroughly. I had already figured out how much I was going to make out of my traps. But alas for pride—the sequel will show. The weather grew warmer, the ice went out and I got about thirty traps out, and my companion about fifty-five. He had an advantage over me as he knew the waters and swales and swamps like a book. I knew them in summer when fishing was good, but you don't think it is the same place when you see it in the grip of winter. The home of the rat is guarded by millions of logs, stumps, etc., and on these the traps were set while the rats were running or breeding. Well, I went out the next day to gather in the spoil, and had the time of my life to find the traps, let alone any rats. However, I found them all and proceeded to tie a blue rag around a bush or tall limb close to them to facilitate finding them again. They call this 'flagging.' I ought to know all about flagging, being a brakie on the G.T.R. Presently my friend came across and said "What luck?" I had a paltry brace to show. He had thirteen. An unlucky number, but I wished I had them. We skinned our rats and then had a fry. Yes, we ate rat's legs—but there is an art in preparing them. The musk bags are embedded in the thigh and you have to get them

out or the flesh will taste. I ate a big meal and enjoyed it. The meat is something like venison, only not so dry. I also took some home afterwards, and the children enjoyed them, but the wife said "No!" We could all eat rats if we liked, but not for her. But this is on the quiet. She ate frog's legs once when she was not feeling very well and enjoyed them, but did not know till afterwards what she had eaten. She says she liked them, anyway, even if we did fool her.

But this isn't trapping. I thought I would change some of my traps and was leaning over the side of my boat holding onto a stump with my left hand and chopping a nick with the axe in my right hand—when the stump broke and in I went, kicking the boat into mid stream as I fell. I came to the top gasping for breath to find the boat twenty feet away and receding all the time. I started for the boat across the stream, and although a good swimmer I never want another trip like that. I reached her at last—how I don't know, as I was loaded down with heavy boots and thick winter clothing. Somehow I got in without upsetting her and found to my surprise that I still had the axe in my hand. I think I must have been half dead with the cold. The wind was from the east and it was freezing hard. I paddled for

camp, nearly a mile away, and arrived there more dead than alive. My friend had a good fire and lots of hot tea, and I was soon undressed and sitting on the bed and smoking my pipe and drinking hot tea. I fairly expected a bad attack of la grippe from my involuntary bath, but never even caught a cold. My friends in the meanwhile were catching rats all around me by this time—teaching me that I had got a lot to learn about trapping. One day I got a bittern in a trap. Next day my mate got a blackbird and someone else a mudhen or a duck—the latter we let go, as it was close season. No mink were caught as an Indian had hunted them all winter with dogs, getting over fifty. The rats proved very scarce, one reason being accounted to low water freezing them out; another blaming the Indians for killing them in the winter. I don't know which is true. I learnt a lot more about trapping from my friends and fellow trappers than I thought I ever should, and thoroughly enjoyed the trip. I finished with 31 and my friend got 70 in five days' trapping.

Trapping is hard work and no one should ever attempt it who is not prepared for hardships, and be willing to take them smiling. I like it and intend to have another go next year if I am spared.

The Mail Bag

Query—I have been a constant reader of *Rod and Gun* for over a year, and would like to find out through your excellent magazine (as I intend to go trapping next winter in a country where there is bear, deer, mountain lions and mountain goats.)

1. Which is the best calibre of rifle to kill said animals?
2. What is the license fee?
3. What age does one have to be before he can procure a trapping license?
4. What is the best gun for the trap line?
5. And what sort of furbearers would be found in the mountains up Howe Sound, B.C., which is situated near the city of Vancouver?

Vancouver, B.C. T. B.

2. Resident Big Game License—\$5.00.

3. Sixteen.

5. Skunk, mink, coon, weasels, occasional cougar, possibly marten and a few lynx. If near a settlement neither of the last two, but probably a few wild house cats, and possibly muskrats.

H. C. H.

Answer— 1. and 4. A good all round gun might be either a .25-35 Winchester or Savage, or a .25-36 Madsen.

Query—Would you be good enough to advise me through the Trap Line department of some good methods of trapping mink through the ice when the lakes and rivers are frozen over. There are several lakes and creeks in the district where I do a little trapping, and I would be greatly obliged if you could inform me how to catch these animals in the winter. Thanking you in advance for the information and wishing the magazine continued success.
Montreal. E. deL.

Answer.—We hope to have an article in the next issue of the magazine discussing this subject and giving some good methods.

I think you will meet with success if you find where the ice has frozen on the lake shore and left a hollow between the water and the bank. Chop through the ice, nest the trap down in dry grass so that it will not freeze, build a little pen and put the bait in the back. Often where there is a narrow pathway between the water and the bank (under the ice) you can chop through and make a blind set, good for either mink or muskrats. Throw some brush over the hole after you have made your set.

H. C. H.

Query—Can you tell me how to tan rabbit skins in the way the Indians do to make a blanket?

Agate, Ont.

E. L. M.

Answer—As far as I know they do not tan the skins at all. My impression is that the skins are cut into strips about an inch wide when green, and are allowed to dry in long strings. As they dry the skin curls up, so that by the time it is dry it resembles a long piece of rope, with the hair outside.

These are then kept until sufficient are on hand, when they are woven into the blanket.

If this information is not correct I hope some of the readers who have seen these blankets made will give us full particulars. The real Indian rabbit skin blankets are the warmest things known, notwithstanding the fact that you can poke your finger through them anywhere between the braids of the weave.

H. C. H.

Query—I wish to ask you through the columns of *Rod and Gun* if you think it is possible for two young men to make a living trapping in Northern Ontario. We both have considerable knowledge of trapping, but have never done it on a large scale.

We have not decided just where we are going, but wish to hear your opinion on the Mississauga River, fifty to a hundred miles north of the National Transcontinental R.R., or some smaller river flowing into the Mississauga.

We expect to go next spring and take with us supplies to last six months. We wish you to give us your candid opinion on our plan. Thanking you in advance.]

Toronto, Ont.

H. J. S.

Answer—If you go into a good district (and the one you mention should be good if it is not over-supplied with trappers) you should be able to make a living trapping. However, as you ask my candid opinion on your plan I will tell you what I really think about it. This advice is from my own experience, and you can take it or leave it as you see fit.

In the first place you are starting at the wrong time. Spring will only give you a short period of muskrat trapping, and your supplies will run out at the very time when you should be getting busy in real earnest. It would be better to start later, say August or September, and take enough supplies to last till spring.

The whole question hinges on how much time you intend to put-in. If you are just after a one-year trip the remarks that follow will not apply.

If, on the other hand, you are sick of cities and the narrow path of the wage earner, I think I should give this subject careful consideration.

Practically wherever you go in Northern Ontario you will find fairly good trapping. My own honest advice to you both is to make the trip by all means, but go with the idea of locating a piece of land.

Pick out a piece with marketable timber on it, as close to transportation as possible—and in the sequence of events you will find there is good trapping somewhere in the neighborhood.

Clear up your land. Trap in the winter to make your grubstake—and you will find some day that your clearing has become a farm, and that you have something back of you. The day of the professional trapper is passing. So often he was not the romantic character that fiction has described, and very rarely did he have any social standing at all. But in this wonderful era that is Canada's the man with his own piece of land is the best type of citizen that any nation can possess. The pioneer's life will give you all the thrills of the trapper's life—and in addition you will be adding to your assets with every day's work you do. The winter will be yours for trapping in any case—but it is what you do with your summers that will decide what you are in ten years' time.

Trapping is a great game—but you will find that you will make a better trapper when you have your land behind you, and plans for the coming year than you will when everything you own in the world is represented by a line of snowed-in traps.

H. C. H.



GUNS & AMMUNITION

A Piece of Walnut Wood

How a Rifle Stock Saved Two Lives

JOHN LYNN

IN midsummer Sylvester Williams, a northern lumberman and hunter, was about to condemn and discard his rifle because he could do nothing with it either at the target or in the woods. It had been tried out faithfully in two seasons of use. He regretted to part with it, as he had gradually worked up to that model and calibre through owning successive inferior guns beginning with the muzzle loader thirty years ago. He thought that perhaps he was getting too old for hunting.

Before shelving it and spending the money needed to get a new one, he thought of confirming the worst at the target a farewell time with his remaining cartridges. A few shots were fired at 500 yards range, ten or a dozen at a running deer target and some others at a big bullseye target at 100 yards range. Sadly he viewed the result. It was a nice looking rifle, but it would have to go, for the top of the peep sight had cut his forehead as usual and the bullets were scattered all over the targets or completely off them. The deer received one from ten fired at it. The 100 yards groups measured nearer two feet than one.

"It always was an unlucky gun in the woods," he remarked to a companion. "The plain truth is that the bore and every other part is worthless. You try it at 100 yards. See for yourself."

It happened that the companion was more of a target shooter than a hunter. Although he was so slow in the woods that he nearly always let his game get by without a scratch, he did know how to hold down and get groups from almost any sort of an old

gas-pipe that could throw them at all. As the other man fired, the hunter, marking target, was astonished to see bullet after bullet smack into the upper third of the bull. In proper hands the rifle actually was very accurate! It shot like a star-gauged New Springfield.

"The trouble is," announced the target shooter as he approached, the d— stock queered your hold. It is so short it gets back among your features unless you take special trouble to keep your head away in aiming, and it is so straight that sighting is like getting down to look along a railroad trail."

"Queered my hold" is right," the hunter admitted, as he viewed the three-inch ten-shot group in a puzzled way. "I get one shot at a deer, then I'm blind and flinching. If it isn't the sight that gets in the way it's my thumb or nose."

"Yes," the other answered a little enviously, "you good woods shots don't take time to get into position. You just shoot as you find yourselves, standing on your feet or your ear."

"Do you actually think a different stock would enable me to shoot this rifle as you just have shot it?"

"No thinking about it. I know. You've got to go through with such a change before you get any idea of the difference a stock can make."

"I never took much 'stock' in fancy stocks," the hunter protested. "Always had the idea that if a fellow could shoot he could do it as any old piece of wood on the rear end of the gun. I haven't the money to fix up a shooting iron just for looks."

"The need for a special stock hasn't a thing to do with the looks," was the answer. "I know. I've been all through that idea myself. The special stock does not necessarily cost much either. You can saw off the end of that bridge plank there, and make an efficient one out of it with a chopping axe and a hot stove-poker in two or three hours if you do not care to spend any more time and money. But you take it from me—a stock that is right is worth the price of the whole gun if you can't get it for less. The only reason hunters put up with these regular factory abominations is because they don't know how they could improve their shooting by using something better."

"I wish I felt as sure as you do," the hunter remarked as he shook his head. "Maybe I'll try out your idea with a new gun. I'm sick of this thing."

Back home that night the hunter got to studying over his shooting with the rifle. If it could make small groups—and it certainly did make one *that* day—perhaps a new stock on it was worth a try. To fight the trouble through with this one gun might be better than to switch—the one-gun man always has the bulge on the man who changes guns, anyhow. But there was no earthly use in spending the price of a new gun on a stock—not for a minute.

Then complications, followed by a bright idea, occurred to him. He wanted no chopped out, rough affair after all. It would take a lot of time and work to cut out of a piece of wood, a stock of the exact dimensions needed, although a good plank of ordinary walnut should not be hard to find. Besides, what dimensions would be right? Who was to tell that? It would be doubly foolish to make a new stock that might be as bad as the old one in some different way. Why not just lengthen the old stock by adding something under the butt plate—leather, for instance?

He took the rifle from the corner of the room and threw it to his face. It seemed to line up without a bit of trouble. Was the whole thing just imagination? He had no trouble getting his cheek down and his eye through the peep. But then he felt with his forefinger the scab on his forehead. Lengthening the old stock might be all that was needed. He would mention the matter to the target man.

When he next met that person it was in the company of another they both knew well a man who did considerable trap shooting. The target shooter was positive in his opinions.

"Just lengthen the old stock? No sir! That would cure the kicking you in the eye, of course, but you would still miss. You haven't the idea yet. Missing and getting kicked are two different things. Not related, or very little. Your bullet probably flies out over your game and *afterward* you receive the kick from it. I want to show you an old 30-30 I have."

He led the two men to his home, a short distance away. His son, a boy of 15 or 16, brought out the 30-30.

"Throw that to your face, Williams," he directed. Williams did so.

"No, don't aim. Just look at that mail box out there, and then throw the gun up as if you were going to think of beginning to get ready to commence to aim. But keep your eye on the mail box."

"All right," Williams threw up the 30-30, and the instructor snapped out the command; "Don't move. Tell me where the barrel points."

"Slants up pretty well," Williams answered. "Bout five feet over the box, should judge, without moving my eye."

"All right, that's enough. You understand now?"

"No. I see nothing except that this gun is like a knotty club."

"Good as your gun, Old Timer. Good as yours. And that is saying something if you just knew it."

"Well what's the answer?"

"The answer is *drop*, and some other items. This 30-30 has little more than two and a half inches drop. Measure it, from the line of sight down."

Williams did so, and found the figure about correct. The other continued:

"You, with your skinny neck, will need about four inches of drop in the stock to make the barrel point right. I should say—three and a half, anyhow."

"This fat friend here, who shoots the bloodless clay pigeons (a tall, fleshy man, with short neck) will shoot best in the field with more than four inches drop."

The 'fat friend' came to life. "Jumping Grasshoppers, Man! You are crazy as a bed-bug. Me four inches! I've had eight shot-guns in the last four years, and I'm getting better at the clays all the time. Every next gun is straighter than the one before it. My last and best one has one full inch and five-eighths of one inch—get the figures—at the heel."

"Most people take a good deal of drop for good field work," calmly proceeded the tar-

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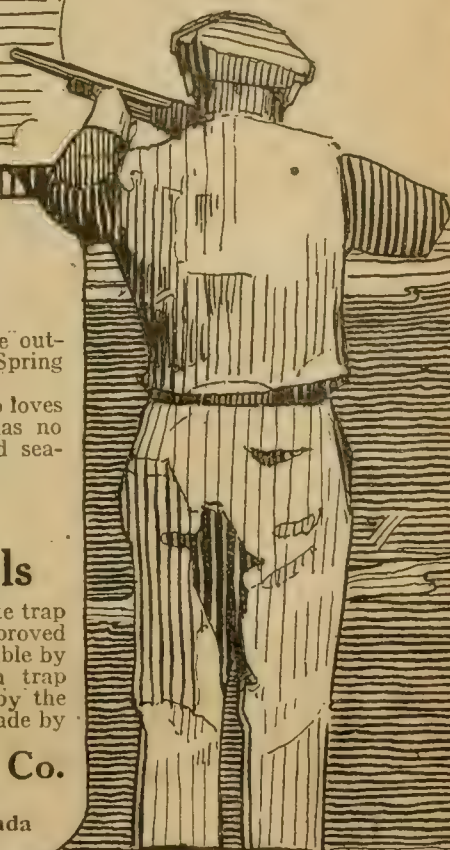
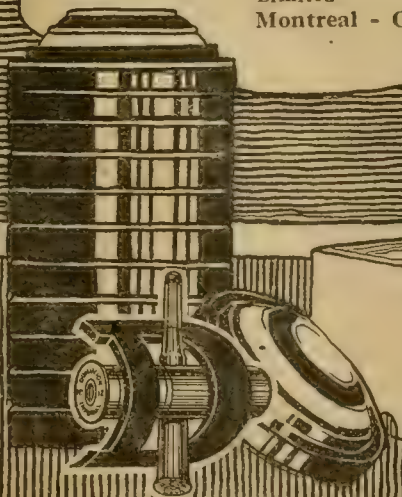
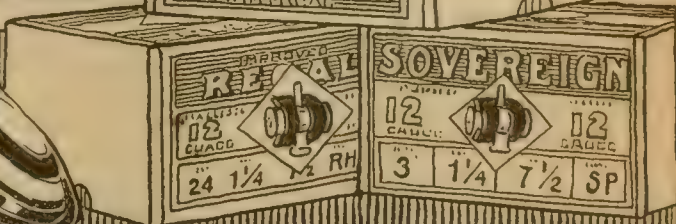
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get shooter, who couldn't hit game himself, but had observed how others did it. "I expected your outburst. You don't understand either. Trapshooters use a drop of two inches or so because they hold and aim on their nerve. They always get their guns up and 'hunker' down to the stocks before their "birds" spring into the air. They aim and they keep their eyes along the ribs of their barrels and say "Pull." The obedient "birds" rise and the shooters swing their whole bodies, guns and all, like a derrick, in the right direction.

"Things do not work out just precisely that way in the field. Your trap shooters are lost there if they stick to their methods. I know. I've seen 'em miss all day long. The reason is that a hunter walks through the fields and woods like a man, not like a derrick. His gun lies across his shoulder or hangs in his hand or hands. His eyes have got to be round everywhere except along the barrel. Briars, stones, logs and holes—and the game—compel that.

"Then suddenly he spies the game, or hears it. Anyhow that gun must snap to his shoulder *while he looks at the game*. If the stock is right and the barrel points right, the sights will come nearly to place, and he can shove them the rest of the way in the fraction of a second remaining before it is too late. But if the barrel points up in the air like this 30-30 does, or your rifle does Williams, or your useless shotguns do, fat man, there is not time to do all the correcting required. Your bullet or shot is bound to go wild."

"Rats!" interrupted the fat man.

"Well, maybe you can hit clay birds and rats, but not grouse," was the reply. Slamming of the door cut short a promising argument.

"I must have more drop as well as more length, it seems—no use monkeying with the old stock." The hunter laughed ruefully. "Here goes twenty dollars to the winds. Tell me how to get my fancy, shiny new stock."

The other looked at him, and asked: "Why not make it yourself."

"Who? Me? I never made anything about a gun in my life."

"You probably can make a better one for yourself than anyone else except a professional like Adolph. You'll give your own problems more time and thought.

"How would I go about it?"

"Get a piece of second growth walnut plank 3 inches thick and 6 inches or more wide that has been in the dry for a year or longer. You will need a saw, an axe, a quarter inch chisel

and another half an inch or an inch wide, and a little block plane, also some sand paper and a drill or brace and bit. That's all. A good gunsmith could do the job without fancy work, with good enough fitting, in half a day. You better take a week to it, working at odd times and thinking over it between times."

"Well, but how about the dimensions?"

"Work them out to suit your own rather spare frame. Take my word to begin with, however, you need three and a half to four inches drop. Better take it four at once. Look over several guns you like for shape, and pattern after some one of them."

"I'm going to try it!" Williams told him. "If I can make this rifle of mine shoot, I'll certainly enjoy doing it."

"You'll not need a new gun, but get it if you wish," was the answer. "Only make sure whatever one you use is shaped something near right. That is the one feature you lack yet. With it you will be able to depend on your hitting. Now me—I can't bank on myself to hit when I'm hurried, even if a mad dog is coming to bite me. My lack of that ability will be the cause of me getting into a tight hole some day yet, I feel it in my bones. You can bet I'm teaching this boy to know what is right, and to hit what he shoots at, too. Maybe we'll see you in the woods this fall."

The walnut wood was easy to find, likewise a beautifully stocked Mannlicher for a model of shape. It became necessary to figure not only length and drop, but slant or angle of butt plate, height of comb, thickness at different points, size of grip neck, pistol grip or not and its distance from the trigger. To do so sounded hard, but was easy enough after the work started. The model took care of most of the details.

The Mannlicher stock was laid on the plank and its outline marked with a pencil. Surplus edges were then chopped off with an axe. Top view or outline then was pencil marked on the top edge of the walnut, leaving half an inch or so of extra wood projected from each side.

Then the question of cast-off bobbed up. A cast-off would lay the barrel that much nearer the eye—make that much bending of the neck unnecessary. A little reflection on its value made Williams decide that by all means he should have a little cast-off, a quarter of an inch, or three-eighths. The right hand edge pencil mark was three eighths of an inch inside the block. Accordingly this mark was redrawn. The new one branched from the old line in front where the iron-

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- | | |
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| to look after the youngsters? | to answer the phone? |
| to shut or open a window? | to see who is at the door? |
| to investigate that noise? | to shake up the furnace? |
| to get another blanket? | to take a dose of medicine? |

And in the daytime do you—

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| hunt in the depths of a closet? | look into the dim oven? |
| grope in the back of the ice box? | look into dark attic corners? |
| go down cellar after coal? | search for a button under the bureau? |

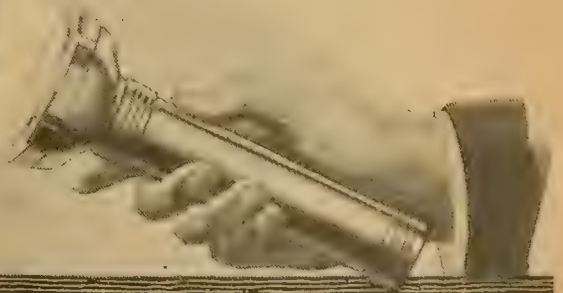
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work of the gun ended, and extended back with a fall to the right so that at the butt-plate end it was exactly three-eighths of an inch from the old mark. The left hand outline or edge mark was redrawn farther to the right, to correspond and to make the thickness right. After this all wood outside the new marks was hewed off with the axe, leaving only an eighth of an inch or so to be planed off. When the chopping was completed a well shaped but rough rifle stock had emerged from the block of wood.

The idea of a pistol grip was dropped, because the shape would interfere with the lever of the rifle, and to bend the lever evenly might be a troublesome matter. Weight was reduced by boring three holes in the butt end. Williams wanted to make the length from trigger to butt plate a full 14 inches, with memories of the kicks in the eye he had received, but remembered in time that even the old stock, hardly 13 inches long, was nearly long enough when he had heavy winter shirts and coat on. When he was bundled up, it was evident that too long a stock would catch on clothing in coming to place. As a compromise between summer and winter shooting, he decided on a length of wood of 13½ inches. The butt-plate added another quarter inch. If the thing was too short for use with just one shirt on, he resolved to make a leather addition to go under the butt-plate during warm months.

Drop of four inches was secured and maintained first by providing for it in marking the plans from the Mannlicher stock, and afterward in shaping the forward end, in boring the holes for the tang screw, and in fitting the wood to the metal parts. The new stock was tried on, or laid on, the receiver often. Measurement was taken each time from the line of sight when adjusted for 100 yards.

Rounding off corners and removing bumps was done with the chisel. A pocket knife proved to be too light. Finally the whole surface was planed smooth, sandpapered, and oiled with linseed, and Williams had his new stock, better looking than the old one, at the price of a few hours of his own work.

He looked round for an aiming point. There was a conspicuous knot in a wall about forty yards away. Keeping his eyes on it, he snapped the rifle to his shoulder and—when he placed his cheek against the stock his eye ran along the sights.....They were almost on the knot without aiming.

There was now no comparison with the gun as it had been. Previously the eye could get to the line of sight only by means of con-

tortion of neck, shoulder and arms. A mere inclination of the head was enough movement with the new stock, thanks to drop and to cast-off. What struck him as particularly better, however, was the way the barrel levelled toward its object. He went over to the target shooter's house to show the result and to have another look at that 30-30.

With that rifle at his shoulder, Williams observed the deceitful upward tilt of the muzzle at its worst in contrast with the leveling of his "new" gun. That had been the one particular bane of his shooting life, he now realized.

"I used to imagine my old gun wasn't shaped so bad, because I could get my eye down to the line of sight," he told his adviser. "But it was familiarity with the club of a stock that fooled me. I guess a person can get used to anything in a way—even a cant hook with sights on might hang in line after a good deal of practice in aiming with it."

On the range Williams found that with a rest he could make four-inch groups at a hundred yards without any trouble at all. He also could snap bullets off with reasonable accuracy in as short time as one second. With the old stock three and four seconds had been his time, and even then he could not be certain within eighteen inches of where the bullets would strike. On the running deer target he would get in four shots comfortably against a limit of two previously—and with more than double the number of hits. In short, the barrel levelled to the target almost automatically. The sense of certainty he felt when shooting was a wonderful relief, as well as the knowledge that his suspicions about eyesight dimming and nerves slowing up were unfounded. It pleases no one to find that he is getting too old for a substantial enjoyment.

Snow fell early that season. Williams went to camp as in seasons before, delighted with the tracking conditions offered. The target shooter and his fifteen-year old son were caught while on a bird-hunting trip up in the mountain. The road at that point was built along a steep hill, the cut at the upper side running up from the track for a hundred yards. That was where and how, as their Ford was grinding up the grade through six inches of snow with mud underneath it, the boy at the wheel, the target shooter spied a bruin peering down from the top of the cut as though surprised to find anyone on the road. It fidgeted about as though in doubt. Two smaller bears shoved snouts out beside

SAVAGE



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.250-3000 Savage Rifle, takes down model. .22-inch tapered round barrel with integral sight base. Checkered extra full pistol grip and forearm, checkered trigger. Corrugated steel shotgun butt-plate. Commercial silver bead front and flat-topped wind-gauge sporting rear sights. Weight about 7 lbs.

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their mother to have a look. The target shooter suddenly went crazy. He shoved some BB shells into his 12 gauge shotgun, stood up, and blazed away.

The effect was magical. All three bears disappeared for an instant—long enough for the man to load his gun. Then over the top, tumbling, whining and biting itself, rolling down the steep cut came a cub, straight for the car. It could not stop if it tried.

"Hurry! Speed Up!" yelled the man.

The boy yanked down his throttle and "killed" the engine.

"Whang, Bang, Crack." BB shot churned the snow about the rolling ball of black fur coming as fast as a grouse on the wing. The target shooter undoubtedly was not a good shot in an emergency, but at twenty feet it is the exceptional man who can miss. The cub rolled under the running board and stopped on the road, dead.

Above them the old she bear started down the cut in long leaps, sending down patches of snow and dirty yellow soil and stones. The boy by this time had his little twenty-gauge ready. At a range of forty yards he stung the advancing fury with a charge of No. 7 chilled.

Frantically the man searched his pockets for BB shells. Finally he pulled some from a pocket and began to load, but was too late. The bear reached the car and reared up higher than the seat tops.

The muzzle of the twelve gauge gun was pointed almost against the hairy breast. One sweep of the bear's paw drove it aside and knocked the butt against the man's head. He reeled, then sagged down across the back of the seat, wholly indifferent to what happened afterward.

Boy and bear faced one another. They both appeared calm enough. Cautiously and slowly the dainty muzzle was advanced an inch at a time, while the bear's wicked little eyes gleamed fire, and the black lips were drawn further and further from teeth that restlessly opened and shut with plain clicks. The steering wheel prevented the boy from rising to shoot or to jump.

That was the situation disclosed to Williams who had heard the shooting while he was back

along the tracks of the bears, and had run across to the top of the cut a couple of hundred yards further up the mountain to see what was happening. A glance told him the gravity of affairs. The infuriated she bear was bent on exacting vengeance for the harm to her cub. Would the bear and the boy wait till he could get closer. Or would the bear attack the helpless man or the boy? Worse still, if the fool boy, in his nervy inexperience, should shoot with that fine shot, the chances were all for a flesh wound that would simply prod the bear to attack.

He started to run forward along the top of the cut, not daring to trust himself to the steep slope down to the road because he would be helpless to shoot during a precious minute or two. Suddenly the bear swung forward into the car. It was now or never. The barrel leveled to William's face, the new stock settled home to his shoulder and almost in the same fraction of a second a copper-jacketed bullet shattered the end of the windshield, drove through the immense hairy shoulder and on into the chest cavity. The animal lurched. A second later Williams fired again with instinctive aim, this time striking the bear in the heart region. It sagged on top of the front door of the Ford, head inside and hind parts hanging out.

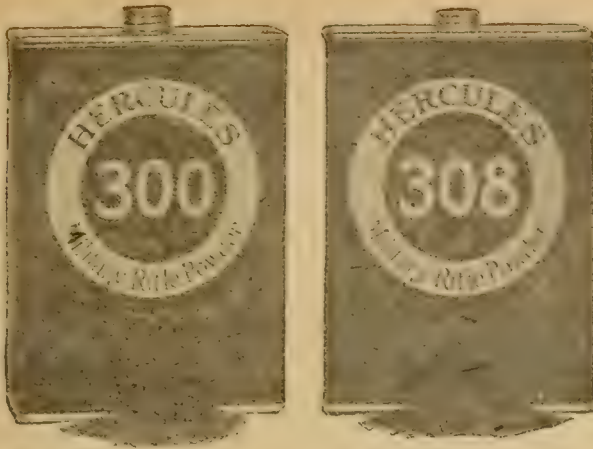
That was all. When Williams reached the car the boy had climbed out at the left side and was pulling his father's legs from under the bear's head. The hind claws scratched a little at the right running board in their death twitches, and the big mouth opened and shut slightly, twice. But the bear's savage spirit had departed for the happy hunting ground before the echoes of William's rifle had faded out.

Presently the unconscious man opened his eyes, and put a hand to his ear, which was bleeding a little.

"Did my gun kick me or did the bear get me?" he asked, still in a daze.

"Both," answered Williams briefly, as he wiped some snow off the stock of his rifle and laid it, almost reverently, on the back seat of the car in order that both hands might be free for binding up wounds.





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Speeding Up the .25-35 and .33 Winchester Special

E. T. D. FRANCIS, MILFORD, ENGLAND

I was much interested in Mr. J. E. Henry's article in the October issue of "*Rod and Gun in Canada*" entitled "Gun Dope" dealing with the performances of 'lighter than standard' bullets.

I was led on by this to work out some figures regarding the ballistics of these cartridges which may be of interest insomuch as they show what we may expect in the way of velocity and striking energy from some of these speeded up bullets.

In the first place I have worked out comparative tables for the .25-35 Winchester cartridge (a) with the factory load and 117 gr. bullet and (b) with Mr. Henry's load of 22 grains Hercules Lightning powder and the 86 gr. bullet as used in the .25-20 Winchester. In the case of (a) I have used the velocities at muzzle and 100 yards given in the Winchester catalog as the basis of my calculations. From these the ballistic coefficient can be worked out. In the case of (b) again the figures in the Winchester catalog give one the ballistic coefficient of the .25-20 bullet and Mr. Henry's figure 2524 F.S. at 53 feet from the muzzle gives me a muzzle velocity of 2613 F.S.

The above data together with a set of standard ballistic tables is all that is required.

Table 1 shows the results as far as the velocities of the two loads are concerned and Table 2 compares the striking energies of the two bullets. Diagrams I - II show the same thing graphically.

VELOCITY FT. p.s.			
Range Yards	117 gr. bullet	86 gr. bullet	
	Factory Load	22grs. Hercules	Light'g
0	1978		2613
100	1680		2126
200	1389		1694
300	1185		1343
400	1059		1111
500	978		991
600	910		899
700	849		823
800	795		753

TABLE I.

Range Yards	Striking Energy, Foot Pounds	
	117 gr. bullet Factory Load	86 gr. 22 grs. Hercules Ltg.
0	1015	1304
100	730	863
200	501	548
300	364	345
400	291	236
500	248	188
600	210	154
700	187	129
800	164	108

TABLE II.

This diagram shows a very good example of the result attained by using a bullet of low sectional density even though speeded up to beat the heavier bullet at short ranges.

As regards velocity it will be seen from diagram 1 that the 86 gr. bullet has the advantage up to about 500 yards with its further advantage of a flatter trajectory.

Thus we see that in spite of the falling off in energy after 280 yards, Mr. Henry's speeded up 'lighter-than-standard' gives, at sporting ranges, distinctly the better all around results.

Let us now turn to one of Mr. Henry's suggested loads for the .32 Winchester Special and examine a set of figures for this cartridge speeded up to a muzzle velocity of 2400 F.S.

In this case I have worked out three sets of figures (1) .32 Special standard load—170 gr. bullet and m.v. 2112 F.S., compared with (2) 170 gr. bullet, but speeded up to 2400 F.S. muzzle velocity: and both put side by side with (3) .30 army.

It may be said that this last is not in the same class as 1 and 2, but it will serve as a basis of comparison and will show the superior staying power of a bullet having a large sectional density even though it may start out with a comparatively low muzzle velocity. Table 3 shows velocities and 4 shows energies. As before, the diagrams show the same thing graphically.



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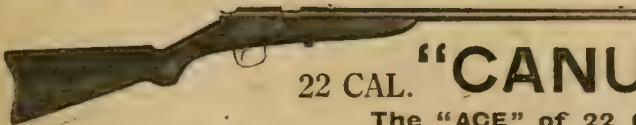
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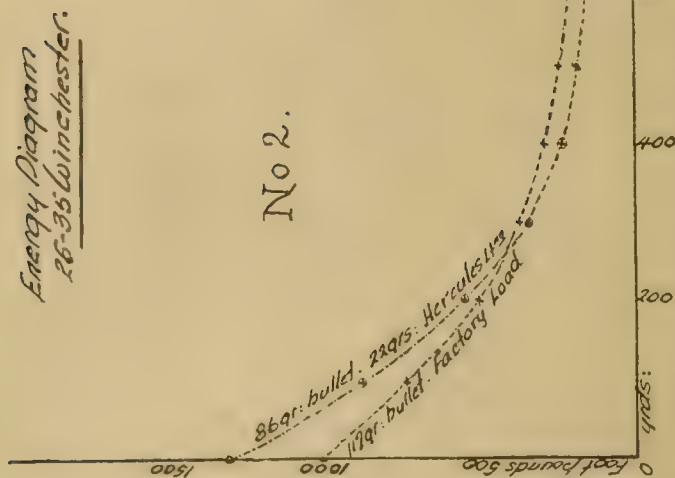
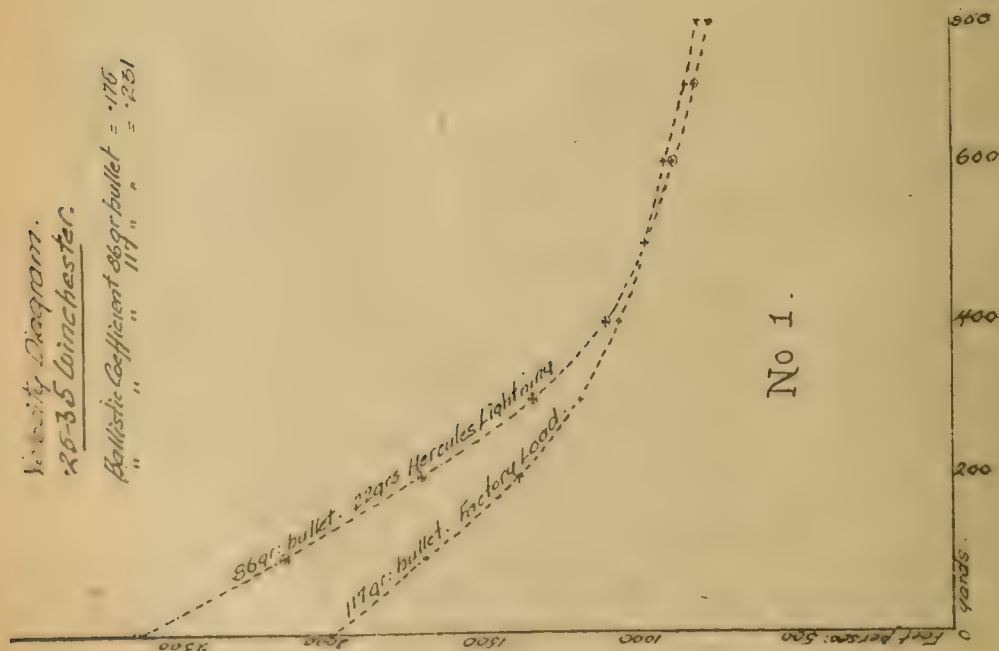
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Velocity Diagram.
25-35 Winchester.
 Ballistic Coefficient 86 gr. bullet = .176
 " " 117 " " = .251



No. 2 diagram shows that although Mr. Henry's load with 86 gr. bullet has a distinct advantage in striking energy over the factory load at sporting ranges, it will be seen that at about 280 yards the energy of the lighter bullet has fallen to that of the slower moving 117 gr. and beyond that distance falls gradually below it.

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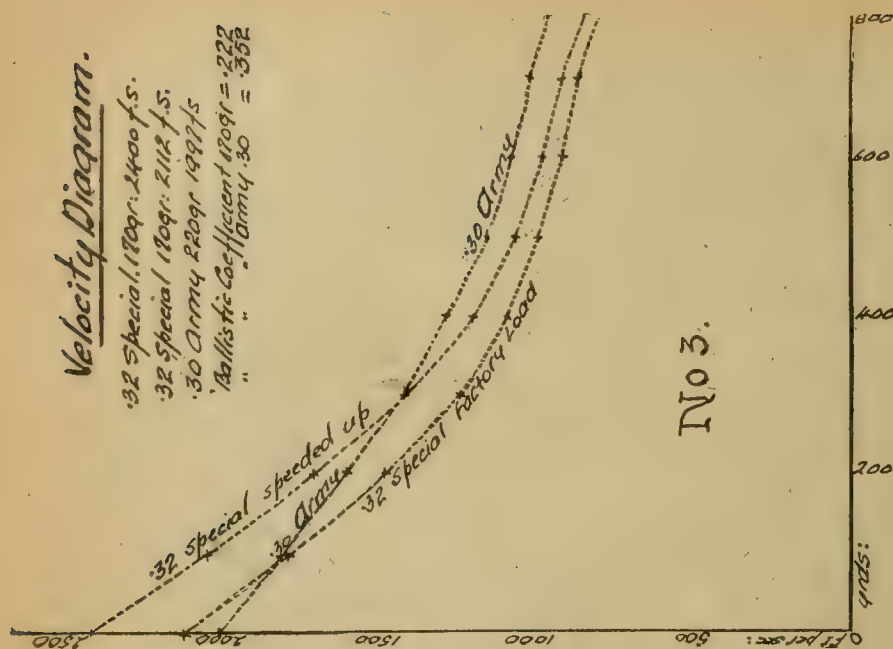
Sportsmen are advised to make their arrangements in advance



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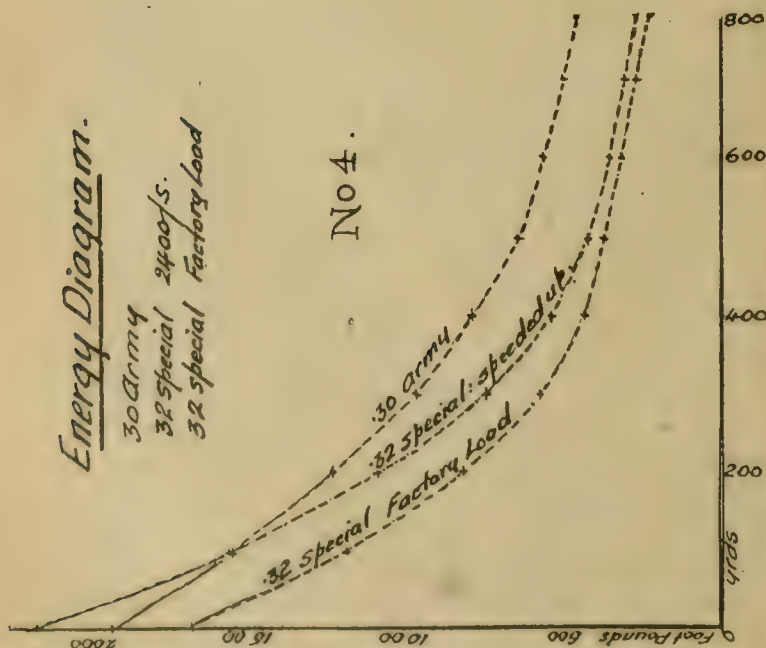
Velocity Diagram.

.32 Special 1709 ft. 2400 f.s.
 .32 Special 1709 ft. 2112 f.s.
 .30 Army 2209 ft. 1997 f.s.
 Ballistic Coefficient 1709 ft. = .222
 " " " Army .30 = .352



Energy Diagram.

.30 Army
 .32 Special 2400 f.s.
 .32 Special Factory load



These diagrams show that the .32 special speeded up to 2400 F.S. muzzle velocity compares favorably with the .30 Army as regards velocity up to 300 yards and in striking energy up to 100 yards; after that point, the energy curve of the .30 Army tells its tale of a heavier bullet and higher ballistic co-efficient. At the same time it is clearly shown that over short distances there is some justification for Mr. Henry's claim that the speeded up .32 Special "is one of the very best cartridges for short range in the woods."

It would be interesting if Mr. Henry would tell us the pressures involved with this load.

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VELOCITY FEET Per Sec.		
.32 Spec.	.32 Spec.	.30 Army
Range Factory	speeded up	
Yards Load	to 2400 f.s.	
0 2112	2400	1997
100 1769	2029	1784
200 1471	1695	1589
300 1236	1409	1414
400 1084	1192	1268
500 994	1060	1151
600 919	975	1073
700 856	904	1015
800 799	842	965

TABLE III.

STRIKING ENERGY Foot Pounds		
.32 Spec.	.32 Spec.	.30 Army
Range Factory	speeded up	
Yards Load	to 2400 f.s.	
0 1684	2174	1949
100 1182	1554	1555
200 817	1085	1231
300 577	749	961
400 443	536	785
500 373	424	647
600 319	359	561
700 277	308	500
800 241	268	451

TABLE IV.

Some Comments on the New Savage .22 N. R. A. Rifle

A. D. FRASER

AFTER long years of waiting on the part of riflemen, there has at length appeared on the market a repeating, bolt-action rifle of military type, designed to shoot the old and reliable .22 calibre cartridge. The work is the product of that most enterprising company across the Border, the Savage Arms Corporation of Utica, N.Y.,—a company which deserves the fullest credit for bringing this arm to completion within so short a time, relatively, from the close of the War.

It has been possible for a good many years to purchase single-shot .22 calibres, operated by the bolt-action. Of these rifles, the best known in this country are doubtless the Ross Cadet .22 and the Birmingham Small Arms Miniature .220 rifle. These are both splendid weapons, but the Ross is a little difficult for the average shot to make a success of, owing to the peculiar nature of its trigger-pull; the B. S. A. rifle, while excellent in other respects, is somewhat handicapped by a poor rear sight. Furthermore, the manufacturers of these arms failed to impart to them a proper weight, retaining the old 5 pounds, which we associate with a boy's gun. The same thing is lamentably true of lever-action and slide-action .22 repeaters as well. Hence, the chief merit of the new Savage, as contrasted with other rifles of this calibre, lies in its weight and stability, to say nothing of its accuracy and its really modern sighting

system. Whether it will ever cut a great figure as a repeating rifle is open to question. The box magazine holds but 5 cartridges, after the rule of most military arms, and that seems but a small dose for the .22 to swallow, used as we are to magazines holding from 15 to 20 shells; at the same time the Savage magazine is by no means readily loaded. In fine target work, also, hand-loading will be expedient, for the action of the rifle is not altogether perfect, and we have noted a tendency towards defacement and sometimes almost mutilation of the bullets, as the cartridges pass from magazine to chamber. However, the rifle is very easily manipulated as a single-shot, so that one feels justified in the prediction that it will be used five times as a single-shot for every once it will function as a repeater. It is when employed for hunting purposes that the repeating element will be most often called into play.

The barrel of the rifle, while nicely tapered, is long and heavy, having a length of 30¾ inches "over all," as yachtsmen would express it. The weight, therefore, of the arm as a whole is thrown, as it ought, well forward; so much so that the point of balance is located almost exactly half way between the muzzle and the butt-plate. The stock, which is fashioned from walnut with oil-finish, extends to within 3¼ inches of the muzzle, thus affording a convenient hold for the man who



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LIGHT, capacious yet compact. Strong, durable, capable of carrying big loads—That is the kind of canoe a Forester wants—and that is a description of a

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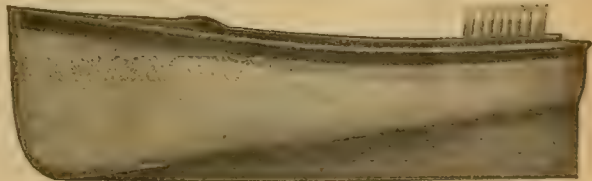
Indeed it is the ideal craft for everyone—The woodwork is of the toughest cedar—It is covered with a seamless canvas, in turn covered with an absolutely water-proofing preparation—It is leak-proof and weather-proof.

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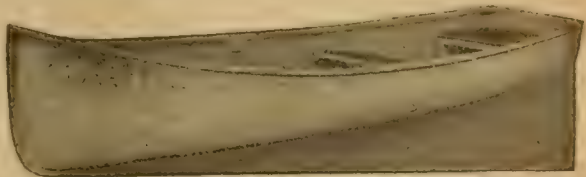
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reaches far out with the left hand in off-hand shooting, while the grooves which indent the sides of the forestock make a suitable bed for the finger-tips in prone work. The "feel" of the rifle in general is not unlike that of our own Ross, with which so many of us became familiar during the past five years.

The barrel is attached to the stock by means of the conventional metal bands, and a pair of serviceable metal swivels are attached, for the benefit of those who favour the use of a sling. The safety-catch, a band of metal which is turned circumferentially (excuse the word; I can think of no better) on the barrel in operating, is new in design, so far as my knowledge goes, and is easy of manipulation. The pistol-grip of the stock is large and hand-filling, but seems to us to be situated somewhat too close to the trigger to prove altogether satisfactory to a hand of average dimensions. The army Ross and the Enfield appear to us to be superior in this respect. The stock-length is $13\frac{1}{4}$ inches,—again a trifle short, in our opinion. In regard to all else the specifications of the stock leave nothing to be desired. The general impression imparted by it is one of massiveness and reliability, in whatever position the rifle may be fired.

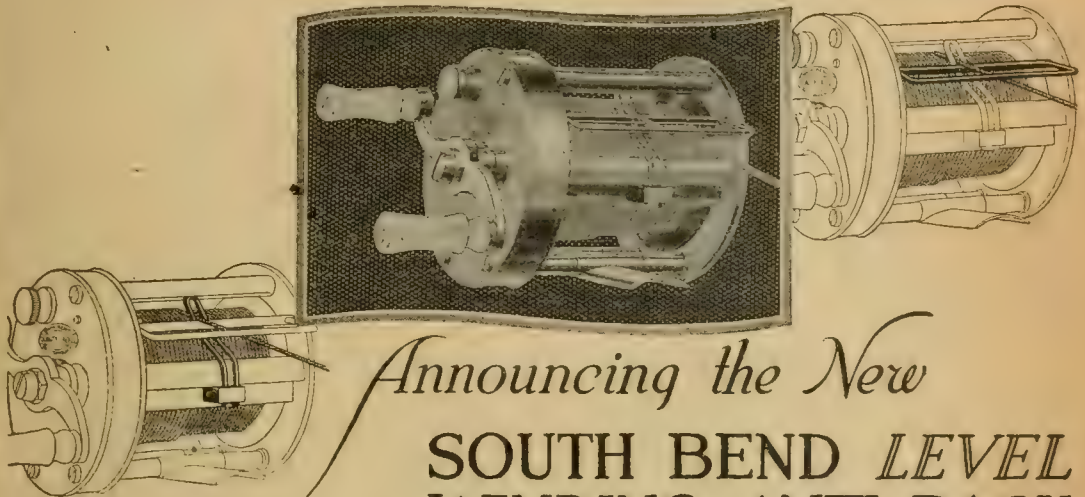
Reference was made above to the "overall" length of the rifle barrel. By way of explanation of the term it may be stated that the length of the barrel, as the term is ordinarily understood, is 25 inches, while the rear portion of the tube is fashioned so as to serve as the bolt-housing, without any additional receiver. It may be that there is in this feature a slight gain in lack of vibration as the piece is fired. The bolt-handle, as the Ross Co. used to say of that portion of their Cadet rifle, is no Lilliputian affair. It is, for a .22, exceedingly large and strong, with a knob $\frac{3}{4}$ in. in diameter,—a replica, I believe of the American Springfield bolt-handle. The action, however of firing and reloading, single-shot fashion, is somewhat slower than that of the Ross Cadet, owing to the latter arm having a straight-pull, while the Savage handle is turned down *a la* Mauser. The bolt itself may readily be removed from the housing by pulling back the trigger and withdrawing—a feature which is common also to the Ross Cadet and the B. S. A. arms. The structure of the bolt is simplicity itself and it contains—something new for a .22, I think—a double firing-pin. This principle I have never seen employed elsewhere except with the old 10.5 mm. Vetterli rifle. There is, theoretically at least, a certain increase in

certainty of fire in the employment of the device. There seems, however, some defect in the specimen which I have in my possession, as only a very light blow is struck by the firing-pins on the rim of the cartridge, and I have experienced a considerable amount of annoyance with miss and hang fires,—using both the Dominion and the United States Cartridge Co.'s ammunition. Whether the defect is common to all rifles of this model I cannot, of course, say. The rifles' extractor and ejector, on the other hand, work with complete satisfaction.

The new arm has no sear, properly speaking, but there is a direct engagement of the upper part of the trigger and the lug of the cocking piece. The surface of the trigger with which the finger comes in contact when firing is corrugated to prevent slipping, as is also the head of the cocking-piece. On the trigger, striations run horizontally near the tip, and above that vertically; on the theory, presumably, that the tendency of the movement of the finger is sideways and downwards—an assumption which may in the latter instance be doubted. The edges of the trigger are somewhat sharp and unpleasant to the touch, and after all one wonders why the inventors were not satisfied with retaining the type of trigger used on the .250-3000 Savage, than which probably no better trigger has ever been made.

It is really a shame that an arm possessing so many excellent features should have been sent out of the factories cursed with such a decidedly bad trigger-pull, and it is a mercy that the defect is not altogether irremediable. This appears to be a failing which may be said to be almost peculiar to American guns. One has but to compare the products of other countries to see the difference in this respect. In my own experience of the various Belgian, Swiss, German, Austrian, English and Canadian rifles which I have at some time or other owned or used, in only one instance was a trigger-pull decidedly at fault, and that was in the case of an old and much used weapon; while of the American arms which I have owned some adjustments—together with the use of file or emery-cloth or both—had to be made in the case of all but one, this being a .25 Remington. However this may be, when I first pulled the trigger of the new Savage, I found that it gave a little, stuck, gave a little more, stopped, and so on for three or four attempts, till the cocking-piece was finally released. The ultimate "let-go" was very clean and vivacious, and gave rise to the hope that the pull might

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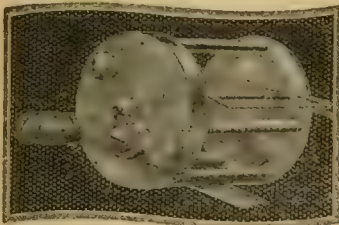
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be successfully dealt with by means of a screw-driver thrust up through a hole in the plate under the trigger-guard, where one has access to an adjustment-screw. But to my chagrin I discovered that the said screw was fully home, so that the adjustment was already as fine as possible. Nothing remained but to take the whole mechanism apart, and, in brief, after several hours of experimenting, a reasonably satisfactory result was obtained. So the matter ended well, but after all we can attempt no palliation of the sin of the manufacturer who turns-out an arm in such a state. Not everyone has the requisite time and knowledge of the mechanism of a fire-arm to enable him to bring it, if faulty, into a proper shape. I think too that it is unfortunate that the Savage had not been furnished with the ordinary military double-pull, such, e.g., as we find in the .280 Ross, the pull of which could hardly be improved on in respect to lightness, smoothness and safety.

One can speak with much more enthusiasm of the sighting system of the new N. R. A. gun. The length of the sighting-base is very satisfactory, $29\frac{1}{2}$ inches, but two inches less than that of the new Enfield. This length of base is secured by mounting the rear sight at the posterior extremity of the bolt-housing, conveniently close to the eye. The sight seems unnecessarily fragile, but is otherwise a very good sight indeed. Elevation and windage are measured by a micrometer system which admits of a very nice adjustment by means of "clicks." In the case of the rifle which I possess, the sight does not properly fit in the position which it occupies on the housing, with the result that the windage-screw must be set 7 clicks to the right to enable the rifle to hit center. In other words, the arm was put on the market sighted to shoot 7 inches to the left of where it ought at a range of 100 yards. However, this may be true of but the one particular gun. Let us hope so. Quite properly, the sight contains an aperture only, and the rifle is not encumbered with any obsolete open sights. The aperture is 1-25 in. in diameter, too small an opening, as I think all will agree who have regard for their eyesight; for the slight gain in precision is more than counterbalanced by the excessive eye-strain occasioned. In fact, it is hard to see how its use is practicable at all when it is removed to a secondary position

in which it may be set, 7 inches farther away from the eye. So, one of my first acts was to enlarge the aperture to about 1-16 in., the diameter, I believe, of the aperture of the Enfield sight. The front sight, which is modelled after the type adopted by the U. S. Marine Corps, is surely the best yet designed of that particular style. While, generally speaking, it resembles the ordinary military front-sight, it is vastly improved over the latter by having its rear extremity elevated and undercut, so that one, in sighting, looks over what is essentially a mere edge of steel, which reflects but a minimum of light and is always, even under the most trying circumstances, of clear definition.

The new Savage is unquestionably of splendid accuracy, as are all the .22's of this make. We recall having some years ago scored 14 consecutive hits on a $2\frac{1}{2}$ center at a range of 100 yards, using the Savage 1914 Model of .22. The new rifle I have not had many opportunities of testing owing to weather conditions. Two groups of five shots each, fired under rather bad conditions at 100 yards, measured $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. On another occasion, in somewhat better weather, 7 consecutive shots ranged in a $2\frac{1}{4}$ in. circle at the same distance. All shots were fired in the prone position, a rest being used in the case of the $2\frac{1}{4}$ in. group and one of the larger groups; in the other no rest was used. In no instance was a sling employed. The small group was made with Dominion ammunition, the larger groups with Dominion and U. S. Co., one with each. Such results, while decidedly modest, show what fine work the arm must be capable of doing with a thorough test.

To recapitulate,—from a point of view free from prejudice it may be observed that the faults of the 1919 Model, while unfortunate, and in our opinion without excuse, are hardly radical, and may in the main be corrected by anyone possessing patience and a little mechanical skill. On the other hand, its outstanding good qualities are its accuracy, its fine sighting system, its simplicity and strength of action, and its weight and size which render it the .22 *par excellence* for a full-grown man. To this we may thankfully add, its relative cheapness, for even in this country with its high tariff the rifle may be purchased for something less than \$25.00.





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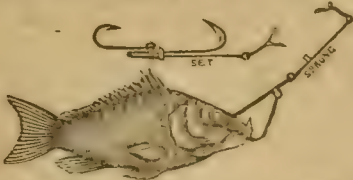


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A Discussion of Various Types of Rifles and Ammunition

JOS. H. O'NEILL

I have been tempted on several occasions to write your magazine some of my views and experiences with regard to some of the many cartridges now used by hunters on deer and up, but was afraid I might tramp on some fellow's toes that could express his views a trifle better than I could—with ink—and then I would be sorry I had started something.

However, after reading a number of articles in the different sporting magazines, giving such rosy accounts of what this or that gun had done and I venture to say, could not repeat—I just boiled over.

Why do they not tell about the little failings of this gun, or that cartridge? It is not fair to the fellow who is just breaking into the hunting game who takes their word for it and buys several guns before he finally lands one that suits the particular use he puts it to. Take for instance the .250-3000, a nice little gun and no doubt accurate until taken down too often. But is it a good deer gun? I'll say no, for the simple reason there is not enough weight to the bullet. Every little twig and bush causes the little bullet to blow up or ricochet. The Newton .256 started with quite a light bullet and if I am not mistaken they are now up around the weight of the .280 Ross.

I have known hunters to fire a dozen shots at deer standing behind some alders and never touch a hair with the .250-3000. I fancy this cartridge is also erratic. I shot a nice buck in the neck just ahead of the shoulder and he dropped in his tracks. On examination, the bone was not smashed up at all. Perhaps it was the ammunition. But I'll bet that under the same conditions my .32 special would have taken the neck darn near off.

I own a .250-3000, still if I had to take my choice of it or a .303 Savage for hunting, I would not trade a .303 for a dozen of them. The .22 is considered inferior to the .250 on game.

Just a little instance that occurred the fall of 1918. I was shooting my favorite rifle, a 1895 model Winchester chambered for the 30 U.S. Gov. .06 and was using the 150 gr. bullet (This rifle chambered for the .06 cartridge gives the owner the choice of at least six different weights of bullets in that shell, the above 150 gr. gives a very flat trajectory to-

gether with great striking force, much in the same class, but a little less than the famous .280 Ross, or if you prefer it there is a 220 grain bullet similar to the .303 British but is speedier and therefore more punch. Also several intermediate weights to suit any particular fancy.

Usually rifles handle but one shell with a standard load and bullet. This I consider is a decided advantage and while the 1895 is a trifle heavy, they handle those powerful shells so the shooter does not feel the recoil.

A deer ran out from behind a high rock at a right angle to me, and nearly 100 yards distant. On firing once I could see that the deer was hard hit, and while I watched it ran up to a high brush heap, swing to the left around a small pond hole, then turn to the right and fall dead while trying to jump a couple of fallen trees, which would be about 100 yards from where it was shot. Just about this time another deer ran out from the same place. I shot once and the deer collapsed in his tracks. Upon examination deer No. 1 had part of the top of the heart blown off and I wondered how far he would have gone, had it been hit farther back, such as I found was the case with deer No. 2. In both cases bullets had expanded completely through from left to right.

Say, if I had shot that first deer with a cartridge of the .30-30 class would I not have to put up a pretty stiff argument with one of those high velocity cranks to convince him that shocking power didn't cut so much ice after all.

The Remingtons while they may have eliminated the possibility of an explosion in the magazine, (by the follower sticking and then ramming the shells together) have a follower that surely sticks good and often. I have known several cases of almost new guns giving trouble with those spiral magazines, and the boys had to take the follower off and use it as a straight magazine.

Now about some of those heavy clumsy automatics such as the .401 Win. which at every shot nearly jump out of your hands. I would advise any young fellow, who fancies one of them to try one out first. Of course my opinion is not at all official, as some like

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them and others do not and some that did, do not do so now.

I consider the .25-35 cartridge too light and the old .44 and .38-55, while they are fair killers, do not throw flat enough and strong enough at the longer ranges. We sometimes land them with the other rifles.

But the ideal cartridge at the present time is the class around the .30-30, the .32 special or the .303 Savage. They are all practically the same in strength. This ammunition is the cheapest and it is the easiest to procure.

If you are getting the rifle for hunting, get a carbine, its easy to carry, light, and will do the job. They are so handy, they can be handled fast for snap shooting in the bush.

Of course, I do not mean to say that such cartridges as the .33 Winchester, .35 Remington, .303 British and so on up are not good killers. They are possibly better than those lower in power, still men who get the game swear by the first named class.

Now just a word or so about the different well-known manufacturers' rifles. They will all shoot the same cartridge equally well and hit just as hard as the other fellows make, so it remains a matter of personal choice. They will all do the job, otherwise they could not sell them and do not forget that the different firms all chamber their guns for the same popular cartridges.

That article by John Lynn in the December issue, touches the spot. It is a subject we often talk about, but seldom see it written up.

In Memoriam

We regret to announce the death of Morley de Wolf Hemmeon of Nova Scotia, a valued contributor to this department of *Rod and Gun*. Death occurred August 27th last of anaemia.

Possessing a brilliant, versatile mind of wide scope Dr. Hemmeon for years interested himself in practical engineering problems. His researches in that field together with his demand for accuracy in the development of modern rifles and ammunition lead him into the study of experimental ballistics, some of the results of which have from time to time appeared in our pages under the signature of M. deW. Hemmeon.

Doctor of Philosophy of Harvard University and for some years Associate Professor of His-

tory and Economics there, it is significant that work and worth was recognized abroad when in 1916 the Royal Historical Society elected him a fellow of that honored body and when War intervened a society at Brussels contemplated conferring a similar honor upon him.

Death has prematurely put an end to work that promised to be of great interest to riflemen and of value to the science of Ballistics. We feel that the passing of an investigator of Ballistic Science who has both the capacity and inclination to carry on the work should not occur without suitable recognition.

It is with regret that we record the death of this Canadian sportsman, scientist and gentleman.

EDITOR.

Queries and Answers

Various Inquiries

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

Dear Sir:—

Can the Savage 1903 model .22 be remodelled so that the .22 Automatic cartridge can be used? If so, where and at about what price could this be done? Could the box magazine be used?

I have a Remington pump gun and a friend told me that my gun would not last as long as

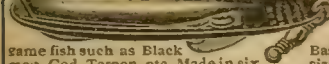
a Winchester pump gun, as it was choked too sudden. The gun is full choke with 30" barrel. Have you ever heard of this before?

For general purpose, shooting from coyote to deer and moose which would be better the .256 Newton shooting the 129 grain bullet with 3100 speed or 140 grain with 3000 speed?

What is the speed and trajectory of the .33 Winchester?

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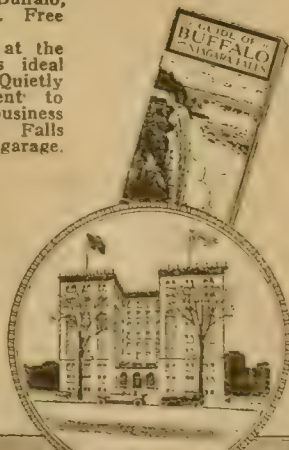
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Have you any records or have you had enough experience with the Remington pump gun to know its killing range? At what distance have ducks been killed with this gun?

Rosthern, Sask.

J. B. Doersken,

Reply—In reply to your inquiry, the Savage 1903 model .22 caliber rifle cannot be remodelled to take the .22 caliber Automatic cartridge.

In regard to your inquiry concerning the Remington pump gun, you can be sure that this gun will last just as long as the Winchester and is just as reliable a weapon which is certainly no reflection upon the Winchester. Both of these guns are thoroughly reliable and will last the average man for a lifetime. You do not need to be afraid that your gun will wear out by the choke being shot out.

I would prefer the .256 Newton cartridge when shooting 140 grain bullets to the same cartridge when it is loaded with the 129 grain bullet, but I think you will find that all of the commercial cartridges are loaded with the 129 grain bullet.

The .33 Winchester center fire cartridge has a muzzle velocity of 2056 ft. seconds. Its velocity at 200 yards is 1467 ft. seconds. The 200 yard trajectory is a fraction less than six inches, its 300 yard trajectory is between 15 and 16 inches.

The Remington pump gun will shoot and kill just as far as any other gun of the same gauge and the same type of bore using the same load. This gun is bored full choke bore would kill ducks regularly at 40 to 50 yards and sometimes you would make much longer kills. In other words, it would be as reliable on ducks as any other 12 gauge gun.

Editor.

The 35 Cal. Winchester Automatic

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

Dear Sir.

What is your opinion of a .35 Cal. Winchester Automatic? Would it be a good all round gun for general shooting up to red deer? Would it be too light for moose? If so, what would you recommend in an automatic? Winnipeg.

W. H. Morrison.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry, a .35 Winchester Automatic is very light for shooting game up to and including deer. By that I mean that the cartridge is not very powerful.... The bullet is short and stubby. It is not adapted to shooting at any excepting very short range. It is not any too accurate

at any range and has never been very popular.

Either the .351 or the .401 Winchester or the .35 Remington Automatic will prove to be much more satisfactory rifle for deer shooting but for use principally on game that is smaller than deer and an occasional deer I would suggest the .25 Cal. Remington or Winchester, Savage or some similar cartridge that has a flatter trajectory which will enable you to make many more hits on smaller sized game than you would make with a .35 Winchester Automatic.

These cartridges are more accurate, their trajectories much flatter and they are to be preferred in every way.

Editor.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I am a constant reader of your magazine and I think it is one of the best published.

I have a .250-3000 Savage rifle that I bought new this Fall. The cartridges stick in the chamber, and it is almost impossible to close the action tight enough to put on the safety catch. Is this the fault of the gun or the cartridges? I am using Dominion cartridges. Do you think it would make any difference if I used the Savage Ammunition? Is this a good rifle for deer, bear and moose? How does it compare with the .30-30 and the .32 Special?

Gravenhurst, Ont....

C. W. Johns

Reply—I have heard of several cases of sportsmen having trouble with sticking cartridges in the .250-3000 Savage. Sometimes this is caused by reloading cartridges that have been fired with a full charge and have stretched enough to make the cartridge slightly too long to go into the chamber when it is reloaded. In other cases the rifle has been chambered unusually close, a very good fault by the way. This nearly always happens at the neck of the cartridge where it tapers down from the large diameter to the diameter of the bullet. Occasionally one make of cartridges will not go into the chamber and for that reason I would suggest that you try Savage, Winchester, Remington, Peters and Dominion cartridges if you can get them before sending your rifle back to the factory to be rechambered.

You will find that the Savage Company is a very fair concern to deal with and if the rifle has been chambered too small I am sure that they will be very glad to fix it for you if you will write to them but before doing so I would be very certain that the rifle is at fault and not one lot of cartridges that have



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been formed in a die that was a little bit large to fit this one rifle.

This .250-3000 Savage is a very good rifle for deer shooting and is a good rifle for shooting bear and moose but I do not believe it is as good a rifle for *big* game as the .303 Savage or other rifles, shooting a cartridge that uses a heavier bullet.

This rifle has a much flatter trajectory than the .30-30 and .32 Special. It has a very light recoil and handles very fast and for that reason you will usually hit more game with it than you will with .30-30 and .32 Specials at long range, but as to whether it is more effective than these cartridges depends altogether upon where you hit your game. All three cartridges are considered splendid deer cartridges. Each has its advantages and disadvantages and which is best to use is a matter of personal opinion based upon the country in which you hunt.

— Editor.

The Model 1898 U. S. Rifle

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I would like to get some information concerning the U. S. Army Model 1898 Springfield rifle, .30 Cal. I believe this gun is sometimes called the Krag Jorgenson Rifle. If no objection is made to weight, is this gun a suitable sporting arm? Is it considered accurate? What is the largest game that this gun could be used against successfully? Is the .32 Automatic Savage pistol a thoroughly dependable arm? What about its accuracy? Which is most effective, bullet against both man and beast when used in a Savage Automatic, a soft point or full metal jacket bullet? Wouldn't the S. P. stop before reaching vitals? What is meant by a ft. Lb?

Chatham, Va.

John A. Moses.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry the .30 Cal. U. S. Model 1898 is the .30-40 Krag rifle. This rifle is not a Springfield which is the Model 1903 rifle adapted to the 1906 cartridge. The .30-40 cartridge when used in a Krag or Winchester rifle is adapted to use on any game found in America. This rifle is a very excellent hunting rifle, the Carbine making better hunting rifle than the "rifle" with 30 inch barrel.

The .32 Savage Automatic pistol compares very favorably with other automatics of this caliber. The soft point bullet might be more effective on man than the full metal cased bullet but at this low velocity there would be very little difference. The soft point bullet is more apt to jam in the pistol. If I

wished to shoot a human being with an automatic pistol and wished to kill him, I would certainly select a .45 Cal. Weapon in preference to a .32 Cal.

A foot pound is the unit of energy. It is the energy required to raise a one-pound weight a distance of one foot vertically against the pull of gravity.

— Editor.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I have purchased a .303 Savage Featherweight take down rifle 20 in. high pressure round barrel, wind gauge, rear sight. I would like to know if this rifle is as accurate as the .30-30 solid frame Winchester 26 inch barrel and as accurate as the .303 Winchester, British Cartridge. I have fired it about 80 times at ranges from 100 yards to 600 yards and find it extremely accurate with factory sights. I would like to know the best way to clean it. I am using a pull through bristle brush and plenty of "three in one" oil. The barrel is nice and bright and not a dark spot in it.

How far is it supposed to shoot to the top notch on the sight is each step 100 yards or 50 yards? I tried to take the barrel apart one day to clean it with a rod but couldn't. The barrel seems tight as a solid frame. I had to get a gunsmith to put it together.

Will the Remington people load some shells for this rifle for me with the 150 grain hard nose pointed government bullets to give a velocity of about 1500 feet per second. Would they work alright in my rifle and would the chamber pressure be any higher than with the Remington shells, 195 grain bullets. I would like to get some loaded like this to flatter trajectory, and would the shell be more accurate than ordinary shells?

Yarmouth, N.S., Russell R. Raynard.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry, the average .303 Savage Featherweight rifle with 20 inch barrel is not likely to be as accurate as the .30-30 solid frame Winchester with a 26-inch barrel nor as the Model 1895 Winchester chambered for the .303 British cartridge. You will notice more difference after the rifle has been worn considerably than you will with a new rifle. I would consider a .303 Savage solid frame rifle with 26 inch barrel just as accurate as a Winchester of similar calibers.

In regard to the best way to clean your rifle. I would suggest that you use a Marble's brass rod or what would be still better a celluloid covered rod of British manufacture.

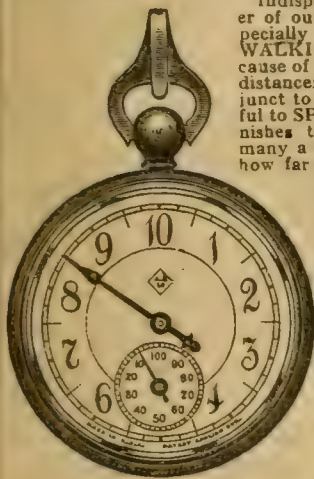
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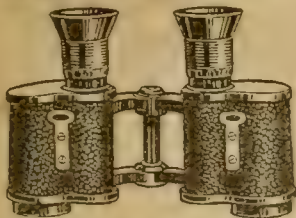
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In regard to the sighting of this rifle you can only determine this by actual shooting at a target as different men will require different sighting with same rifle.

Most high power rifles average 50 yards for one notch of the rear sight but this cannot always be relied upon and the only way to be certain is to try it at 50, 100, 150 and 200 yards and this will show just which notches to use with the ammunition that you are using. Different ammunition will nearly always require a different sighting.

I do not think you can get the Remington people to load any ammunition with 150 grain pointed bullets but you can buy the bullets and load them yourself. By loading them yourself you can regulate the chamber pressure to anything that you want. With a 150 grain bullet the chamber pressure would be much less than with the 195 grain bullet if you use the powder charge. To obtain the same pressure as with the factory loaded ammunition you will need a larger powder charge and this would give you a considerably higher velocity. I would imagine that this load would be more accurate than the regular factory load especially if you loaded full metal cased bullets when you desire to obtain very accurate results.

Editor.

The Cast Off Stock

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

Is it possible for a gun (double barrelled shotgun) to have the stock bent inwards to fit a person's shoulder. (stock only)
Montreal. E. B. Savage & Co.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry concerning whether it is possible to have a shotgun stock bent inwards to make it fit the shoulder, I would reply that it is possible and has quite often been done. I have shot different guns that were cast off and I own one that was cast off about one-fourth inch. The Ithaca Gun Company has made a specialty of making stocks to order to please their customers and I have no doubt that they will be very glad to give you anything that they have along this line. If you want the stock cast off to the left ask for that and if you want it cast off to the right, (in other words the center of the butt to the right of a line through the center of the rib) ask for it to be cast to the right so that they are sure in which direction to make the cast-off. They might charge you a small amount for this work but I doubt very much whether

they will do so if the cast off does not amount to very much.

The Parker & Smith people would also be very likely to be pleased to receive an order for a gun of this nature. A great many English guns are made with a cast off. This custom is very much more popular in England than in Canada or the United States.

Editor.

A New Barrel for a .38-55

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I take the *Rod and Gun* and enjoy reading it very much and find a lot of useful information in it.

I would like to ask a few questions about my rifle, which is a .38-55, 1894 model Winchester. It is badly worn and leaded. Could this rifle be rebored to take a larger bullet and could I get a new barrel put on it? If so where could I get it done and at what cost? The action still works perfectly.

What is the best lead and rust remover for a rifle?

Ontario, Can.

W. L. Bodge.

Reply—Replying to your request your Winchester rifle could not be rebored for a larger cartridge as the action is not designed to handle it. You may be able to obtain a new barrel from the Winchester Repeating Arm Company, New Haven, Conn. If you will write to them, they will tell you whether you can secure a barrel and what the price will be.

The best lead and rust remover that I know of is Winchester Rust Remover. Coal oil and a good stiff steel brush is about as good as anything. A .40 Cal. steel brush in a .38 Cal. barrel will usually remove all the rust that can be removed without ruining the rifle.

Putting a new barrel on an old rifle costs almost as much as buying a new rifle and it is cheaper in the end to sell the old rifle and buy a new one.

Editor.

The Extreme Range of the .30-30

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

Can you tell me the extreme range of the .30-30 Winchester Carbine Pat. 1891? Would it be safe to come in contact with a grizzly bear with the above rifle using soft nosed bullets? If not what is it good for?

Toronto, Ont.

D. C.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry concerning the extreme range of the .30-30 Carbine, I do not know what is the extreme range of this cartridge, and doubt

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very much if any other person does. The extreme range would probably vary four or five hundred yards or more, depending upon the temperature, the direction of the wind, the elevation above the sea at which the rifle was fired. The muzzle velocity of the bullet, the shape of the bullet, its weight, and the angle at which it was fired, if varied will cause still greater differences.

If you would refer to the extreme range at which you could throw a bullet from the .30-30 170 grain flat nose cartridge at the standard velocity, it would probably be in the neighborhood of two miles.

Editor.

Ammunition for a .22 Colt

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I am a subscriber to your valuable magazine, *Rod and Gun*, and desire information regarding ammunition used in the Colt .22 Automatic pistol.

Is it the ordinary .22 long rifle or special .22 Automatic ammunition?

Owen Sound, Ont. A. J. McKay.

Reply—The .22 Cal. Colt Automatic Pistol uses the regular .22 Cal. Long Rifle ammunition. You will not be able to use the .22 Automatic Cartridge in this pistol, which is quite a fortunate circumstance as the Automatic Cartridge costs twice as much as the long rifle cartridge and has no particular advantages over it.

Editor.

Notes on Canadian Rifle Shooting

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

On reading your article on the N.R.A. Matches, I was much interested in your remarks about the organization of National Matches for Canadians on the same plan as those held in the U.S.A. We have a Dominion Rifle Association which holds an annual meet at Ottawa, but these matches were discontinued during the War, and are to be resumed next year. Each province in Canada also has its own Rifle Association, two of which (Ontario and Alberta) held their annual matches this year, and you will see an account of each in recent numbers of the *Rod and Gun*. At the same time, I would like very much to see a Canadian team, or several teams, at the N.R.A. matches; the chief difficulty to this would be, however, that Bisley is the real magnet for Canadian Marksmen, and is the program which received government support. Any plan to send a team to the N.R.A. Matches would have to be privately financed,

or be at the expense of the individual members of the team, in which case many of our best marksmen would have to stay at home. But the D.R.A. at Ottawa practically covers your suggestion, and I hear, on good authority, that some very fine ranges are to be constructed next year for the annual matches.

Prospects for indoor shooting in Toronto are good for the approaching winter, and about 10 teams of 10 men each are entered for the Indoor League Championship. Shooting a Ross .303, regular military Mark III, with specially loaded ammunition, I won the individual championship last Winter, and intend to have another crack at it this Winter. I have bought a .22 Savage N.R.A. Model 1919 for use this winter, and find it a very superior weapon for close shooting. Without any alteration in sights, and the use of the Kerr sling, I have been placing 5c (Canadian currency) and 10c groups fairly regularly with 5 and 7 shots, and can always get my possible on the $\frac{1}{8}$ inch bull which we use. I should mention that the range is 25 yards, and the ammunition I use is the .22 Long Lesmok.

I have a .22 Remington "auto loading" rifle. I would like to know if the range or power of penetration is affected by action of the recoil ejecting the shell.

Irish Rifle Assoc., Toronto. J. W. Smith.

Reply—I am glad to hear that rifle shooting will boom throughout Canada during the coming season. It seems rather odd to me that you should use your military rifles with reduced loads for your indoor shooting when you can obtain greater accuracy at less expense and with no bother of reloading by using the .22 Cal. long rifle cartridge in a special rifle chambered for it, such as the B.S. A. No. 12, the Winchester Bolt Action and Single Shot musket, the Savage Bolt Action, the Stevens .401 and .414, and similar rifles.

An exceptionally accurate shot can keep almost all of his shots in a $\frac{1}{2}$ inch circle at 25 yards with any of these rifles provided that they are equipped with proper sights such as an aperture front and micrometer tang peep sight.

I realize, of course, that the rifle cranks including myself always obtain more pleasure by reloading ammunition but I know very many riflemen who will not go to this trouble and these men can obtain all of the pleasure that is derived from the .22 without this trouble.

In reply to your inquiry concerning the Remington Auto Loading Rifle, the range,

power and accuracy of this rifle is not affected to any appreciable extent by the Auto Loading feature.

I will be very glad to receive information from you at any time concerning the activities of any of the Canadian Clubs and will do my best to have these published in the magazine in this department.

Editor.

The 8 M.M. Mauser Sporting Rifle

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

What do you think of the Mauser Sporting Rifle, 8 M.M.? Do you consider this as good as a remodeled Springfield? Will the Springfield handle as well? Would it be as light as the Mauser? I like the Bolt Action and would like to get one but would prefer a Bolt Action in a light gun chambered for the .30-1906 Cartridge, anything but the Newton. Do you consider the Mauser or Mannlicher to be good guns for big game?

Toronto, Ont.

G. A. Jones.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry, the Mauser 8 M.M. is a splendid big game rifle. I have done considerable shooting with the 8 M.M. Sauer Mauser rifle. This rifle weighs about 6¾ lbs. It is accurate but has a rather disagreeable recoil. The rifle is beautifully finished and is thoroughly reliable in every way. If you are fortunate you might be able to obtain this same Sauer Mauser rifle for the .30-1906 cartridge.

I would prefer a sporting Springfield for the .30-1906 as the action of the Springfield is faster than the Mauser. The average sporting Springfield weighs 8 pounds. This extra pound to me is quite an advantage.

You will find that either the S.M. or the Mannlicher rifles are better finished than the Sporting Springfield will be but they are not as fast in action as the bolt handles are usually small and of a different shape from that of the Springfield and do not work quite as easily. The Schoenauer Mannlicher rifle is the finest bolt action rifle that I have seen in point of finish. It is made in 6.5 M.M. cal and sells at the present time for along \$150. when you can obtain it. It is built like a fine Swiss watch compared to an army rifle. However, for practical service, for extreme accuracy and for general handiness in use a sporting Springfield is equal to anything that I have ever handled but the barrel and action will not be blued as beautifully as you will find in the Sauer Mauser.

Editor.

The 280 Ross

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

My Ross has but a 26 inch barrel, instead of a 30 inch. Is this a serious defect?

In the Newton catalogue, I saw by a tabular report that the Ross 145 Gr. 24 inch barrel had but 2740 ft. lbs Energy and compares with the Newton rifles, having 24 inch barrels. Then according to that, my rifle has not 3002 ft. lbs energy as I thought because they said that the testing length of most barrels were 30 inches, etc. Mine would be a little better than 2800 I presume.

They also speak about copper jacketed, paper insulated bullets. The copper jacketed bullets prevent metal fouling, according to their statements. The insulated bullets prevent a melted core and thus give greater penetration, etc.

Where can I get these bullets for my Ross for both 145 gr. and 180 gr. weight?

Toronto.

H. H. Smith.

Reply—In reply to your enquiry, the fact that your Ross has a 26 inch barrel in place of a 30 inch is not at all a serious defect as this makes a much better balanced rifle. It will, of course, have less velocity and less energy than the same rifle with a 30 inch barrel. The usual testing length is 30 inches, the length that I understand is used by the Newton Arms Company in testing their cartridges so that if this is so, cartridges of any type that are tested in a 30 inch barrel will give corresponding results when used in a 26 inch barrel.

These copper jacketed paper insulated bullets do not give cupro nickel fouling but they do give copper fouling. This copper fouling does not build up on the lands in lumps like the nickel fouling and is not as troublesome but when it does occur, it is much harder to get out than the nickel fouling as it is deposited all along the length of the bore. I have never heard of a case where copper fouling became so bad that it was dangerous.

Address the Newton Arms Company, Woolworth Bldg., New York City regarding the purchase of copper jacketed bullets for your rifle.

The reason why copper jacketed bullets are used for these extremely high velocities is due to the fact that cupro nickel bullets would give an unnecessarily large amount of nickel fouling at a velocity that is produced by the .280 Ross cartridge.

Editor.

Sniping Range

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I have been interested for a great many years in rifle shooting and in the past ten years in Sniping with the finest kind of rifle and sights.

I saw your article in *Rod and Gun* on this subject as they shot it at Caldwell. I have one of the best rifle ranges in the U.S. It is my private range and is a combat range. I can shoot in every direction and be safe. I have timber on it, ravines and hills, and you could not get a better range for sniping as this is all natural.

Now I would like to ask a favor of you. Will you please be kind enough to give me a full description of the condition, range, rifles, targets, as they used at the National Shoot and also program you shot on this course?

I will send you a picture of my range in the near future.

I am a Life Member of the National Rifle Association of America.

E. J. Kistenmacher.

Davenport, Iowa.

Reply—There were two sniping ranges at Caldwell. The first range that was placed in operation was the .22 range or in other words the range on which they used nothing but .22 rifles using a .22 Winchester musket, a .22 Winchester bolt action and I think that they also had a .22 Savage Repeater toward the end of the matches.

They built a building or rather two buildings of papier-mache and had dummy heads made from papier-mache that were placed on sticks and these would suddenly bob up at the windows, there being five or six windows in the building, and remained for three seconds. During the three seconds the shooter who was sitting at a table under a tent was obliged to locate his target and take a shot at it. No sighting shots were allowed and after each ten shots the marker stuck up a marking disk that recorded the number of hits. There was no way of telling where the bullets were striking on the targets unless the shooter went up to the target house and looked over his targets when he was done shooting. You will be surprised to know how accurately one can shoot at this kind of shooting when you have had several years' practice at it. The heads were possibly a foot in diameter and yet I remember placing three consecutively within an inch and one-half of the same spot firing at different heads that came up in different positions.

The other range was the military sniping range. This was under command of Captain Wallace who is quite a companionable chap and who took a great deal of pains in trying to make his range life-like. He had built two shooting booths that represented a section of the snipers post. The sniper shoots out of a port hole that is the shape of a frustum of a pyramid where the large end is toward the shooter and the small end, which is about five or six inches on a side, is toward the "enemy." The outside of the trench is camouflaged with brush and junk of all kinds so that it does not look like anything in particular. He had firing posts erected at approximately 50, 100, 200 and 250 yards distance from this shooting post. Operators were stationed behind these pits which were large earth and log abutments to protect the operator and every now and then a head or some other shaped target would bob up over the top of one of these abutments or along its side and would be in sight for an unknown length of time. The shooter was then supposed to take one shot at it. He used a Springfield rifle equipped with a telescopic sight and shot either from the prone position or from the sitting position that was so arranged that his left elbow was securely placed upon the front of the trench, the right elbow was placed on a pad and he held the lower end of the butt of the rifle stock with his left hand instead of holding the fore-end with his left hand. This method of holding had been tried out by Captain Richard and he pronounced it to be unexcelled for this position, but personally I prefer the prone position.

The whole thing resolves itself into shooting under hunting conditions. As you know some men can hit an animal at an almost impossible distance in one shot if they have but one shot to fire and yet they cannot make any kind of a score at a regulation target particularly if it is in front of an audience. This game can hardly be played without an assistant and you must be thoroughly sure that he is absolutely protected against rifle fire. You must also be sure that he understands your signals. If you have hired a boy to run your target for you and for some reason you are not hitting regularly and he doesn't know the reason and hasn't heard the bullets pass he is very likely to stick up his head to take a look and will very promptly get hit. I knew of a case some years ago where this thing happened on a military range and the boy was shot between the eyes and of course killed.

If you will address a letter to Captain James Wallace, in care of General Phillips, Sec. National Rifle Association, I am sure that he will be very glad to give you any particu-

lars regarding his sniping range and can undoubtedly give you some valuable information along this line.

Editor.

Essex Wild Life Association

THE fourth Annual Meeting of the Essex County Wild Life Conservation Association was held in the Town Hall, Leamington, on the afternoon of Thursday, January 8th, with a splendid attendance of 115 Sportsmen, farmers and others. The meeting was called to order promptly at 3.00 p.m. with President F. H. Conover in the chair. In opening the meeting Mr. Conover briefly outlined the progressive action taken by the association and necessity for adhering strictly to a public policy. He pointed out the urgent necessity of greater efforts to provide essential safeguards to economic wild life and their haunts. He advised those present, in view of the absence of some members who could not afford to lose the time to attend the meeting but who expected the meeting to protect their interests, to take an usually broad view of the suggestions presented to the meeting for discussion and protect in all resolutions the interests of all good and law-abiding citizens.

The Treasurer's report revealed receipts of \$94.86 and expenditures of \$69.54

Communications.

Communications from Mr. Sam Harris, Toronto; The Ottawa Field Naturalists Club, Ottawa; Dr. C. Gordon Hewitt, Consulting Zoologist and Secretary to the Advisory Board on Wild Life Protection, Ottawa, and others were read and ordered filed.

Election of Officers.

Moved by Mr. A. W. Reid, seconded by Mr. John A. Pentland that all present officers of the association be re-elected by acclamation. Carried unanimously.

Officers.

President, Mr. F. H. Conover, Leamington, Ont; 1st Vice Pres., Mr. Alfred Miers, Walkerville, Ont; 2nd Vice-Pres., Mr. John T. Miner, Kingsville, Ont.; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Edward R. Kerr, Walkerville, Ont; North Essex Executive, F. H. Walker, Alexander Gow, D. A. Maxwell, Hugh B. Gilbert, John A. Pentland, A. Jensen, A. W. Reid and Nate K. Cornwall.

South Essex Executive, F. S. Moss, C. A. Cullen, George Wiper, Edward Winter, John

Hancock, Wallace Tilden, Dr. J. E. Jenner and C. E. Naylor.

RECOMMENDATIONS TO THE GOVERNMENTS.

"GUN LICENSE."

Moved by Hugh B. Gilbert. Seconded by F. H. Walker.

To the end that revenues in behalf of wild life conservation be increased and the number of predaceous and devastating gunners afield decreased; be it

RESOLVED, That in view of the desire of sportsmen generally to contribute to the public coffers with a view to strengthening funds for the further protection of game and sport with the gun and encourage Sportsmen's ethics afield we strongly urge a gun license of \$2. which amount is considered nominal. Provision for exemption of farmers hunting and shooting on their own lands should be provided. These funds to be used exclusively for the protection and propagation of game.—Carried unanimously.

"GAME WARDENS."

Moved by Hugh B. Gilbert. Seconded by John A. Pentland.

To the end that wild life on open hunting areas be accorded more privacy and protection during the breeding and rearing season from violators of the laws provided for their preservation and increase, and enforcement of the laws governing hunting and shooting during the open season; be it

RESOLVED, That in view of the universal belief that the present staff of the Ontario outside service is inadequate we strongly urge the early appointment of efficient and competent Game Wardens who have at heart the interests of wild life and public. With a view to inducing, and employment of honest, interested, intelligent and literate men we urge that the salaries be increased.—Carried unanimously.

"FOREIGNERS."

Moved by Edward Winter. Seconded by John Hancock.

To the end that insectivorous song and

game birds be accorded additional privacy and protection during the breeding and rearing season from depredations by foreigners who utilize as food insectivorous birds and their eggs; be it

RESOLVED, That in view of the deplorable fact that resident foreigners are uninterested in the preservation for future generations of economic wild life and disrespect and disregard all laws provided for the conservation and perpetuation of wild life and future sport with the gun we strongly urge that resident foreigners be prohibited from carrying, or having in possession at any time, shot guns, rifles or any other contrivances for the taking of wild life.—Carried unanimously.

"GAME SANCTUARIES."

Moved by Hugh B. Gilbert. Seconded by Colin A. Cullen.

To the end that wild life be perpetually bred, reared and conserved to restock the open hunting areas; be it

RESOLVED, That we urge the early establishment in Ontario and throughout Canada as a whole, of many wild life reservations or sanctuaries wherein hunting and shooting, other than by the official wardens of the reservations in behalf of the destruction of predatory birds and animals, never will be permitted. Previously to the declaration of a specified area as a hard-and-fast game and bird sanctuary all conditions should be carefully investigated and considered.—Carried unanimously.

"PROTECTION OF FARMER'S PROPERTY"

Moved by Dr. J. E. Jenner. Seconded by John Hancock.

To the end that live stocks, crops, gates and fencings and other farmers' property be protected from depredations when hunters are afield in pursuit of game; be it

RESOLVED, That in view of the fact that many "gunners" disregard and disrespect the property of farmers and others when afield in pursuit of game, leaving open gates, tramping under valuable crops, carelessly climbing over and tearing down fencings, shooting at random which results in wounding and killing of cattle, sheep, swine, chickens, domestic geese, ducks and turkeys, we strongly urge the adoption of laws which shall compel all hunters to seek from the owners of lands a permit to trespass in pursuit of game.—Carried unanimously.

NOTE:—"I am decidedly pleased to note that this resolution has been adopted without a dissenting voice," said Mr. Winter.

"INSECTIVOROUS AND WEED-SEED DESTROYING BIRDS."

Moved by Hugh B. Gilbert. Seconded by Dr. J. E. Jenner.

To the end that insectivorous and weed-seed destroying birds be protected in the interests of agriculture until the stocks of game birds are adequate to meet the full requirements of agriculture and future sport with the gun; be it

RESOLVED, That we urge perpetual protection for insectivorous and weed-seed destroying song birds and a five year closed season for all upland game birds.—Carried unanimously.

NOTE:—Mr. Miner,—"Just to show you men what a great work our association is doing and the influence we have I just wish to say that about one mile from my place the farmers are protecting and feeding fifty Bob-Whites. Each man out in quest of rabbits carries a grain-sack; they shoot the rabbits but do not touch the quail."

"NATIONAL AND PROVINCIAL PUBLIC DUCKING GROUNDS."

Moved by A. W. Reid. Seconded by Ed. Winter.

To the end that the public be afforded ample opportunity to partake of migratory wild fowl during the open season provided for that purpose; be it

RESOLVED, That in view of the fact that the most important and valuable marshlands now are in the hands of financial and private interests, where heavy artificial feeding is constantly done to attract and maintain for private purposes and privileges the flight to their grounds, and financial and private interests only now partake to excess of migratory wild fowl we urge the taking over, when funds are available, of all important and economic marshlands and their setting aside as public ducking and trapping lands and reservations for migratory wild fowl and their constant preservation from drainage in other interests and, incidentally, assist to combat blight and drought by conserving in agricultural lands economic moisture.

NOTE:—Previously to passage of this resolution much opposition by members of private clubs caused considerable discussion.

Mr. Reid:—"You cannot successfully permit public ducking grounds. It will result only in shooting before the stars have given way to the sun, and shooting at night until

darkness sets in will be in vogue, which will result in driving the ducks away to other marshes." We shoot only between eight o'clock in the morning and five o'clock in the afternoon and as a result the ducks are constantly with us. Of course we feed corn."

Mr. Pentland:—"I agree with Mr. Reid."

Mr. Winter:—"Gentlemen, this is a very important matter. I do not believe in private monopoly of our natural resources and game shooting." Wild life is the property of every good and law-abiding citizen and should be properly regulated in the public interests. I desire to see this resolution adopted at once and put on record our association as working in conjunction with the aims and purposes of this association."

Mr. Gilbert:—"I disagree with Mr. Reid and Mr. Pentland. Point Pelee marshes are open to public duck shooting with success I believe."

Mr. Reid:—"They are not."

Mr. Moss:—"They are and I can prove it. Every law-abiding citizen can get a permit to shoot on Point Pelee and 134 permits were issued last fall."

Mr. Gilbert:—"I suggest that Mr. Conover express his views."

Mr. Conover:—"Since Point Pelee has been set aside as a Dominion Park and Bird Sanctuary and public duck shooting permitted under restrictions the ducks have increased to this area and the people have had more shooting than in many years and this will improve as our natural foods increase. The laws are exceedingly well observed by the shooters. The rules now in vogue on private duck club lands can be applied with success to public ducking grounds. One man was so unfortunate as to be fined for hunting and shooting on Point Pelee without a permit."

"Every marsh that is drained means the loss of that many more haunts for migration and valuable fur resources was well as removes from agricultural lands much valuable moisture."

Mr. Conover clearly pointed out that during the past half century many valuable marshlands had succumbed to drainage and as a result of private control over many ducking lands speculation had resulted in their conversion to other interests. "We must look well into the future in considering these problems," he said.

Mr. Miner:—"Can we not put this matter over for three or four months?"

Mr. Winter:—"This is a most important

matter and much depends upon future policy and attitude of this association as to whether or not I take any further interest in the proceedings. Now is the time to act on this matter and I urge immediate action."

Mr. Reid:—"Gentlemen, I willingly withdraw my opposition and move the adoption of the resolution."

Mr. Winter:—"Thank you, Mr. Reid. It affords me pleasure to second your motion."

Mr. Conover:—"Gentlemen, you have heard the discussion and resolution. What is your pleasure? Signify by raising your right hands."

Carried without a dissenting voice.

"MORE PROTECTION TO WOOD DUCK AND OTHER NATIVE BORN DUCKS."

Moved by F. S. Moss. Seconded by John Hancock.

To the end that the Migratory Birds Conventions Act be assisted and enabled to adequately protect and increase Wood duck, and with a view to enabling native born ducks to obtain ample strength of wing previous to exposure to guns; be it

RESOLVED, That in view of the fact that Wood duck have increased in Canada but very slightly and other native born ducks are unable to obtain sufficient strength of wing to quickly take flight previous to October 1st, we strongly urge the Ontario Government to zone, and prohibit September shooting, in south-western Ontario.

Carried unanimously.

NOTE:—Mr. Reid, Mr. Pentland and others stated that many of the young birds are hardly able to lift their bodies out of the water during the early days of September and when they are killed the warm climate permits decay to set in within twenty hours after they are killed and, as a consequence, many birds are wasted. "Wood duck suffer at the hands of gunners who do not know their birds in flight," they said.

"BAG LIMITS."

Moved by F. H. Conover. Seconded by John A. Pentland.

To the end that all law-abiding citizens over wide and extensive areas may partake of wild ducks not excessively to endanger the future supply, and to the end that financial and private interests be penalized for killing to excess; be it

RESOLVED, That in view of the fact that the ordinary man and plain citizen, who is compelled to seek periodical and limited

recreation with the gun on unposted lands, which now are exceedingly rare, where he is unable to shoot and kill more than an average of one or two ducks in a day or six to eight ducks in a week, whereas financial and private interests are able to, and do, kill 200 to 300 and more in one day we strongly urge that the governments encourage incorporation in the Migratory Birds Conventions Act of a clause stipulating a daily bag limit of 25 and seasonal kill of 100 ducks to each person and enforce the law.

Carried unanimously.

NOTE:—"This thing of killing 200 to 300 ducks in one day is all rot," said Dr. Jenner.

"It is a fact. Eleven hundred ducks, three wagon loads, were taken out of artificial feed beds at Rondeau Bay this fall," said Mr. Moss.

"Certain rules are well observed on some club lands but in the majority of cases the kills are excessive," said Mr. Gilbert.

"COMMERCIALISM OF MIGRATORY WILD FOWL BY RENTAL OF BLINDS."

Moved by Hugh B. Gilbert. Seconded by John Hancock.

To the end that commercialism of migratory wild fowl and shooting for hire cease; be it

RESOLVED, That in view of the fact that many former market-hunters and others now rent their blinds up to \$10 a day and aid in a heavy toll of migratory wild fowl to financial patrons we urge the government of Ontario to enact and enforce laws prohibiting the rental of blinds and shooting for hire.

Carried unanimously.

NOTE:—Mr. Ross told the meeting that he had been informed by residents of Rondeau of several instances where former market-hunters were exacting \$10 per day for rental of their blinds, and exceedingly heavy killing took place. These slaughtering fields are infested with pump guns.

"NATURAL FOODS ON MARSHLANDS AND TRAPPINGS ON RESERVATIONS."

Moved by Hugh B. Gilbert. Seconded by A. W. Reid.

To the end that natural foods on reservations for migratory wild fowl be constantly and adequately maintained, and depredations to uplands and other property by gnawing and burrowing fur-bearing animals be avoided: be it

RESOLVED, That we urge the govern-

ments to conduct officially all trappings of muskrats and other fur-bearing animals on reservations by systematic and expert guardians in behalf of the removal only of the surplus stocks of skins and meat and, thus encourage destruction of noxious growth and consequent increase in wild rice and other natural foods and extraordinary revenues in the interests of forests, reforestation, adequate salaries for honest, competent and intelligent men as guardians of reservations, public health-conserving and recreational parks and lands, watersheds, agriculture, science, wild life and future sport with rod and gun.

Carried unanimously.

NOTE:—Mr. Reid and Mr. Hancock suggested that the governments be urged to conduct a systematic campaign against carp in the interests of natural foods on marshlands for migratory wild fowl. "We have protected our muskrats on Fighting Island and there never was so much wild rice, but the black-birds are very numerous and they eat the rice before it is ripe," said Mr. Reid.

"INCREASED ROYALTIES ON FUR-BEARING ANIMALS."

Moved by Hugh B. Gilbert. Seconded by John A. Pentland.

To the end that revenues be increased and the number of predaceous and devastating trappers decreased; be it

RESOLVED, That we urge the Ontario Government to increase the royalties on fur-bearing animals.

Carried unanimously.

"HUNTING OF MIGRATORY WILD FOWL BY AEROPLANES."

Moved by A. W. Reid. Seconded by Hugh B. Gilbert.

To the end that migratory wild fowl be not unduly molested while in flight or on feeding grounds by aeroplanes for the purpose of shooting or netting; be it

RESOLVED, That in view of the fact that migratory wild fowl, unlike upland game birds, do not seek cover when warned of approaching danger but, instead, immediately take flight for protection, and in view of the possible extermination of flocks by rapid-firing guns mounted on aeroplanes and nettings attached beneath the bodies of aeroplanes we strongly urge that laws be immediately passed prohibiting flight at a height of less than 3,000 feet above and over marsh-

lands, pursuit, shooting or netting by aeroplanes of migratory wild fowl.

Carried unanimously.

NOTE:—Mr. Conover cited cases of flight by aeroplanes over the marshes of Point Pelee which resulted in driving out flocks of ducks which did not return for several days after.

"PROTECTION TO ONTARIO DEER AND HUMANS."

Moved by John T. Miner. Seconded by A. W. Reid.

To the end that deer of Ontario be further protected and increased and a greater regard and respect for human life by hunters be encouraged; be it

RESOLVED, That in view of the belief that deer will be exterminated within five years due largely to the unusually heavy toll of fifty and sixty pound fawns, three-fourths of which are does, which is ample evidence of a perilous depletion in the stocks, and that hunters be educated to greater patience and alertness to distinguish deer from humans we urge a one buck law and that no buck with horns less than four inches in length be shot, killed or taken at any time.

Carried unanimously.

NOTE:—Mr. Miner pointed out that he had information to the effect that casualties in human life during the open season of 1919 had increased. Others gave names of hunters who had been wounded in the arms and legs.

"SALE OF BIG GAME."

Moved by Edward Winter. Seconded by Hugh B. Gilbert.

To the end that deer, moose and caribou be conserved and increased over a wide and extensive area in the interests of future sport with the rifle; be it

RESOLVED, That in view of the prevalent opinion that the sale of protected big game should be prohibited we urge that laws prohibiting the sale of deer, moose and caribou be immediately passed. Eighty per cent. of the big game that is sold is eaten by people who do not need it and those who do need it as food can obtain it by taking out the usual license and hunt for it. The constant encouragement of and agitation for a price, or legalizing of what in reality is a bounty, on the head of any species of game means ultimate extermination and once it is exterminated never can be replaced.

Carried unanimously.

NOTE:—"We certainly need bounties, not on game, but on coyotes and wolves. By bounties on coyotes and wolves I mean \$40. to \$50. a head," said Mr. Miner.

"HUNTING OF BIG GAME WITH DOGS."

Moved by Hugh B. Gilbert. Seconded by Colin A. Cullen.

To the end that big game, particularly the young of deer, moose and caribou, be accorded more peace, quietness and protection and that ethics of sportsmanship and stalking of big game be encouraged; be it

RESOLVED, That in view of the belief by sportsmen that it is unsportsmanlike and deleterious to deer, moose and caribou, particularly to the young of these species of game, to hunt and pursue with hounds or other dogs we strongly urge that hunting of deer, moose and caribou with hounds or other dogs be immediately prohibited.

Carried without a dissenting voice.

NOTE:—"It is most unsportsmanlike and cruel," said Mr. Miner. "Any man, boasting of his sportsmanship and his rights to the term 'sportsman' never should be seen in the wilderness of Northern Ontario or elsewhere with a dog at his heels and any man who professes to be a hunter who cannot stalk, or will not try to learn to stalk his quarry should never be granted a license to hunt and kill big game," said Mr. Gilbert.

"ANNUAL INCOME FOR MR. JOHN T. MINER."

Moved by Hugh B. Gilbert. Seconded by Edward Winter.

To the end that the protection and culture of economic wild life in the interests of agriculture and public which, for the past fifteen to twenty years, has been a personal study and undertaking by Mr. John T. Miner, be encouraged and continued in the essentials; be it

RESOLVED, That in view of the fact that insectivorous song and game birds and migratory wild fowl are public property and their spread throughout the Province and Nation a public benefit and asset which requires sanctuary protection to save them on a sound and continuing basis in behalf of adequate increase and distribution over wide and extensive areas in which must be employed personal interest, devotion, energy and expert handling, and that Mr. Miner continue to accord to wild life the necessary care and

attention as well as accord to the public the courtesy, time and attention expected and demanded by the public when the public periodically visits the Kingsville Game Reservation of which the MINER FARM is the recognized attraction for knowledge of the habits and requirements of wild life: and entertainment on lands which are used by the public as recreational and educational lands in the belief that the lands are for the purpose of public education, enlightenment and recreation, we urge the governments interested in this great undertaking to provide, in justice to Mr. Miner, wild life and public, an annual income having in view his immediate and future requirements to develop and maintain the work and benefits so well begun.—Carried unanimously.

NOTE;—"I suggest and urge a standing vote on this important matter," said Mr. Reid. Every man in the room arose to his feet and, with a storm of applause, extended to Mr. Miner his right hand.

"ONTARIO DEPARTMENT OF GAME AND FISHERIES."

Mr. Miner, in thanking the meeting for remembering him in their resolutions, (Here Mr. Miner was interrupted by, "The meeting is influenced in this matter by public opinion," said Mr. Reid), stated, most emphatically, that he never would accept a penny from any man who begrudged it. He intimated that when he entered the Parliament Buildings at Toronto last year and interviewed the Deputy Minister of Game and Fisheries, Mr. D. McDonald, respecting the tremendous slaughter of beaver and other fur-bearing animals in Northern Ontario, he was treated like a canine and insulted by the Deputy Minister of Game and Fisheries. "If that man holds against me a personal grudge of any kind, and I do not know what it could possibly be, why should I be denied justice for the work I have personally undertaken in the public and wild life interests. The expense of caring for insectivorous birds and

migratory wild fowl is tremendously increasing and the personal burden is too great for me to bear. I must have financial aid or drop the work altogether," said Mr. Miner.

Mr. Milton C. Fox, M.P.P. for South Essex, stated that the Honourable F. C. Biggs had informed him that the Minister now had before him a list containing 25 to 30 names of members of the present game and fish service whom he had found to be incompetent and that a thorough house-cleaning of the Department of Game and Fisheries was anticipated in the very near future. "I desire to join this splendid association and pay my dollar the same as the rest," said Mr. Fox. He was notified that his application for membership must be taken and acted on according to the Constitution and By-Laws of the Association. The name of Mr. Fox, and others, was recorded by the secretary to whom application forms have been sent. When applications are properly filled out and signed they will be considered at a future meeting of the Executive Committees.

"GAME AND FISH COMMITTEE."

Moved by A. W. Reid. Seconded by John A. Pentland.

That the secretary be directed to send a night letter to Premier E. C. Drury urging the appointment of Mr. Fox to the Game and Fish Committee. The following telegram was sent:—

NIGHT LETTER.

Premier E. C. Drury,
Toronto, Ontario.

Fourth Annual Convention of the ESSEX COUNTY WILD LIFE CONSERVATION ASSOCIATION held at Leamington, eighth instant, urges appointment on Game and Fish Committee of Milton C. Fox, member for South Essex,

Signed, E. R. Kerr,
Secretary.

The meeting adjourned at 7.10 p.m.

E. R. Kerr,
Secretary-Treasurer.



Toronto Indoor Civilian Rifle League

J. W. SMITH

THE season for indoor rifle shooting in Toronto is now in full swing, and an outstanding feature, so far, has been the number of closely contested matches in the League competition for the city Championship. At the time of writing, the Irish "A" team heads the list with an unbeaten record, but has yet to meet the Grenadier and York teams, both of which have made the exceptional score of 346 points out of a possible 350, and are showing good form. In fact, it is too early in the season to predict with any degree of certainty what the outcome will be, and the final result will scarcely be apparent until the last week of the competition.

Three marksmen, all well-known riflemen, have shot four scores without dropping a point, namely, W. A. Hawkins and J. Sharp, A. Robertson. A number of others are however still in the running for the individual supremacy. The new rule confining preliminary practice on the night of the match to one sighting shot has undoubtedly affected the scoring, and some of the most reliable marksmen have failed to find the bull's eye before dropping a point or two, when shooting away from their home range.

The following scores are correct to date, but the positions of the teams in the League standing may be changed if the Queen City are successful in protesting their default against the Yorks which seems to have occurred through a misunderstanding in dates.

Week of January 12th.			
Irish "A".....	341	St. Lawrence I.....	339
Irish "B".....	333	Grenadiers.....	333
Exhibition.....	324	N. Toronto.....	335
Queen City.....	312	St. Lawrence II.....	299

Week of January 19th.			
Yorks.....	346	Queen City.....	334
Irish "B".....	327	St. Lawrence I.....	337
St. Lawrence II.....	323	N. Toronto.....	319
Exhibition.....	326	Grenadiers.....	343

Week of January 26th.			
Grenadiers.....	346	Irish "A".....	345
N. Toronto.....	317	St. Lawrence II.....	309
Irish "B".....	317	St. Lawrence I.....	340
Yorks.....	339	Queen City.....	329

Week of February 2nd.			
Exhibition.....	342	Irish "A".....	340
N. Toronto.....	329	Grenadiers.....	340
St. Lawrence II.....	325	Queen City.....	337
Irish "B".....	326	Yorks.....	338

League Standing.					
	Shot	Won	Lost	Tied	Pts.
Irish "A".....	4	4	4	0	1,000
Grenadiers.....	5	4	0	1s	900
Yorks.....	4	3	1	0	750
St. Lawrence I.....	4	2	2	0	500
Queen City.....	5	2	3	0	400
Irish "B".....	5	2	3	0	400

N. Toronto.....	5	1	3	1s	300
Exhibition.....	4	1	3	0	250
St. Lawrence II.....	4	0	4	0	000

a Ties count half a win and half a loss.

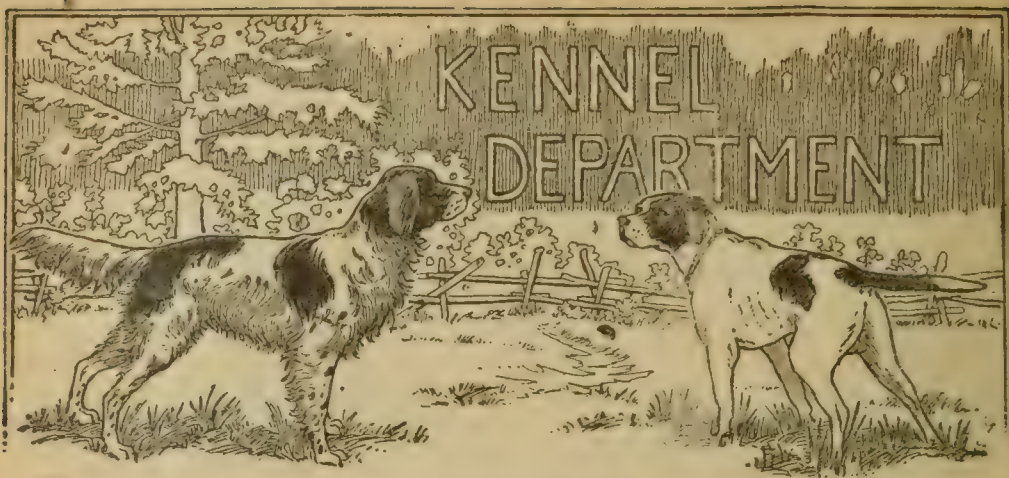
Individual Standing (4 scores).		
Name	Association	Pts.
W. A. Hawkins	Irish.....	140
A. Robertson	Grenadiers.....	140
J. Sharp	Irish.....	140
J. Hillis	Grenadiers.....	139
A. R. Humphreys	Irish.....	139
M. H. Rutledge	St. Lawrence.....	139
F. Hobbs	N. Toronto.....	138
C. P. Leushner	Grenadiers.....	138
W. Reid	Irish.....	138
J. A. Smith	Yorks.....	138
H. J. White	Irish.....	138
R. Clarke	Grenadiers.....	137
W. L. Dymond	Exhibition.....	137
R. Edmond	Yorks.....	137
Col. Elliott	Yorks.....	137
C. M. Gratz	Irish.....	137
F. Kirkman..	Yorks.....	137
G. Lawrence	Exhibition.....	137
J. McCaig	Irish.....	137
A. J. McCusker	Irish.....	137
D. MacKenzie	Exhibition.....	137
G. Brooks	Queen City.....	136
H. Carey	Yorks.....	136
A. Emo	Irish.....	136
J. E. Fitzgerald	St. Lawrence.....	136
J. E. Kennedy	St. Lawrence.....	136
C. J. Rowe	Grenadiers.....	136
J. W. Smith	St. Lawrence.....	136
F. Ballantyne	Exhibition.....	135
T. G. Beattie	St. Lawrence.....	135
S. Dean	St. Lawrence.....	135
W. Kelly	Grenadiers.....	135
J. Monkman	St. Lawrence.....	135
A. Rutherford	Queen City.....	135
H. Whitehorn	Grenadiers.....	135
D. Bickford	Grenadiers.....	135
W. Corbett	Irish.....	134
H. Foss	Yorks.....	134
A. H. Gilmore	N. Toronto.....	134
W. Heist	St. Lawrence.....	134
A. Lucas	Queen City.....	134
C. B. Randlett	St. Lawrence.....	134
J. Sercombe	N. Toronto.....	134
A. H. Sharpe,	Irish.....	134
A. H. Young	Irish.....	134
J. E. Clemence	Irish.....	133
R. Kerr	Irish.....	133
H. Madill	N. Toronto.....	133
J. G. Pilkey	St. Lawrence.....	133
E. Plumley	Exhibition.....	133
F. Lloyd	N. Toronto.....	132
N. McLeod	Queen City.....	132

Canadian League

The first monthly competition of the Canadian League (Ottawa) was shot off on Saturday, January 31st, at the York Club Range, Toronto, under the supervision of Serg. Maj. T. Young, 48th Highlanders. The following made scores of over 90 out of the possible 100 points.

J. Hillis.....	99	J. P. White.....	99
W. A. Brodie.....	98	G. Brooks.....	98
T. G. Margetts.....	98	N. J. McLeod.....	98
A. Rutherford.....	98	W. Lennox.....	97
J. W. Smith.....	97	S. Dean.....	96
E. Hock.....	96	J. J. Thompson.....	96
T. Young.....	96	R. Clarke.....	95
W. D. Davidson.....	95	G. Weir.....	95
J. Buick.....	94	R. W. Campbell.....	94
G. Hall.....	94	F. P. Leushner.....	93
E. J. Bowers.....	93	W. H. Ruffell.....	92
R. Storrar.....	92	W. J. Cook.....	91





The Chesapeake Bay

An Albertan subscriber sends us in the following comprehensive description of the Chesapeake Bay Retriever.

"In the December number there was a little article where you said you would like to hear from some of the duck hunters. I think of all the places I have ever been the Canadian prairie provinces have the best general duck shooting. And when the real sport begins we must have real duck dogs. I am like all the rest of the duck hunters that have used a Chesapeake Bay dog. Once converted to a Chesapeake they never go back to the rest of the retrievers. He is the right color, good long legs under him, keen sight, cool head, good nose, and a double coat that don't let him get wet. In this prairie country you can see a black dog or a liver colored Irish retriever for a full mile. An Airedale would be nearer the proper color. The Chesapeake breeders have formed themselves into a club and have formulated a standard which judges at all future shows will have to abide by.

At one of the evening shows held by the Alberta Kennel Club, Mr. Vance Foster, a charter member of the Chesapeake Bay Dog Club of America, judged the Chesapeakes present and gave a most interesting talk on the breed. These are some of his remarks;

"The head of the Chesapeake has always been and I trust always will be broad and **heavy** and to depart from this conformation would necessitate breeding out to another breed or changing the shape by means of selection. Neither of these methods are desirable and would be at least experiments. Crossing out would in all probability bring undesirable traits or temperament into the

breed and in any case destroy that purity of blood that it has taken a hundred years to build up. Breeding by selection is undesirable from a working or a utility point of view unless both sire and dam display all the traits, character, ability, temperament and sagacity so well as other qualifications for which the breed is noted. That type of head as portrayed in our standard is the type which is almost invariably seen among pure bred Chesapeakes. It is in a degree very similar to that of the Labrador retriever and to make any variation from it for bench or show purposes, would preclude the possibility of breeding to or from dogs of retrieving ability second to none."

I think all of you who have bred dogs for utility purposes will agree that this method is extremely undesirable. We can see examples all around us among other breeds where the workmanship has been destroyed through faddism for some particular (abnormal) feature which did not appear in the original dog of the breed.

Our present day standard has been accepted by all who know the breed, whether breeders or otherwise, without dispute, or I should say with open arms, and when I say all I include some of the most conservative dog men on the American Continent. A 55 or 75 pound dog requires a muscular neck to carry a 3 to 15 lb. duck or goose perhaps a mile and this muscular neck will or should be set into well developed forequarters.

Sloping shoulders and a well arched loin give a dog a wheel backed or hollow appearance but that appearance in the Chesapeake must not be confused with weakness. A well-

ribbed, deep chested, heavy muscled, strong quartered dog can never be a weakling physically.

The spoon shaped or hare foot gives a firm grip on the ground and enables a dog to turn quickly when pursuing wounded game on land. Gaverick, Arkwright, Price, Lord Sefton and several prominent breeders whose judgment is not to be questioned, strongly endorsed the hare-foot as against the round or cat foot, but whether hare or cat foot, at all times the foot should be strongly made with well arched toes held closely together. The wide spread toes indicating a gradual breaking down of the foot muscles is to be avoided.

Not being a dog to run long distances for any length of time, necessitates a quick movement or a fast turn, or again a run at high speed, a well put together workman is essential. To this end we have adopted the hare foot as being more sustaining than the cat foot toes, well arched pasterns slightly bent, short hocks to assist in turning quickly, and moderately heavy bone to minimize the possibility of strained or crippled tendons.

The weights adopted were those which experience had proved to be the most suitable for the class of work required of him and a dog of the accepted weight will be of the accepted height roughly speaking.

The coat is that which gives the best protection against inclement weather, ice cold water etc., from a humane point of view and it should not be curly but may be wavy over the neck, loin or back where the hair is longest.

All records of Chesapeake Bay dogs dating from about 1850 show the breed to be some color of yellow or tan or muddy reddish grey. Prominent breeders and authorities are agreed in stating the various shades of tan to be the most desirable in that a dog of that color is the most unnoticeable among the withered and dead grass. Our present day duck shooting clothes are a good example of this effect.

There is no record anywhere of any individual of the breed whose pedigree is pure and traceable to the old stock being even approximately what might be construed as a brown in color. We are aware that as in all breeds, cross bred or I might better say mongrel dogs are sold as Chesapeakes, which is very unfair to the public. We have an instance of a small 20 lb. mongrel being palmed off on an unsuspecting purchaser as a "Toy Chesapeake."

These out crossed dogs as a rule have

neither Chesapeake color, coat, sagacity or temperament. It was partly to protect ourselves, partly to protect the purchasing gun dog man and to establish the breed on a firm basis that our club was formed and I might say that our club is affiliated with the American Kennel Club, thereby associated with the Can. Kennel Club and the English Kennel Club.

We are the final authority on all matters pertaining to the Chesapeake Bay dog. We have the authority to withdraw all or any classes from any bench show, or to disqualify any individual from judging Chesapeakes if he shows himself incompetent to learn our standard.

It is a well-known fact among Newfoundland and Labrador breeders that occasionally rusty brown puppies are born and that originally both these breeds were of any shade varying from a sandy color to a rusty black.

As there is nothing in the Chesapeake's ancestry which could give a curl to the coat, a curly coat, or a coat which shows a tendency to curl is not allowable.

We have tried to make our standard clear and easily definable to any person of elementary education, but if we consider it necessary in the best interests of the breed to alter it in any way, we shall do so. One standard was drafted by a committee of three and passed and voted on by the individual members of the club as a whole and it was unanimously accepted. Our membership is at present about 45 and we are increasing at the rate of about two a month.

I am safe in predicting that in ten years or possibly twenty years that through our members' example and concentrated effort the Chesapeake Bay dog will attain an even higher degree of efficiency than he at present enjoys. This can only be brought about by breeding pure and along specified lines. This degree has been reached in other breeds and there is no reason why the Chesapeake Bay should not surpass all other breeds in ability, sagacity and in the affections of the lover of gun dogs. It merely as I said before requires united effort along specified lines."

Lovers of the Chesapeake Bay dogs are wondering just how long it will be before these aborigines of the Middle Atlantic States will receive the recognition to which their beauty, intelligence and faithfulness entitle them. When may they reasonably be expected to become the lion of the hour, the favorite of Dame Fashion who rings in the changes of the dog world.

Nearly every dog has had his day and fanciers of the Chesapeake predict that he is just about due to arrive.

The Chesapeake is extremely conservative and is well-known only to a few. However after he has once established himself in the heart of his owner no other dog however handsome can take his place.

For many years much has been written regarding the true type and origin of the Chesapeake which has served only to confuse the uninitiated for scarcely any two of these authorities have agreed.

Earl Henry of Albert Leas, Minn. one of the pioneer breeders of Chesapeakes says: "Having had only a quarter of a century's experience with the breed I do not feel competent to say which writer may be accepted as authority. But I am inclined to think the most authentic reports are handed down by the veteran George Kierstead, to whom I give credit for laying the foundation of the famous Chesapeake breed of today." Mr. Henry's slogan has always been "Breed for the advancement of the Chesapeake Bay duck dog for the benefit of the sportsmen."

There are a few celebrities in this breed and most of them are the progeny of the great Sunday and Nellie bred and owned by Mr. Kierstead. Most of them are content to spend their lives working for their masters. Just how long master Chesapeake will be allowed to remain in seclusion is doubtful. He is just sturdy enough and rough enough and odd enough to create a favor in the show ring as has the Airedale terrier and more recently the German shepherd dog.

In the "American Book of the Dog." George Kierstead says: "There is no other breed of dog whose history extends back so far as that of the Chesapeake Bay, of which so little is known by the general public, and the origin of which is so veiled in mystery."

It was near the end of the Eighteenth Century when the breed became known in the United States. There is no doubt that the breed originated along Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries and that it derived its name from that fact.

In giving the origin of the breed Mr. Henry says: "From the best authorities obtainable we have learned that about the year 1807 the ship Canton of Baltimore fell in at sea with an English brig in a sinking condition, bound from Newfoundland to England. The crew were taken aboard the Canton also two puppies, a dog and a bitch. The English crew were landed on their native soil and the two

puppies were purchased from the captain for a guinea apiece and taken to Baltimore.

"The little dog, a dingy red in color, was called Sailor and was given to John Mercer of West River: the bitch was black and was called Canton; she went to live with Dr. James Stuart of Sparrow Point. These two dogs were compactly built, not so large as the Newfoundland, coat not so long but thick and wavy.

Each attained a great reputation as a duck retriever and it is said of them that



Sir Phillip

they would follow a cripple for miles through the ice and heavy sea and if successful in capture would invariably bring the bird back to their owner. The dog Sailor was purchased by a wealthy fancier and was taken to his estate on the East shore of Maryland and where his progeny is still known as the Sailor breed." While there is no record of any dogs produced from the union of these two, Sailor and Canton, the supposition is that it is to these are due credit for the now famous breed of Chesapeake Bay duck dogs.

There are now to be met with any number of pseudo Chesapeake Bay dogs but their appearance suggests that they have been crossed with the setter or Spanish and this accounts for the different types found. The explanation of this cross breeding is that the Chesapeake Bay dog with an authenticated pedigree is not to be met with every day, and especially since the close of the civil war, which made such devastation in the Southern States.

While there are a number of dogs used for breeding purposes and their produce sold as Chesapeakes, some of them are so full of alien blood that they do not even reproduce themselves, much less transmit the qualities claimed for the Chesapeake Bay dog. There are however dogs used for breeding the progeny

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which may be depended upon to reproduce themselves and transmit this with their other good qualities. This surely is proof positive that the Chesapeake Bay dog does exist in purity and that it is as distinct a breed as the setter, pointer or any other breed though much fewer in numbers.

For years the promiscuous breeding was kept up along the shores of Chesapeake Bay



Sir Phillip at work

so that it became well nigh impossible to obtain a specimen that would conform to the description of Sailor or Canton. The characteristics of the Chesapeake that especially commend him to wild fowl shooters are first, his good hard common sense. There is no retriever so cool headed and quiet as the Chesapeake and for this reason he does not use up his strength foolishly going after he knows not what and many times on a "wild goose chase" literally. Every hunter has seen a hot headed dog which does this continually.

The Chesapeake has the strength and power to go where he will and he has the will to go where the duck falls, be it through ice, mud rice beds or what it may, he will get there. When he does get there if the duck proves to be a cripple he has the stick-to-it-iveness to follow the trail until he picks up the bird. He also has a nose that does not require him to go chasing all over the marsh in the hope of running across his quarry; he goes directly to it and retrieves it. Many persons are of the opinion that the Chesapeake depends upon his wonderful sight to secure his game.

I am enclosing some photos of some of the most prominent Chesapeakes on record today, also some snaps of Sir Phillip at work. These three dogs have never been beaten on the bench.

H. J. Grigsby,

Bow Island.

Member of American Chesapeake Club.

It is generally admitted that the Chesapeake Bay Retriever was evolved from the lesser or original Newfoundland dog a few of which no doubt were brought to Baltimore by the famous sea captains of that Port and period. These dogs were no doubt crossed with the Spaniels and retrievers then in use along the Maryland Carolinian coast, which as we all know was settled by the British. No doubt the Irish water spaniel was much used in the making of the Chesapeake dog and thus an improvement in color obtained, the black of the Newfoundland being bred out and the liver color of the Irish dog lightened until we have the dead grass shade.

The hopes of Mr. Grigsby that the Chesapeake dog might, some day, become a popular dog of fashion, I am afraid will hardly ever be realized. The Chesapeake is not a smart or handsome dog, his popularity lies in his ability of retrieving and fondness of the water and camp life and he naturally is very much attached to the master who takes him out often on such sport.

The Chesapeake is the best dog where large waters and marsh make heavy going. For snap shooting from canoes up small rivers and creeks, like we have in Eastern Canada, the small size Irish water spaniel and English water spaniel are better adapted.

We are showing a picture of a retriever now



Ch. Withington Dorando is a wonderfully well-made dog, full of vitality and very typical. He is very compact, with short back, well coupled, good neck and shoulders, and the best of legs and feet, with plenty of bone. He has a good square muzzle and small, well-set-on ears. He has won a 1st and two certificates at trials, and is a first-class worker with very tender mouth.

very popular in England both on land and water. This dog is called the Labrador and is the lesser Newfoundland as improved by the English breeders. He is very similar to the Chesapeake dog but is black in color.

How I Cured My Rheumatism

by PETER SAVALA

I threw away my crutches in seven days, in two months, I was a well man—and I have never had a twinge from rheumatism since. This is what the remedy, which I obtained from my uncle in Greece, did for me.

I went home to Greece crippled, broken in spirit—sick. I returned to this country in two months, absolutely free of every trace of rheumatism.

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This original or lesser Newfoundland dog must not be confused with the present day Newfoundland. The present day Newfoundland which we see in cities and at dog shows is a much larger dog and longer coat. By crossing with the St. Bernard the original Newfoundland has been made a heavier and more powerful dog and owing to the persistence of English breeders his color has been fixed to black and black and white, the latter is known as the "Landseer".—Kennel Editor.

A DOG AND HIS STOMACH.

JAMES A. MORRISON

To an owner of several dogs the feeding is quite an item both to the health of the dogs and to the financial cost. Most dog raisers have found it best to feed grown dogs twice a day on a reliable, carefully prepared dog biscuit, supplying the dogs with plenty of fresh, cold water at all times. About twice a week give the dogs a real fill-up diet consisting of soups, gravies or milk mixed with puppy meal. This will physic the dogs in good shape, is a good change of diet and acts as a stimulant to the digestive organs.

One of the greatest safeguards against overfeeding is the use of a good dog biscuit. In fact, a reliable biscuit is absolutely the best food a dog can be given. Champion Dog Biscuit, manufactured by one of the oldest

and largest baking concerns in the country, is made of pure cereal and clean, sweet meat cracklings, properly balanced and baked hard to insure thorough mastication.

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DOG RACES THIS YEAR

According to all accounts, this year will see more of the famous long distance sledge dog races in the Frozen North than ever, owing to the revival of several fixtures abandoned owing to the war. The Hudson Bay Derby is to be run on March 16th and 17th, from The Pas to Sturgeon Landing and back, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. The Winnipeg-St. Paul race will be run over a course about five hundred miles, said to furnish the most gruelling of racing conditions, and is more a test of endurance than speed.

Trapping in Northern Ontario

Editor, Rod and Gun—

1. Is there much trapping carried on between Cochrane and Hearst, also north of these two places? Are there many settlers in these districts?

2. In going to the north, where would be best situation up on the highland or in the valleys and heavy timber and would these be trapping ground? How large would one's shanty want to be and what would we make the roof out of? How many traps would one take in? Is there much deer and moose around Hearst and Cochrane?

3. How would one set his traps so that would not get covered with snow as I never had any experience in snow sets.

4. After one had secured his rifle, grub for 1 or 5 months, supplies, how much more money would one want to have.

Which is best all around rifle, an automatic or repeater and what calibre. Would a .35 be too large.

Sparta, Ontario.

Gerald Mathison,

1. The country is the same as farther West and in all probability there are trappers along thereabouts. There are very few settlers; by going back a few miles, say 10, you can find new territory.

2. It would depend on what you were trying to trap, whether you located on high or low ground. Probably after a little experience you would have trips in both places, but a great deal of trapping is along the streams, on the edges of swamps etc. As to your shanty, this is entirely up to you. One trapper I know has a five room log house. Majority have a one room shack. You could make roof of poles and cover with tar paper; it depends on locality and what you are able to get in. Shingles are better than tar paper. Poles and canvas beat if you can get them.

As to traps I would say from 40 to 60.

3. The regular sets, or one of the commonest have a small shelter hut to protect traps from snow. *Rod and Gun* for April and May will have articles written from actual

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is the man or woman who hesitates about the purchase of a new Canoe or boat. Canoeing is one of our national amusements and thanks to a beneficent providence we are showered with blessings in the form of lakes, rivers and streams.

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Planning this year's outing?

Some evening soon you will get out your tackle and that little old rod that landed the "big fellow" last Summer, and live over again your last fishing trip. You will call to mind the meals you had and no doubt you will resolve to make them even better this year.

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experience with a professional trapper at Animickiwash Lake, also drawings and photos of these huts. Better go with some experienced man for a season, you'll save time, trouble and cuss words by going along as an 'apprentice' for one season, if you've had no experience.

4. As to excess bank account, that's a hard question to answer, you won't have much chance to spend money in the North Woods, but a couple of hundred dollars feels good in your pants pocket in case you should come

out sick or with a "busted" leg etc. Be prepared for accidents.

There is no such thing in my opinion as an allround rifle. A .35 is a fine gun for moose, deer, bear etc., but if you should shoot at a partridge's head with it and land an inch or so too low about all you'd have would be feathers. A .22 Stevens pistol with long barrel is a good gun for trap line, and for hunting big game a .35 is O.K.

F. V. W.



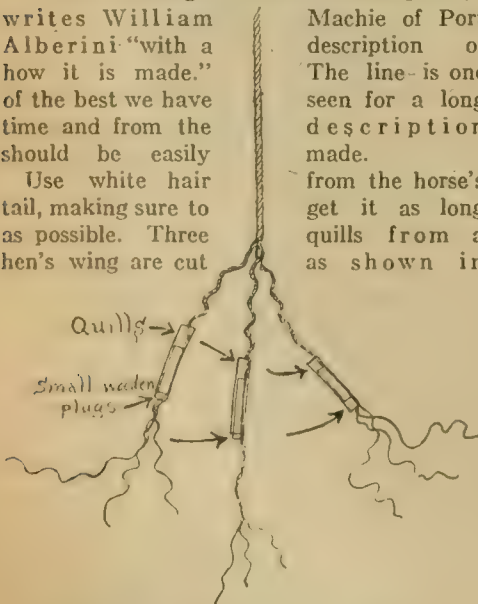
A Horse Hair Fishing Line

"I am enclosing a horse hair fishing line," writes William Alberini "with a how it is made." of the best we have time and from the should be easily

Use white hair tail, making sure to as possible. Three hen's wing are cut

Machie of Port description of The line is one seen for a long description made.

from the horse's get it as long quills from a as shown in

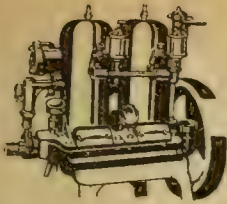


the illustration and three hairs inserted in each. These are firmly held by the wooden plugs. Have the hairs come through far

enough to tie a knot on them so that they will hold together. Next take the end in the left hand and spin with the right and as you spin pull the quills about one inch, letting the left hand free, the line will then spin itself. The finger and thumb of both hands will do the work. When you come to the end of a hair pull the plug and insert a fresh hair. Use as many as you wish in each quill as long as you use the same number in each of the three.

Continuing Mr. Machie states that he has made a line 175 feet long in a few evenings. "My grandfather showed me how to do this over forty years ago," he concluded.





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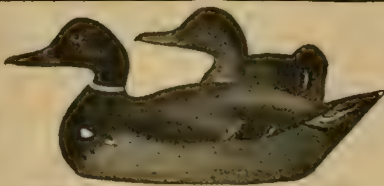
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American Trio Have Splendid Trip

Speaker and Nunamaker of Cleveland Ball Team, and Morris Ackerman, Sportsman and Writer, Spend a Month in Ontario

(Furnished by the National Sports Syndicate)

MORRIS ACKERMAN

DEAR PETE: I gotcha letter all right and although you slipped me a fast one I'm going to do my best to step into it and paste one on the snout for a baser.

Tris Speaker and Leslie Unnamaker, what is two great guys, and what was with me on the tour of the "bushes" in Ontario, has went on down on the Gulf of Mexico to do three things. Get rid of me, escape the cold weather and to get them ducks down on the Texas shore what we missed on Rice and Pigeon Lakes.

After the world's series, Speaker, what is fondly known around the circuit as "Spoke," and big Leslie, what we all calls plain "Les," and myself, what you couldn't print what is called, left here and went up to Peterborough, Ontario, to visit a fine guy named Chris Graham, what runs a hotel in his town. The three of us noted celebrities what made the trip had a grand time and gained much publicity in all the once-a-weekers in such part of that great province as we visited.

In the first place we had good shooting on the lower end of Pigeon Lake and on Rice Lake. During a week there we managed to pick off something like a hundred ducks, mostly the open water variety—canvas-backs, redheads, bluebills, whistlers, etc. Our decoys were set out on "points" along the lake and when some ducks would come along we would talk sweetly at 'em and maybe coax about 27 past our blind. The flight usually lasted about an hour or so and nobody didn't never fail to do some good. You know "Spoke" and "Les". They both shoot blue rocks at the gun club here and both is good shooters, as the records will show; while you also know that when you was here we hit one out of three. This goes to show that me and Mowell Hawkins, The Topperweins and others is good shooters. (If you don't believe it ask any of us.)

Speakers' Fine Catch.

Speaker got a big muskalonge on Rice Lake what weighed 25 pounds and four ounces. Bert Anderson, what is a Indian guide from the Iliawatha Indian reserve, was with him and told us that "Spoke" played

that durn he-fish until his, the fishes' tongue was hangin' out. We have saw the fish and "Pete" it was a dandy. They caught several other 'lunge, but as you know we is a great fisher in the summertime, so we just shot ducks. They was lots of fun around the Kawarthas, what is a great place for both fishing and duck hunting in the fall after the baseball season. Peterborough is kinda in the middle of the lakes and is a "going-in" place, west, east, south and the opposite direction.

We breezed up north of Lake Superior after the duck hunting and fishing business and went huntin' on Simpson's Island, off the burg of Rosspport. On that trip we had deer meat, cub bear, caribou, deer and moose, in addition to fresh caught salmon trout, white-fish and a few other varieties of unusual eats. (You will excuse us for mentioning grub but it is a important item with all ball players and star chroniclers.)

We has all hunted in other parts of Canada and has got our share of the spoils, but we never has seen no place where they is more evidence of deer, caribou and moose, east of the Manitoba boundary. They was two feet of snow and every morning they was fresh tracks every place. As we wasn't used to going without sleep at nights we didn't catch up to much game "Pete," but we had a great time at that. They was a inch of crust on the snow and it stayed with us eight days.

"Spoke" bagged a big buck that would dress over two hundred and he got a coupla shots at another one. We saw four moose. They was all of the lady variety and was as free from harm as a frog is from hair. One guy what was near us shot a caribou and another bunch grabbed off a couple of moose. Which goes to prove that something made the track what we saw.

Not the Kill That Counts.

In closin' "Pete" we just want to call your attention to the fact that it is not the kill that makes the trip. The best luck we ever had on a day's duck hunt was one day when we just got one old he-greenhead. Once we went on a trip in Quebec and got a nice



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By R. M. Palmer

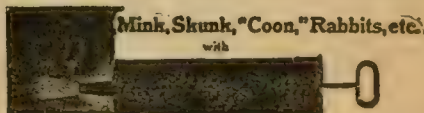
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that durn he-fish until his, the fishes' tongue was hangin' out. We have saw the fish and "Pete" it was a dandy. They caught several other 'lunge, but as you know we is a great fisher in the summertime, so we just shot ducks. They was lots of fun around the Kawarthas, what is a great place for both fishing and duck hunting in the fall after the baseball season. Peterborough is kinda in the middle of the lakes and is a "going-in" place, west, east, south and the opposite direction.

We breezed up north of Lake Superior after the duck hunting and fishing business and went huntin' on Simpson's Island, off the burg of Rossport. On that trip we had deer meat, cub bear, caribou, deer and moose, in addition to fresh caught salmon trout, whitefish and a few other varieties of unusual eats. (You will excuse us for mentioning grub but it is a important item with all ball players and star chroniclers.)

We has all hunted in other parts of Canada and has got our share of the spoils, but we never has seen no place where they is more evidence of deer, caribou and moose, east of the Manitoba boundary. They was two feet of snow and every morning they was fresh tracks every place. As we wasn't used to going without sleep at nights we didn't catch up to much game "Pete," but we had a great time at that. They was a inch of crust on the snow and it stayed with us eight days.

"Spoke" bagged a big buck that would dress over two hundred and he got a couple shots at another one. We saw four moose. They was all of the lady variety and was as free from harm as a frog is from hair. One guy what was near us shot a caribou and another bunch grabbed off a couple of moose. Which goes to prove that something made the track what we saw.

Not the Kill That Counts.

In closin' "Pete" we just want to call your attention to the fact that it is not the kill that makes the trip. The best luck we ever had on a day's duck hunt was one day when we just got one old he-greenhead. Once we went on a trip in Quebec and got a nice



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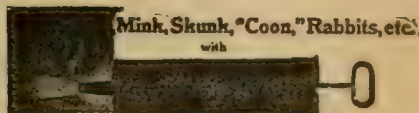
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moose and a nice deer—and there got frozed in and had to walk 35 miles to the railroad. Another time we had one of our finest trips and didn't see nothing. So there you are. It's WHO you go with and HOW you behave that MAKES a hunting trip.

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to leave a good taste in the mouth of himself or his friends that fails to honor the rules that are just in the protection of wild life, which in its own helplessness fails to protect itself.

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S'long,

"ACK."



TRAP RULES REVISED.

Cleveland will be the scene of the 1920 Grand American Handicap tournament. The classic of the clay target game will be held in Edgewater Park, under the auspices of the Cleveland Trapshooters' Association. This was decided at a meeting of the General Committee of the American Trapshooting Association, held at National headquarters, 460 Fourth Avenue, New York, on Tuesday, January 6.

The General Committee spent the major portion of the day reading and correcting the rules and regulations to govern the zone system of reorganization and registered tournaments. These rules were "gone over with a fine-tooth comb" and will be issued in booklet form very soon.

The most important action was the division of the United States and Canada into five zones. This was done, according to the physical and trapshooting geography, as follows:

Eastern Zone.

States.

Connecticut New Jersey
Delaware New York
Maine Pennsylvania
Massachusetts Rhode Island
New Hampshire Vermont

Provinces.

Quebec and Maritime

Southern Zone.

States.

Alabama Maryland
Arkansas Mississippi
Dist. of Columbia North Carolina
Florida South Carolina
Georgia Tennessee
Kentucky Virginia
Louisiana West Virginia

Great Lakes Zone.

States.

Illinois Minnesota
Indiana Missouri
Iowa Ohio
Michigan Wisconsin

Prairie Zone.

States.

Colorado North Dakota
Kansas Oklahoma
Nebraska South Dakota
New Mexico Texas

Provinces.

Saskatchewan

Pacific Zone.

States.

Arizona Oregon
California Utah
Idaho Washington
Montana Wyoming
Nevada

Provinces.

British Columbia

The next step will be the selection of a regional secretary-manager for each zone and his location in headquarters, which will be central, where this is possible.

Canada had asked for a division of the Dominion into four provincial associations (corresponding to state associations in the U. S.), and this was done. The four districts will be as follows:

Eastern Provincial Association—Maritime Provinces, Quebec and Ontario, as far west as Port Arthur.

Manitoba—Saskatchewan, Provincial Association—West of Port Arthur, in Ontario, to western boundary of Saskatchewan.

Alberta Provincial Association—Alberta.

British Columbia Provincial Association—British Columbia.

Each of these associations will have its own government and will hold an annual championship tournament at which the titular event will be staged, the champion or runner-up being eligible to compete in the American amateur championship at single targets at the G. A. H.

The rules defining amateur and professional status in the trapshooting game were thoroughly discussed and it was voted that the rules as prepared by the tournament committee of the Interstate Association several years ago should be adopted and published. These rules are:

"Any shooter, not dependent upon his skill as a trapshot as a means of livelihood, either directly or indirectly, or in part or whole, including employees or manufacturers of, or dealers in, firearms, ammunition, powder, traps, targets and other trapshooting accessories and who does not receive any compensation or concession, monetary or otherwise, or allowance for expenses or trapshooting supplies from such manufacturers or dealers, shall be classed as an amateur."

"Any shooter, including employees or manufacturers of, or dealers in, firearms, ammunition, powder, targets, traps and other trapshooting accessories, who receives his salary or any portion of his salary, or any expenses of any kind for use in trapshooting, or rebate on the market price of such articles, as compensation for the promotion of the sale or advertisement of any such products handled by such manufacturers, shall be classed as a professional."

The Trapshooting Olympic Committee—Jay Clark Jr., R. L. Spotts and E. P. Mathewson—reported that it was consulting with the General Olympic Committee, representing all great American sports, and would soon prepare and submit a new plan for sending a team of trapshooters to the Olympic Games to be held in Antwerp, Belgium, in 1920. The secretary reported that the plan of the 1919 Executive Committee had been withdrawn because financial support from the amateur trapshooters was lacking, and this action was unanimously ratified by the General Committee of the A. T. A.

The question of a standard traphouse was again fully discussed and the committee somewhat modified the action taken at the previous meeting. The recommendation now reads: "Clubs holding registered tournaments are asked, insofar as possible, to have the front eaves of the traphouse not more than two and one-half (2½) feet, and the rear eaves not more than three (3) feet, above the level of the shooting positions; and that the point where the target first appears at the

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MANHOOD! The quality which rules the world to-day. My friend, there never was a time in the history of the human race when real, sturdy manhood, manly vigor and manly courage counted for as much as they do now, this very minute. No matter what your years, whether you are 20 or 60, you must be either entirely in the race or entirely out of it. It is invariably the fellow who proves up the strongest in this human strength that forges to the front, while weaklings stand aside; it is he also who is in most demand and most sought after by women and men in his community, simply because he radiates that marvellous magnetic influence which only an abundant vigor and rugged manly health can radiate. I believe any man can hope to completely develop or restore this same vigor of manly strength, no matter what his past follies may have been, provided he is willing to **REALLY MAKE THE EFFORT**; and provided, of course, he is not weighed down by extreme old age or is not incurably diseased. To my mind, the road of the one who wants more vigor is perfectly plain,



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extreme left and right angles from any one of the five shooting positions, vary not more than six (6) feet along the front eaves of the traphouse.

The General Committee desires to impress upon sportsmen, particularly gun club officers, that the above is a suggestion only. Where traphouses have been permanently installed at considerable expense, it would work a hardship on clubs to change the dimensions. However, where new traphouses are being installed, it is urged that clubs give due consideration to the recommendation of the General Committee.

The outstanding features of the registered tournament rules for 1920 are as follows:

Registered Tournaments.

All applications for registered tournaments, requesting a contribution, must be filed on or before March 1, 1920.

The American Trapshooting Association will present a trophy, valued at \$25, to a maximum of 200 registered tournaments in 1920.

Clubs may apply for a registered tournament at any time during 1920, but clubs applying after March 1 must accept dates not already granted in a zone or within interference distance, and the American Trapshooting Association will not contribute trophies to these tournaments.

State Associations.

The state associations are divided for 1920 into four classes—A, B, C, and D. In each case there has been grouped together the states in which there has been, relatively, the same amount of trapshooting interest shown. This was figured on the basis of registered tournaments held in a state last year (1919) as follows: Class A—States in which there were held 20 or more registered tournaments.

Class B—States in which there were held from 10 to 19 registered tournaments.

Class C—States in which there were held from 5 to 9 registered tournaments.

Class D—States in which there were held less than 5 registered tournaments.

A state association desiring a higher classification in future years than it now enjoys may apply to The American Trapshooting Association for reclassification on the basis of increased trapshooting interest in the state. Such applications for reclassification should be accompanied by facts and figures to substantiate any claims made as regards increased trapshooting interest in the state.

Class A is composed of Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania.

Class B is composed of California (a), Indiana, Maryland, (b), Michigan, Minnesota, South Dakota, Washington, Wisconsin.

(a) Includes Nevada.

(b) Includes District of Columbia.

Class C is composed of Colorado, (c), Connecticut, Delaware, Kansas, Missouri, New Jersey, Oklahoma, Texas and the Eastern, Manitoba-Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia Provincial Association.

(c) Includes New Mexico.

Class D is composed of Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Mississippi, Montana, New Hampshire, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Tennessee, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, West Virginia, Wyoming.

The American Trapshooting Association will contribute cash and trophies to approved state and provincial association registered tournaments as follows:

Class A States.....	\$185.00
Class B States.....	160.00
Class C States.....	135.00
Class D States.....	110.00

The American Trapshooting Association also will pay the railroad and Pullman fare of the state and provincial amateur champion (or runner-up) from his home town to and from the G. A. H. tournament by logical route of travel.

The state amateur championship event will be at 100 single registered targets, 16 yards rise.

Each registered state tournament program shall provide for a state handicap event of at least 100 targets, distance handicap, 16-22 yards.

It is suggested that each state tournament hold a double target championship at 50 pairs; also that contestants be classified for the full program of 16-yard single registered targets.

Miscellaneous Rules.

A complete report of each tournament must be made to the National headquarters within ten days after said tournament has been held.

The American Trapshooting Association will prepare, and furnish for use at all registered tournaments, official bulletin sheets. Blank spaces for the different moneys will be provided along side each shooter's name. The management will be required to indicate

by means of a crossmark, in which optionals or money divisions each shooter is entered.

Official Averages.

The yearly average or registered single targets 16 yards rise, in 1920 for all amateur and professional contestants shall be computed on 2,000 or more targets.

The yearly average on double targets in 1920 for all amateur and professional contestants will be computed on 150 or more double targets shot at in registered tournaments.

The American Trapshooting Association will receive and file all scores on distance handicap targets, when the event calls for not less than 100 targets and is on the program of a registered tournament. An effort will be made to publish these records at least once a year.

Long-Run Trophy Plan.

A trophy will be presented for the first long run of 50 or over made on registered targets in 1920. This prize will be a bronze medal.

Subsequent long runs will be credited on a point system, as follows:

Run of 50 to 99.....	1 point
Run of 100 to 149.....	3 points
Run of 150 and over.....	5 points

When a trapshooter is credited with 15 points for long runs made on registered targets in 1920, he will receive a silver medal.

When a trapshooter is credited with 25 points for long runs made on registered targets in 1920, he will receive a gold medal.

When a trapshooter is credited with 50 points for long runs made on registered targets in 1920 he will receive a gold watch.

The following rules will govern the award of long run trophies:

At each registered tournament held in 1920, the management shall appoint one or more sportsmen, either amateur or professional, who will search out the straight score of 50 or more on the official score sheets. Only the man, or men, officially designated shall post the long runs on the bulletin sheets provided by the American Trapshooting Association.

Practice day, distance handicap or double target events shall not be considered in computing official long runs.

Runs cannot be carried over from one tournament to another, but may from one day to next in the same tournament.

Professional long runs must be recorded on the Professional Honor Roll, but professionals are not eligible to win long-run trophies.

The long-run plan which was in operation in 1919 will be continued for those who desire to gain the 25 points necessary to win the solid-gold long-run trophy awarded last year. However, a shooter must notify the Association headquarters whether he desires to continue under the 1919 plan until he has won the trophy, or immediately start the 1920 plan. He may not do both. All long-run trophy offers will cease to exist on December 31, 1920.

The programs for the Sectional and Grand American Handicap tournaments will be prepared at a meeting of the General Committee, to be held late in February or early in March.

NEW SHOOTER IN WONDERFUL FORM AT GUN CLUB TRAPS.

J. Grey Took Lead in Class "C" With 20 Out of 25.

Scores Suffered Because of Snow and Strong Wind.

Trapshooting at the Hamilton Gun club proved its attractiveness on Saturday afternoon when about 20 shooters weathered the gale and got away to a good start in the president and vice-president series. At times the snow was blowing so that the targets could not be seen and the wind made them do such freak stunts that the scores suffered as a consequence.

In A class the honors were divided very evenly, as E. Harris, John Hunter, I. Smith and Bert Smith all broke 22 out of 25 and tied for the lead and also for the club spoon, but owing to the weather they decided to wait for a better afternoon to shoot off the tie. C. Syer was next in line with 21 out of 25, with A. Bates and Nelson Long in third place with 19.

R. J. Montgomery took the lead in B class with 19 out of 25, but was closely followed by W. W. Livingston and A. Glover with 18. The latter has been showing great improvement of late and can be counted on to give a good account of himself before the series closes. The class spoon also went to R. J. Montgomery.

In C class, J. Gray, a beginner at the trapshooting game, showed wonderful form in the face of the gale and outdistanced his rivals for the spoon and took the

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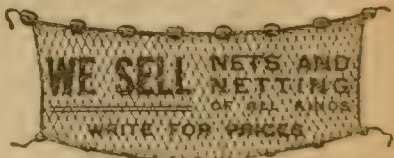
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lead with 20 out of 25. J. Moyer was next with 17. For high average for the afternoon L. Smith had the tidy score of 44 out of 50. B. Smith with 51 out of 60 was next and C. Syer held third place with 42 out of 50. The scores were:

	Shot at	Broke.
E. Harris.....	50	39
I. Smith.....	50	44
N. S. Braden.....	50	32
T. Gardiner.....	50	37
H. Lutz.....	50	28
John Hunter.....	50	35
B. Smith.....	60	51
H. Lennox.....	50	31
R. J. Montgomery.....	60	40
W. W. Livingstone.....	90	57
A. D. Bates.....	50	37
A. Glover.....	50	33
Nelson Long.....	75	56
I. Moyer.....	50	28
J. Gray.....	50	33
H. Kretschman.....	75	52
M. E. Fletcher.....	50	33
C. Syer.....	50	42

SHOOTING STARS.

Seventeen Amateur Champions Also Lead Their States in 1919 Trapshooting Averages.

By PETER P. CARNEY

Editor National Sports Syndicate.

It is the ambition of every trapshooter to be the champion of the state, and next to being the champion the honor of leading his state in the yearly trapshooting average is the thing he wants. Some shooters are fortunate enough to be able to do both things for the state trapshooting leaders which we have culled from the 1919 averages we find that 17 state champions are also high average leaders.

Several states may not be represented in the list appended and where there are any absentees it is because the shooters in that particular place have failed to qualify—in other words they have failed to shoot at 2,000 targets. Here is the list of high average trapshooters who qualified:

Shooter.	State.	Ave.
Mark Arie	Illinois	9780
Woolfolk Henderson	Kentucky	9779
F. M. Troeh	Washington	9762
Oscar Hansen	Nebraska	9730
F. S. Wright	Buffalo	9725
R. H. Bungay	California	9700
J. W. Seavey	Oregon	9692
S. H. Sharman	Utah	9692
W. S. Hoon	Iowa	9673
S. G. Vance	Canada	9652
M. E. Dewire	Indiana	9648
Horace Bonsor	Ohio	9647
S. M. Grothers	Pennsylvania	9645
A. R. Chezick	North Dakota	9621
W. H. Heer	Oklahoma	9600
Dave Fauskee	Minnesota	9595
W. N. Boylston	Florida	9591
C. B. Adams	South Dakota	9590
C. A. Gunning	Colorado	9566
Jay Clark, Jr.	Massachusetts	9561
R. D. Morgan	Dist. of Columbia	9556
P. W. McNeir	Texas	9553
F. S. Tomlin	New Jersey	9550
G. W. Dering	Wisconsin	9546
W. M. Thompson	Michigan	9515
B. A. Gillespie	Arizona	9481
F. J. Cairns	Kansas	9478
P. B. Earle	South Carolina	9452
E. E. Reed	New Hampshire	9447
J. S. Day	Louisiana	9426
George Nicolai	Missouri	9396
Lee Moody	Alabama	9380
W. V. Austin	Wyoming	9375
H. R. Seckel	Idaho	9355
J. H. Noel	Tennessee	9333
H. G. Barstow	Connecticut	9328
J. M. Moorehead	North Carolina	9263
C. H. Dillon	Rhode Island	9195
C. C. Handly	Arkansas	9051
H. C. Kraut	Maryland	9050
F. D. Stoop	Montana	9047
J. H. Minnick	Delaware	9044
H. Hemler	Mississippi	8930
J. R. Cothran	Georgia	8925

HAMILTON GUN CLUB

The second event of the president and vice-president handicap was shot off at the Hamilton Gun club on Saturday afternoon, and quite a number of shooters who were not present at the first event were on hand

to shoot up in this race. Conditions were fair for shooting, and some very good scores were turned in.

In A class, George Beattie and J. Jones shot in the handicap, and the former was penalized three birds and the latter two birds, but in spite of this are leading the way with 46, both having turned in a perfect score in the second event. They also tied for the spoon, which on the flip of the coin was won by J. Jones. W. Barnes was also penalized two birds, and is tied for second place with E. Harris with 44. N. Long had the good score of 24 for this event, and along with J. Hunter has a total of 43.

W. J. Wark sprang a surprise in B class, and is leading with 44. He broke 22 the first time out, but was penalized one bird, and the second trip went one better still and got 23. R. J. Montgomery also broke 23 for the day's event, and tied for the club spoon, which he also won on the toss. He is in second place with 42. W. W. Livingstone holds third place with 38, having broken 20 on his second time out.

In C class the field is a small one, there being only three shooters so far who have shot up. J. Gray and J. Moyer tied for the afternoon with 18, and J. Moyer succeeded in getting the spoon on the toss. Gray, however, is leading in the race with 38, while Moyer is next with 35. Lou Long is third with 25.

George Beattie and R. J. Montgomery had the high average for the afternoon, the former having turned in the tidy score of 96 out of 100, while the latter broke 48 out of 50. J. Jones was next with 7 out of 75, and N. Long was third with 93 out of 100.

The scores were:

	Shot at	Broke.
H. Kretschman.....	100	70
J. Jones.....	75	71
George Beattie.....	100	96
E. Harris.....	75	65
W. J. Wark.....	75	67
N. Long.....	100	93
T. Gardiner.....	50	41
R. J. Montgomery.....	50	48
J. Moyer.....	75	55
J. Hunter.....	75	54
M. E. Fletcher.....	50	41
J. Gray.....	50	38
C. Graham.....	90	71
H. Lennox.....	50	42
W. W. Livingstone.....	75	63
M. E. Goodale.....	75	59
I. Smith.....	50	44
A. Glover.....	40	30
L. Long.....	50	26
W. Barnes.....	50	46

JORDAN GUN CLUB.

Jordan Station, Jan. 17.—The Jordan Gun Club held the first shoot of their winter series on Saturday, January 10th and a large crowd of shooters was present to enjoy this fascinating sport.

In spite of the blustery weather, the scores were above the average, considering the little practice that most of the boys have had.

For the different trophies being competed for the shooters have been divided into three classes and H. W. Hunsberry was high in Class A., J. Montgomery in Class B., and S. Honsberger in Class C.

These three shooters also won a prize, being high guns for the day in their respective classes.

Those shooting and their scores follow:

	Shot at	Broke.
J. Montgomery.....	50	45
H. W. Hunsberry.....	50	44
W. Moyer.....	50	41
E. Durham.....	50	40
J. Spence.....	50	39
J. Troup.....	50	39
P. Wismer.....	50	38
M. Honsberger.....	50	38
D. Price.....	50	37
A. Troup.....	50	36
D. Lane.....	50	35
H. Schneck.....	50	34
W. Nicholson.....	50	30
D. Troup.....	45	29
D. Konkle.....	35	27
L. Honsberger.....	35	22
E. Konkle.....	35	20
A. Smith.....	35	19
J. Smith.....	25	9

The Jordan Gun Club was favored with fine weather for the third shoot of their trophy series, which was held on February 7. A large crowd was in attendance and as the competition among the shooters in the var-

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We have for sale six hulls made by one of the best Canadian boat builders. These hulls are made of the best material by skilled workmen. They are offered at exceptionally low prices for quick sale.

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One 22 ft. x 5 ft. 4 in. hull,	“ 8
One 18 ft. x 5 ft. hull,	“ 8
One 18 ft. x 4 ft. hull,	“ 7
One 16 ft. x 4 ft. hull,	“ 6
One very roomy family boat,	25 ft. x 7 ft.

Further specifications and prices
on application to

Box 500, Rod and Gun in Canada

Woodstock, Ontario

ious classes grows keener, the result is better scores. President Nicholson donated three splendid prizes for high guns in each class. The prize in Class A was won by H. W. Hunsberry with 25 straight. Class B was won by J. Troup with 22 x 25. Class C was won by S. Honsberger with 19 x 25. The next shoot will be held on Saturday, March 21st. Those shooting and their scores follows:

	Shot at	Broke
M. Honsberger.....	75	67
F. Church.....	75	66
W. Moyer.....	75	65
J. Troup.....	60	54
D. Price.....	60	52
A. Troup.....	55	44
D. Troup.....	55	42
H. W. Hunsberry.....	50	49
D. Konkle.....	50	43
E. Konkle.....	50	42
S. Honsberger.....	50	40
P. H. Wismer.....	50	38
D. Lane.....	50	38
W. Nicholson.....	50	36
M. Luey.....	50	32
M. Comfort.....	40	26
W. Parnall.....	40	21
E. Culp.....	50	37

LONG RUN TROPHY PLAN FOR 1920.

The Long Run Trophy plan of the American Trapshooting Association for the season of 1920 is similar in many respects to that which prevailed in 1919. There is, however, this important difference to be noted—the first run of "50 or better" made this year by a duly qualified amateur at a registered tournament and on registered targets, will be recognized by the A. T. A. by the awarding of a bronze medal. Last season no trophy for a long run was awarded until an amateur had amassed a total of twenty-five points, the points being scored as follows:—For a run of 50 to 99, one point; 100 to 149, three points; 150 or better five points. This schedule of points made it quite a job for most amateurs to win any trophy showing they had made a run of "50 or better" during the season of 1919.

This year the schedule of points is the same as last, but as stated above a bronze medal is awarded for the first run made, and as soon as an amateur has totalled 15 points, he receives a silver medal. When he has added ten more points, giving him a total of twenty-five all told, he gets a gold medal. Then just as soon as he has made a grand total of fifty points, he receives a gold watch. All these points must, however, be made during the current season. It is optional with

amateurs who made several points last year, whether they will continue to add to last year's figures with a view to winning the trophy offered for a total of twenty-five points under the 1919 plan, or whether they will start right off and commence work on the new plan for 1920. It is, however, absolutely necessary that any amateur who elects to continue working on the 1919 plan to notify Stoney McLinn, Secretary-Manager, The American Trapshooting Association, 460 Fourth Ave., New York, at once, otherwise it will be taken for granted that the shooter prefers to commence on the 1920 proposition.

SPLENDID PROGRAMME FOR 1920.

E. G. T. A. ELECT OFFICERS AND APPROVE DATES.

The annual meeting of the Eastern Canada Trap shooting Association was held at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 3. The following officers were elected for 1920:—President, W. H. Gooderham, Toronto; Vice-Presidents, S. G. Vance, Tillsonburg, and W. J. Corby, Ottawa; Secretary-Treasurer, Geo. H. Cashmore, Toronto.

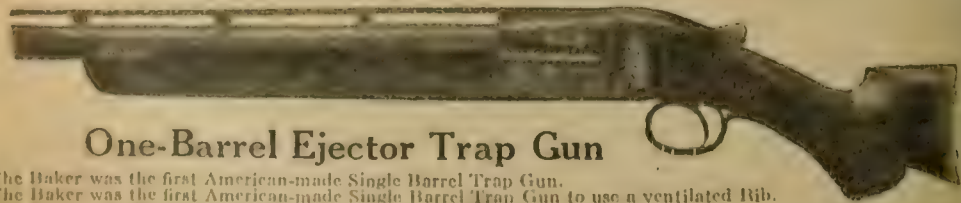
The Eastern Canada championships were awarded to be shot at the St. Hubert Gun Club, Ottawa, June 15 and 16.

The following registered tournaments were approved—April 2, Hamilton Gun Club, Hamilton; April 2, Montreal Gun Club, Montreal; April 5, St. Hubert Gun Club, Ottawa; April 30, Galt Gun Club, Galt; May 24 and 25, Manor Farm Gun Club, Clarkson; May 24, Thousand Island Gun Club, Gananoque; May 31, June 1 and 2, St. Thomas Gun Club, St. Thomas; June 15, 16, 17, St. Hubert Gun Club, Ottawa; July 1 and 2, Canadian Indians, place to be announced later; July 8 and 9, Montreal Gun Club, Montreal; July 19, Bob White Gun Club, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Aug. 31, Sept. 1, 2, 3, 4, Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto; Sept. 15, Jordan Gun Club, Jordan Station, Ont.

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP DATES SELECTED.

The American Trapshooting Association announces that its Twentieth Annual Grand American Handicap, Tournament at Targets will be held at Cleveland, Ohio, Monday to Friday, August 23-28 next. These dates are somewhat later than in 1918 and 1919, but the G. A. H. at St. Louis in 1916 commenced on August 21, and that of 1917 on the grounds of the South Shore Country Club, in Chicago, had dates identical with those which had been selected for this year's Blue Ribbon event.

Baker Hammerless



One-Barrel Ejector Trap Gun

The Baker was the first American-made Single Barrel Trap Gun.

The Baker was the first American-made Single Barrel Trap Gun to use a ventilated Rib.

The Baker was the first to use a Compensating Ventilating Rib.

The Baker was the first to use an action with hammer directly back of firing pin—No angles.

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ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

APRIL 1920

FIFTEEN CENTS



"A bunch of sea ducks and a couple of scooters
were feeding over the sunken ledges"

W. J. TAYLOR, ED. Publisher. Woodstock, Ont.,

HAIL! FELLOW FISHERMEN

Having specialized for over 60 years, we are now in a position to offer the North American angler the very best there is in rods, reels, flies, lures and fishing gear generally. Our rods are manufactured on lines followed by the world famous Allcock of Redditch, but adapted to Canadian and American requirements. We carry all classes of rods from the famous English and Canadian hand made rods to the well known brands of American split cane and steel rods. A few of the rods we particularly recommend are:

ALLCOCK'S "GRAND PRIX" LITTLE GEM

Built cane Fly rod. 2 tips Agate tops and Butt guide. Natural color, closely whipped green. Patent "Standard" nickel steel bridge rings, suction joints. Heavy Aluminium reel fittings, solid cork handle. 9 and 9 1/4 feet, 5 1/2 oz. A most exquisite rod suitable for Dry or Wet Fly fishing, very powerful, perfectly balanced. Hand made. \$60

(Note: This rod was selected by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales for use on the Nipigon 1919.)

The above rods are made from the finest quality of Canes procurable, carefully selected and free from Blemish. The work of building is carefully carried out, great care being taken that each rod has the proper balance, strength and action to suit the class of fishing for which they are made. They are guaranteed and recommended with the greatest confidence as the finest production of the rodmaker's art ever placed before the Public.

Our "PRINCE" Rod. Hand made, split cane Fly rod. 9' 5 oz. Closely whipped, solid cork handle, bronze suction ferrules and reel fittings, fairly stiff action, suitable for either dry or wet fly. Velvet Frame and Bag. (Agates \$5.00 extra.)\$20

The above rods are made in our Toronto Factory, under the direct supervision of experienced Anglers to the formula and balance of a well known Canadian Angler, expressly for Canadian and American waters.

ALLCOCK'S "BADEN POWELL" ROD

Built cane Fly rod. 2 tips Handsome green finish. Lock joints. Agate butt guide, and Tip Tops, "Standard" nickel steel Bridge rings. Black aluminium reel fittings, solid cork grip. Hand made throughout, 10 feet, 6 oz.

This rod has been specially built for W. Baden Powell Esq. K.C., upon lines laid down by him, in his "Rod Building on a Curve System," see "The Field" Dec. 31, 1904.

Our IDEAL split cane hand made Fly rod. Built in our own factory on English lines. 9 ft. 6 oz. Made from very superior quality selected canes and thoroughly recommended as a first rate well balanced serviceable rod at a medium price.\$15.00

FLIES

We carry the largest assortment of flies in Canada. Allcock's "Stag" brand. Upright or Split

Wing flies, eyed and to gut, on all the well known standard and many fancy patterns are the last word in flymaking. All beautiful reproductions and true to pattern, highest quality materials only used. First quality \$2.50 per doz., second quality \$2.00 per doz., suitable for wet or dry fly fishing. Size 8 to 12.

Our "Peaver" Brand English made Trout flies to best quality gut in all Standard patterns, size 5 to 12, \$1.25 per dozen.

Our "Standard" Brand Trout flies, to gut, very superior quality flies in all Standard patterns, sizes 5 to 12, 75c per doz.

TROUT LINES

ered, guaranteed waterproof silk lines. The finest quality obtainable anywhere

Level Trout Size \$7.00 per 100 yards
Single Tapered \$1.00 per 30 yards
Single Tapered \$1.50 per 30 yards
Double Tapered \$6.00 per 30 yards

Prices of other sizes on application.

We have any number of more moderately priced waterproof and enamelled silk lines, from 50c per line up.

GUT CASTS

Allcock's celebrated "HERCULES" Gut Casts, made

in 1, 2 and 3 yards, in all strengths, suitable for Fresh and Salt water fishing, are made from specially selected extra long gut 12" to 13" clear between knots, or 3 to 4 knots less in a 3 yard cast, a great advantage over other makes. They are subjected to a treatment by "Allcock's" Special secret preparation, protecting them from the action of the air and light, which renders the gut more supple, is knotted much easier and greatly increases not only the pliability but the endurance of the casts. Herein lies the great "Superiority of the Hercules" gut casts over all others. Made in Plain, Extra loops and Tapered.

No. 3490. Med. or Stout weight for trout, 25c per yard, with extra loops, 5c per loop extra.

No. 3499. Tapered casts for Trout, 2 yd. 75c each, 3 yd. \$1.00. Other superior qualities of Gut casts from 10c per yard up.

BASKETS

Best quality White Split Willow, with leather and nickel fastener

11" 12" 13" 14" 15" 16" 17"
\$3.00 \$3.25 \$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 \$5.00 \$5.00 each
Whole Willow \$2.50 \$2.75 \$3.00 \$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 \$5.00
Best Quality, Basket Straps, leather or webb, 50 and 75c each.

WADING PANTS

Guaranteed Scotch made Wading Pants and Stockings. highest quality
Pants, Heavy weight \$20.00 per pair. Stockings \$15.00.
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If your dealer cannot supply you with our high grade tackle, write us direct. Send remittance with letter, stating clearly your requirements. Benefit by our years of experience, we will gladly help any disciple of Walton to get a satisfactory equipment.

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Wild Goose Shooting in Nova Scotia

BONNYCASTLE DALE

Introduction and Three Scenes.

I want to show you, my readers, some results of our "paddle outs" into this salt water harbour of Port Joli. I do not tell you to come here for some men have imposed such harsh laws that it is very hard to get any shooting at all. Now the Federal law steps in and cuts off their spring shooting.

Picture Number one gives you a good idea of how an ice hide is made.



No. 1

The biggest of the "Canada's" killed would weigh fully twelve pounds.

Number two shows the old familiar Rice Lake (Herald Bros.) canoe after we got home one evening. These are all still life pictures—we are just starting to get you a full set of the great flock sitting and flying.

Picture Number three shows Laddie out on a rock weed reef picking up a single young goose.

Picture Number four shows you how we can rapidly construct an ice hide about the canoe. It is wonderful to lie in it and see the long lines of tall necks feeding down the tide. Then—unless some jealous hunter scares the birds—you get a good shot—as many as eight of these big birds have been killed to the one double shot.

Scene No. 1.

"Come out after Geese," said our seafaring friend.

He had a twenty-five foot gasoline boat pulled up on his "skids"—a long B road frame made of spruce poles that extends from high tide line to below low tide line. It is extremely interesting to slide this big boat down the icy ways—and plunge her "ker slap" into the big dead swell running into the tiny ocean-facing Bay.

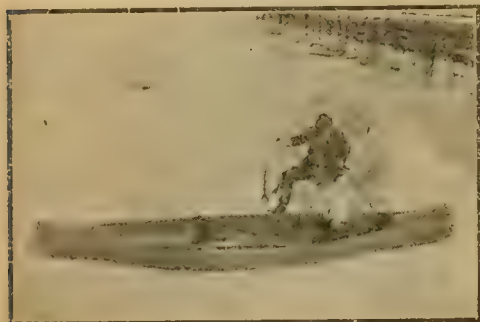
We got into the old Atlantic with nothing worse than a bit of "wind chop" blown into our faces—Laddie had his mouth open and swallowed his share. Off we pounded up and down the two hundred foot long swells. On the top we did wiggle a bit but soon plunged down the slope—unless the engine took it in its head to balk—then we did some wonderful jockeying on the smooth slopes of the billows.

"See that dark line," said Peter to

me. We were all standing up as it seems to be warmer that way. Yes! I could see the black line—if the old ocean would not swallow it up every so often.

"Geesel" laconically said Peter. He is a man of few words.

We were doing about seven miles and soon ate up the mile between us and the flock. On the way we passed the Entrance Rock and all the seals



No. 2

splashed off with regretful grunts and groans. At a distance they sound like a sleeper snoring. My host was armed with the usual single barreled ducking gun—one that would weigh about nine pounds, and shot a fearful load of seven drams and a handful of heavy goose shot (as big as small marbles). I had my number ten and double B B's. Heavy shot for us.

There were fully five thousand geese ahead of us in huge flocks, all driven out of the harbour by the heavy shooting during the night, and later by the new ice. While I was examining the great flocks with my binoculars—they had their long necks stretched and some of the older birds were honking out a warning when "Now!!" sang out Peter. And off went that terrible load right past my ear. We were, I thought, fully two hundred yards away. Peter says not more than a hundred and fifty.—When the great roar of the mighty flocks ascent let me use my eyes I saw four struggling birds left behind on the water.—We were into them in no time and Peter filled each one full of his huge shot as we passed them—one charge tore a wing completely off one of the birds, an old

gander; you can tell them by the big rounded and flattened main wing joint. This they use for fighting in the springtime when they are choosing their mates.

There was still the fourth bird to find as it had dived. We made the regular circle for a wounded bird and finally Laddie spied the black head—"Bang" went the single barrel.

"Never touched it," said the boy.

"Bang" went the long gun again—it has a thirty-six inch barrel. The whole load of shot spattered over a surface as big as a barn door, but did not hit the bird. Seven times more the long gun barked, but the shot was too big so Peter asked me to kill it with number sixes. I missed the first time, but held the gun to my shoulder in old Ontario fashion until the black head appeared; and instantly put it out of its misery.

The life hold of one of these big ten to twelve pound Canada's is very tenacious. We have not yet seen a goose killed instantly by the first shot. I had to use four B. B's to kill a big gander yesterday. I'll wager he is plump full of big shot, as,



No. 3

although he was fully an hundred yards away I hit him every time where he sat off on the white ice.

Well! that was all the geese we got in the big motor boat. Thousands of the flock flew off over the "Goose Hills" and we could hear the guns barking away among the distant hill tops and occasionally see a slightly wounded goose come planing down for the home harbour water.

Scene No. 2.

On the evening of December the nineteenth I walked down to the shore of our home lot after the sun had set and the last faint grey shade of daylight had faded away. The entire flock of geese had bunched up on the flats directly in front and some two hundred yards out. As we had two geese in the house I did watch them without any feeling of desire. But it was truly a wonderful sight to



No. 4

see the whole mass of five to ten thousand geese crowded into an acre patch. Some of the old ganders were grunting in a satisfied way. The maternal instinct in the geese still made them utter the warning cry. Others cooed and cackled and gave off all the low calls we hear our domestic geese utter.

The whole flock were getting sand and edging near the line where we may shoot them so, as one of my neighbours dropped in to show me a negatived petition we are circulating in reference to having the season prolonged, I told him of the fine chance off the shore. It did not tempt us a bit, although my canoe lay on the shore and my gun was ready to my hand. I have not yet felt that I cared for the legal night shooting, nor has Laddie. We went out once and lifted over the great dead swell running, a few hundred geese swam ahead, calling wildly as our silent approach someway alarmed them. One double shot of number one as the

flock arose and all the sport was over—and all the geese were away and safe.

Next morning my neighbour arose—before the sun had sent even a hint of day—and most carefully crept down to the shoreline to a point of ice-incrusted rocks in front of our high tide line. One single chance he got at a small mass of ducks and geese. But his gun was heavy and so was his shot and he laid out many a goose and duck. In a small flat-bottomed punt he chased the wounded all over the harbour, killing and picking up seven geese and two black ducks. What attracted our attention to him was when we got up, seeing a man pushed far up a water channel in the ice looking at a fine big goose which sat away off on the pure white ice. Finally we saw the man row towards us and still the big goose sat there, head erect, wary and watchful. When our neighbour came ashore he had the dead geese and ducks in his punt, and he told Laddie to go to another neighbour who had a dog and tell him to go and get that goose—which he did and the dog made short work of the big bird.

Meanwhile the gunners on the Goose hills had benefited by the birds being disturbed, and they were banging away at them as the flocks passed over high above the trees, on their way to the next two harbours west of us. The majority of the flock flew seaward and made a black raft on the water to the east of us. It took several hours for the flock to recover from this one volley and the air was musical with their cries.

Then the goose hunters started out in the legal waters in their white punts; even their clothes were white. Some have gone so far as to white-wash their guns. There was a heavy nor'wester blowing and the geese had rafted far down the outer harbour. The men lay in their white punts close along the edge of the ice. Presently the windward edge of the great flock grew restless and a dozen flapped up on wildly waving wings and followed the ice up the harbour. "Bang" "Bang" sounded the distant guns and—like a third shot the dog leaped

from the canoe and raced over the now shallow tideflats and seized the first goose. The second one had gone quite a distance before the first was laid in the punt—off he raced again, glittering water splashing and freezing in the 20 above gale.

As soon as the tide was low enough one of the hunters started to walk down a wounded goose. As soon as the man and dog got within a hundred and fifty yards the wildly alarmed bird sprang into the air, struggling hard to fly. It did keep above the ice for fifty yards but the racing dog was nearing it and it fell back again. The dog missed it and slid past. Instantly recovering himself he turned, grabbed the goose by the side, and bore it off proudly to his master. It looks like a cold game for the dog, but he enjoys it.

Scene No. 3.

The tide was running full when I asked Laddie if he thought he could paddle fast enough to catch the great flock of geese which were swimming out of the harbour.

We launched our sixteen foot canoe and started merrily off. The flock had a full half mile advantage. Laddie paddled for all he was worth and for the first thirty minutes seemed to gain rapidly, but when we got within three hundred yards of the geese they held that distance for fully ten minutes. At last the boy threw the canoe across the tide at some slow birds which had let us almost catch up. There they swam with their long necks stretched and one old gander among them grunting and honking low. When I got within a hundred and fifty yards I raised my old ter-bore with its load of three A's which look as big as marbles to us Ontario men. The geese jumped at, I should think, one hundred and twenty-five yards. My big shot rattled among them but did not bring any down. The hunters here tell me my shot is too small, to use S.G., S.S.G. or S.S.S. G. They really bring them down from great heights and on the flat kill them at over one hundred and fifty yards. All our small shot, sixes fives, fours, threes and two etcetera are useless as the geese never let you

get near them excepting after dark—and we will not kill them that way. We threw our decoys off Boyd's Rocks and then paddled over to the ice to see if we could get a shot and drop a goose. Five let me within long shot and we killed a friend's Christmas dinner (our own was at home dressed). Returning Laddie said "Hear that goose." I did and the honk came right from our abandoned decoys, and we paddled rapidly back.

"I see it—right against the inner rock!" said the boy. And he headed me right for a single goose that was honking wildly. Just before I got within range a hunter came running down the rocks—it was his decoy wild goose and I very nearly made it into a Christmas dinner for him. One could hardly blame me, the "Rocks" were deserted half an hour ago when we left them.

"Pick up the decoys and we'll get out of here and give him a chance," I said. While Laddie was drawing in the long strings of connected cedar decoys I was busy carrying down the lunch and cushions. "Down!" I called to the boy. Right overhead sailed a lone goose answering the decoys' wild call. It sailed over my head (about twenty feet up) with a great rush of flapping wings and joined another, and they both sailed over to that decoy and plumped right down on the sands beside it, then jumped up again. I lay waiting breathlessly for the shots—finally one came and one goose fell over. It seems that the hunters' gun had one barrel split—this accounts for the single shot.

We paddled home listening to the volleys from the goose hills (one unfortunate hunter held his gun too loosely and it flew back and the hammers tore his face badly, so badly that they had to take him to the nearest doctor.) By this time so many guns were barking that nearly all the geese left the harbour and went seaward, or after sand and water to Port La Herbert or Sable river. I knew the flock would catch it hard this night as two of the hunters stayed on the other side awaiting the full run in of the tide.

All night the huge flock honked and called, swimming in on the tide all the time. The night was intensely dark and when they reached the shore where the two hunters were it was difficult to see them. At last the noise was terrific. Hundreds of geese were within shot. A long dark line was finally visible and out flashed the flame and up roared the guns. Like one bird the huge flock lifted and flew seaward and the little white punt and the two hunters sped out and picked up their prey. It is legal here else I should not write of it and the flocks are as great as in years gone by, for with all the hunting done this fall not more than one hundred geese have been killed.

Certain men in Nova Scotia claim that the province should not come under the new Federal Act where in it applies to the wild geese. They claim these are local birds which winter here and do not migrate further south.

The bird found here in Port Joli harbour is *Branta Canadensis*, the Canada goose, found all over this northern continent, its breeding ground goes well across the continent, Labrador, Dakota, British Columbia, northwards. (Chester A. Reed), Gordon Turnbull in the eighties called it Canada goose, common wild goose. Big grey goose, it was also spoken of as "The Honker." Townsend in 1839 found it and called it the black-headed goose. Cooke U. S. Biologi-

cal Survey gives its principal summer home as Saskatchewan and Alberta northwards to the tree limit, eastwards into the interior of Ungava, Northern Ontario, Gulf of St. Lawrence and Quebec, right through to Labrador and Newfoundland. In winter it ranges all over the Mississippi valley and along both coast on both oceans, and it has been recorded in winter in Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Maine and from Maryland to Florida.

The "Lesser Canada" goose, Little Canada, a bird about half the size of the other is found with it in nearly all these winter and summer homes. It is called Hutchin's goose, etcetera. Personally I have met the Canada goose in Ontario in spring and fall, on all the prairie states and our prairie provinces, especially during its great spring flight up the Mississippi river valley—Quincy, Illinois, offered a grand vantage point to view this annual three days' flight twice a year. It winters in British Columbia. I have seen it in Quatsino Harbour on Vancouver Island and on the Gulf of Georgia near James Island (in Sooke Harbour and Baynes Sound are many Brant.) The big Canada goose is the most thoroughly spread of our Canadian waterfowl and it is a joke for any man in Nova Scotia to claim it as a non-migrant because, luckily for them, a few thousand winter along their coast.

A Track Bear

ELIZABETH C. HAZELTON

WORKIN' on the track's the best method o' huntin', I get more animals that way. When I go out lookin' fer 'em I don't get nothin'." Carl Johnson, section boss of Yellowhead rose from the bench, strolled to the door, and squirted out a mouthful of tobacco juice.

"Much big game here?" inquired the other occupant of the low roofed 12 x 14 log building.

"Guess so—mostly bears. That's

why I took a section in the mountains. I ain't been here only two weeks. Got sick o' the prairie—nothin' to eat but birds." Carl Johnson leaned against the heavy logs, stretched his legs, shoved his hands deeper into his overall pockets, and continued, "Can't help gettin' a bear or two if yer stay till spring, Mr. Martin."

The word "bear" sounded good to Raymond Martin. He had hunted in

Wyoming, in his home State of Colorado and in the northern part of Ontario, and he owned handsome trophies. But he never had killed a bear.

"Come an' have a bite. My, woman sent me to ask yer to supper—seein' all these things, I forgot." Carl cast an admiring glance at paraphernalia assembled on the hewed log floor—nested Yukon stove and cooking kit, a pack bulging with articles such as air mattress, silk tent, hunting knives, etc., a roll of canvas and blankets, hunting boots, a shotgun, and two rifles, all of which had arrived with the stranger that morning on the tri-weekly train.

Raymond gratefully accepted. Dodging between poplar and spruce trees and steering clear of saskatoon bushes, he followed the section foreman along the trail to the back of Yellowhead Station, a mile away. It was, of course, in the earliest days of Canada's second transcontinental railway and before the Summit of Yellowhead Pass was swept by flames which consumed the trim station at the same time that they cleaned out the dilapidated construction-period log buildings.

"There's where Jean Dupuy's goin' to put up for the winter." Carl nodded toward an 8 x 10 cabin at the end of a short cross trail. "He's been fire ranger all summer. Guess he wants the job next summer, so he's goin' to hang around an' do a bit o' huntin' an' trappin'."

It was Saturday. In the bush, a section laborer whistled an accompaniment to the movement of his hand saw, two others chopped and split in stolid silence.

"A large population here," laughed Raymond, surveying the dark forested mountain-sides crowned by iridescent snow-tipped peaks.

"Yes, six men now, one woman," rejoined Carl, "an' a dog," he added, as a coyote-like bark startled the echoes and a greyish slim animal bounced out of the bush. "Wolf's a great hunter," concluded Carl.

Later, Raymond mentally voted Wolf an "infernal nuisance." All he seemed good for was to scare away

the game and to keep folks awake nights.

In any event, Raymond Martin would have been hospitably received by Carl Johnson and his wife. The roadmaster, however, had dropped a hint that the division superintendent intended to recommend a friend from the States to camp at the Summit and get a little hunting on the B.C. side before Reserve game regulations were enforced and while he was recuperating in health. Hence, Mrs. Johnson set supper in the dining room and dressed the table with linen, silverware and china bought with the prairie section's savings.

Between mouthfuls of trout fresh from Yellowhead Lake, Carl told of the coyotes he had trapped, the prairie chickens and ducks he had shot, all while working on the section. Now, in the Canadian Rockies, he could get bigger wages, mountain water, lots of free wood, plenty of fish, birds and berries, and, best of all, big game as well as small game. Great country! Better even than Sweden!

With an eye on the fat saskatoon pie Mrs. Johnson was dividing into three chunks, Carl confided to his guest that he had promised to take his woman to the Pacific Coast when he got his holidays the next summer.

Carl was apt to lapse into the use of "Ja" for "Yes" when in a contented mood, and his occasional articulation of "Ja, ja" between puffs at a cigar after supper convinced Raymond that the brand of smokes he had brought along suited the section foreman.

The September days were passed by Raymond in preparing his wood pile, ridding his camp of mountain rats, and repairing his cabin—a remnant of Yellowhead construction camp—from which, here and there, a log had been taken by the French Canadian fire ranger for fuel. Jean had counted on thus using the entire cabin. However, Raymond's appearance changed those plans, and when the fire ranging season closed Jean was obliged to take to chopping. He much preferred operating a hand speeder along the track looking for

fire and incidentally fishing and berrying.

Jean Dupuy's solitary firearm was a .22, consequently Raymond concluded he would hardly do for a hunting companion. Raymond never lent a gun even to his best friend.

One day Raymond crossed the track to a ravine beyond the station and practised with his revolver. Finding he had not enough cartridges, he went back for more.

"What was that shootin' about?" asked Mrs. Johnson, confronting him on the track. "I heard heavy shots, counted four very heavy shots, an' Wolf rushed out barkin'."

Raymond decided that she was about as discriminating in regard to "heavy shots" as she had been when she sallied forth to shoot ducks with her husband's .30 Army tucked under her arm. She never happened to see any ducks when thus equipped. Still, Raymond had deemed it unsafe for her to be at large with such a weapon, so he seized an opportune moment to suggest to Carl that if his wife should hit a duck with that .30 Army, there would not be much duck left. Thereupon, Carl had ordered her not to take out the "big gun."

"Did you get a bear?" the woman inquired of Raymond.

"No," he replied, laughing. "When I get a bear you'll soon know it."

On Sundays Carl invariably tramped the mountains with one or two of his men. Raymond was invited, but he seldom went. Too much underbrush scrambling and windfall straddling! He chose to let the purity of mountain air and the freedom of outdoor life undo the effects of too strenuous application to accounting duties. He had a year to loaf—time enough in which to get toughened up for the spring hunting. Mrs. Johnson baked his bread, the rest of his cooking he did himself, and he managed to keep pleasantly employed.

"Not got your gun today?" sung out the section foreman's wife to Raymond. It was the only morning she had ever seen him start out without a rifle.

"I'm just going for a short walk. I never see anything anyway," he answered as he swung on to the track.

A mile from the station Raymond turned a curve, and—saw a bear—a big black bear, nimbly hitting the ties toward him. At once he moderated his pace. Suddenly, and perhaps providentially, the bear left the ties and lightly scaled a steep embankment. Seated on top, he began leisurely to scratch himself. Slyly, he observed the man who approached with faltering steps. Meanwhile, Raymond studied the small-eyed, massive-framed animal. The bear continued to scratch himself lazily.

With nothing heavier than a .38 revolver in his knapsack, Raymond hesitated about trying to pass the bear. "I'll run back to camp and get the rifle," he decided almost audibly. He wheeled round and set out on the trot. Before turning the curve he threw a backward glance to make sure that the bear had not shifted his ground.

Mrs. Johnson was taking pies out of the oven and Wolf was asleep in the kitchen when Raymond raced by the station. By and by, Wolf awoke with a start and a bark, and Mrs. Johnson peeped out of the window in time to catch sight of Raymond, with his rifle, slitting past the corner of the building. Her scramble to get outdoors was impeded by Wolf's efforts to precede her. When she did land outside, the retreating figure on the track was beyond reach of her voice, and presently a galloping, barking dog was all she could discern.

Overtaking Raymond, Wolf received scant welcome. It was perhaps as well for him that a rabbit attracted his attention, causing him to start a hunt on his own account.

At high speed Raymond skipped alternate ties. At length, he rounded the curve where he had met the first bear of his intimate acquaintance. "He's gone!" growled Raymond. He mounted the bank, peered at outlines of toes and claws, then mumbled "Curse the luck!" The tracks led to deep moss and were eventually lost.

His meeting with the bear set Raymond thinking of Carl's theory relative to hunting on the track. Too chagrined to care to mention the affair, he selected a roundabout route back to camp. However, as soon as the section crew returned, Mrs. Johnson reported the latest news to Carl, who subsequently sauntered up to Raymond's cabin and drew from his neighbor the history of the morning's experience.

Carl took his .30 Army with him next day. He located the bear tracks, then found something for his men to do nearby. After climbing the embankment he followed the tracks a short distance until they became too uncertain and the moss too yielding to lure him farther.

Early in November the snow elected to remain on the ground and the blanched rabbits began to elude shotgun and .22 rifle. So successfully did Mrs. Johnson apply the snaring skill she had acquired in the scrub bush of the prairie that Raymond and Jean imitated her methods. Wolf barked and ran off of his bones whatever flesh covered them, in abortive efforts to round up the last of the rabbit tribe.

About the middle of November there was a deer skin stretched on the side of Yellowhead Station. Raymond stood inspecting it when Carl came round the corner with the information, "I shot a deer this mornin' on the track. Ja."

"You've done better than I have," admitted Raymond.

"Just as I told you, Mr. Martin. Huntin' on the track's good enough fer me. There'll be a bear skin hangin' outside the station long in the spring." Carl drew Raymond indoors, saying "My woman's got a lump o' venison for yer."

Saturday's train brought the roadmaster. As the train pulled out, a Swede section man rushed into the station. He had been after birds, and at the foot of the mountain he had seen fresh bear tracks. Immediately, Carl begged the roadmaster for a few days' leave of absence to go hunting. His request being granted, he sent the Swede

for Jean. Fortified with Carl's 30-30 and .30 Army, the trio departed to get the bear.

Carl lagged behind to whisper to his wife, "I wouldn't have asked the other feller—this new roadmaster he's a Swede. Feed him well!" As an afterthought, he shouted "Keep that dog in the house."

The men followed the tracks and came across a spot where the bear had rested, for the ground was warm. Persistent tracking led them to a big tree, underneath the roots of which they surmised bruin to be concealed.

"What luck!" exclaimed Carl. His armed partners would guard the entrance to the den, he would smoke the animal out, and the prize was sure. He instructed the men to watch the mouth of the den while he scurried back to the station. In his excitement, windfalls were unheeded. He returned with handcar grease, cotton waste, and little sticks. Close to the innocent-looking tree the men were posted a short distance apart, each man grasping a rifle. Carl tied waste on the end of sticks, greased them, and set fire to one. With the lighted stick in his right hand, he laid prone on the ground and cautiously crawled into the den. Poking the light as far as he could into the dark passage, he crept along. Presently, he distinguished the outline of the bear curled up at the farthest end, and a low growl greeted him. Up, down, and around, Carl thrust the torch to gauge the dimensions of the apartment. A sudden movement confused him, and a ponderous black object dashed past him. The foreman screamed, not once, but several times. He became conscious of thankfulness that the den was so wide. Recovering, he chuckled to think how he had scared that bear.

The moment the bear scampered out of the opening, Jean exclaimed, "Jiminy Christmas" took to his heels, and did not stop till he reached a precipitous rock.

The Swede laborer, whose distance from the den had increased after the disappearance of his foreman, did not see the bear's exit. Carl's screams inside the den and Jean's yells out-

side so affected him that he turned abruptly. He ran half a mile down the mountainside, and would have kept going had not Yellowhead Lake checked him.

Meantime, Carl smilingly emerged from the mouth of the den. Gazing around, he saw neither men nor rifles. He took a long and comprehensive survey. Then, way off on a rock he spied Jean. Slowly he went toward Jean, alternately cursing the French Canadian's timidity and commending his own valor.

"Damned narrow escape," croaked Jean.

"Pretty badly scared bear!" opined Carl.

Down the mountain they started. "Left my pipe and tobacco at that den," grumbled Carl, fumbling in his pockets. He suggested that they detour so as to call at the postoffice and store. There they found the men from the section at the other end of Yellowhead Lake buying supplies. To them Carl recounted his experiences, earnestly assuring them that he had given that bear a pretty bad scare. Pipe and tobacco reconciled him to the loss of the bear, and a cigarette enabled Jean to shake off lingering fright.

By evening the pair reached Yellowhead Station. The section men had just returned on the handcar from the next station, where they had left the roadmaster. Raymond had dropped in to seek news of the hunters. To his spellbound laborers, his admiring wife, and his interested neighbor, the foreman related how he had scared the big black bear.

Carl intended to renew the pursuit and invited Raymond to join him. Jean had had enough of bears; Carl had had enough of Jean on bear hunts.

At daylight Carl and Raymond picked up the trail, and soon they passed the abandoned den. For almost a week they tramped every day in wet snow, returning to the station each night. The number of miles covered increased daily, so did the impediments, and the back tracking and jumping of the bear did not make the trip any easier. Sometimes the

tracks were lost and valuable time wasted in regaining them. At last, the distance from the station made it impossible to return that night. The hunters built a fire, ate meagrely of their small stock of grub, and slept awhile. They woke up and piled logs on the fire. At dawn, they ate a bite and resumed the chase. Once, Raymond spotted the bear way ahead, and he ventured a couple of shots. For a moment the animal halted, then disappeared. He seemed to limp. A few blood stains showed where this happened. Thence, the tracks took the men down to a swift stream. The hunters agreed that the bear had crossed over into the valley, and grudgingly they gave up their game.

"I'll go after him in spring," said Carl, "or," with a complacent air, "I'll probably get him from the track."

A review of the trip disclosed to Carl the loss of a hunting knife and a new pair of buckskin mittens (not to speak of pipe and tobacco), the breakage of his watch crystal, and the disablement of a pair of trousers and a pair of overalls.

In December, sloppiness was superseded by well-packed snow, and every Sunday throughout the winter Carl and his men roamed the mountains on skis. Just like dear old Sweden!

The middle of March the telephone man came through on a speeder. At Yellowhead Station he startled the inhabitants by announcing "The bears are out. Seen two round some old camps."

Bears in general and one bear in particular occupied Carl's thoughts, therefore he took care always to have his rifle on the handcar. Soon, the roadmaster put in an appearance, and Carl intimated that he would be glad to take part of his holidays, whereupon Mrs. Johnson reminded her husband of their proposed visit to the coast. But he saw only a bear, and, in spite of his wife's perceptible disappointment and the roadmaster's evident hesitation, he persisted. Ultimately he gained his point.

Once more Carl and Raymond set

out together. They had not tramped far when Carl stopped, saying, "I don't — I don't believe I'll go. My woman's set her heart on goin' to the coast in the summer. Anyhow," confidently, "I'll get a bear from the track." So Raymond continued the trip alone.

April showers began before Carl's neighbor got back from his hunt. He reached Yellowhead Station late in the evening, very tired and without any game. Carl pulled him outdoors and, holding a lantern aloft, pointed to the side of the building.

"A bear!" cried Raymond. "A

black bear."

"Ja, ja. Last Sunday mornin' at seven o'clock," Carl explained, in response to Raymond's look of interrogation. "We was goin' over the section. Shot him through the heart. See," touching the fur which had formerly covered the hind legs, "See these two holes? Bet it's that bear I —" "Does look—certainly looks that way."

"You just stick around on the track with me," advised the section boss, "an' if we don't both get two or three bears, then I don't know nothin' 'bout huntin'."



L. B. BIRDSALL

THE Cariboo Country was in the throes of the Famine Year. Hunger, the awful hunger of the wilderness, of the illimitable North,

gripped the great lonely land and held it in a monster's power. That most majestic of northern streams, the beautiful Peace River, flowed muddy

and unwelcoming; while the mighty Canyon, the wondrous, awe-inspiring Gateway of the Rockies, yawned greedy and terrible. The mountains no longer beckoned from their snowy peaks—they frowned, gray and sombre, and the stray bits of sunshine that filtered through the sullen skies failed to touch those lovely iridescent colors that captivate the eye of the enraptured visitor.

For with the famine had come that fearful scourge of God's Country, that terrorizing pestilence, the scurvy or blackleg. In many a lonely prospector's or trapper's cabin the emaciated form of its owner lay prostrate in death or in the last agonies. Even the animals of the mountain district seemed to have sensed the approaching danger and to have departed for more salubrious and fertile haunts. The grizzly, the monarch of the North had grown fierce and carnivorous and had betaken himself to the wooded regions to the south, there to prey upon the smaller and weaker animals. The big horn had disappeared also.

Only at rare intervals could the eye discern the alert movements of that most intrepid of climbers, the Rocky Mountain goat, as he scaled some great precipice or leaped across a bottomless chasm, to escape the onrush of a fierce eagle. Seldom, now, could the ear catch the blood-curdling sound of the lone lynx crying through the black, impervious night like some mournful soul from the spirit world.

Mount Selwyn, "The Mountain of Gold"—as the North knows it—that magnificent eminence of metal-bearing quartz that lifts its beautiful contour sheer from the waters of the Peace, was wrapped in melancholy. The stillness of death seemed to permeate the air, making it heavy and oppressive, filled with an invisible, lurking danger.

The knowledge of the mysterious change came upon Joe Buckston and Peter Coffey as they toiled at their rocky claim on the mountainside, blasting off the stubborn quartz in the eternal search for gold.

Adventurers they were, comrades-

in-misery. A free-for-all in a Vancouver gambling-joint had brought them together one wild night three years previous. They had fought back to back and had won out and a strange magnetic force had welded their ways together ever since.

They were as unlike as any two men could be. While Joe was small and dark and thoroughly Eastern, with handsome boyish features and snapping black eyes, Peter was a huge, blond giant, a true son of the North, with baby-blue eyes and a great, long beard as soft and silky as a maiden's golden tresses.

It was Peter who had headed their trail for "The Mountain of Gold." He had visited it several years before on a trapping expedition and, like a thousand restless souls before and after him, had stalked a claim.

Grub-staking themselves with salt pork, beans, rye flour, tea and tobacco, in sufficient quantities to enable them to remain until intense winter came and made placer mining operations impossible, they had arrived at the scene of their labors and found luck ahead of them.

The old mountain trail led them to a rapidly-decaying hut evidently built by some prospector many years before. In this rambleshack memento they had discovered furnaces, melting-pots and porcelain molds and several sticks of mouldy dynamite. Everything bore mute evidence that the former occupant or occupants had left hurriedly.

The adventurers had unceremoniously taken possession of the decrepit old building, chinking up a few of the larger holes in the roof, but being too desirous of working their claim to give their future dwelling much attention. Rainfall is not excessive in the Cariboo Country, even in the prosperous years, and neither Peter or Joe minded the infrequent wettings that they experienced.

The good fortune that had attended their introduction into the big, silent land of mountains, had left them immediately afterward, it seemed; for their workings yielded very little of the precious mineral. The fortitude, the indomitable persev-

erance and hope of the gold-seeker kept them doggedly at it.

Joe Buckston was the first to mention the strange absence of life around them. He stopped in his work, his hammer half poised, and turned to his pardner.

"Pete!" he said, sententiously,

"This old mountain is d— quiet.

——It's like a big graveyard. ———
Something's coming!"

Peter Coffey slowly raised himself erect and stroked his beard pensively, scanning the huge slope that stretched a mile above him. He spat voluminously.

"It's the drought, Joe," he answered, solemnly. "I seen a grizzly beatin' it south yisterday, an' he was lookin' pesky gant for the end of summer. 'The Hungry Time' they calls it. It visited these parts once afore. God knows I should remember it!" He shuddered involuntarily. "The blackleg come with it and I spent six weeks of Hell in a shack along the Clearwater.——I wish we was hittin' for civilization soon, Joe.

The blackleg's sure to come again!"

And come it did. Silently, malignantly, a creeping living death, and it caught Joe Buckston as he laboriously chiselled blasting holes in the quartz face. Unlike the majority of cases, the disease came on him swiftly; undoubtedly it had been working in his robust system for many days. He dropped his hammer and sat down, weak and nauseated.

"Petel" he called, weakly. "I've got it—sure as blazes!"

Despite Peter's motherly care and nursing Joe rapidly became worse. His face took on the gray-blue pallor of the disease. His limbs and torso were covered with ugly eruptions. The foul-smelling salt pork and bean soup, that Peter fed him, nourished the malady and not the man.

Peter decided one day that if he wished to save his partner's life he must get proper medicine and food. To move Joe now would mean weeks of arduous work. He must go alone and travel light.

"Joel You've got to have medicine an' fresh food—vegetables if ob-

tainable—an' I'm the feller that's got to go an' git it!"

Peter bent solicitously over the suffering man who tossed in agony on the bed of spruce boughs. "Hudson Hope is just below the Canyon. The factor at the Hudson Bay Company's post there used to raise fine spuds an' he's got a medicine chest.—Keep your rifle beside you, lad, an' don't you dare think of kickin' in!"

Then Peter left and there followed a period of never-ending days and nights for Joe. To add to his suffering the temperature dropped several degrees and the air carried a decidedly frosty tang. He had insufficient covers to provide the necessary warmth and he lacked the strength to keep the little fire in the furnace blazing continually. The food Peter had cooked and had left him was repulsive. He experienced long lapses of semi-delirium and one night, while he lay panting and trembling from the dreadful sickness, a sound came that made him—strong-minded man that he was—cringe back in terror. It was the soft pad-pad of furry feet outside the door. The stillness was suddenly rent by the enervating cry of the lynx—the hunger cry.

Fear loaned the sick man strength. He raised his heavy rifle to his shoulder, with great exertion, and fired shot after shot through the thin walls of the shack. The lynx slunk away into the darkness, frightened at the sound. But the next night, as Joe stretched his gaunt hands toward the dying fire, the weird cry sounded again, coming nearer and nearer. Again Joe shot frenziedly toward the sound until the rifle magazine was empty, and again the cowardly animal left.

The third night the great cat returned and Joe awoke from a jumbled fever nightmare to gaze straight up into a pair of gleaming wild eyes that blazed fierce hatred at him through a large opening in the roof.

Panic-stricken, his teeth clenched together to keep back the cold, paralyzing fear that rose in his throat, the sick man reached for his gun. A new terror seized him. He had left the rifle on the bench at the far end

of the room, where he had managed to creep that day and load it. He dare not move toward it. He felt certain the lynx was crouched ready to spring.

He searched the room with his eyes and a friendly leap of flame from the furnace answered. He reached over quickly, his body a mass of throbbing pain, and grasped a fire-brand, hurling it with all the strength he could summon straight at the lynx's head. The animal snarled and backed away. Then Joe went stark, cursing mad. He threw blazing stick after stick at the opening until he had depleted the stock—unmindful, unseeing, uncaring where the missiles landed. The lynx beat a hasty retreat and Joe fell back on his bed, exhausted and delirious.

A hot rush of air and a smell of smoke aroused him from his stupor. He gave a fresh cry of alarm and vainly endeavored to arise. The whole building was wrapped in flames. His fire-brands had scattered about the dry place and ignited the inflammable timbers. He was in a roaring furnace.

Sobbing like a baby he put all his feeble strength in one mighty effort and fell forward on the floor, shaking in every limb. It seemed as if ages passed as he crawled slowly, oh! so slowly, toward the door. Twice he was forced to stop and rest, pressing his mouth against the dirty, hand-hewn planking for air. A portion of the roof dropped in behind him and again he was brought back to his elusive senses. He lurched forward against the door and feebly sought the latch-string. That too evaded him. He laughed harshly and crazily. Such a huge joke it would be when old Peter returned and found him waiting at the door!

Waiting, waiting, waiting for Peter! The words danced before him. It would be funny to see Peter's face! Good old Peter!—The door swung open and he sprawled out on the ground.

How long Joe lay there he did not know. Hours must have passed. The cold night air revived him. Animal-like he felt the delicious

warmth of the smouldering ruin and he crawled toward them. In his feverish brain he imagined himself a solid block of ice creeping to the fire. He would melt away, gradually away, until there was nothing left but his thoughts. They would remain—he felt certain. They would glow there among the coals like incandescent letters. They would tell his fate to Peter.

And then from up the lonely trail, setting the echoes in the rocky ledges to answering until the whole air seemed to pulsate with the sound, came the unearthly cry of the hunger-maddened lynx. Nearer and nearer it came, through the thick darkness that precedes the dawn, rising and falling, mournful and exultant.

A thousand flaming eyes seemed to blaze out of the night at Joe as he cringed back, almost in the fire. With difficulty he made out the lithe form of the animal. He watched it fascinated, as a rabbit watches a venomous snake. Those eyes hypnotized him. They were like two candent coals, flashing a score of changing colors. The animal took on concrete form, then lost its outlines in the gloom. It assumed immense proportions, became a monster one moment—a pair of cruel eyes, nothing else, the next. His feverish brain was playing tricks with him. Eons of slowly-moving time passed during which Joe watched the beast creep forward, deliberately, relentlessly, while he crawled backward, laboriously, his breath pent, his gaze ever on those two great angry jewels.

A fierce desire to live suddenly surged through him and his quaking limbs gathered supernatural strength as he lurched back, unaware that he was among the smoking embers of the shack until a live coal scorched his flesh. He gasped with the pain of the burn and drew his hand forward and as he did so it touched some hard object in the ashes. He pulled at it desperately, a wild intuition assailing him that here was a weapon with which to defend himself.

He brought forth a large iron box from the ashes and raised it in his

arms. His brain was whirling chaotically. The heavy weight of the box sapped his feeble strength and with a groan of despair he dropped it upon the ground before him. The lid flew open and simultaneously the first ray of the rising sun stole over the mountain-top and touched the contents of the box. They glittered brightly. Joe felt himself drifting slowly away, a glorious sensation. The lynx slowly melted into nothing.

Joe regained his senses one clear, cool morning, after many days and nights of terrible delirium, to find himself on a sweet-smelling bed of spruce boughs. He was in a strange cabin. A cheerful fire blazed in a stone furnace across the room and near him, grinning an honest welcome to sanity, sat his friend Peter on a stool roughly fashioned from a pine butt.

The two comrades regarded each other in silence for several seconds, then Joe endeavored to raise himself but dropped back with an exclamation of surprise, a perplexed look in his eyes. His limbs felt weighted and immobile. His mind slowly cleared and the memory of the fire and the lynx flashed before him.

"Where am I, Pete?" he asked feebly, grasping his friend's outstretched hand. "Have I been sick?"

"You sure have, Joe, but you're gettin' better quick!" answered Peter soberly, gently pressing Joe's hand. "You're in a new cabin that the factor an' I had to build on account of your becomin' reckless an' burnin' up our other domicile."

"We found you, just at daybreak, ravin' mad, Joe, in the smokin' ruins of the shack. We had a great time controllin' you—you fought us tooth an' nail." Peter leaned over and picked up a heavy iron box from

beside the bed. "This box was beside you!"

He opened the lid as he spoke and Joe stared in amazement. The box was filled with nuggets—many of them as large as hens' eggs. A small fortune lay before him.

"Where did they come from?" he gasped in bewilderment. "Whose are they?"

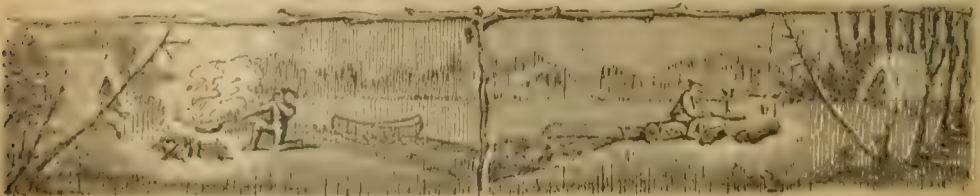
"They're ours, Joe, ours!" yelled Peter, exultantly. "We'd been sleepin' over em' all along—sleepin' over a gold-mine. There was an old note-book in the box, left by the former owner, an old prospector named Pat McGowan. He hid the box ten years ago, when he got the blackleg, an' struck out for civilization. He never made it. I remember them findin' his body."

"The book says as how if McGowan died the locaters of his gold was the owners. We're them guys, Joel Just as soon as you get back your land legs we'll beat it south!" Peter beamed with good-nature.

"But the lynx?" asked Joe, shuddering with the thought of that awful night. "I saw it leaping at me?"

"Leap at you nothin'!" roared Peter, slapping his corduroy covered knee with laughter. "You sure was a crazy boy all right. That wild cat didn't do no leapin' at you. The only leapin' it did was to leap clean into Kingdom Come with some white-hot lead in its innards to help it along.—I ain't sayin', though, that that cat mightn't have inspected your carcass a little more carefully if we hadn't arrived about the time he was makin' up his mind."

"But after all, you mustn't be too hard on the cat," Peter mused, philosophically, as he again surveyed the contents of the iron box. "He was a pretty good lynx to us—I'll say!"





J. W. STOLLE

I HAVE had a wide and varied experience with lynx. The first member of this branch of the Felis family came into my life up in the big heart of the Canada woods. That was before I had shot my first bear—before I had outgrown that intense timidity that annoys the average tenderfoot when he finds himself alone in the silent gloom of a forest night and surrounded by real and imaginary bear, moose, panthers and other fauna. There is something awe-inspiring in these memorable first nights—alone with Nature and the primitive wild. Even the sudden, midnight scream of a peaceful, silly loon would set me athrill; and there was a time when an unseen pine squirrel scampering in the noisy, dry leaves, would cause me to jump sideways, like a startled child. But the first year of that life was the worst. Eventually I became so calloused that I would hail with pleasure a nocturnal visit from any four-footed

aboriginal from a bear to a porcupine. On one occasion, while lost one dark, cloudy night in the wilderness without rifle, grub or other visible means of support, I entertained and was in turn entertained by a large toad for over an hour. This well meaning fellow first attracted my attention by hopping now occasionally, now semi-occasionally on the dry leaves in the opaque gloom behind the big birch tree at the foot of which I was seated, facing a tiny fire. At first I thought it was an unusually large bear or some gigantic moose, bent on mischief. I confess I was annoyed. Finally the author of the mysterious noises hopped into the firelight and I was glad. I patted his back and chucked his chin. He seemed to like it and was loath to leave the amazing spectacle of the fire. Even after he began to depart into the silent gloom, he would pause a long time between jumps and twist his short neck around for another good

look at the fire. I gathered from his behavior that it was the first fire that he had ever seen. I mention the foregoing facts to illustrate my feelings whenever I was alone in the dark woods during my apprenticeship at woodcraft.

My first experience with a lynx was along these lines: Accompanied by another tenderfoot I hiked into a dreary bog about six miles from the Station of Nipigon, on the Canadian Pacific. Forewarned by the lore of many books on woodcraft, we had a fairly superfluous outfit which we blithely packed along on our backs. Our shelter for the night consisted of a seven by eight canvas fly which we stretched over poles in the shape of a lean-to.

Everything went along as well as could be expected—we ruined the embryo cream of tartar biscuits which we attempted to bake in a shed baker; the bacon was burned to a carbon-like crispness and my fool companion upset the coffee at the psychological moment. Darkness found us drawing straws to determine which of us should cut more wood to encourage the fire. We did not realize that it took so much fuel to keep a fire going all night. About midnight, after telling each other we would be hanged if we'd prowl around in the dark after more wood, we were startled by a glimpse of a black bear or something equally appalling in the gloom behind the fire. That, in itself startled us, but when a second later a lynx, about thirty feet behind our shelter emitted an unforgettable screech that upset our entire nervous systems, we lost control of ourselves. My poor companion arose so violently that he tore the fly off the poles. I too, felt horribly alarmed by the sudden, peculiar coincidence, and groped futilely and desperately under the prostrated tent for a rifle, with which to protect my rights. Fortunately the lynx did not scream again; nor did the blundering bear (or whatever it was) show any further evidence of his presence. Even now, as I look back upon the adventure, I think that a full throated scream from an adult lynx at that distance would, on a dark night,

arouse me from the deepest reverie.

There are still some people in the hinterland of the north who even yet mistake the track of a lynx for that of an "Injun Devil" or panther, in spite of the fact that the panther has long since left the country. The genuine article, while it resembles the lynx track in shape and size, is easily distinguished from the latter from the fact that the tracks are much farther apart. Lynx and snowshoe rabbits have a habit of using the same region as a habitat. Without the white rabbit, life would be but a dreary existence for the lynx, as he couldn't catch mice and partridges enough in winter to satisfy his craving for game.

It must have taken the descendants of the male and female lynx that Noah is reported to have liberated from the Ark a great many years to have populated the immense forest that stretches from Nova Scotia to Yukon Territory. The lynx that you meet in the New Brunswick, looks, acts, hunts and screams exactly like his relatives in far off Alaska. With man it is different. I tried hard to conduct an intelligent conversation with two redskinned Alaskan bipeds belonging to my own genus, (homo,) but I gave it up. I daresay that if a New Brunswick lynx met a Yukon lynx the two would understand each other at once.

It requires considerable practice and tenacity of purpose to walk up to a peeved lynx, and, armed with a stick, assert your superiority. The first one I attempted to kill in this way sprang at my throat and would have done me great bodily injury if he had not been detained by a strong steel trap attached to one of his hind feet. The skin of this specimen measured just six feet from the tip of the nose to the tip of the hind feet. I daresay that if the trap chain had snapped just then I would have been busy looking after my own interests.

Besides the haunting scream already referred to, the lynx when at bay has at his command a hollow, guttural growl that reminds you of the lions and tigers in a circus menagerie. His large, fur-webbed feet

enable him to walk over light snow without sinking more than three or four inches. This enables him to follow and catch the snowshoe rabbit (Arctic hare) with great ease. He is fond of creeping to the brink of a ravine and watching the alders and willows below for the first sign of a rabbit. Having located an unsuspecting bunny, he stealthily descends to the creek bed, and before the rabbit is aware of it, he is no more. I often anticipated the design of the lynx by placing a picture wire snare on the ridge of a hog back descending from the benchland to the creek bed. By hanging a rabbit level with the center of the twelve inch circle formed by the snare, I found that the snare itself was rendered almost invisible, as the lynx's eyes, looking through the loop, are centered on the rabbit. I also found that a single strand of braided picture wire was inadequate to detain the average lynx long enough to enable the trapper to come and remove his pelt.

In one locality in British Columbia the rabbits were so numerous during the winter of 1916-17 that it was unnecessary to carry bait. Incredible as it may seem, I have often set a trap for a lynx in a likely looking spot, and then confidently circled through the contiguous underbrush and shot a rabbit to complete the set. At one of these sets a large lynx stepped into three traps, thinking, evidently, that one trap would not hold him. Of all the furbearers in the north woods the lynx is the most easily caught, provided the trapper can figure out where to look for him next. Unlike the fisher, that hunts and travels on a definite orbit, the circuit of which he completes once in two weeks, the lynx hunts promiscuously all over the region he inhabits. For two or three days you might see his large, catlike tracks along the brushy flats of a riverbed and you set many traps in the region of his recent killings, only to find that no fresh tracks are made in that particular locality for weeks or months. In the meantime the lynx has been hunting the high, spruce covered bench lands, and his eccentricities

of habit might even have taken him high into the foothill country, miles and miles away.

Though a lynx will never eat any kind of bait unless it be alive, his curiosity will lead him straight to a hanging rabbit, a small strip of crimson cloth, or even a piece of rabbit skin suspended on a slender twig several feet above the snow. In hanging up a bait of this kind it is well to select a delicate twig that will sway to and fro in the slightest breeze. Two or three traps, size $1\frac{1}{2}$ or larger, placed indifferently on top of the snow under the bait will usually detain the lynx till you come. Sometimes he will try to shun your company when he sees you approach, but just as often he will do his utmost to meet you half way.

I know of a case where a trapper in British Columbia set a lynx trap during the first snowstorm of the winter. Illness prevented him from visiting the trap for two weeks, at the end of which time he was amazed to find that while there were no lynx tracks leading up to the trap, he had nevertheless, caught a large lynx.

No new snow had fallen during the interval, and yet there was the lynx, alive, vigorous, and apparently none the worse for his two week's fast!

Thus far I have been unable to convince myself that lynx and other wild animals are sensitive to pain. If I could be convinced of this I would never set another trap. But I have been in a position to study natural history in the cruel, snowy wastes of the Yukon country and nowhere does nature's plan of the wild seem to comprehend pity, in the human acceptance of the word. Many a cold winter's night have I heard the dying squeal of an innocent rabbit just outside the cabin, and then I would lay aside the volume of philosophy I happened to be reading and ponder over the apparent pitilessness of wild life. Then I would tell myself that the rabbit's squeal was evoked not by pain, but by the love of life. If I destroyed the life of a lynx, I saved the lives of many rabbits and ptarmigan. The same code obtains everywhere in the primitive

wild until man steps in and makes things—worse. And yet there is that divine thing—maternal pity, even in the ferocious, blood-thirsty lynx. I caught a cub lynx in a steel trap within fifty yards of my cabin and the very next day I found its mother in the same trap. A great wave of pity swept through me when I realized what I had done. I would gladly have restored the life of the cub and liberated it with its mother. But think! this same devoted mother probably had and would without compunction have killed the tender offspring of a mother rabbit as devoted as herself. There you have it, the apparent wastefulness, yet perfect economy of Nature! The apparent cruelty, yet divine, perfect pity of Nature!

There is much chance connected with the successful trapping of lynx. To illustrate, I will take the reader with me along my trap line and show him the luck and details of a typical day's work. The reader may rest assured that what follows is a true record of facts.

After listening attentively to my alarm clock to make sure I am not dreaming, I light a candle, arise and insert myself into a pair of trousers, two pairs of heavy woollen socks and a pair of soft, Indian tanned moccasins. The thermometer just outside the door insists that the mercury has paused at forty-five below. I poke the ashes in the sheet iron Yukon stove and find a few live coals, and with a little dry spruce I soon have a crackling fire. The green log walls on the inside of the cabin except in the corner where the little stove fought Jack Frost all night, are covered half an inch deep with beautiful frost-crystals which scintillate in the candle light. I thaw some ice with which to make coffee and boil some oatmeal. I chop a chunk of beans and pork out of a pot and reduce it to a putty-like consistency in my frying pan. Breakfast over, I put some frozen beans, three or four petrified biscuit, a tin pail and a frying pan into my packsack, don my drill parka, woollen mitts and snowshoes, and having made sure of

tobacco and matches—I bestow a lingering caress on the little stove and hit the trail.

It is still dark, but the well beaten snowshoe track leads straight up the ravine, gouged to a depth of two hundred feet, which forms the bed of the creek. It is cold; before mushing a quarter of a mile I am rubbing my cheeks and snowshoeing on the tips of my toes to encourage the circulation of the heat giving blood. By the time I have travelled half a mile I am quite comfortable. Dawn is coming fast; I begin to distinguish fresh lynx tracks in the snow beside the trail. Ah! here is one that has taken my well beaten path, partly out of curiosity, and partly because the going is firmer. At the very next turn of the creek he will find a carefully set trap! Sure enough, he has gone straight to it, and has stepped squarely on the trap in order to pull down the piece of rabbit skin I had suspended on a slender willow twig. I should have had him, but alas! the wind of the preceding night has tightly packed the fine, swirling snow under and around the pan of the trap and it cannot spring. I note with satisfaction that the lynx has resumed the snowshoe trail that will lead him to my next trap up at the next turn of the creek. But alas again! Instead of sticking to my trail, the fool lynx has swung off to the right through a perfect tangle of alders and stunted willows, just before he reached my next trap. The trap is sheltered from the up-creek wind by a small spruce, and if the lynx had not swerved—but never mind, there are many more traps ahead.

I approach the next trap with doubt and indifference and find a mink half eaten by an unscrupulous owl. I begin to ask myself, what next? It is now broad daylight, and the trail cuts across a spruce covered flat. Lord help us! what's this? A wolverine track, and he, too, has taken my straight and narrow path! If he follows it to the next trap and gets a taste of a trapped animal I might as well pull up stakes for pastures new. But no, he too, has

left the trail, and I am relieved. At the next trap I find that a lynx, seeing my waving bait from the rim of the high bench land above came straight down to my trap and after stepping squarely on the wind-packed, frozen snow, tore down the strip of rabbit skin and crimson cloth and left it lying there on the snow. At the next trap a pine squirrel has preceded a lynx. • His body is frozen as hard as a bone and the lynx did not touch him.

Four miles from the éabin I come to the mouth of a smaller creek that comes from the lake. Here I have chopped a hole through the ice to the air space above the running water and set a trap for a mink. And if you will remove the snow and the slab of ice with which I covered the hole to prevent the frost from getting in to the running water you might find—sure enough! And a good sized one, too. Put him in my pack; I don't mind carrying him to the cabin where I can attend to his pelt in comfort.

Half a mile up the smaller ravine of this little creek we came to a

large fallen cottonwood log. Early in the winter several lynx used that log as a bridge across the frozen creek, and I set a snare for the next one. Nothing doing here; and come to think of it the lynx haven't been using the big log as a viaduct since the anchor ice stopped running and the creek became frozen over.

Let's build a fire and eat!

From the head of the lake we will cross over to the next lake. Here, in this level, spruce covered bench land, we will at least be clear of drifted snow, and judging from the numerous fresh lynx tracks we encountered along the creek bed, we ought to find at least one lynx in one of the traps ahead.

Just my luck! Only one lynx came near a trap on the four miles of benchland trail, and he would gladly have put his foot in it, as the saying goes, but a luckless moosebird saved his life. Ah, well, it's all in the day's work, and here we are back in the cabin, just in time to cut some more wood before dark.

Perhaps tomorrow, on the other trap line, we shall have better luck.

TRAPPER'S BODY EATEN BY HIS DOG

LYNN BROWNE

Missing from his shack at North Indian Lake, Manitoba, J. F. Egan, a trapper, was lost in a blinding blizzard and presumably eaten by his husky dog when he became overcome with exhaustion.

Jack Ford, his partner, found him twenty five miles away from their shack with his head completely eaten off by his dog, whose body was near by. The dead man is a returned soldier, from Ottawa.

Mr. Ford did a brave and manly deed when he travelled on foot for eighteen days, half starved and frost-bitten, to Piquitona and notified the police.

CHICKADEES ON JANUARY COVER

February 9th, 1920.

Editor *ROD AND GUN* —

Would you kindly tell me through *ROD AND GUN* the name of the birds on the cover design of your January issue. I have seen this species of bird here for the first time

and noticed that it was very warmly feathered and must have come from the far north.

A Subscriber.

Corinne, Sask.

This little fellow is a chickadee—once heard he is never forgotten. The name is derived from his call "chicka-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee."

Editor.

LIKES THE MAGAZINE

Dear Sirs —

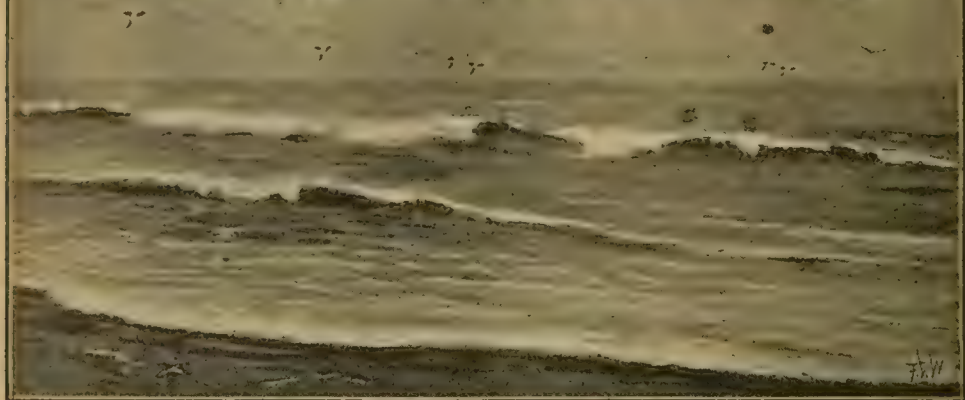
I herewith enclose a money order for one dollar and fifty cents for my next year's subscription to *Rod and Gun*. I take a great interest in, *Along The Trap Line*, *Questions and Answers*, *Mechanics* and *gun dope*. I wish your magazine every success as I think it is the best on the continent.

Yours truly,

A. L. Glenn.

161 Jarvis St.,
Toronto, Ont.

SEA DUCKS



F. V. WILLIAMS

Eider Ducks:

Eider ducks—The plumage of the drake is principally pure white and glossy back, head on the top, black, eyes sitting in this black, slit on each side of top of head in such a manner that they can hardly be distinguished a few yards distant. The back of head is sea green, and a tint of green on cheeks, breast slightly pinkish in color, back of neck and head pure white, bill yellowish, and yellow feet, length from 22 to 24 inches or thereabout.

In the female the colours run from dark brown, barred with black, or ochre brown, the head and neck being marked with the same, the top of head being a darker brown with lighter patches streaked with the dark on the cheeks. Their breeding ground and range is generally from Ungava, the southern part of Newfoundland, to the coast of Maine and on Hudson Bay. In winter it is found as far south as the coast of Massachusetts.

This fowl—called the American Eider—to distinguish it from its near relative the European species, the Northern Eider, is a splendid duck of some four or five pounds in weight. The writer has seen rafts of four or five hundred of these ducks feeding in the waters of the Bay of Fundy, and they occasionally nested there in season on the outlying islands. It is a great pity that this duck is not given a better chance, it has been shot early and late and being a goodly sized mark it readily falls victim to the longshore gunners heavy fowling pieces. Why not give our waterfowl along the seaboard a bit of protection? These and others of the sea-going ducks are a hardy race and with a little assistance from the sportsmen would stay with us indefinitely. Coastguardsmen, lighthouse keepers and assistants would be in an admirable position to help such matters if they were given authority, do you not think so Mr. Sportsman? Let's hear from you.

TO the West of the light station the water dropped away down to twenty fathoms in depth at a distance of perhaps fifty yards from high water mark, on the East side it was different as East is from West. At low water there was a

quarter mile of brown and dark red, and dull ochre coloured rock—weed covered rocks that shoved their tops above water for about an hour while the tide was at low water slack, after which time they gradually disappeared as the tide turned flood once more.

The tide rises from away out in the Atlantic and comes swelling in between the New Brunswick and Nova Scotiashores. In six hours all the tide water rocks have disappeared beneath the salty depths of it and on this particular day in April the wind from the South West is driving a mighty sea before it. The curling, swelling waves reach the shallow water over the rocks to the East of the Station, the rushing breakers curl at the crest and with a mighty roar the whole top crashes forward spilling the tons of wave crest water in a foaming mass down the side of the rushing wave. One following another they come, till there is a white foam patch a half a mile square where the sea breaks over the sunken ledges.

The watchers on the light Station, the keeper and his assistants, are practically prisoners from the outside world in weather like this—the sea is so rough about the acre of rock that comprises the foundation for the lighthouse that there is not the ghost of a show for a boat to land there, nor is there any chance for those on the station to get away in their own craft even should the station be on fire. They would have to stay and go up in smoke along with their Station as far as escape by water is concerned, but on days like this stormy one of which we speak, there is at times grand opportunities to study the sea fowl through the long telescope at comparatively short range, one could study the 'expression' almost, so close did the powerful telescope bring them when they were feeding over the nearby ledges.

The assistant keeper out taking a 'constitutional' up and down the station platform sees the long line of heavy bodied fowl come sweeping in over the old bay's stormed tossed waves. They are not flying high for from the top of the highest wave a thirty foot pole would have reached the highest one, they sweep swiftly in towards the Southern point of the "Rock" and drop smoothly down till they strike the water with their brown and white bodies like so many splashing shots from an immense gun. A pretty spectacle after they

have settled down as they rise over the swinging billows. They are off shore so far just now that there is very little white to the water and the white backs of the big drakes with their solid black under parts as they rise over the waves look exag-geratingly large even to the naked eye at this distance, the brown sober colours of the females showing plainly, but not so conspicuously as their mates.

For perhaps ten minutes the flock drift apparently without a purpose, occasionally a duck would rise on its feet in the water and flap its wings vigorously, either for exercise or to throw off a bit of the spray from the waves that had disturbed their plumage, and just as you begin to wonder if they are going to drift so far off shore that you will lose sight of them entirely you notice they begin to form up in position for swimming and one of the old white drakes who has a lead of fifty feet is heading directly for the southern point of the rock. As he draws away from the flock, they fall in behind his lead and in an incredibly short time they are just outside the tumbling surf off the point. You see the big leader's back hump up and he slightly raises his wings and then through the telescope the watching assistant can see the beady black eye in the black cap on the drake's head turn slightly as if taking one last look at his surroundings and then 'plop' he's gone, dived straight under that sea that just broke in front of him, the flock, swimming along behind, dive at various distances from the surf as they come swimming in and a few minutes later you see them come bobbing up here, there, and everywhere.

A drake, evidently the one that dived outside the breakers, comes up directly in their foamy wake. Head down he is wrestling with some sort of shell fish, turning it round and round, and over and over with his yellow bill in an endeavor to get it into position for swallowing. As the watcher with the telescope notes the next approaching wave it seems almost as if the big fowl was inviting disaster as he apparently pays not



"A bunch of sea ducks and a couple of scoters feeding over the sunken ledges"

the slightest attention to it so busy is he with his catch of shell-fish that he has brought up from the bottom. The crest of the oncoming wave breaks into a snowy feather

at short intervals along the top, another second and the spots of foam join into a long white crest and the crest falls forward into a mass of tumbling water, the drake has dis-

appeared, but as the wave rushes forward the big black and white fellow pops to the surface and tips his head back and with a few gulps the shell-fish has disappeared down his throat. He daintily rinses his bill in the water with a few quick jerks of his head and dives again.

At the left where the water is a bit smoother one of the ducks has come to the surface with a sea-egg. A sea-egg for the benefit of those who have never seen one is a shell fish that clings to the rocky bottom of the sea in beds and patches of a few feet to areas of perhaps a mile or more in extent, these shell-fish are readily detached from their fastening on the bottom, they have no means of swift flight, and they are not the shape of an egg, but they have a flat round hollow shell containing animal substance and covered with spines. On the smaller shells of say an inch or so across, the spines would probably be from a quarter to a half an inch in length, while the larger eggs, the three or four inch size, would have spines of from half to three quarters of an inch long. If we remember rightly, the spines' quills can be pointed at will by the living owner inside in almost any direction from nearly flat with the shell to a bellicose vertical position. It would be interesting if one could see this done as they come down from the surface and tear these protected shells from their fastening on the bottom but the deftness with which they accomplish this feat can only be guessed at, being an underwater stunt, but you can see the performance on the surface. To look at a sea-egg and imagine swallowing one ever so small would seem like swallowing a pin cushion, but the sea ducks do it very success-

fully many times a day. Watch this old duck, sitting low in the water, her neck outstretched in front of her, she rolls the sea-egg over and over in her bill, breaking and twisting the spines from their fastenings and after a few moments of this she tips her head back and proceeds to swallow the sea-egg whole.

You can trace its progress down the neck towards its final resting place, by the lump on her neck even at this distance; slowly it slips down, and in a few minutes has passed beneath the heavier thicker plumage on her breast; it's sure an interesting sight, this feeding amongst the breakers, and it lasts for perhaps a half hour or more. Then with crops full and plumage that needs preening and adjusting from their strenuous efforts at diving and sporting amongst the breaking surf, they swing off shore outside the breakers, preening their feathers and "fixing up" as they go, they drift off shore for perhaps a mile and rest and then swim back and repeat the performance and this continues all day unless the wind should shift causing a change in the surfs breaking that would cause them to change their feeding ground.

And at sunrise the next morning the assistant keeper as he put out the light in the tower and hung the linen curtains to protect the big lens, saw a bunch of sea ducks and a couple of 'scooters' feeding over the sunken ledges. The sea was moderating and the wind had shifted to the North West a land breeze, and that meant smooth water and a chance at those ducks when they came back off the point to feed and we will leave him loading a number of brass shells on the kitchen table, for sea ducks are good eating.



The 1919 Tournament of the Nova Scotia Guides' Association

ALBERT J. BURNS

THE Annual Tournament of the Nova Scotia Guides' Association, which of recent years has become a fixed attraction for Yarmouth, N.S., was held at Lakeside Park, August 28 and 29th. The Park makes an ideal spot for the sports and the large number of tents pitched on the grounds, to-

One of the most interesting features was the baseball games between All Yarmouth and Shelburne teams. The first game was at the Park in the afternoon when Shelburne won



Bernard Cummings, Past Joli
Past President, N. S. Guides' Association

gether with the booths, flags and bunting add to its attractiveness.

The attendance both days was large and the keen competition and fair play which marked every event together with the good fellowship, which exists among the guides, woodsmen and sportsmen who made up the majority of those present made the meet one long to be remembered.

The weather was ideal both days and shooting, flycasting and water sports etc., were all exceptionally good.



J. Walker Andrews, U. M. C. Representative
A good booster for the Guides' Association

by a score of 17 to 1. The second was on the Y. A. A. grounds on William street and was attended by a large number of baseball fans. The latter was an excellent match and fast ball was played throughout, the score being:

Yarmouth — 5. Shelburne — 4.

Much interest in the 50-bird, five men, trap shooting event between teams from the Yarmouth Gun Club and a team from the St. John Club, when the former won by smashing eighteen of those clay doves over the total score made by the visitors. This event took place on Thursday afternoon and immediately after its conclusion arrangements were made for a return match for Friday, but owing to the great length of the programme and the unsatisfactory



"Tilting" at Lakeside Park, Yarmouth

working of the trap, it could not be accomplished. This was much regretted by both teams and it is hoped by all concerned that another shoot can be arranged, possibly before the next annual meeting of the guides. Provided, however, that cannot be done,

both clubs already have under consideration plans for next season's tournament, and the St. John club will find a hearty welcome await-



Walking the greasy pole

ing them from the Yarmouth Club at any time they see fit to visit the town.

St. John.	Yarmouth
Col. MacAvity.....41	Dr. Lovitt.....44
J. W. Andrews 35	Brad Smith.....46
H. W. Berry.....38	Geo. Skinner.....46
Jack Russell.....38	C. H. Butler.....37
Capt. Warren.....42	F. T. Burrill.....39
194	212

Special Trap Shooting Events.

Returned Soldiers, 15 birds—1 Col. McAvity, 2 Capt. Warren, 3 James McLaughlan, 4 Capt. F. W. Pickles.

Open Shoot, 25 birds—1 George Skinner, 2 Brad Smith, 3 Dr. Lovitt, 4 C. McAvity, 5 H. W. Perry, 6 Capt. Warren.

Bear Trap—Col. McAvity.

Special Ithaca Gun Shoot open to Maritime Province Gun Club Members and Members of the Nova Scotia Guides' Association—prize No. 1 Ithaca Field gun, offered by the Yarmouth Trap Shoot Club—George Skinner.



The magazine was well represented

Running Deer Sweepstake—1 Charles Christie, 2 Joseph Sabine, 3 Austin Jones, 4 Jeff McKay, 5 Colin Acker, 6 Harry Crowell,

7 James Sabean, 8 John Francis, 9 Ernest Davis, 10 John Labrador, 11 Ted Skinner.

One of the principal attractions at the meet each year is Wm. G. Hill, the Maine "crack shot" who has built up a reputation by wonderful feats with firearms. Mr. Hill used Remington-UMC arms and ammunition and in the swift handling called for in many of his "stunts" he is unequalled by any shot in the land. Firing a .22 Remington Repeating rifle, he hit before they reached the ground, empty cartridges ejected from the same rifle —



Wm. G. Hill

thrown objects as small as beans, peas, No. 4 or 5 shot: in fact any target that can be seen in the air. Using a .35 cal. H. P. Remington Autoloading rifle he shot at five oranges flung into the air at onetime, and before they reached the ground, smashed them all. Shooting a Remington pump gun he ejected from it two empty shells and after hitting a target thrown at the same time, drove both empties out of sight before they reached the ground. Three objects thrown at once were broken with the same gun turned upside down. And the trick was repeated with the high power Remington Autoloading rifle held

similarly. Shooting the Remington high power slide action rifle, four eggs thrown at the same time were broken in midair.

Sheriff H. A. P. Smith of Digby, N.S. also did some fancy rifle and shot gun shooting which was well worth seeing.

Prize List.

1. Remington Rifle
2. Stove
3. Gillette Safety Razor
4. Shoes
5. Insurance Policy
6. Box Cigars
7. Pair Suspenders
8. Pair Suspenders
9. Pipe
10. Pipe
11. Shirt
12. Sweater
- 13-14. Goods Value \$2.50
- 15-16. Box 50 cigars

RIFLE SHOOTING.**Winners.**

- | | | |
|------------|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| donated by | Remington U.M.C. Co. | Thos. Langthorne. |
| " | Burrell Johnson Iron Co. | John McEwan. |
| " | Gillette Razor Co. | Jeff. McKay. |
| " | Porter & Robbins | Lloyd Smith. |
| " | H. K. Lewis | James White. |
| " | L. J. Roy, Jr. | Ernest Smith. |
| " | Can. Suspender Co. | Lester Peters. |
| " | Can. Suspender Co. | Jas. Bower. |
| " | A. Comeau | Harold Crowell. |
| " | Chas. Middlemas. | Austin Jones. |
| " | Starr Bros. | Chas. Doucette. |
| " | Louis Shapira | Ed. Skinner. |
| " | Kaplan Stein & Co. | H.A.P. Smith, W. Smith. |
| " | Jos. Pink | L. V. Shaw, Jno. Gridley. |

TRAP SHOOTING.

- | | | | |
|-------------------------|------------|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. \$15.00 Cash | donated by | K.E. Crosby, A.R. Richardson | Geo. Meisner. |
| 2. \$10.00 Cash | " | Dr. G. W. T. Farish | Geo. Skinner. |
| 3. Case Quaker Oats | " | Fred Graham | Chas. Christie. |
| 4. Fountain Pen | " | E. J. Vickery | Brad. Smith. |
| 5. 5 lb. Box Candy | " | T. P. DeWolfe & Son | H. A. P. Smith. |
| 6. Picture | " | R. K. Smith | W. Crowell, Pt. LaTour. |
| 7-8. Goods Value \$2.50 | " | R. F. Guest | Ellison Gray, G.M. Goudey. |

LOG CHOPPING.

- | | | | |
|-----------------|------------|------------------|---------------|
| 1. \$10.00 Cash | donated by | A. R. Richardson | Jud. Gray. |
| 2. \$5.00 Cash | " | John C. Corning | Jas. Bower. |
| 3. Box Cigars | " | A.B. Eldridge | Louis Peters. |

SALMON FLY CASTING.

- | | | | |
|------------------|------------|--------------------------|----------------|
| 1. Clock | donated by | McLaughlin Jewellery Co. | Wm. Muise. |
| 2. Trout Line | " | L. C. Gardner & Co. | John Labrador. |
| 3. Hunting Knife | " | T. J. Egan | Steve Glode. |

TROUT FLY CASTING, ACCURACY.

- | | | | |
|------------------------|------------|--------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Pair Canoe Paddles | donated by | Chestnut Canoe Co. | Wm. Muise. |
| 2. Pair Paddles | " | Canadian Canoe Co. | Jas. McLeod. |
| 3. 1 doz. Shaving Soap | " | Wampole Mfg. Co. | Gordon Roberts. |

TROUT FLY CASTING, DISTANCE.

- | | | | |
|------------------------|------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| 1. Case Canned Halibut | donated by | S. F. Nickerson | Gordon Roberts. |
| 2. Rubber Boots | " | W. D. Sweeney | Sheriff Smith. |
| 3. Pipe | " | J. B. Stoneman | F. Graham. |

CANOE RACE, DOUBLES.

- | | | |
|------------------------------------|----------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. \$10.00 Cash (\$4. to each man) | Wm. Lovitt | Steve Glode, Jno. Glode. |
| 2. \$5.00 Cash, (\$2.50 to each) | B. Cummings | Jno. McEwan, L. Peters. |
| 3. 2 doz. Minards Liniment | Minards Liniment Co. | L. Leric, Sam Glode. |
| | | Jas. Bower, Bert Bower. |
| | | Jno. Francis J. Labrador. |

CANOE RACE, SINGLES.

- | | | | |
|----------------------|------------|------------------|---------------|
| 1. Box Boneless Fish | donated by | Wm. (Bill) Smith | John Glode. |
| 2. Insurance Policy. | " | W. A. Godfrey | Louis Peters. |
| 3. Pair Shoes | " | Crosby & Baker | Wm. Muise. |

CANOE TILTING.

- | | | | |
|------------------------------------|------------|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. \$10.00 (\$5. each man) | donated by | A. R. Richardson | Jno. McEwan, L. Peters. |
| 2. Safety Razor and Thermos Bottle | | Gillette Safety Razor Co. | |
| | | and L. C. Gardner Co. | Jas. Bower, Bert. Bower. |

LOG BURLING.

- | | | | |
|--------------------|------------|----------------------|----------------|
| 1. \$10.00 Cash | donated by | J. Otis Wardwell | Bertram Bower. |
| 2. \$5.00 Cash | " | J. Otis Wardwell | Jas. Bower. |
| 3. 5 lb. Box Candy | " | Chas. E. Smith, Esq. | Louis Peters. |
| 4. Box Tobacco | " | Imperial Tobacco Co. | Austin Jones. |

MOOSE CALLING CONTEST.

- | | | | |
|---------------------|------------|-------------------|----------------|
| 1. Tent | donated by | Cosmos Cotton Co. | N. A. Power. |
| 2. Half Barrel Fish | " | John Thompson | John Labrador. |
| 3. Gun | " | F. T. Burrill | Sydney Gavel. |
| 4. Pipe | " | J. A. Craig | Jeff. McKay. |
| 5. Box Cigars | " | Rogers Bros. | Abner Forbes. |

STORY TELLING.

For the best story told, a special prize of a Sweater Coat was donated by W. N. Allen, Louis Luxie.

The annual business meeting of the Association was held Thursday evening 28th. in the Guides Headquarters at Lakeside Park and much business of importance to the guides in furthering the work of the organization was dealt with.

Officers were elected as follows:—

President—Fred A. Graham, Halifax.

Vice-Pres.—Sheriff Smith, Digby.

Sec.-Treas.—G. Harry Allen, Yarmouth.

The Game Laws came up for considerable discussion and many expressions of opinion were given as to the best ways and means of protecting and preserving the game of Nova Scotia, particularly the moose. It was the unanimous opinion of those present that the sale of the meat should be prohibited.

Mr. Knight the Chief Game Commissioner was present and spoke on the subject, giving much valuable information.

J. Walker Andrews of St. John, who is heartily in sympathy with any movement towards the protection of game, gave an interesting address concerning the moose laws of New Brunswick and urged the members of

the Association and all others to vote against the sale of moose meat.

It was also urged that a resident big game license of \$2.00 be put in force.



"Billy" Hill in action—he certainly shows speed

Other speakers were James White, Col. Burrell, Bernard Cummings the retiring President, Roy S. Kelley the retiring Sec.-Treas., H. A. P. Smith, and others.

The 1920 meet will be held July 23 and 29th. and when you come to know the men who are back of it you can quite readily see that it cannot be other than a grand success and an event well worth going to see.

Pop's Advice to His Son

My dear boy:—

Pleased to hear that my rifle reached you all right. About the tracks of the deer that you saw eight feet apart. That was either a young fawn, or a deer just strolling along. When they see you and are frightened you will notice that their jumps are twenty feet or more, apart. And about following them, well I guess that is the proper thing to do. Go after him by all means, I have got many that way, but you have got to have an hour or two to spare, and some pep. You follow the tracks for a few hundred yards, and you will see that the jumps are getting shorter and shorter. When he is on the jump you can make good time yourself, but when they get down to three feet, then the hunting begins, you will have to watch every step carefully, and always look ahead and see what direction he is taking, look both sides as he is liable to double, and perhaps be standing still on one side looking at you. In any event he will make for some high mound, and stop and watch you coming, and not be a little bit afraid. Sometimes they will stand a long time, and only start off on the jump when you are almost on top of him, especially when the breeding season is on. What you will probably do, is to swear a

little, and then start all over again. He will not go far before he gives you another chance, and if you keep this up, (sometimes all day,) you will get a shot at your deer. Always keep a sharp lookout for others at the same time. It's great sport, and the man who can appreciate it, is in luck.

Another point Son. Never forget your compass, take lots of matches, a good knife, and some salt. You may have to sit up all night and keep a fire going and a little salt helps out if you have nothing but a badly cooked partridge to eat. Now get busy, as I am going on a trip very soon, and may show you something.

Good luck.

Pop.

PROUD OF "ROD AND GUN"

Editor, *Rod and Gun In Canada*.

In sending my annual subscription to *Rod and Gun*, I wish to tell you that I have for many years greatly enjoyed and appreciated your good magazine, having been a subscriber and reader almost from the time of its first publication. We Canadian sportsmen may well be proud of it.

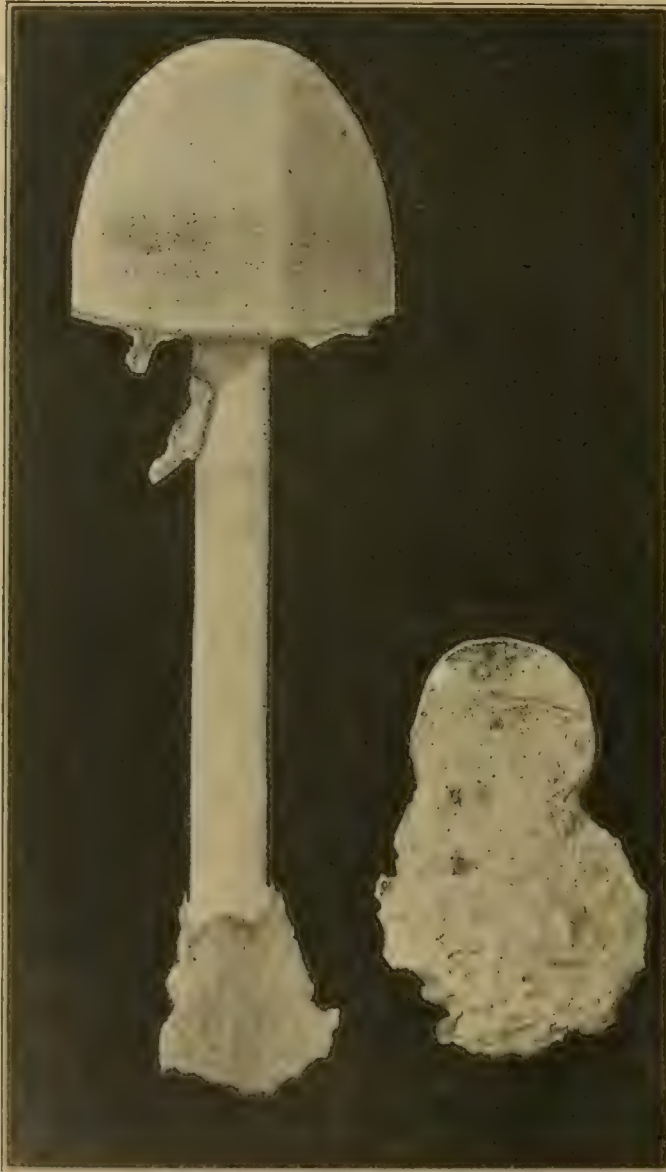
Yours truly,

H. Fowler.

Clinton, Feb. 4, 1920.

Forms and Properties of Mushrooms

T. WARE



AMANITA VIROSA (deadly poison)

This plant was collected by R. Wickens, who brought it to me, from a woods about two miles north of Paris, Ont.

It very closely resembles (*A. verna*) the chief difference is in the veil. The veil is very delicate and as the pileus expands, it is torn into shreds and portions of it cling to the margin of the cap.

The stem is scaly and some state that the pileus remains bell shaped and does not become convex as in (*A. phalloides*) and (*A. verna*), but I have found specimens that I should pronounce convex.



Bass Fishing Under Various Conditions

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

In Two Parts—Part I.

THERE is a fascination about bass fishing that is surely almost as fascinating, if not as fascinating, as trout fishing. Indeed there are many anglers who would rather fish for bass than for trout, and such anglers too have generously tried out both forms of fishing so their opinion should not be taken as partial. Personally I think a great deal about bass fishing. I was born in a region blessed with some ten thousand lakes within its borders (I refer to Minnesota); some of my earliest recollections (the very earliest, I may say) have to do with the taking of the black bass. The black bass has certainly been the central figure in my life as an angler, and while I have never made an attempt to gather in unduly great catches of this desirable sporting fish, still I have made nice captures; some of them reaching close to record size; but at all times I have been content with my five or six specimens and have stopped at that, even though the opportunity has so often availed itself to make the limit in so many hours. The joy of fishing lies not in accumulating an over-large catch so much as in the joy one obtains in the correct use of good tackle, and the amount of science one can apply to the art; for instance in the contriving of a capture or so under untoward conditions. The one enjoyable and attractive thing about bass fishing is that we of the northern region have it prac-

tically at our door-step. Lakes throughout the north are found in abundance and most of them are inhabited, if not by *one* of the species, then the *other* of the two basses, the large-mouth and the small-mouth. Where the trout are sensitive to the on-coming of civilization and have a hard time to hold their own against man, the bass, (being more or less a lake fish), seem to thrive and are generally found in large numbers. They speedily adapt themselves to conditions, and are not adverse to taking up life in rather warm water, though in warm water they have not the vim and fight in them found in the same specimen taken out of cold water.

I was rather taken by surprise to see an article (in the *Fishing Gazette*, of London, I believe) in which a writer gave his opinion of the black bass from the Englishman's viewpoint. The gentleman in question was an angler of fame and knowledge of the gentle craft and one would believe him impartial, eager to give the black bass a good word. (I am sorry. I have hunted high and low for the re-print of the article as it appeared on some of the back pages of the *American Angler Magazine* of New York City, in one of the 1919 issues. I cannot, therefore quote as I would like.) At least the article went on to appraise the black bass of Ontario and after the gentleman in question had gotten through black-listing the bass, he left the im-

pression that the bass was about as gamey as a somnolent sucker and could be dragged up to the boat and unhooked much as one would a drift of unresisting weeds. Also the writer went on to state the bass of Ontario (and all bass for that matter) were filled with worms and were therefore quite unfit for food. There was nothing attractive about the fish, we were told, and all that had been written about it was so much slush emanating in the brains of men who did not know one fish from another. As a *game* fish, this writer averred, the black bass was a joke and should be given its proper place. There was no use wasting any further time writing about the fish;—only the fish of England it was hinted were worthy of attention.

I have just wondered what the fishermen of the North and of North America in general think of this arraignment. Compared with the sluggish brown trout of the English streams, the black bass takes a place so far in the lead that there is no comparison. I had a letter a year ago from an over-seas soldier from Winnipeg, who, while convalescing, was taken for a boat-ride up the Thames River in company with his fellows. He spoke of the fishermen extracting two and three inch fish from the stream and delighting in it. At the time I received this letter I did not care to print it as our brothers, the anglers of England, would not like it. However, I mention it now since our own fish have thus been spoken so partially of, and in such narrow fashion. Probably the leather-lipped tench and bream of the English streams may now take on a "sporting" aspect since the black bass has been given "minor mention" in the category arranged by the mighty. The mud-minnows and chubs that are so eagerly sought in English waters are probably, for all we know, possessed of a vim and pugnaciousness equalled only by our own *Salmo salar* or *fontinalis* in his own element. But then we must remember what Walton said about the English chub, that it was "much objected against, not only for being full of small bones, dispersed all through the body, but worse than that, because he is waterish, and the flesh of him is not firm, but short and tasteless."

But gamey English chubs and mud-minnows to the contrary, we of the North do not need to be told anything about the bass for we know that it is not only a gamey fish, but truly, as Henshall has said, it is "Inch for inch the gamiest fish that swims." To which all bait casters as one shout, "Amen!"

(Chubs and mud-minnows to the contrary). The brown trout makes an excellent game trout *placed in our wild streams*, under suitable wild conditions, but the sausage-fed brown trout (familarly known as the German Brown Trout) has too much of the "Made In Germany" aroma about it to interest the red-blooded anglers of the North who in the bays, lakes, rivers and smaller streams not only catch the basses on the bait, but also by the small spinner and fly, and on the fly as it is used alone, thus forever placing it in a class with the game fishes of the world. I am sure that any of the Northern bass-fishers who read this will gladly arrange to take out upon our waters any English fishing critic that may be selected and give him the best day's sport he has ever known, likewise introduce him to the BASS (with caps please!), which is, "Inch for inch the gamiest fish that swims," thus answering the question once for all. Personally I can take this critic to some small mouth bass waters where he will need all his wits and faculties on the alert to cope with the bronzen warriors.

There are conditions in which a fish cannot put up a good fight and that is when it is taken on an artificial minnow with a very large number of hooks on it. The bass seizing this bristling affair is punctured throughout the whole mouth and cannot turn one way or the other, but must come in as stiff as a log. Perhaps our English critic caught his bass on such an affair. Given a small lure with a suitable single hook, so that it can have all the "elbow room" that it needs the bass will surely give you an idea of what he is capable. Taken on light tackle he is all the more able to fascinate and win you over to his side.

The bass not only leaps high and dry out of the water one time but as often as three and four times. If they are able to get ahead of you by gaining a slack to the line they are often as not able to shake out the hook. A recent writer has stated that:

"Many anglers have been thrilled at the sight of a black bass vaulting skyward, but how many of them have ever paused to analyze the cause of the spectacular display. How many times have you read that the bass shook his head in an effort to escape the prodding hook? But does he? Decidedly not! The bass does not have a flexible neck, and therefore the best that it can do is to throw its body from side to side. All animals will shake their head vigorously to eject a bone or other substance lodged in the mouth,

and the bass attempts to do the same thing when the hook jabs him. But the fish cannot shake his body with sufficient vigor in the water so he departs from his native element that he may make a better job of it. With a few exceptions only surface-feeding fishes leap into the air when hooked; these fish feed on the bottom invariably bore downward in their efforts to free themselves."

I do not see in this excerpt where this writer "analyzes" anything. We are told that the bass has not a "flexible neck" which we agree to but we disagree when the writer says that the bass does not shake its head to free the hook. In bass fishing it is a common sight to see a bass leap out of the water so far that the tail does not touch the surface. What the bass does do he shakes his entire body, from the tip of his nose to the end of the tail, at the same time distending his gills so that the head appears to be twice as large as it really is. True, the "shaking process" is not applicable to the head alone, but when the whole body is given the wrenching tremble it is easily noticeable that the head responds with alacrity. Many bass, however, do not leap out of water, but the surprise at finding the deadly hook holding them impells most of them up into the air above the water. Of the hundreds of fishing articles having to do with Canadian bass fishing that I have read (and particularly bass fishing as applied in the Province of Ontario) very few of them say anything but the best about the bass as a fighter. The latest bass fishing sketch I edited, (one having to do with fishing in Ontario) reads in one paragraph:

"They (the bass) are valiant fighters, every single last one of them, and when you think you have them tired out and you are trying to bring them around to the net they will bore to the bottom and sulk, followed by another deep plunge. They all break water and jump into the air four or five times before they are landed."

"Every fish," writes a western angler, "has its own peculiar and characteristic manner of taking the bait, and experienced anglers consider the teeth of the fish a good guide to the nature of the food they are feasting on. The cunner, for instance, is an accomplished bait-stealer and as their sharp incisor-teeth are used to pinch off barnacles from their attachment to rocks, so are their teeth used to nip the clam, crab and crawfish bait from the angler's hook. A trout will take the fly with a sharp snap without investigating its nature and the black bass will do precisely the same

thing. This explains why plugs and other artificial lures are so successful."

True, *fontinalis* has no teeth and it is fitted to the taking of insect fare, but there is no gainsaying the fact that the brook trout does catch and devour minnows. In the case of the bass it has no teeth, unless the rough rim around the jaw of the bass (which feels like sandpaper when you run your finger over it) can be called teeth. And yet it seizes and devours very much the same line of fare as does the pike with its pronounced "fangs." Therefore when this writer states that "experienced anglers consider the teeth of the fish a good guide to the nature of the food they are feasting on," it may be said that it does not apply in all cases, though probably in a few. Also, conditions do not prove that a trout will always "take the fly with a sharp snap without investigating its nature," for if this were true then any color of fly, in any shape or hue, would do as well, the trout taking it without the least examination. However, the fact that men have to employ all the wile and cunning known to the art to contrive captures, using flies copied almost accurately from the living insect goes to disprove the notion this writer has advanced. And while it is true that some bass are easily fooled and strike readily on even the clumsiest artificial minnow, this does not always hold true. In lakes that have been fished over for years the bass have become acquainted with the deadly nature of these contrivances and therefore keep well enough away from them. I have no doubt that in time the bass, through long contact with the presence of man will become as hard to circumvent as the trouts themselves—the reason of this being very simply the impelling instinct in all creatures directing them to watch out for themselves in the name of self-preservation, the first law of Nature. I know lakes now where such a condition is found. The bass were there all right but to get them was the rub. During the day hours they would treat the various lures offered them with the utmost contempt. But when the dusk fell, so disappeared their cunning for they fell more or less easy prey to the phosphorescent lures. These glowing baits were cast in all the likely places, up along the shore and some mighty big bass were gathered in. The point contained in this assertion is one that should not be lost track of because it is applicable to the same conditions to be found in other regions.

The man who evolved the glowing lure "hit upon" an idea that was valuable to say

the very least. Before I ever got to use the glowing bait I was strangely aware of the fact that the bass would seize the live bait as late as nine o'clock of a summer night. Then arrived the moonlight baits and they were used with deadly effect. This discarded once and for all a lot of notions we had in regard to bass fishing. We had conceived the idea that when the dark settled on the land, the fish, like ourselves could see little or next to nothing. Not so. Apparently the shades of night were not drawn over their eyes for they continued to feed 'way up to twelve o'clock. This is especially true in the month of June when the coming of night sends the insects to water, which the fish rise to seize. Who has not heard the big ones rising with crashing plunges way up to ten and eleven o'clock. We had thought for a long time, that, while the bass see at night, their sight was only moderately fixed to note objects either prominent or of a more or less light color; or an insect, say, that betrayed his presence on the water by his struggles, or the minnows that betrayed their presence by swimming about. And in the case of the moonlight baits of course these were noted by their glow. However, I had a letter from a well-known angler who stated that *any all-white artificial minnow*, if cast in the night waters would attract the bass. I doubted this; but upon trying them out they made catches as speedily if not *more* speedily than the glowing lures.

The knowledge that bass feed up to twelve o'clock midnight dispels many ideas, as I have said, that we entertained in regard to bass fishing. As is generally known the bass is a glutton and when he does feed he fills up to the brim, one can truly say. It is natural to believe that the coming morning will find him more or less inactive, and that accounts, often as not, for the poor success bait casters have in many morning fishing trips over the waters. The answer is that the bass were feeding full the night before, and were lying still through the morning. All fish feed to repletion during the early summer, and as the warmer weather comes on a great deal of this feeding is done during the night. It behooves one therefore to fish at least from the coming of dusk to nine or ten o'clock. Like the human race the fish have no joy for too much sunshine, and hide in the weeds and under the pads. It is a foolish idea that they feel the heat, and that is the reason they do not venture out. The reason is that the glaring sunshine incapacitates their vision, if

not fully, then to a measureable degree. Furthermore the minnow schools they are after are not moving around; and insect life, too, is in cover. But with the coming of the summer dusk, just like the human race all creatures come forth on their various duties, seeking food, or pleasure. The minnow schools (that the bass feed upon) are then swimming along the shores, or are found in the outlets to lakes, or around the inlets. The insects, too, leave their tree shelters and, taking wing fall upon the lake surface and are snapped up by the fish.

It is in the early evening, at dusk, that the minnow fisher is in his element. The minnow fisher fishes for bass with a rod of about eight feet in length in his possession. The majority of these minnow rods are made of steel and fill the bill to perfection. They are like a bait casting rod only they have a length to them that assures the fisherman some of the casting possible with a fly-rod, though the minnow is cast with the under-hand cast the same as is done with the shorter casting rod. These long rods work very nicely in the hand and some agreeable casts can be made with them using light lures, but they are of little use in casting the heavy lures—for instance the heavy artificial minnows, which, of course are meant to be cast only with the regulation five and one half foot casting rod. Therefore, if you buy a minnow casting rod of eight feet remember that it is of little use in casting large baits. At that, no bass fisherman's outfit is quite complete without a long minnow rod and a shorter bait casting rod: the former eight or eight and one half feet in length, the latter the regulation five and one half feet, which is ideal for the heavier lures as I have stated. These can be obtained in steel material. There are reliable firms advertising in this magazine that will supply your demands down to the finest detail.

Now in the case of the minnow rod: it should be remembered that actual minnows are cast with it; these minnows being two, three inches in length. Ordinarily in casting the minnow a double hook is used in the manner shown in the illustration. These double hooks can be purchased, but you can readily make them yourself. A glimpse at the illustration, showing the minnow hooked on should at once explain itself to you. A bit of strong, but fine-calibered wire connects the two hooks. It is laid on to the shank of the fine hook, and soldered on, if you like, or by the use of waxed silk thread it can be wrapped on securely, making a very neat job.

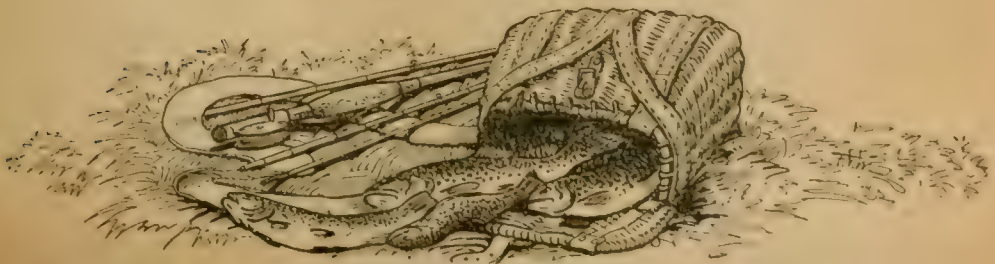
The end of the wire is now laid to the other hook and soldered or silk-wrapped to that like the first one, only while the barb of the first hook points up, the back hook barb bends down. Of course you can make these in two sizes: one to fit the three inch minnow and another, with smaller hooks to fit the two inch minnow. The idea of having to have a back hook is that the bass does not always strike so as to catch in the first hook. But with the two hooks used as shown no trouble is had.

In another illustration is shown how the minnow is hooked on when still fishing with this same minnow casting rod, for, by the way, this rod makes an elegant one for use when still fishing off of the sand-bars. Indeed it is a rod for this purpose that is quite beyond compare. It has that excellent give of tip; that resiliency of the fly-rod that works in so well in a rod for this purpose. However, in the case of still fishing with this rod the minnow must be alive, and in this case but one hook is needed and it is inserted just back of the dorsal fin as shown in the illustration, care being taken however, that the spine is not touched for this soon kills the minnow. But in the case of minnow to be used for casting with this rod, as used with the double-hooks as shown in the illustration, it need not be alive; in fact there would be no necessity of it so being, in that it is cast and trolled in the water, this giving it a suitable animation. In this respect, dead minnows can be used effectively. One can bring a supply of them along with him in a box. I believe that most sporting goods establishments handling fishermen's paraphernalia have "canned" minnows for sale. But, on the other hand, you can prepare your own minnows as well, without trouble. Simply catch the minnows and permit them to die

in a scant portion of water. You now prepare a mixture to "salt them down," which is composed of half strong salt and half corn meal. This is mixed dry. Now you make a layer of this in the bottom of the box, say an inch deep; next you lay your minnows (that have died) upon this mixture. When the bottom is filled cover them with another layer an inch thick, then place down another layer of minnows and so on till you reach the top. In this manner you always have minnows well preserved and ready for use at any time.

Work along the shores with your boat of a summer evening casting your minnow lightly here and there. It is possible so to cast it because of the impelling vigor in the rod tip. Of course no long casts can be made with the minnow casting rod; in fact the rod is not meant for long casting, and the short casts well directed more than serve in doing their duty. Where sandbars rise high in lakes, say within ten feet of the surface, those places are unexcelled as bass grounds, and here the casting minnow rod is in its element. Also one has ample use for it within the conservative areas afforded around the mouths of stream outlets, etc. The evening is the minnow caster's time. It is then that the bass are coursing around, and by moving around with care and caution some excellent catches can be made.

If you have never used a minnow casting rod of the length I have mentioned (eight to eight and one half feet) then by all means purchase one. The cost of such a steel rod is very reasonable and it will give you a world of pleasure. As I have said, it fulfills its mission in two respects: both as a minnow caster and as a still fishing appliance, when you let the line down deep, and wait for the fish to strike.



The Canoe Trail

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

The Canoeist

*Let him who'd happy be upon some summer day,
On shadowed waters rest him—silently
Dip a fine paddle in unspoiled play,
And weave him dreams in places very free!
For bargained pleasures let him never know,
Or pampered mart be ever in his eye—
While mirrored hopes forever by him flow,
Caught on God's looking-glass eternally;
While sun-washed roads lie cool before his
heart,*

*Let him in life share of that mellowed gold,
And all harmonious things—they shall impart,
A good religion never bought nor sold!*

*Press forward, then, in pure forgetfulness,
While beads of music glitter from thy blade,
For such as thou art, know not here of stress:
The happy prisoner of a cooling shade.
O festering ill, what powers have ye here,
Where the blue heaven acres roof one o'er;
Each day unrivalled and a spotless peer,
Love reaching out from very shore to shore.
Then one may cry, purged of all human shame:
"O whispering leaves and waters harbour me;
Where morning gilds the glory of thy name,
And the wind sounds the tenor of the free!"*

*Who more would be as one with dear content,
Than one who here embraces solitude—
Some brightened hue to every feeling lent,
Some brighter hour to ease the cold and rude:
Where a primeval stillness gathers 'round
Each thought and contemplation every hour,
Where breathing winds are memories of sound,
Where the great pines to azure heaven tower;
I would not be where weary men delay,
Where all alone I watch the crowds pass by
And all of wretched clamour fills the day,
And the great night falls like a smothered cry!*

*O happy knight of freedom and repose,
In places where no tampering evils reign,
In natural associations—ever close
To God, the Nature, there I'd flee from pain;
Where glowing embers mark the evening fire,
A beached canoe—the wall of gloom about,
To hear the loon, strumming the devil's lyre,
While far away the sunset lights go out;
Or while full many eyes shall on one be,
And padded foot-falls sound half-noiseless
near,
What pipe shall make a temple of each tree,
A shrine to Life, a monument to cheer!*

Robert Page Lincoln.

THE glide of the canoe underneath the overhanging foliage, the dip of the paddle and the tinkle as the bright drops fall from the risen tip, so the journeying canoeist skims along, always enjoying sensations amid new scenes the like of which cannot, truly, be appreciated under any other conditions. With the return of the summer season to the land after a winter of dreaded snows and cold gales, the very thought of again heeding the call of the Wanderlust by taking to the waters is an active incentive that spurs one on to sublime goals; scenes, indeed that leave hardly anything more to ask for. It is then in the springtime of our life, (coming anew every year), that we shed gloom like a duck sheds water and we veritably take wings, at least such is the feeling that comes stealing upon us. We are surcharged with an over-flow of vitality. We seem to be thawing out. We feel as though we are discarding an old shell and putting on a glimmering finery in keeping with the pure richness of the down-pouring sunlight. The

spirit, (which may have been at a low ebb during the reign of the Ice King) craves to be fed with experiences over-topping and exceeding any other experiences one may have known in one's lifetime. It is this desire to quest far-afield or astream that makes life worth the living. There is always the looking forward to those natural destinations that soothe both the physical and the spiritual in one.

The canoeist has for his world what the man a-foot has for the open road. His is the open way of the on-rushing stream. With the coming of springtime there is a natural impulse in one to take to the water; to lave the body in it; one thirsts for it. It becomes, (under the witchery of the spring sun) a path that leads to the Great Unknown where reposes the treasure of ultimate joy that one has always sought, yet has never reached.

A canoe always reminds me of a curled-up autumn leaf sailing on the glass-smooth surface of a pond. It appears to ride the water as though it were not floating upon

liquid but through atmosphere, casting, as it does a shadow off to the side. So, too, with the canoe as it rides the water, particularly when that water is rippleless and mirrorlike. A well made canoe is truly a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Really, it is a thing of life; sensitive, and certainly possessed of a poetic temperament, for if there ever was any one thing that man has devised for his pleasure in the world of the out-of-doors it is the canoe. Under the skilled hand plying the paddle it will shoot forth straight as an arrow for the destination desired, or a turn of the paddle will slow it down so accurately, (under the deft blade) that it will grate on the shore sands without hardly a jar to the inmate of the craft. It is sensitive—the bare dip of the paddle in the water will cause it to move forward. It is not in how violently you force the water away from you with the paddle as in how gently you turn the trick that brings to you a sense of the wonderful possibilities contained within this most marvellous contrivance of travel. Under the hand of the clumsy man, the amateur who will not listen to the few rules that a man must understand and master before he has graduated into that noble school of water voyagers, the canoe will balk like an army mule. It rebels from the start. It is sensitive as I have said. It knows when it is carrying a past master of the paddle, and, when such is the case it will do its level best to give a first-rate exhibition of its capabilities, but when the raw recruit takes his seat in this living though inanimate thing he is lucky if he does not tip and drown. Not that this is said to discourage the beginner but rather that the amateur professes eternally to know it all; it all looks easy to him and he must show the world that he was not wrong in believing as he did.

Among all water craft the canoe is the apple of one's eye, to borrow a worn-out expression. The person who is eternally expecting doom and disaster to happen at any moment in one's day will flinch as one does when shooting five drams of powder in the family musket, when the canoe is mentioned. They will at once begin to tell of this young man who went down to Davy Jones' locker, never to come up alive, or this young man who was caught in a storm and was never heard of again;—and always the canoe comes drifting in, its bottom glistening in the sunlight. And all this is true. Expert men at the paddle have lost their lives, and I presume they always will, for there is that in one's nature

which will ever spur one on to reckless deeds and to face hazardous conditions in the elements of which one may veritably fling his soul away. But these instances must rather be taken as the exception to the rule; and in most cases where disaster has befallen the luckless it has come through one of three reasons; the man at the paddle may have been an amateur and unskilled in the art of water travel may have fallen foul of treacherous conditions; he may have been caught unawares on a lake when a storm descended ere he could reach shore; and lastly he may have been an expert man with the paddle attempting to run some devilish rapids that only the hair-brained would think to attempt. But ordinarily few lose their lives in canoe travel, and that holds good not only with the finished canoe man but likewise with the average man.

To venture out in stormy weather in a canoe is to welcome destruction. One should never be so far out on a large body of water but that he can reach shore within a reasonable time, and this is especially true where there is evidence of a storm brewing. One may confidently assure himself that there is no danger when the sky glooms over, but the man who reads Nature takes no chances and noses the craft for home bays or coves. No doubt nine tenths of the deaths through drowning while out in canoes have come about through amateurs failing to take warning when a storm appears brewing; and most of these accidents have occurred on lakes. A storm may set in with a furious suddenness against which puny man proves incapable; against which onrush even the skilled man at the paddle is taxed to his wits end.

About the resorts around civilization one sees a great number of canoes with their gay crowds; and often the use of this far-famed craft in such places is not for the best. The man of the wilderness is stung by a feeling of unutterable contempt as he views these city-dwellers making of the time-honored canoe a sight that belittles it. It is as though it were a stranger in a strange place. Like a wild animal in captivity, held in check, taken out for a flirtation on the waters and then brought back and locked up and chained down on the docks, till it is permitted again, on another occasion to glide through the waters that is its element. And, like the animal in captivity, so too is the canoe gazed upon, in fact stared out of countenance by the occupants of the city; fascinated, no doubt by the skillful paddling on the part of the young men, for

there are any number of canoe owners within civilization who are past masters with the blade; and who make up part of the army of water voyagers who annually enter upon the wild places for a pleasant sojourn in the true home of the free.

In the north where the country is wild and rugged, where the beaten roads of civilization have not intruded there the canoe is in its element. Waterways are there found in repletion; lakes apparently without number. In the mountain regions travel is done by saddle-horse and pack-horse. In the valleys and the flat lands of civilization it is train, automobile, motor-cycle and wagon. But in the wild and untrammelled northern regions the canoe still holds out as the craft predominant, the untamed one, the reliable one, the talked-of one. The motor-craft noses well into the wild places, but it has its limit; it cannot be carried around falls but must hover within sight of the first ones on the route, "chug" a few times and then back up in dismay. But the canoe is light. It can readily be transported. A round-about carry and the canoe may be slipped into the water again. So the lake and stream voyager comes and goes without more disturbance made than that caused by the very inhabitants of the wild coming and going on their various missions. And, too, in the north the canoe holds its value much as does the horse or the diamond. But unlike the latter bauble the canoe is a down-right necessity that represents a necessary value every inch of its length. With it the wilderness dweller can often make his way over the wildest streams, or he can force it up the smaller waterways with hardly excessive labor. So long as there are waterways in the north the canoe will answer a gigantic problem. Such has always been the case. There may be a veritable labyrinth of wild growth, almost impenetrable in the country that banks a stream; and to cut one's way through this jungle would mean untold labor, suffering and privation, and unimaginable discomfort. But the man with his belongings in his canoe laughs at this as hour by hour he forges upstream or downstream as the case may be. The canoe, is, happily the key to a difficult situation.

The birch bark canoe is the progenitor of the canvas-covered canoe. That is to say the canvas-covered canoe is the next in line after the old-time craft made so famous by the redmen; by substituting canvas for the birch bark a problem was happily settled for all time. The reason is that lightness with a

canoe is the prime requisite. Whatever else must be looked for in a canoe, it is certain that lightness is one of the essentials that cannot be put into the background. The reason becomes self-evident when one makes his way over the portage trail. Five to eight pounds additional weight makes all the difference in the world, as any canoe-user will admit.

The wooden canoe (made of basswood) is called the canoe of commerce and is also well in use throughout the north. There are however, probably a great number more of canvas-covered canoes now in use than any of those in the wooden style. Both canoes are dependable, of course, but it seems that no matter how careful you are you are bound to scratch the wooden canoe and every scratch that is made into the wood permits of the water soaking in; the more scratches the more water soaks in. A canoe of the wooden type will thus gather water and hence gathers weight. But that is practically one of the only faults that can be found with this style of canoe. In the canvas-covered canoe the bow and stern come high; it is wide at beam and has a generous depth. It is surprising what loads a canvas-covered canoe will carry and yet make time. One writer remarks:

"We had two cedar canvas-covered canoes 17 feet in length, 32 inches beam, and 12 inches deep." This style of craft was new to our guides and when they saw 1,000 pounds or more of baggage, including a heavy photographic outfit, three well-fed men and two guides for two canoes they shook their heads and doubted. But when everything was packed into the two canoes, and the passengers were comfortably seated on high cane seats, the steadiness of the canoes and their height out of the water satisfied them. When they had paddled a few miles they were loud in their praises of the craft. Both guides declared that they had never paddled any canoes so steady, so fast, and yet so light."

Where in the case of the canvas-covered canoe the bow and stern are well raised, in the wooden canoe they do not come high; also they are more narrow at beam than the former. Both of these points are looked for by many canoe users as recommendations of worthiness; and there can hardly be any gainsaying the assertion. The narrow canoe cleaves the water far better than the canoe far wider at beam. However, this goes to individual preference. It is the canoe a man has made himself familiar with that is the only canoe he will recommend. Nevertheless

the canvas-covered canoe will carry a heavy load and will show itself up fast under the paddle. That we have proved to our satisfaction time and time again.

The length of a canoe for wilderness travel is a factor of some little importance. In a canoe it can certainly be said to be true that two passengers are all that should be taken on, for three certainly is a crowd, especially when the duffle and camping outfit is also included. A canoe should never have more than two occupants. Obviously the sixteen foot canoe is taboo, for when two men with their duffle are stowed away therein it is cramped to its last inch. The sixteen footer for wilderness travel over the waters is, therefore, out of the count. On the other hand a great number of seventeen footers are in use but for genuine freedom in a canoe there is no equal to the eighteen footer, the so-called "cruising" canoe. There we have a craft that will allow one elbow room. It is ideal in this respect.

The birch-canoe is speedily passing out of our sight as the more modern craft make their presence felt. But to the birch bark canoe belongs a fame that will never die. In all our history and traditions the birch bark canoe stands out as a figure to be conjured with. Longfellow in his poem *Hiawatha* made it a thing of life; he spun a golden mesh of words and phrases about it—for when we think of this early canoe we inevitably couple it with the poetic utterances of the New England bard. When the war parties of the redmen descended upon the settlers they came not only on foot over the silent forest trails but in the bark canoes, some of them of a great length, having a mighty capacity. These war canoes of the early redmen find their counterparts amongst the savages, even today, in various parts of the world. The Fiji war canoes reach the greatest length, some being one hundred and twenty five feet long, and their so-called double canoes will carry as high as sixty persons. The war canoes of the Indians on this continent were never of any such size, but certain it is that war canoes of great length were in use carrying fifteen to twenty warriors.

The writings of the early explorers tell us that the Indians took great pains in the building of these bark canoes; they were master-hands in constructing them. It is doubtful if any whiteman has ever made a craft that could compare with one under the deft hands of the Indian. The canoe was their pride

and joy. It was not made in a hurry, and the very best strippings of bark obtainable were used in its construction. This often meant the covering of a great deal of territory in the search for the best birch trees whose wrappers went to coat the ingenious skeleton they made. Nails and pegs were unknown in the making of them. When the bark strips had been laid down and sewn with fibrous roots, (usually taken from the fir-tree), the seams were gummed in so as to leave absolutely no entrance for the water. This work was done with a finish, to such an extent that when the craft was ready it seemed a poem of the wild wrought into very life. Unlike the canoe of our day that has replaced it, the birch bark canoe was without stem or stern; it was pointed in a like manner in both ends; it was keelless.

One occasionally comes across a birch canoe even now in the north; in places there are yet many of them encountered, but the canoe of commerce has transplanted the "shell" of the redman. With the passing of the savage, so passes the birch canoe. It is a page out of the great past, glittering with romance but the page is now musty. It is much the same as comparing the old Red River carts with the more finished modern conveyances.

In calling to mind the passing of the birch-barker how one is reminded of the stirring lines by Eric A. Darling, tinged with sadness, for it is hard to part with many traditions:

*My seams gape wide so I'm thrown aside
To rot on a lonely shore,
Which the leaves and mold, like a shroud enfold.
For the last of my trails are o'er.
But I float in dreams, on Northland streams
That never again I'll see,
As I lie on the marge of the old portage,
With grief for company.*

*When the sunset gilds the timbered hills
That guard Timagami,
And the moonbeams play on fair James Bay
By the brink of the frozen sea,
In phantom guise my spirit flies
As the dream blades dip and swing
Where the water flows from the Long Ago,
In the spell of the beck'ning spring.*

*Do the cow-moose call on the Montreal
When the first frosts bite the air,
And the mists unfold from the red and gold,
That the autumn ridges wear.
When the white falls roar, as they did of yore,
On the Lake Evelyn—*

*Do the square-tails leap from the black pools
deep,
Where the pictured rocks begin?*

*Oh! the fur-fleets sing on Timiskaming
As the ashen paddles bend,
And the crews carouse at Rupert House,
At the sullen winter's end;
But my days are done, where the lean wolves
run,
And I ripple no more the path*

*Where the gray geese race, 'cross the red moon's
face,
From the white wind's Arctic wrath.*

*Tho' the death-fraught way from the Saguenay
To the storied Nipigon
Once knew me well, now a crumbling shell,
I watch the years roll on.
While in memory's haze I live the days
That forever are gone from me,
As I rot on the marge of the old portage,
With grief for company.*



Messrs. Harry Foster, Herman 'Tetane' and Charles Fosberg, with catch of trout made at Trout Lake, Ont.

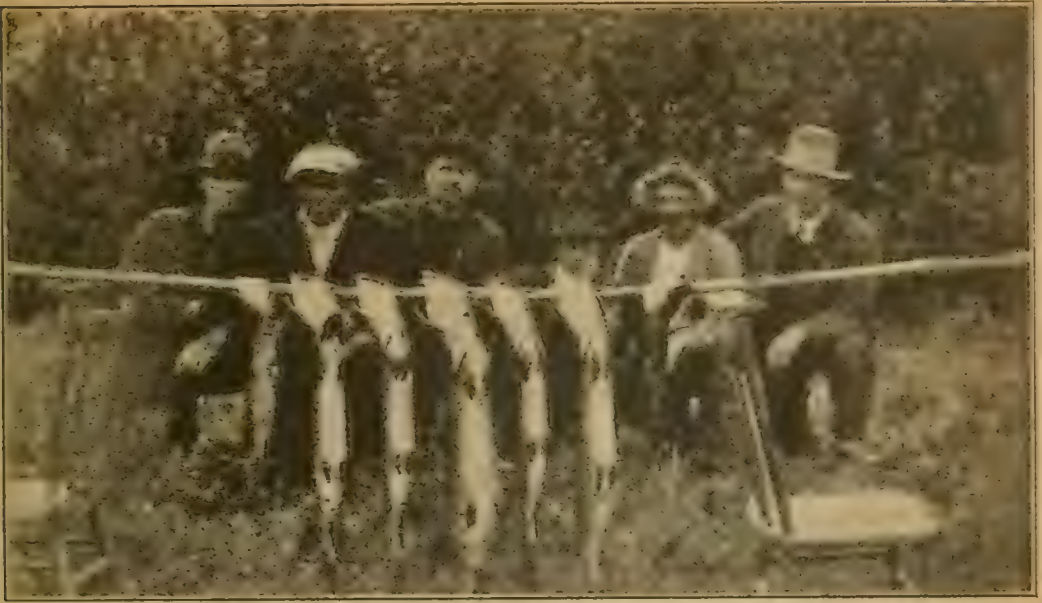
Fishing Photos and Their Stories

Mr. Fosberg writes:

"I am sending you a photograph of some trout myself and party captured at Trout Lake, Ontario. We left the Soo on the afternoon of a Saturday by automobile and arrived at Trout Lake, a distance of nine miles within an hour. The day was ideal for fishing and the fish were biting good. The whole catch shown in the accompanying picture was made in about two hours fishing. To myself went the honor of catching the big fellow. After getting him on the hook he fought just like a salmon and as the party was out on the lake in a boat all had to row to shore that the fish could be landed better. It took all of fifteen minutes from the time he bit to the

time he landed. No net was used to keep him in. The trout measured twenty seven and one half inches long and weighed close on twelve pounds."

The catch shown in the photo of Mr. Fosberg and his companions is what I call a very sportsmanlike catch for three men. When men know when to stop fishing, when they have all they possibly can make use of instead of being wasters they have become anglers in every sense of the word. A number of the readers of this magazine have asked me what I consider a reasonable catch of fish and the catch shown in the photo sent by Mr. Fosberg is our answer. No doubt the men in the picture would have been



Messrs. S. Wyatt, W. Thompson, L. Norgard, R. E. Moffat, C. Foss and O. Thompson, with their catch of pike made in Willow Creek, Claresholm, Alberta

had they caught but two or three of the fish shown. Those fishermen who are not content unless they sap out all the fish life in a lake, while on a trip, will carefully study this picture.

Mr. R. E. Moffatt, of Claresholm, Alberta, writes:

"I am enclosing a photograph of a catch of pike which I would like to have inserted in your magazine. These pike were caught six miles west of Claresholm, Alberta, in Willow Creek. Generally this creek is of a good size, being fed by mountain streams, but this season it is very low, owing to drought. The fish in the centre of the photograph weighed seventeen and one-fourth pounds and after breaking two lines was snared and it took two men to land him. Some idea can be got of the length as the rod on which the fish are strung was put on the backs of the chairs and the tail is dragging about six inches on the ground. There has been upwards of 700 pike taken out of this stream this season. There have been pike taken out of this stream since this photograph was taken that weighed 22 pounds."

The facts contained in this letter are of great interest indeed, for I did not realize that the pike was known so far west as the point stated herein. To fish for pike in a stream that is mountain-fed must indeed be a sensation. I have an idea that in running water, (and in mountain water at that) there

must be produced a fish that is gamey every inch of his body.

You have not stated in your letter what time of the year this catch was made. I am apprehensive that these fish were caught in the fore-part of the season when the fish were spawning. *The large fellow in the centre of the photograph looks to me to be a female brimming with spawn, in fact actually letting spawn at the time she was captured, in which case she was not caught by hook, but snared as stated.* If the fish were captured in the spawning season with hook and line it is strange, for the pike rarely take the lure during that time.

You state that over seven hundred pike have been captured on the stream in question. If the majority of these were captured on a spawning run, (that is to say, during the early part of the season) a great wrong was done for the spawning fishes were killed, *where they should have been allowed to spawn out.*

I do not condemn, but, as I say, I am apprehensive that these fishes were captured during the spawning season. If so the wrong is a blighting one; open to censure.

I received a letter through an American Sportsmen's Magazine of New York City from one of their subscribers, who, by the way is not a reader of *Rod and Gun*, or he would not have written me and sent me a photograph of himself and his hog-kill of

fish. There are very few readers of *Rod and Gun* who are not aware of our strict policy of conservation, our aim at high-mindedness and sanity in the taking of both furred and finned life, and who know our aversion for the man who will make himself an object of ridicule by his lamentable destruction of more specimens of wild life than can possibly be used by himself. As may be expected, my correspondent is illiterate. He writes:

"Enclosed you will find picture of myself and fish. I may say that the string holds one hundred and sixty-five trout caught by me at Van Morning Laurentian Mountains, Que., so you will see I take a little interest in Fishing myself!"

We have always hoped for the time when we could locate a fish-hog who would give an unblushing example of his disgusting prowess. We need look no farther. Here we have the deed done right in the open. *One hundred*

and sixty-five trout; think of it! Why four or five of the trout in that photograph would more than satisfy me. No doubt the poor fool consumed about a dozen or two of these trout and threw the rest to the hogs or dug them down. If you love Nature; if you wish to bring dignity and honor to the gentle art of fishing; if you want to be all man, never be guilty of any such destructiveness. Never go through life with a stain of this sort upon your soul!

The letter speaks for itself. In fact it is a brazen shout through a megaphone: "This is me. Look all the fish I got. Ain't I a great fisherman though? Next time I go I got a scheme to catch all the fish in the stream, but I ain't telling how I do it."

There is a lesson contained in these letters. Let that lesson soak in.

Robert Page Lincoln.

"Fishermen's Verse": A Book Review

R. P. L.

SOME time ago I mentioned in *Rod and Gun* that anyone who would undertake to collect some of the best verse that has appeared in the angling literature and periodicals of America would not only meet with success in the venture, but the anthology would fill a long-wanted need. In fact I have had many letters asking me to undertake collecting such verse and giving them to the readers in the shape of a handy volume that one could take along, on a fishing trip, and read on a sunny bank while the body was busy storing up health. I had long thought of doing this, and enlisting the aid of the various outdoor publications in which we have noticed so many very good poems that deserve preservation between the covers of a book. However, the task was a big one, and would take up much valuable time, so I had to put the idea aside. Comes now to my table a handy little volume that has done the work for me (one might say), being of a size that will fit nicely into the fishing coat pocket, being five and one half inches wide, by seven inches long. It contains 312 pages and is printed on excellent paper, and just the right size of type so that the older (forgive me!) readers will not harm their eye-sight by its perusal. The book contains nearly one hundred and fifty poems, the famous as well as the lesser-known

being included in this pleasing array of angling "melody." And what more appropriate than that Dr. Henry Van Dyke should write the introduction, which he has done with his usual interesting and delicious pen. The introduction is in the form of a talk with the two young men who made the collection, (William Haynes and Joseph Leroy Harrison,) and in concluding Dr. Van Dyke states: "Once an angler, always an angler. These verses which you have gathered reveal some of the reasons why this is so. But, believe me, even the best of them do not tell the whole story. *No writing, whether in prose or verse can ever rival the complete charm of real angling.*" To which the present reviewer must say most fervently, "Amen!"

The task of arranging and editing this anthology proved to be a most difficult one as I of course foresaw. However the anthologists state: "The task of compiling this volume of fishermen's verse has been principally one of elimination—we were able to use only about one fifth of the poems available. We have included enough of the best of the older angling verse to give this collection that background of tradition which is not the least of the charms of the sport. . . . accordingly, we have sacrificed many good old poems by such fishing poets as Cotton, Gay, Dennys, Flet-

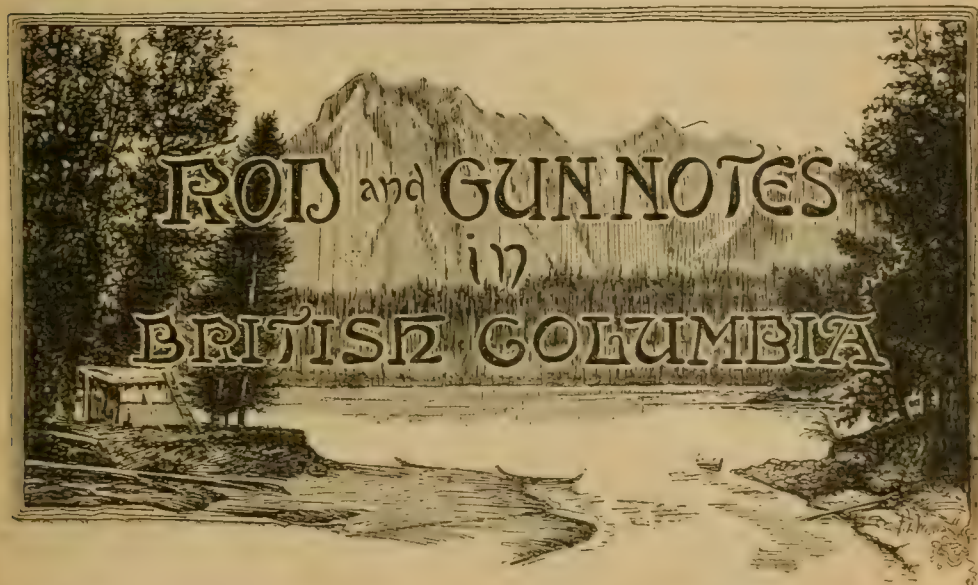
cher, Doubleday, Somerville, Hogg, and by the whole school of Edinburgh verse-making anglers. Among the many modern fishing poems we have deliberately discriminated against both those that are purely literary in spirit, and those that are mere jungles in form. Our ideal has been a companionable little book of poems by fishermen that other fishermen will want to keep, a real volume of fishermen's verse."

All of our favorites are found in this anthology, and there are many that you should not fail to "learn by heart;" the man who can recite a verse or poem to his fellows is not

soon forgotten. Almost all men have a place in their hearts for a man who can recite verse with true expression and feeling.

By all means add this contemplative little book to your collection. It has my word of recommendation. There may be future anthologies of fishermen's verse (larger and more profuse in the number of poems contained within covers, but for the present you cannot well do without the present stream-companion.)

Fishermen's Verse: Compiled by William Haynes and Joseph Leroy Harrison. Introduction by Dr. Henry Van Dyke.



WITH this number of *Rod and Gun in Canada* there is inaugurated a new department under the above heading. This has been done at the request of many B. C. sportsmen who have formed local organizations for the protection and betterment of their sport and have found it necessary to get and keep in touch with similar clubs throughout the district. Later it is hoped that the movement will not be confined to B. C. but that clubs throughout Canada will thus correspond with each other.

The system is simplicity itself. "*Rod and Gun In Canada*," always willing to help conservation, puts at the disposal of the clubs that signify their desire to join, as much space as is needed each month and the Secretaries of the various clubs send in their minutes or other notes they wish published. Naturally

all readers of the magazine will see these notes and possibly comment on them.

To insure that all members of the affiliated clubs see the notes, an arrangement is made with *Rod and Gun In Canada* to send a copy of the magazine at a special rate to all the members and this amount is collected in the annual subscription fee. Arrangements have been made for a temporary local secretary in B. C. at 839 Beatty Street, Vancouver, where all B. C. notes should be sent. As occasion arises local secretaries can be appointed in the other Provinces as quicker action is then assured than by writing to Woodstock. Meanwhile any club desiring to join should address the Editor of *Rod and Gun In Canada*, Woodstock, Ont.

The North Vancouver Gun Club held their

annual meeting on 27th. January when the following officers for 1920 were elected:—

Chairman—V. V. Vinson.

Vice-Chairman—D. McNeil.

Sec.-Treas.—W. B. Goldie.

Committee—A. Escott, J. C. Sabin, R. E. Brown, W. F. Smith, and C. E. Johnston.

The club is starting its third season in an exceptionally good financial condition, having \$140 cash and targets, etc., valued at \$100 with no liabilities:

The Gun Club, being a branch of the Game Association will only accept as members those who first join the parent association.

The entrance fee is \$1.50 and the yearly dues \$1.

Regular shoots will be held during the season and the program will be published in the next issue of "*Rod and Gun In Canada*."

North Vancouver. B. C.

Feb. 10th., 1920.

The annual meeting of the North Shore Game Fish and Forest Protective Assn. was held in H.P. Hall, Jan. 27-1920. Our President, Judge Ruggles, reported briefly on the work of the association during the past year. The Secretary reported a comfortable balance in the Bank to the clubs credit.

The resolutions passed at this meeting, of which the following are a copy, should be of interest to all sportsmen.

1. That this Assn. urge the Game Conservation Board to change the method of issuing shooting licenses to restrict same to Game Wardens and Provincial City and District Police. Further that licensee be required to sign his license and that a copy of regulations covering open seasons be handed to each licensee.

2. That this Assn. suggests to the Game

Conservation Board that instead of the usual form of game regulations issued to sportsmen that it take the form of a map of British Columbia with game districts plainly outlined in red. With the open seasons for each district printed within the boundary of that particular district. Districts to be designated by the letters of the Alphabet, A, B, C etc.

3. That in the opinion of the Assn. that at least 10,000 Chinese Pheasants should be imported for liberation in British Columbia during this year and the Secretary stand instructed to take up the matter with the Game Conservation Board and also take steps to, induce if possible the Vancouver Angling and Game Assn. to take concurrent action on this and preceding resolutions.

The following officers were elected to serve during 1920.

President—Judge H. D. Ruggles.

Vice-President—C. Johnson.

Sec.-Treas.—W. M. Greene.

Executive Board—J. Sabin, A. Escott, W. B. Goldie, D. McNeil, G. Williams, V. V. Vinson.

While the year just past has been in some respects a poor one on account of a scarcity of both upland birds and waterfowl on the whole we can have the satisfaction of having made a start at stocking our cut over lands with birds and our streams with fish. It is of interest to note that since our January meeting we received a shipment of fifty California Quail from the Conservation Board. These birds were liberated in pairs through the kindness of Mr. R. E. Brown and Geo. Williams.

Fraternally yours,

W. M. Greene,
Sec.-Treasurer.

114-21 st. West,

North Vancouver, B.C.

Big Game Hunting in British Columbia

A. BRYAN WILLIAMS

SOMEWHERE a voice is calling."—Most of you know this song and I can well take it as a text for what I am going to write about though the voice and the love about which the song is written are quite different to mine as my voice is that of the "Red Gods," my love that of the "Wilds."

Have you ever heard the "Red Gods" calling, have you ever had the feeling that you simply must get away from civilization,

that the bustle of city life and the worries of business are stifling you; that you must get far away from the haunts of man where you can wander as you will and live your life as you choose? I venture to say that most of you have heard it; to some it has been loud and insistent and you have answered its call; to others it has not been so loud, sufficient perhaps only to take you out for a fishing trip or a few days' bird shooting; while to many

the call has been so faint that they have hardly heard it or do not understand its meaning.

The voice is calling always; it is the last trace of "primitive man" left in us, the instinct to go out into the "Wilds," to learn the ways of all birds and beasts, to endure hardships, often to risk your life, to hunt and to kill and be a big game hunter.

"A big game hunter."—What does the name imply to you? To many he is simply a man of wealth who goes out with the most modern rifles that money can buy, an army of guides and camp helpers, with an array of tents and all the luxuries that his wealth can obtain, and who finally returns with a fine display of trophies. Yes, I suppose such a man is a big game hunter, though he may have hunted at his leisure, enduring no hardships or excessive fatigue, relying on his guides to find and show him his game. His only part in the affair being to glance at a range finder, look through a telescopic sight, and pull the trigger of a rifle that has such a low trajectory that it is almost impossible to miss with at any reasonable distance. Such men are not my idea of big game hunters, (though I do not mean to say that all men of wealth who go out with big outfits are not, because I have met a number who are in every sense of the word) so I will tell you what really constitutes an ideal big game hunter. First and foremost he must be a man who hunts for the pure love of hunting and not simply to acquire an array of trophies that he can show to his friends as a proof of his prowess. He must be willing, when necessity arises, to run some risks, to endure excessive fatigue, and often great hardships, sleep where night finds him, to eat what food he can get, in fact to revert to the state of a "primitive man." Mind you I do not say he must do all these things, as it would be "Quixotic" to be uncomfortable and half-starved when there is no necessity for it. But when the occasion arises then he must be ready and willing to endure whatever lies before him.

If you are such a man you will learn to read the signs of nature, learn the habits of not only game animals but of all the wild creatures, your eye will become trained to notice tracks, tell at a glance what they were made by, either male or female, how long they have been made, whether running or walking, feeding or travelling. Then you will learn the habitats of all the different species, to tell whether the country is suitable for game and if so what particular kinds and

where are the most likely spots to look for it. You will also acquire knowledge of all the other creatures too; a squirrel chatters some distance off, it is an angry chatter, it may be only some other squirrel intruding on his domain, but it may mean that he has seen a deer or a bear; a flock of ducks rise from a pond, circle round a time or two and again alight. Why should they do that? It may be a moose has gone in to the water to feed on lily pads, but no, they would only swim away, perhaps they were close to shore and a coyote made an attempt to get his dinner. If you are such a man and really have the love of hunting in your heart you will learn all the thousand and one things of this sort that there are to be learnt and you will be able to go out alone and use your knowledge to find and approach your quarry within such a distance that a sure shot is to be obtained. Such is the ideal big game hunter.

You will notice that so far nothing has been said about skill with a rifle. To be a crack shot is a very fine thing but it is not a vital necessity. A really good hunter takes his greatest pleasure out of the stalk and will generally get so close to his game that he will be able to kill it even with one of the old fashioned rifles of high trajectory. If he cannot he will wait until it moves and a more favorable opportunity occurs.

Nowadays with the latest modern rifles the killing of game has become far too easy. Alas! that it should be so. With a few more improvements in rifles and possibly the aid of aeroplanes the art of stalking will be a lost art and big game and big game hunters gone forever. In a few generations from now, if we keep on going the same way, the man who can walk a mile without getting tired out will be a rarity. Let us strive to keep our game with us, let us strive to keep our physical fitness and bodily health and hunt for the love of hunting, let us keep our traces of "primitive man."

The voices of the "Red Gods" are still calling, do you hear them, will you answer their call, will you go out into the wilds and live a life of freedom, will you learn the habits of game and be a real big game hunter? If you will perhaps the knowledge I have acquired, a knowledge I am afraid still far from complete, may be some small help to you and possibly also the means of inducing some of the rising generation to grow up into real men and lovers of nature.

I am afraid that by this time some of my readers will be getting impatient, they want

to hear about game and how to hunt it and not to read a sermon. I ask them to have a little patience, I am coming to it soon but there are still one or two things I must say first.

In writing on the subject of big game I am just writing what I have myself learnt in my thirty years in this Province. Some of you I have no doubt have hunted a great deal and know lots of things I do not know and you may, probably will, disagree with some of my statements. I lay no claim to infallibility and am only too pleased to be shown my mistakes. I learn something new every time I go out into the mountains and I would still continue to learn even if I lived to be as old as Methuselah. Please also remember that I am writing really for those who have little, if any, experience in big game and that many of the things I tell you may seem common knowledge.

Now if you want to learn something about big game the best way I can teach you is for you, in imagination, to go with me for a hunt and let me act as your guide. It will be a long hunt as we will try to get specimens of all the different kinds of big game in the Province, moose, caribou, sheep, deer, goats, black and grizzly bears, perhaps wapiti if the season is open. We may pick up a timber wolf and a coyote or two while we are hunting other game and then, to finish up, if you have not had enough, we will try for a cougar. I cannot get you an antelope or a musk ox as there are none in the Province but I might a wood buffalo, if they were allowed to be shot, as I think I know of a place where there are one or two left.

Now before you decide to tackle the trip I want you to make sure you are physically fit, as you will have to travel many miles. You will have hard mountains to climb, forests to penetrate, and swamps to cross; you will travel on horseback and on foot with a pack on your back; there will be travelling on the sea in launches and on lakes in boats and probably on rivers also in canoes with exciting, perhaps dangerous, times running through canyons and rapids. There will be times when you are wet to the skin or nearly frozen, and there will be times when you are so tired you feel you cannot go another step and yet simply have to struggle along because there is no suitable place to camp. You will have lots to test your manhood, lots to try your temper, but do not be discouraged, there will be plenty of good weather and enjoyable times and the discomforts and hard-

ships only occasional and, if you are fit, rain and snow and cold will not hurt you and you will be in splendid health when you return.

There are two other matters I want to warn you about. If I am to act as your guide you must do exactly as I want you to when we are hunting, even if you cannot see any possible reason for it and it even seems silly. This is an absolute condition. Even if I asked you to part your hair in the middle so that the extra weight on one side would not overbalance you when walking a log, you may be quite sure I should not ask such a thing unless I really thought it advisable. No, I am not going quite as far as that but I might object to your wearing a certain coat, or a pair of trousers or boots which you had been wearing hitherto for hunting without disapproval.

The other thing I wish to say is this. When you are out in the mountains there are bound to be times when your temper is sorely tried, everything seems to go wrong, you have no luck in your hunting, the weather is bad, the food does not taste as good as it might, your companion does not seem as decent a chap as you had an idea he was, you are generally disgusted and begin to wish you were home again. Remember we are all apt to get a bit off at times but the thing is to do your best to be cheerful and not show it, and above all things think twice before you give a sharp answer and do not be ready to take offense.

I think we can now get down to business in earnest. The first question to be decided is what kind of game we will hunt first, then where we will go to get it. You say you are longing to get a moose but I think it better to try for goats and sheep first. The season opens on Sept. 1st and at this time neither moose or caribou have their horns clear of velvet unless it is an uncommonly early season and even after the velvet is gone the horns are very white for a week or ten days. Supposing we allow ten days to get our sheep and goats we should then have time to get into the moose country about the time we should be there.

Where shall we go? Well I think our best plan is to go to the extreme northern part of the Province. There are sheep to be got in the south too but they are much harder to hunt and you had better get a bit broken in to mountain work first. Later on, if we get back in time, we will take a trip into the Lillooet country and try for a "brown sheep" there and mule deer also but if you want a

real "big horn" you must wait until next year and do a hunt in the Rockies.

Well you are getting impatient to be off so I will not tell you about sheep now but will wait until we are resting round our camp fire. Let us get our things together and make a start. Here are the principal things you want. First and foremost are blankets. Two pair of ten pound blankets are what I have always taken and I still believe they are the best things to use with a heavy piece of canvas to lie on. Then you must have a good waterproof shooting coat and two sweaters, one very heavy and the other light, three suits of heavy woolen underclothing and at least six pairs of socks, a pair of canvas trousers and also a pair of tweed or cord, and a pair of putties. You must be most particular about your footwear. Either get a pair of well made, broad soled nailed boots of medium weight or else "larrigans," you will also need two pairs of heavy rubber soled shoes with canvass tops and a pair of regular northern rubbers big enough to wear over two pairs of socks. Do not forget some large handkerchiefs, a pair of light gloves and heavy woolen ones too, a cap that you can pull down over your ears and above all things a very large supply of tobacco if you are a smoker.

With regard to your rifle. Personally I do not think it matters much what sort of a rifle you have as most of the modern rifles are easy to shoot with and will kill any animal we are going to hunt if you hit it in the right place, and I do not propose to let you shoot at any long range when you cannot be reasonably sure of placing your bullet where you want to. I will however, make one objection and that is to the very small bores, I have no faith in the high power .22 and do not think they should be allowed for any big game.

Above all things you must have a good pair of binoculars, the very best to be got, but not above 8 power. A telescope is often of the greatest assistance and frequently saves a tremendous amount of walking and climbing. Time after time I have been able to find game with my binoculars and have travelled long distances only to find it was not worth shooting whereas a telescope would have told me so in the first place and the time and energy wasted might well have been used in looking elsewhere.

As far as provisions are concerned you need not worry, I will make out a list; though for the matter of that any outfitter will tell you just what you need for the length of time you are going to be out. I may, however, say that

you can figure on at least 3 lbs. a day per man which comes to 180 lbs. a month for two men. From this you can get a pretty good idea how many horses will be required. Some men will put 250 lbs. on a horse. I know of a few that will put more. I never believe in putting more than 200 lbs. even on the best of horses if I can help it. We shall be going through some pretty rough country, the horses will have to do some hard climbing and cross some bad swamps and there are places where feed is none too plentiful. It is far better to be on the safe side and have light loads and keep the horses in good condition.

There are three ways of going in to the northern hunting country. Until lately the central way, up the Stikine River from Wrangel, to Telegraph Creek has been the only way feasible and perhaps it is still the best for the man unacquainted with the country as there are more guides there and complete outfits are always kept on hand. You can, however, now go in by way of Atlin in the extreme north or by Hazelton on the Grand Trunk Pacific. Each of these three routes has its advantages and disadvantages but time and space will not permit me to enter into details now. I am not going to pick out any one of these routes as, as far as hunting is concerned, they are all much alike. We will just imagine that we have made the trip up the coast, gone over the White Pass to Atlin, or up the Stikine to Telegraph Creek, or along the G. T. P. to Hazelton, got our horses and provisions together and are ready to pack up and make a start.

In an article of this sort it is impossible to enter into details as to how to make up your packs, what weight each horse is to carry and how to throw the diamond or squaw hitch, these sort of things can only be learnt properly by experience. It is also impossible for me to describe the first few days out as I have not picked any particular route so we will just imagine that we have at last arrived at the spot, after several days travelling, where we intend to do our first hunt from and are about to make our camp.

Before going any further I want to tell my readers that while you are only imagining you are with me on this expedition the incidents which you will read in connection with the hunting are not imagination, they have all really happened at some time or another in my travels.

The place I have chosen is in a small valley, only just a little below timber line, and has only been reached with considerable difficulty

as we have had to climb away above timber, travel for several miles on top of a mountain which is cut up with gulches and canyons and finally descend a slope so steep and rocky that the greatest care has to be taken to get the horses down in safety. The valley is not at a high altitude, compared with the sheep country of the south, it is only about 3500 ft. with the timber line at about 4000 ft. The highest mountains in the neighborhood would not exceed 6000 ft. and the ones we are going to hunt about 1000 ft. less.

It is a glorious place, there are little clumps of stunted trees just large enough to furnish a good supply of fuel, a nice level place to pitch the tents and just below is a fine big meadow with grass a foot high where the horses can simply wallow in feed. The only drawback is that water is none too plentiful, still by digging in the meadow, we have found enough both for ourselves and the horses though ours has to be carried some distance. We have had to endure quite a bit of discomfort from black flies during the day and mosquitoes at night on our way in but we are now high enough up in the mountains to be pretty well clear of both. The weather is fine and still quite warm, we have already seen some goats on our way in as well as the tracks of a few moose and one or two old ones of sheep crossing from one range to another; it is the last day of August and the season opens tomorrow, our hopes are high and everything is the color of the rose. We set about making our camp with glad hearts.

It is a very simple thing to make a comfortable camp in a short time when you know how, but like every thing else there is a right and a wrong way of going about it especially when you have horses to pack and unpack. Before you unpack you should always make up your mind where you are going to pitch your tents and where you are going to have your fire, then unpack your horses in a convenient spot so that everything will be together where you want it and so save the labor of carrying packs from one place to another. In choosing places for your tents be careful that they are as sheltered from the wind as possible and have your fire in such a position that the smoke is least likely to blow in your face when you are cooking. This is none too easy as smoke seems to take a delight in choking you and on some days it will find you out no matter how carefully you have been. Still by using a little common sense you can generally get a pretty good idea as to

which way the wind is most likely to come and pitch your tent and lay your fire accordingly.

Where we are the timber is not suitable for ridge poles for our tents so we have put ropes through them, fastened one end to a bush at the back, and the other to a stake driven well into the ground some distance in front of the entrance and then with crotched sticks raised the tent to its proper height. We have also put up a fly in front of the fire which answers two purposes, to sit and cook under in case of rain, and also to act as a wind brake, the tents on the other side doing the same thing so that any wind that finds its way in will carry the smoke sideways. Our saddles are piled up, lash ropes coiled and put in a tent where they will be sure of keeping dry and any packs that will not be wanted are stacked up and covered with a canvas weighted down with rocks to prevent it being blown off. We have also cut a pile of balsam brush for our beds and wood enough for several days so now we will cook and eat our supper and then go and picket out a couple of the horses that we have already discovered are the leaders in a "hit the trail for home movement" whenever our eyes are off them and they have had a good feed.

It is simply a glorious night, almost as light as day, there is not a breath of wind and the smoke from our fire rises straight up in a leisurely fashion, allowing us to rest in comfort. Not a sound disturbs the stillness of the night, even the horses having eaten their fill are standing still and dozing and their bells have stopped tinkling. We are lying at full length in front of the fire, the heat from which is comforting as there is just a suspicion of frost in the air, our pipes are alight and we are at peace with the world.

Have you ever smoked a pipe before a camp fire on such a night? If you have I venture to say that never has a pipe tasted sweeter and never has life seemed better worth living. You have put away, at any rate for the time being, all your sorrows and worries, your trials and tribulations, you are living for the present, the future can take care of itself: what does it matter what is going on in the civilized world, for the time being you do not belong to it, you are out to study the ways of the creatures of the wilds, to hunt and to kill and to follow in the footsteps of "primitive man."

Well, it is nearly time to seek our blankets but we will have just one more pipe while I tell you something about the sheep of this Province.

Nature Notes on the Pacific Slope

T. W. WINSON

THE freshest dawns of all the year are those of April. The air is washed by its daily showers, combed by its nightly mists. New leaves are opening continually, breathing new life from their minute mouths: fresh flowers have spread their blushing petals out shyly in the shadows, shedding both beauty and perfume on the dawn-wind.

Fresh to the lungs, fresh to the eye, but to the ear more wonderfully new because of the music that throbs from feathered throats carolling their return to the valley of their birth.

There is a new joy every morning, almost, to the bird-lover, recognizing in a migrant arrival, a songster that gladdened the vale a summer ago.

The new-comer to British Columbia, if he come from an older-settled country, expresses disappointment at the dearth of birds. There is here no riotous chorus of thrush and robin, starling and blackbird, lark and linnet of field and hedge as in Britain: nor are the individuals so numerous as in the Eastern Provinces and States. Numbers will come in time, but the variety of species on the Pacific slope will bear comparison with those of the Atlantic, and where the mighty Rockies cleave asunder a species that inhabits both sides of the range, the Pacific bird is usually both deeper in color and richer in voice.

That there are fewer birds about our Western hills is a charge that is losing in force every season. As the trees are gleaned from the silent forests, an after-math of berried shrubs gives seeds and grubs and nesting sites to flocks of perching birds, where only the woodpecker could flick before. As the land is cleared and meadows are made, grasses blowing where evergreens gloomed, ground birds can follow the levelling plow and sportsmen and naturalist find a new world.

Slowly this change is coming about. Every year the observer adds a new bird to his list. As the immigrant follows the receding snow in spring, so these immigrants in feathers succeed the falling forests, and a century of seasons will fill the land with bird life, and the air with bird-melody as full as any vale in England.

So this April dawn is full of cheer when we rise to hear its music, and the first of its notes is cheer incarnate, as the robin leads the

song. The last to leave at even song, the robin is always first at matins, the recognized leader of the morning chorus which commences some minutes before light.

When the day has broken the choir is hushed, perhaps for half an hour until one by one the April singers take up again their warbling melody. Whether that first outbreak of song is one of devotion, good spirits or masculine challenge, we can safely leave to be settled by the poets and naturalists, but certain it is that the wild bird sings on awakening, as the rooster crows on his perch, and pigeons coo in the loft.

The white crowned sparrow, roused by a noise, a light, or the throwing of a log in the embers (which is both) will sing at any hour of the night, his brightly melodious whistle seeming to say then "what's up?, go-to-sleep, go-to-sleep, go-to-sleep!"

After the dawn song there is an interval for breakfast; from then till darkness follows the last crowing of the pheasant there is a song, a call, a cry for every moment. Not yet is that incessant trilling of the warblers, who arrive with the May flowers, but because of their absence the careful ear can catch many a note that will soon be lost in the universal harmony.

From the top of a dead alder, a blue-bird rolls out his tremendous ditty, a milder echo of the robin, but where that is a command to "cheer up," this pleads "tenderly," "tenderly," for the affection of the pearl grey mate now busy in the woodpecker hole down the trunk.

Though darker in blue than his eastern brother, he is eclipsed entirely towards the end of the month both in dress and song, by the smaller Lazuli Bunting. If this little finch had been carried to the skies, his upper feathers dipped in the deepest blue of heaven the color would not be more perfect, but to show that he is but a creature of earth his breast is dusted with the red-brown of the soil.

When singing he finds a clear perch where both sky and earth are wide before him, and to both his high toned melody is addressed. On one of three points he is usually discovered, and a circle drawn through them would disclose the nest near its centre; a nest knee high in the rosebushes, where the palest of blue eggs promise "baby buntings" in the near future.

Approach to those rosebushes, however, raises a scream of protest from a bud far in the thicket, where willows and spirea border a creeping rivulet. It is wise to fall in with the whim of this cat bird and retire as far as his "me-ow" dictates,—then to wait. Conscious of success in driving back an intruder he will begin to whistle. No set performance, his song is "part of all that he has met;" wren and song-sparrow, thrush and robin, whichever he heard last or remembers best, notes of each are mixed and mingled with many an original bar of his own. No regularity, no ordered refrain, the air vibrates with jumbled melody that charms and astonishes.

Thrasher and mocking-bird, his brethren of the south are said to surpass him in volume and style; while he is throbbing with full-throated melody it is not easy to think he has a master anywhere. Certainly in energy and length of song he is chorister in chief of the valley, yet a singer that only a few rare souls have heard. A fisherman quietly whipping the brook not too intent on loading his creel to miss the glories that burst about him, or a poet-naturalist—unconscious that he is either—may recognize the song with reverent joy, few others, alas!

From the shade of the dark woods, where the stream flows out of from the peaty hollow of sphagnum and fern come the ringing notes of the Hermit Thrush, a retiring bird seen less than the cat bird, but worth an hour's search to hear that bell-like fluting which is the loveliest note in Nature's choir. It is the Angelus bell of the cathedral firs, calling as John Burroughs said of the Eastern variety "Holy, Holy, Holy" at the entrance of the evergreen sanctuary. If seen it may be passed unnoticed, but the silvery peal of its melodious voice can never be forgotten.

The sight of its nest at the head of the spring, was one of the rarest finds in the valley.

The eggs were of the blue of the sky, turquoise gems in an emerald setting. Is it a coincidence of song and color that the fine birds mentioned, robin, bluebird, lazuli-hunting, catbird, and hermit thrush should all come from eggs of spotless blue?

Out in the open, melody reverberates from bush and bank, wherever the rusty song sparrow is hunting or nesting. So tuneful is he that "melodia" was given him for a second name, and whether it be sprightly spring or woeful winter, he can be found up the stream and will respond with a song.

The song sparrows of the west are varied even to confusion. On the parched plains of California they are grey as the dust, in the dark fir-clad valleys of the northern coast, their tinge deepens to soot, and anywhere between they take any tint they please.

For every shade of that tint a new name is given, by every collector a new species is formed, so the layman draws near enough to see the brown streaks on the chest, happy to distinguish a darker spot in the centre where two of the lines meet; then he knows it for melodia and will leave it at that.

But sparrows and robins, and any other birds of the open can only be heard at intervals, in the silences between the chant and antipation of the Western Meadow Larks, throwing their challenge of clarified melody across the enclosed acres. A fence post will do if no pole line is near, any eminence is preferred to the flat of the meadow, but he will sing from a ditch rather than delay for an instant the answering call. His song is the loudest of our feathered choristers, his flute the strongest in all the wild orchestra. The Eastern lark is a doleful mourner beside this sturdy caroller of the West. He wakens the camper with a clarion call "get up and light the fire," he urges out the farmer with "come on, and put in your crop."

Bob White may whistle his name as loud as he pleases, he misses recognition if his call coincides with the lark. From the valleys of the Rockies to the grassy deltas near the sea, this is the silvery bugler of all the meadow lands.

To the student of bird life there is something strange in the vocal power of the meadowlark, for stepping down from the perching birds, who are the songsters, he is the nearest link in life and habits with the ground birds that have no song.

Many a hasty sportsman instinctively raises his arm when the lark rises from the swampy meadow, the size and color causing a momentary resemblance to the snipe. If seen foraging along the grass he may be mistaken for a quail, until, aware of intrusion, he raises a pointed head and reveals the bright yellow vest with its black velvety crescent. Then the clear-ringing song, for there is no "squatting" for him, no need for hiding or evading a gun, nor will there ever be, thanks to International bird treaties, to more intelligent sport, and the widening knowledge of our feathered songsters, who voice themselves the praises that man should bestow continually for the services they render in orchard and field.

The Skagit River

WILLIAM BECK

WHICHEVER way you take the Skagit, its scenery, its wonderful air, or its fishing, it is altogether good. I had heard that it was well worth a trip long before I tried it, but as the place is somewhat out of the way I never seemed to consider seriously making plans to go.

However, I went to Hope (that gateway to so much sporting country) in the middle of August with my wife and family intending to put in a week or two fishing the Coquahalla and Silver Creek. These two good rivers were absolutely useless at that time of year, so after flogging them for four days we decided to try the Skagit.

Opinions in Hope were dubious as to whether ladies could make the journey, but my wife and daughter pointed out that they were both descended from several generations of fishermen, and if their men folks could do it, so could they. As things turned out, there is nothing to prevent any lady making the trip either by pony or on foot. There are one or two awkward places on the trail, but as the ponies for hire in Hope are used to it, and therefore sure footed, there is not much risk.

We hired a pack horse and two saddle horses for the ladies, my two boys and I deciding to walk. Anyone wishing to take the trip will find ponies for hire at very reasonable prices from Raymonds Livery Stables, and Walter Grey will pack all necessary supplies in boxes ready for strapping to the horses.

It was eight o'clock before we set off on the trail, which winds for five miles along the East side of the Coquahalla, climbing all the way. We were blessed with fine weather and bright sunshine, and as the trail wound along the shady side of Hope Mountain the going was cool and pleasant. At our first rest a few miles out, the ponies enjoyed a luxurious feast of Maidenhair ferns; beautiful fronds on two foot stalks, which make it hard to believe that this hill side is under many feet of snow for several months in the year.

Five miles out you reach the Nicoloam, a stream with plenty of fish in it, but none of them much bigger than the flies you use to catch them with. At twelve miles we came to the lake house, merely a shelter, where there is a small lake and a few acres of grass—

one of the few places on the trail where there is feed for horses, and therefore the right place to stop for lunch. As this is pretty nearly the summit of the pass, I imagine most people will be ready for something by the time they reach it.

After leaving lake house the country begins to open up, and there is some justification for the description given to this part of it by someone who travelled it many years ago, and who called it the "Trail of the Gods." At seventeen miles the steep hill affords a magnificent view, and the trail here is evidence of the skill and workmanship of the Royal Engineers who built it some fifty years ago. This is the old Princeton trail, but except for a short stretch here and there is now only a pony track.

At eighteen miles we reached the first inhabited shack, that of Laforge, a trapper, and soon after struck Sumallow Creek, the chief tributary of the upper Skagit. It looked fine to a fisherman. A quiet river with gravel bed and deep pools, running for miles through willow scrub. The snow field in which it rises is visible about six miles away, and near the head there is, I understand, a beaver made lake full of big Rainbows. That lake will provide a slaughter of innocents to anyone who cares to get to it, as it is questionable if it has ever been fished.

The water of the river is clear, but although we could see rising fish, we could not determine their size. At twenty three miles we came to the camp of Messrs. Beere & Robinson, two prospectors who are keen fishermen themselves, and gave us a kindly welcome. They said the fishing was quite as good as we had been told, and asked us to come into their larder.

Until then I had merely been looking forward to a fairly pleasant time in beautiful surroundings, with the expectation of getting a little fly fishing, but the sight of that bowl of fish knocked twenty years off my shoulders, filling me with an eagerness to start in and fish to which I have been a stranger far too long. There must have been twenty Rainbows in that bowl ranging from one to three pounds, which Freddy Beere had caught with fly the previous evening.

Our destination was still three miles away so we pushed on and arrived at Frank Fritz's shack at dark. Frank is a typical product of

B. C. A mining prospector who lives alone in the hills, working year in and year out on his claims against the time when his showing is sufficiently good to interest outside capital. No more delightful situation for a house than his could be found and it is to my everlasting regret that I had no camera with me to put it on record. He placed his house, himself, and his larder entirely at our disposal, with a whole hearted hospitality which is rare even in B. C.

I found that the river above his shack had been fished a little by himself and Freddy Beere, but below his place for fully ten miles not a line had been put in that year. I had therefore then miles of unfished water at my disposal full of Rainbows and big Dolly Vardens, so none of you fishermen will be surprised to hear that I sneaked out of the shack as soon as day broke and got started. The river, as a fishing river is just perfect: long pools with a gravel bed on one side and not a yard of dead water: that is, water which would be useless to fish.

My early rising was wasted as for some reason or other the fish were not rising at all. I had on a Parmachene Belle and a Coachman, which I found later were about the two best flies I could have chosen, but I must have fished an hour before I got my first fish—a small one about six ounces. I rose two or three more in the same place but missed them. So far, not a decent sized fish did I see.

I therefore went about a mile higher up, into the Sumallow just where it joins the Skagit proper. There was a broad pool here with very little current outside the riffle. The riffle yielded nothing, but when I got down to the easy water I got into a good fish, a Rainbow 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.

So far as I found there are only Rainbows and Dollys in the Skagit, and no other kinds of fish at all. The Rainbows up to about $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. are very like a Cutthroat or young Steelhead, but fish of 1 lb. or over are brilliant scarlet all over the belly. The coloring is so vivid that it seems surprising it does not show conspicuously when the fish are in the water, but they are not particularly noticeable, not more so than the smaller fish:

After landing this Rainbow I waded down a few yards into deeper water and cast towards a submerged log. I hooked a big fish quite different in appearance from the Rainbow from what I could see of it when it turned. It dived for the log, and as I couldn't stop it, it got below and broke my cast. I

took it to be a Dolly, and although the big Dollys do not often take a fly they do occasionally. Frank Fritz took out an eight pounder on a Coachman off the log jam near his shack, and my elder boy while I was with him played another big one quite a time before it smashed him.

After breakfast we all started out and found that the fishing improved as the day advanced. The river was full of Rainbows and at certain times they took ravenously. The best flies as I said, proved to be Coachman and Parmachene Belle, and all flies for this river should have a touch of white in the wing to do any good. We tried spinning for Dollys but for two days got none. It appeared that we had not tried the right places.

It was interesting to watch the Rainbows go after the spoon. Often I stood in a riffle holding the spoon in the current within six feet of me and watched fish after fish strike the bait almost at my feet. The riffles were full of them and yet until one struck you could not see a fin. Another peculiar thing was that although we knew there were many good Rainbows in the river running up to 5 lbs. in weight, we never caught one on either fly or spoon heavier than 3 lbs.

The best fishing was obtained sometimes in the most unlikely places. I remember in one place where we were wading across to get to a pool I saw a fish rise. It was in rather rough and shallow water, not more than 18 inches deep and did not look at all likely for fish. However, I cast where I saw the rise and in about fifteen minutes I landed six fish, all over 1 lb. weight. That was concentrated goodness, and being unexpected added to its charm.

Frank twitted us about our inability to catch a big Dolly, which he said were plentiful. I tried to impress on him that my experience was such that had there been big dollys in the river, I would have caught them inevitably, and that my failure indicated rather clearly that he was lying. Frank doesn't think much of city men anyway and he proceeded to prove that this opinion was justified. He came with us next morning. His rig consisted of a one piece cane rod, and his mount was a single hook with a piece of Rainbow tail. He started in a deep pool about two miles below his shack, casting well out, and bringing in his bait with a sink and draw motion.

He got a Dolly in a few minutes—a fish round seven pounds, and very soon after another almost as big. I never saw such big

Dollies as these: they were more like salmon than trout. It has been my experience that a Dolly if it is a big one, weighs more than its appearance would indicate, and these Skajit Dollies are certainly huge. After this exhibition of Frank's, we kept well down the river when we went after them and got all we wanted, which was not so many as you might suppose. We got no Dolly less than 5 lbs. while we were there, and if you have to carry your fish two or three miles on a hot day, you quickly modify your appetite for quantity when your fish average about six pounds each. Wherever there is a pool with a log jam, there you are sure to find Dollies. I have not much opinion of the fish as a fighter, but when you hook a seven or eight pounder in a heavy current which runs into and under a log jam you will get all the fighting you want.

There was one particular pool where I had great sport with these Dollies. There was not a rock or a snag in it—just a good riffle into a straight open pool. I waded into the stream and without moving many yards I hooked, I think, seven or eight of them. I landed three, which was as many as I wanted, but they were all big. It was really like hooking so

many Cohoes. It was in this same pool that my boy hooked and lost one on the fly.

This river is about the first place I ever fished where you could at times, catch more fish than you wanted. I say at times, because fortunately, they did not always rise. There were occasions when you would go a whole morning with hardly a fish, then, as so often happens with trout, they came on with a rush.

I think that half of the pleasure in the Skajit fishing is in the surroundings. The valley is about 2000 feet above sea level and the air is consequently invigorating. That coupled with bright sunshine (there is very little rain) and a river which approaches perfection both as a fishable stream and the quantity of fish in it, makes me think that here we have something approaching the fabled Anglers Paradise. At any rate I don't expect to find in any other river so many conditions which make up that ideal river all fishermen are looking for.

A word of advice to those who may contemplate making the trip—take long waders. With these you can cross the river almost anywhere, which will save you much clambering through the bush.





GUNS & AMMUNITION

The Last Word on an Old Subject: The 38-40 Winchester as the Back-Woodsman's Stand-By

ASHLEY A. HAINES

WHEN writing my article for the August number *Rod and Gun* which was entitled "Hunting Experiences with Various Arms," it was with no attempt on my part to force my views on an unwilling reading public. I withheld many incidents where deer had been killed with that one deliberately taken first shot believing it would prove of greater interest to the average reader if results of deer killing were reported in which a bit of spice was thrown in by way of accounts where, due to various causes, the game shot required more than one shot. To have withheld the killings in which the game failed to succumb instantly at the rifle's crack, and in which quick lever-swinging was necessary to land the game in its mad attempt to escape, and only have related the incidents where one shot landed the venison in the frying pan, would have been about as interesting as the story worked off on the newspaper man by an old hunter. This newspaper man had bothered the life out of the Old Timer for a bear story. Finally, after much persuasion he got it; whether it had the thrills he had anticipated or not I cannot say, but the reader can judge. As nearly as I can remember it ran something like this:

"One morning in September I took my rifle and went out and killed a bear." Then silence and a puffing at his pipe followed.

"Was that all?" asked the reporter almost breathless.

More puffing at the pipe and apparently deep thinking, and the Old Timer continued:

"The next day I went out and killed another bear." Then some more puffing at the pipe in a more or less reminiscent mood.

"And then?" excitedly enquired our reporter.

"Next day I went out and killed another bear."

"And then—" began the reporter to be shut off by our Old Timer with the remark:

"I've told yer three bear stories; what more d'ye want?"

Now in commenting briefly on the interesting remarks made by Mr. Decker in the December number of *Rod and Gun*, as I feel I should in order to make my position perfectly plain concerning this much discussed question of rifles suitable for deer shooting, it will be with no attempt to ridicule or belittle the gentleman in any way; he has a perfect right to his opinions, and this I grant him, and while we cannot all agree in this matter we can at least discuss it with the most friendly feeling and I am sure that Mr. Decker would never think of considering it or any other subject in any other way. I might say, in passing, that I am misquoted by him—unintentionally, of course—where he makes me shoot that deer three times back of the front shoulder. It doesn't read that way in my August article.

The results attending the killing of this deer were most unusual, and certainly most unfortunate, and I believe I so stated in my article. While I never killed but three deer with that .30-30 Remington, I consider it equal in killing power to the other rifles like the Winchester, Marlins and Savages, taking the older and better known .30-30 cartridge, and so many, (myself included) have found them so well suited for their use on deer and similar game, as it is shot unde-

ordinary conditions, as to have left no doubt in my mind as to the excellence of the .30-30 and similar-powered guns for this most hunted of all big game. The much-shot-up-deer with the last three bullets just back of the shoulder, I have always felt positive would not have gone far after the first of these last three shots were fired, but I gave it no time to test the matter, but landed the other two before it had walked but a few feet. In doing this I wasted the last two shots just as I once did with the .45-90 Winchester black powder rifle: it received the first through the vitals and the third (second a miss) a few seconds later dropped it dead. I could relate many instances of this kind where one or more unnecessary shots followed the first which had struck the desired vital spot and with guns other than those of the .30-30 class. But should I dwell too much upon this some one would come back at me by saying that we should use a gun that, when the game was hit in the vitals it would succumb instantly and then point us to their favorite rifle as the "medicine gun" for deer.

Permit me to be perfectly fair in this matter; I sincerely believe that game struck in the vitals with some of the 3000 foot second guns will drop quicker and stay down for keeps more often than when hit in the same place with some guns of 2000 foot seconds velocity, or less, but before I shall be perfectly satisfied with such guns, I fear, they will have to have a bullet less inclined to fly to pieces on impact than seems to be true at present. One of Mr. Decker's favorite deer rifles he states is not good in thick brush—a matter I pointed out when the rifle was first placed on the market for it seemed perfectly plain to me that a bullet so soft travelling at its extremely high speed would often be certain to fly to pieces and never reach the game when connecting with limbs of any size as is certain to happen at times when hunting deer in timbered or brushy districts. I have heard of several instances of this occurring which makes me an advocate of a bullet for the high speed guns which will rupture all right, but which will hold together sufficiently to drive to the vitals of the game shot. And as I happen to have reason to believe, such a bullet is due soon. I pointed out the desirability of such a bullet several years ago in another magazine and received quite a mauling in print for expressing such radical views—this by two manufacturers of rifles and ultra-high velocity ammunition. I have a long letter from one of them in which he now sub-

stantially agrees with every statement I made in the (to him) objectionable article. Wait awhile and you will probably be using ammunition of his make loaded with the new bullets.

I agree with Mr. Decker perfectly at many places in his interesting and appreciated article—even that "Any single incident, or short series of incidents, do not prove the killing power of a cartridge, but, it is by comparing the results of many such incidents, that the facts in regard to the killing power of a cartridge can be arrived at." And yet I believe Mr. Decker has unconsciously (or unintentionally, as you choose to prefer,) taken a single unfortunate incident I reported and condemned the most popular calibre rifles for deer hunting. Please note that I say *unintentionally* as I feel perfectly sure that Mr. Decker is not one to purposely mislead any one. Such things have happened too often in some other magazines; also bitter controversies have resulted where such occurrences should never have been met with. I am certain none of *Rod and Gun's* many readers want to see anything of the kind creep into its columns.

I believe I have said something to the effect that if a deer simply *will not* stand and look pleasant while I deliver that one deliberately taken fatal first shot, why, he is likely to get it, if I can shoot straight enough, while trying to make his getaway. But I very much prefer to slide through the bush as noiselessly as a moosehounded ghost on tip toe over a field newly plowed and broadcasted to thistle-down; catch my deer unawares and stick that bullet, (any type provided it isn't of the fly-to-pieces kind,) in the desired spot and if it happens to be nothing better than of the .30-30 class I shall expect venison for supper.

I know of a hunter who, since deciding he would do his utmost to get as many standing shots as possible and not shoot at even a standing deer unless a vital spot offered as a target, has killed over fifty deer since adopting the method mentioned without one cripple escaping. This hunter I have in mind, has missed several deer since then outright, also refused several times to shoot at standing deer where only the hips were exposed, in a few instances failing to get a shot at all due to waiting for the game to move into a clear space where a shot could be taken at the desired fatal spot, but not a single deer has escaped this hunter wounded though, be it understood, several of the deer shot have been

trailed short distances before being killed, but very few of the ones trailed after being shot required further shooting as they were usually found dead short distances from where first shot. This may not be an argument in favor of the .30-30 class of rifles, or any other class, but I *do* believe it a good argument in favor of getting as many standing shots as possible and not be eternally saying "shoot!" when one is sighted just to have the privilege of shooting them up from their nose to their tail as was the result with the one shot with the .30-30 Remington which Mr. Decker has referred to and as reported by me in the August number. As written above it might appear that all of these deer were killed with rifles of the .30-30 class; this would not be true, for while most of them fell to such rifles (most of these being killed with .30-30 Winchester carbines) many of them were killed with rifles of less power and most of the leading makes were represented.

Shooting running game with the rifle, such as jack rabbits and coyotes and grey wolves on the prairie, I consider the finest of sport, and years ago when living in districts where much such shooting could be had, secured my full share of the game shot at under all conditions. One can kill running jack rabbits quite frequently with a rifle and when shooting at such game on the run he will have all the quick lever swinging desired just as he will when reaching for the fleeing coyote in his squirming, twisting, corkscrew flight across the fifty miles of prairie directly ahead. One can usually see the dust, or snow, kicked up by the bullets and is able to profit thereby, if the shot was a miss, and if he has had much experience at this sort of shooting he will land that coyote or jack, as the case may be, often enough to make it very interesting for all concerned but the game shot at. But, so far as I am concerned, give me all the standing shots at deer in the brush that are coming to me and I'll fire that first shot as deliberately as if using a muzzle loader; but, notice, please, if quick work is imperative A. A. H. will be somewhere around with the lever Winchester.

From what I may have written above, or in the past, the reader may draw wrong conclusions in thinking I fail to appreciate the points of superiority to be found in the best of the 3000-foot-second class rifles. I believe I fully appreciate all their strong points, also a few features which to me, seem undesirable, and while I have owned and used such rifles and expect to again, I sincerely believe that

for the average hunter he will not be far off the trail if he sticks to his .30-30 for deer shooting for sometime to come. Especially do I believe this since this cartridge (.30-30 Winchester) is now being loaded by the Dominion people giving nearly 200 feet greater velocity than heretofore. This will make it a still better arm for deer shooting, though, as I have attempted to show, it was a very popular and satisfactory deer rifle with the older style ammunition of lower velocity. (Have not used this new .30-30 Dominion cartridge, but a friend says it is the best he ever shot.)

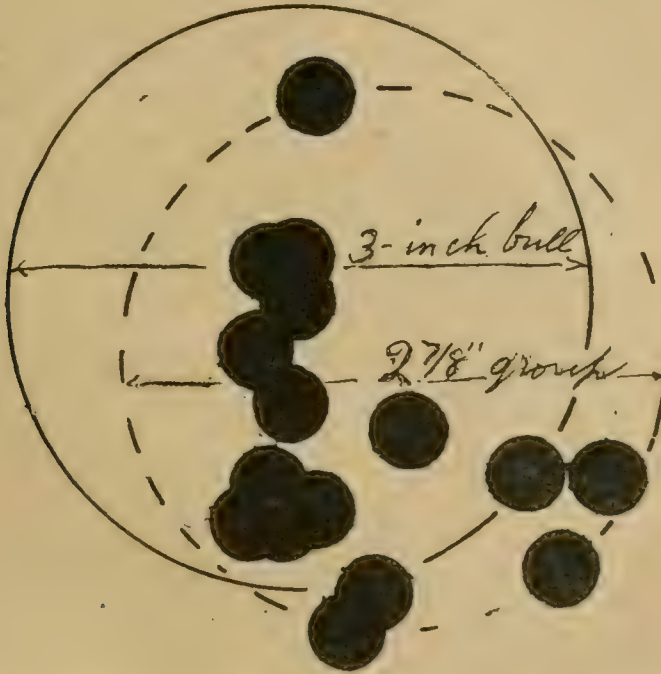
This, so far as I am concerned, is the last word on this subject. If however, others decide to thresh the matter out to greater length, I would suggest that it be free from anything savoring of biting sarcasm or anything of that nature; and I feel certain that Mr. Decker is with me here though we may not agree on all points concerning the rifle best suited for deer shooting. I've advocated rifles of the .30-30 class and others of even less power, for deer shooting; also I have been a strong admirer of the lever type of repeater as well as advocating the *real* featherweight rifle. This latter arm I had always hoped when it appeared would be a lever gun, though had half promised myself to have one if built strictly featherweight even should it be of the bolt type. It would seem that we are soon to have what the makers claim is a *real featherweight* of this type. It will be of the 3000-foot second class and readers of *Rod and Gun* need not be surprised should I be found in the deer districts next season packing one of these little guns. Should this prove true, however, don't expect me to endorse the combination too strongly as I should adopt its action merely to get the featherweight features, and, unless the bullet used was fly-to-pieces proof, it would be liable to criticism from this little typewriter of mine. While I am quite certain to be using such a rifle for deer shooting next season, or some other 3000-foot second gun, I might also be found at times, packing a Ballard Pacific, a Centennial Winchester or a .30-30, or even a despised .44-40; but should this prove to be true, I trust no one will consider me as being inadequately armed for the game to be hunted for. While many might ridicule the rifle used, there are plenty of us who know that each and every rifle mentioned has made good so often on deer, and even larger game, that we will know if failure results in their use under at all favorable con-

ditions, the shooter alone will be at fault. Now we'll switch.

I had intended writing at considerable length on the merits, as I see them, to be found in the .38-40 model 1892 Winchester as a Backwoodsman's rifle; also had expected to have had many targets to have shown with the article, but I have taken so much space in commenting on Mr. Decker's article that I shall have to be brief in my handling of this .38-40 of mine. Also, due to bad weather conditions with constantly changing light, the

the .38-40 but unless using the high velocity cartridges all the time, I'd fully as soon have the better known .44-40 in this model.

This little gun has a good record on deer and when occasion requires, will clip a grouse's head as regular as any rifle ever carried in the bush. And the cost of the ammunition, whether you use the factory product or reload is not expensive, and this is a big argument in favor of the Backwoodsman having at least one rifle using inexpensive ammunition. In this rifle I have used practically



No. 1. Fifteen consecutive shots, from rest, at 75 yards. (See article.)

tests I made at the target with this little gun failed to average with many others, I have made in the past; and while I could show many ten-shot groups under two inches, from rest, at 50 yards, there were also too many over that size to prove of interest, so will merely say that with the open sights I have this little deer-killer equipped with it has so often made many very close five and ten, and even a few twenty-shot groups at all ranges up to 200 yards, that I have, and always shall have, I believe, great faith in this little gun for deer shooting under most of the conditions under which I am likely to hunt it. I am not out to advertise this little rifle any more than to say that it suits me the best for many purposes of any rifle I ever owned. The calibre, you will remember, is

all of the factory make of cartridges as well as many reloaded ones, the shells having been reloaded with cast bullets and suitable charges of DuPont No. 1, Schuetzen and their No. 80,—the most used and so far most satisfactory of the reloaded stuff having been the Ideal measure set at 30 grains for the DuPont No. 80 powder and using a special three-groove, cast bullet of 197 grains in weight. This bullet was cast in an Ideal mould No. 40396, being one of many used in the old time .40 calibre rifles like the Sharps, Ballards, Remingtons and Winchester single shots. This bullet could be had in different weights, the one I selected being for the 203-grain. The point of bullet as cast in mould as it came from the factory was too long for my purpose, so mould at bottom was cut off and a steel

plate rivetted to one half of the mould to form a bottom when mould was closed. As now worked over, the point of bullet is cast shorter than originally designed but slightly longer than the regular .38-40 bullet, and when this special bullet is loaded in the .38-40 shell the over-all length of the complete cartridge is slightly longer than standard for this cartridge which necessitated cutting away a small portion of steel directly under the chamber slanting forward sufficiently to enable the longer cartridge to be readily elevated for insertion into the chamber by the forward travel of the breech bolt. With exception of one undesirable feature, the combination has proved extremely satisfactory. That one undesirable feature is this: If one desires to shove the elevated carrier down with cartridge in it, there is good prospect of the end of the bullet of this longer-than-standard cartridge catching on rim of cartridge in magazine with the possibility of that cartridge being forced back on the cartridge in the carrier and all sorts of trouble sure to follow. A cartridge stop of suitable length for this special cartridge would permit everything to work as well as for the standard cartridge. Please note, Mr. Critic, that the jam that might follow a proceeding such as I have mentioned cannot be attributed to a faulty mechanism; the gun handles the ammunition it was made to handle perfectly; also this special cartridge if one is careful and not shove the carrier down as I have mentioned.

The .38-40, as most of the readers are aware, is a .40 calibre. The bullet I selected is of the .403 class of .40 calibres and as a consequence the bullets are cast somewhat oversize. This is as I had wanted, as a very tight fitting bullet was desired and when sized in a special Ideal sizer to .402 I found exactly what I had been looking for. Also the bullet had what the standard .38-40 cast bullet did not have,—a groove for crimping the shell into. When so crimped it will stand unlimited pounding through the magazine without being forced back within the shell as happens so often when using smokeless loads which do not fit the shell and a bullet without a crimping groove.

With this special bullet extremely small groups have been secured at all ranges at which I have used it—also excellent groups have been made with this little gun with all—practically all—the factory ammunition, the last to be tried being the Dominion smokeless in this size, and while all the grouping

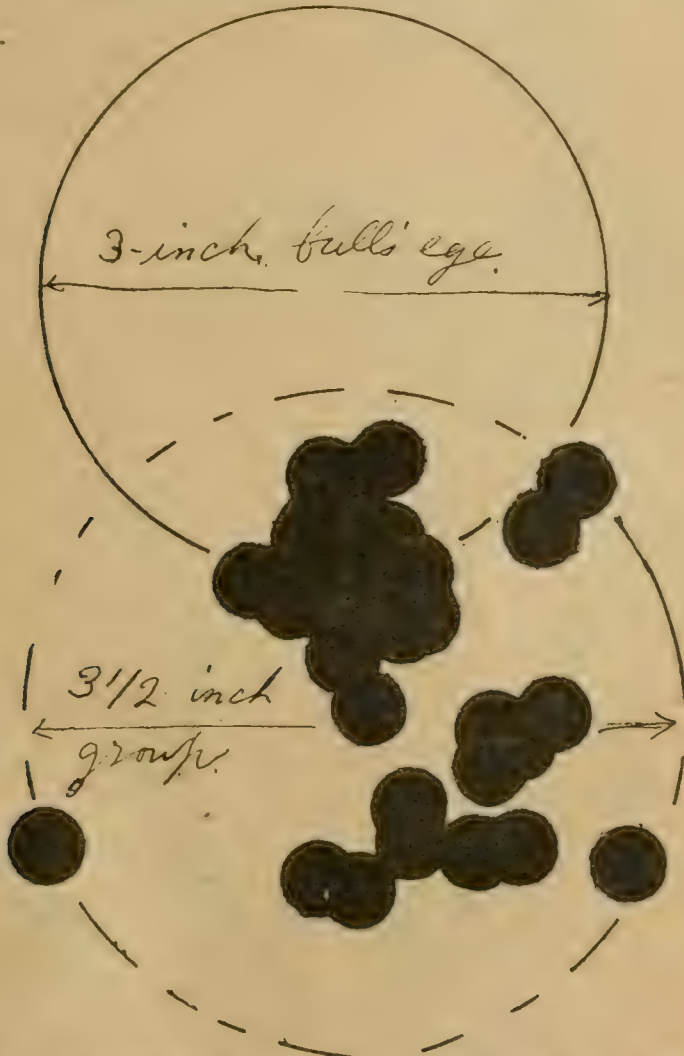
with this ammunition in this calibre was not as satisfactory as I had hoped for, it averaged as well as any others tried out on the same day; but it would be only fair to say that weather conditions made it impossible to expect the small groups we all like to secure so well; under better conditions I know that all the ammunition shot then would show much better average results. I speak in an unusually positive manner; you will think perhaps, but it is because I know that all the cartridges I have in mind have given better averages heretofore and know that they will again.

The regular Ideal 180-cast bullet also has given good results in this rifle and it has been used with black, semi-smokeless, DuPont No. 1, DuPont No. 80 and Scheutzen to help it along towards the target, and while I like my special bullet with its 30-grain BULK DuPont No. 80 load better than any of the reloads, the 180-grain cast bullet with all the powders mentioned works well. Of factory ammunition, the low velocity cartridges give the greatest accuracy, as one might expect, but the High Velocity cartridges have a flatter trajectory and greater striking power and at any range at which one would expect to use this Backwoodsman's rifle of mine will kill anything the hunter may ever point it at. My little rifle has killed deer with nearly all the loads I have mentioned, and while I know that many would have no use for such a rifle with so many of the modern high power rifles in reach, I should like to mention right here that such an arm, with reloading tools, a few cans of DuPont powders such as have been mentioned, a few thousand primers and plenty of scrap lead on hand and the Backwoodsman will always be prepared for game shooting though an ammunition famine may be raging generally. Regardless of how firmly I might tie to the modern high power rifles, nothing can pry me loose from this little rifle and its cartridge reloading outfit. There are, of course, other calibres just as good, some would say better, like the .44-40, the .32-40 and .38-55, but choose which you prefer, and hang right on to your high power rifles with as firm a grip as you like, the time is certain to come when you will find some one of these often derided black powder rifles worth their weight in gold—nearly. Especially if you happen to be out of reach of the big cities. Under such conditions as I have in mind, the Backwoodsman would have at least one rifle he could find some kind of ammunition for, and while it would not be the gun for 1199

yard deer shooting, it would answer perfectly for our Backwoodsman who would shoot his game at the usual ranges.

It has been years since I have more than an occasional shot off hand at a target, at any range, with a rifle. I seem to get game with a rifle shot off hand quite readily;

white paper, $8\frac{3}{4}$ inches in diameter, tacked to a black back ground, and fired ten shots only, sights up three notches, getting six in the bull with another $\frac{3}{4}$ inch out, one $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches out and one other $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches out, while one still worse, missed the target clean—this was the sixth shot and was caused by a flinch and



No. 2. Twenty-five consecutive shots, from rest, at 75 yards. See article.

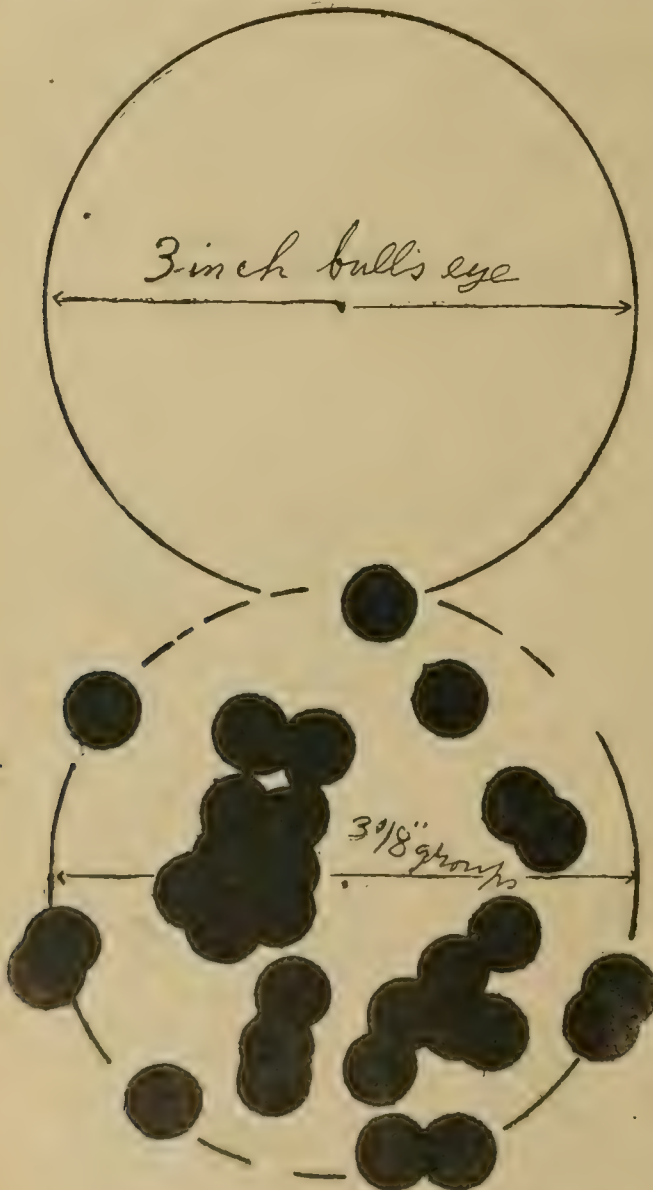
probably because I am so *very* careful with that first shot. But it has been a long, long time since I fired a rifle off hand at the 200-yard target but to please a friend, and to have a fair idea of what one should expect of this little rifle of mine (which, I believe, I like fully as well as the .25-21 Stevens, Mr. Landis is hanging on to) off-hand, open sights such as I use for hunting, I cut out a bull's eye of

shot was called at the time. Raising the group $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch and seven of the ten would have been in the $8\frac{3}{4}$ inch bull's eye. As they struck, however, I feel certain that these seven shots would have been good for the vitals of a standing broadside deer. The distance was known, of course, and in hunting we have to guess at our distances when game shooting, and while these ten shots won't

assay very high in the estimation of the off-hand target shot who may be in *good form all the time*, at the same time the little gun performed so much better in my hands after such a long time without off-hand practice

has made it unnecessary for the man to pay much attention to range up to 200 yards.

I have high-power rifles with more in prospect. I also have the black-powder rifles, and like both types, and dislike very much to



No. 3. Thirty consecutive shots, from rest, at 75 yards. (See article.)

that I have thought it worth mentioning here. If one gets his range, the black powder guns would answer pretty well on deer at even 200 yards, same as in days of yore when ye hunter was a much better judge of distances than he is at present where the high-powered rifle

see mud thrown on either type; both are good, the high power for the long shots where a miscalculation of range may, and often does, mean a miss; the black powder rifle for the Backwoodsman who may do practically all of his shooting at the shorter ranges and

who desires a rifle using cheap ammunition whether that ammunition is factory made or prepared by the Backwoodsman himself. Believing I have made myself fairly plain in this matter and trusting that none will understand me as advocating *either type* for *every hunter for every purpose*, I will ring off for this time.

Since writing the above I have hunted up some old targets made with my little .38-40 Winchester which I am going to take chances on being reproduced in *Rod and Gun* as I am sending them in. You may remember one of my 50-yard REST targets made with a revolver being shown a year or so ago as a ten-yard OFF-HAND target. I've forgiven the one responsible for the mistake but haven't entirely forgotten about it. Mr. Landis requested targets made at 50 and 100 yards, but as explained previously although special efforts were made to secure a satisfactory average with the little gun at these ranges, results to appear with this article, the results, for reasons which have been mentioned, were not entirely satisfactory. This little .38-40 has been shot many thousand times with different kinds of ammunition and mostly at the 50-yard range and, naturally, many very small groups have been made at this range, but practically all of these targets passed out of my hands long ago which makes it impossible to show many which would be of especial interest to *Rod and Gun's* many readers. However, I am fortunate in being able to show three targets made with this rifle at a carefully measured 75 yards, shot from rest, open sights, good weather conditions, three-

inch bull being used and sight set for its point blank range of 50 yards. Target No. 1 represents 15 consecutive shots had they all been fired on the same target. Target No. 2 shows 25 consecutive shots as they would have appeared had they all been shot on the same target. Target No. 3 shows 30 consecutive shots as they would have appeared had they all been fired on the same target. No. 1 made with 180-grain cast bullet and DuPont No. 80 powder, Ideal measure set at 24 grains. No. 2 was made with low-velocity Winchester smokeless cartridges while No. 3 was made with my special 197-grain cast bullet load with Ideal measure set at 30 grains, the powder used being DuPont No. 80. From these targets I believe anyone will have a pretty fair idea concerning just how much show Mr. Buck will have for getting off with his life at the *usual* ranges, if the man behind the gun is looking fairly straight. In the tests made when the targets shown were turned out many very small five-shot groups were produced, but I am not mentioning any of them having been satisfied by showing one 15-shot group, one of 25 shots and another of 30 shots—consecutive shots, remember. Open sights, range 75 yards.

Size of groups determined by drawing a circle through center of outside bullet holes and measuring across circle. Size for group No. 1 is 2 7-8 inches. For No. 2 size of the group is 3 1/2 inches while for No. 3 the size of group is 3 1/8 inches. Unbroken lines show bull's eyes: broken lines show size of the groups.

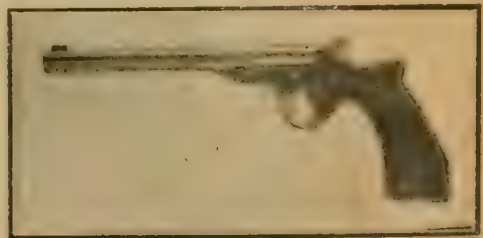
Notes on Pistol Shooting

F. R. DANIEL

— I am enclosing herewith a photograph of a hand gun that appears to be little known and which might be of interest to your readers. It is made by the Webley and Scott people of England, has an 8 inch barrel and weighs about 23 ounces.

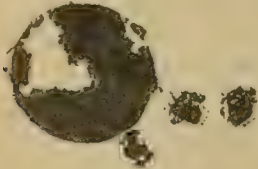
The pistol is fitted with a nicely checkered, walnut grip with a rubber butt plate. The trigger pull is nice and easy and the trigger is checked. This pistol is made with a tip up action and is opened by pushing forward on the front trigger guard and has a kicking extractor. This extractor works very well with cartridges loaded with greaseless bullets and

will throw out the greased ones when it is warmed up.



Webley and Scott .22 cal. pistol

The pistol is chambered for the .22 long rifle cartridge. In finish it compares very favorably with the Smith & Wesson pistol. The price was \$18 in Canada a year ago. Personally, I do not like the shape of the grip as there is not enough drop in the hang of it as it is made something on the style of the old English duelling pistol. For that reason,



10 shots off-hand at 22 feet, by F. R. Daniel, using a Webley & Scott single shot pistol.

I have not done very much work with it. A few targets are attached that will give an idea of its work.

I am also sending a few targets made with a Steven's Diamond Model with a 6 inch barrel and 22 short cartridges loaded with mushroom bullets. A few years ago this pistol cost me \$6.50 and I have shot many thousands of shots out of it. I can do better work with it today than I can with my .38 Special



10 shots off-hand at 22 feet, by F. R. Daniel, using a Stevens Diamond model pistol. Score 99

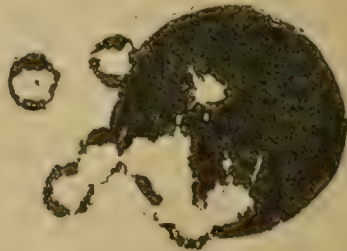
yards or more. It will do just as good work as it does at these short ranges.

I noticed in last month's issue an inquiry as to whether snapping a revolver will hurt



10 shots off-hand at 22 feet, by F. R. Daniel, using a Stevens Diamond model pistol. Score 95

Officer's Model Colt that has a $7\frac{1}{2}$ inch barrel. I do not mean to infer that anyone can do better work with the Stevens than they can with the Colt Officer's Model, but that is how it works out in my case.



12 shots off-hand at 22 feet, by F. R. Daniel, using a .32 Colt Automatic pistol.

it. I formerly shot one of my Colt's Officers Model for snapping practice. I snapped this revolver possibly a good many thousand times until at last I jarred out the firing pan. (At least I believe that is the factory name for it.) This occurred sometime ago. The piece that I mean is that round piece that the firing pin comes through on the frame on the .38 Colt Officers Model. Since this occurred I use empty shells for a bumper.

Hints on Rifle Practice

JAMES WHYTE

THE following is written with the hope that it will be of some benefit to young shots or beginners in the art of military rifle shooting on the range.

I have found snapping practice, or position and aiming drill, to be of very great benefit, especially in the standing or offhand and kneeling positions, although I never became a successful shot in the former position. However, nearly all military rifle shooting in Canada is now from the prone position.

In towns where military rifle clubs have been organized for some years, many expert riflemen will be found among the members and the beginner is recommended to adopt as nearly as his conformation will admit, the position adopted by the most successful shots, which will be found to vary very little among a large number of expert riflemen while shooting in the prone position. In the other positions there are likely to be more variations. In assuming the prone position, do not lie down in line with the direction of the targets as this brings the left arm in a very awkward position. Besides the recoil is felt much more than if one lies at an angle of 45° to the line of fire.

Assuming the target is in the North, lie down facing the northeast, spread the legs, get the left elbow as nearly under the rifle as comfort and conformation will allow, with the right elbow not too far from the body. Slight depressions for the elbows in the proper places are a help, but are not usually allowed to be made in competitions on the range. Have the sling adjusted in length so that it can be used quite tight, say with a pull of about 75 pounds. Be careful not to get the head too far forward and the nose against the thumb, which is usually around the small of the stock with a fairly tight grip, or the recoil from the rifle will cause the most prominent part of the face to suffer, resulting after a few shots, in a very bad case of flinching, and a very poor score. Flinching is hard to eradicate once the habit is acquired.

Do not have the sling attached to the butt swivel. It must be attached to the swivel in front of the magazine, otherwise it will have a strong tendency to cant the rifle and pull the butt away from the shoulder. In using the sling, put the left arm through between the rifle and sling, then back under the sling and grasp the fore end at the position which

suits you best. The sling should be well up to the shoulder over the muscle so it will not slip. This applies to the long regulation sling strap in use some years ago in Canada.

Where it is allowed, a sling which pulls from the middle band swivel only will be found as good as any.

In snapping practice, I have used the following military rifles without any damage to the lock mechanism. Sharp's (Borchardt Model) Martini Henry .45 Cal., Martini Metford .303 Cal. Lee Enfield and Ross, Mark III Model.

For indoor snapping practice I put a small spot on the window to aim at, unless the room is well lighted. A spot on the wall will be too much strain for the eyes. This spot may be as near as a foot or two from the muzzle, provided it is reduced in size in proportion to the distance, for outdoor practice. Use a $\frac{3}{4}$ " paster at 25 yds. Be as careful with every "snap" as if you were shooting on the range in competition, aiming at 6 o'clock just beneath the bullseye and be careful to have the sights perfectly upright as canting the rifle to either side will result in a hit to the side the rifle is inclined, the greater the distance or range, the greater the error. Get into the habit of "calling" the shot. For each perfect aim and pull off, call it a bullseye, and for the least pull to one side, call it an inner or 4, and for a bad pull a magpie, outer or a miss.

Snap in series of 7 to 10 shots, keeping a mental record of the probable value of each snap as called. This will make the practice more interesting and useful.

When I first shot on the 200 yards range, kneeling position, I made very poor scores from this rather unsteady position, averaging but 23 to 26 parts out of the possible 35 for 7 shots, but by persistent aiming and snapping practice, as above outlined I gradually improved my scores on the 200 yards range to 31 to 33, scoring the latter quite frequently.

In this practice as well as on the range, do not get in the bad habit of taking a long aim as one is liable to get a false aim from eye strain, or holding the breath too long. But do not pull till satisfied, better rest the eyes a few seconds, while keeping position then take a moderate breath and begin over again.

Pull the trigger with the second joint of

the first finger, and gradually squeeze the small of the stock with the whole hand as the aim improves, applying the last few ounces or pound of pull when satisfied with the aim. Remember that the slightest flinch or bad pull off at the end will spoil the value of your shot.

In rapid fire and snap shooting, of which there will be much more in competitions than formerly, the pull will be a rapid squeeze instead of a jerk. The minimum pull of trigger allowed is five pounds. If your rifle has much more than this, have the Armourer Sergeant reduce it to $5\frac{1}{2}$ pounds.

This is a delicate job and it is best to have a person with requisite experience lighten the pull.

Practice with reduced charges at short range, say 25 yards at a target reduced in size for the distance. A target 3" square with $\frac{3}{4}$ " bullseye will represent the target at 600 yards. For this practice I have used U.M.C. .303 British shells, bullet 125 grs., Remington .30 Cal., diameter .313, hardened to 1 tin to 10 lead and various charges of smokeless powder.

Twenty-two cal. long rifle muskets can now be bought and are strongly recommended for practice as above or any .22 rifle is better than none, but trigger-pull should be as near as possible to the same weight, five pounds.

Get your military rifle issued to you as early as possible before the shooting season opens in Spring. As I live in the country I have the opportunity to test the rifle at short range against a high bank, to get the elevations for 200 and 500 yards and find out if the rifle shoots zero or not. If it shoots to either side, every one-quarter inch at 25 yards range equals one minute of angle and if the Ross military rifle is used, the foresight can be moved to correct any side throw. If the Lee-Enfield, this it must be allowed for on the wind gauge. With the old Mark VI or blunt nose ammunition the 200 yards elevation will cause the bullet to strike one and one-half inches above point of aim; with 500 yards elev. it will hit seven inches high at 25 yards, this with the old long barrel Lee-Enfield.

The new Mark VII or pointed bullet ammunition will be less than this especially at 500 yards. In learning the amount of wind allowance while shooting on the range, the young shot will have to be guided at first by his friends on the range who have had experience, but as soon as possible he should learn and depend as much as possible on his

own judgment. Get a score book and keep a record of elevation, etc. Disregard the sight elevations on the sight and use the vernier always.

Be careful to not make a mistake of ten minutes either up or down on the vernier. It is often done. I have known one of our old riflemen, a Bisley shot to make a mistake of 10" too high at the 800 yards range at Ottawa, and keep shifting a few minutes elevation each shot and finish his score with seven straight misses before he found his mistake. In shooting where there are a number of targets be careful not to shift your aim on to the next target. It is a common blunder on the range, even with the best shots. While at Bisley, I saw Sgt. Maj. Wallingford, then the best shot in the British army, put a bull on the wrong target at 900 yards and lost First Prize thereby. In the Kolapore Team Match, one of our team men, a Queen's Prize man, did the same thing on the 500 yards range.

At our Dominion Rifle Matches, shooting against the sun one morning at 900 yards on No. 9 target, and the figures showing very indistinctly, the writer put an inner and a bull in *succession* on No. 10, lowering my aggregate nine points in Bisley Team competition and losing a place on the team, besides a place in the prize list. I have given these examples to show the necessity of guarding against same.

Always be careful with a loaded rifle, especially do not leave the firing point with a cartridge in the chamber. You may do this while under the impression that you have another shot to fire when your score is finished and forget to remove it. A young lad on our Nova Scotia Provincial Range made this mistake and was instantly killed a few minutes later while leaning on the muzzle of his rifle.

Another instance: Captain King, an expert rifleman, while shooting an extra series ticket at the Dominion Matches, was in the act of aiming in his unfinished score. He heard the command "cease fire" suddenly sounded for the lunch hour. In dispute about this unusual order, he forgot about his loaded rifle and proceeded to the resort for lunch while scores of the competitors were walking in front and back of him. Suddenly he noticed that the firing pin of his rifle was at full cock and was going to press the trigger to snap it down, when on second thought he opened the bolt to make sure and found a cartridge in the chamber. This was enough to rattle anyone, even with as good nerves as Captain

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5



King. I could give another instance when the writer came very nearly being the victim on the Provincial Range. Be careful—*always*.

A short reference to cleaning the rifle may be in order. Nitrous Acid in the fouling from the Cordite in Canadian Govt. ammunition is very corrosive, and needs prompt and good cleaning to keep the bore in good condition. The strong ammonia method is one of the best, and has been described in these columns. There are several special oils for this purpose, "Young's .303 combined Cleaner, etc." British Make, and Hoppe's Nitro Powder Solvent No. 9, American manufacture, are both good, but it is well to give a second cleaning before putting the rifle away for a week or longer. The writer uses the boiling water treatment for all his fire-arms, except revolver and .22 rifle, and I see no reason why it would not be equally effective in the small bore, using a small funnel for the purpose. It is very simple, all that is required is a kettle of boiling water from the kitchen stove, a proper funnel, cleaning rod and usual dry cleaning rags. For a funnel to use in a bolt action rifle, take a fired shell and bore a hole through the head full size of interior of shell then have a tinsmith solder a funnel with shank about 10 inches long, and small enough to go into hole in shell, into same. Remove bolt from rifle, insert funnel, and pour a quart or two of boiling water slowly through the bore, holding the rifle of course, muzzle down. Then with cleaning rod—I never use a pull through—and dry rags, thoroughly dry the bore. Then finish with oily rags using any good oil. I have used this method for eighteen years, for both shot-guns and rifles with perfect satisfaction and always one operation is sufficient. After an afternoon's shooting on the range, last of the season, with one cleaning as above, the bore kept in perfect condition until following Spring.

A friend of the writer who has seen three year's service at the front in France tells me this method was used at the training camps in England.

For detecting nickel fouling in the bore, a Tatlow .303 Metal gauge is used, the least trace of fouling will prevent the passage of this through the bore and its location found and then removed with Mottly Paste with wire brush, or other appliance on the cleaning rod. For a bad case of nickeling or metal fouling the chemical solvent already described in these columns will need to be used.

The writer uses a glass funnel, rubber tube for muzzle etc., and the chemical ingredients put up in tablet form to mix with the ammonia. These can be bought from a dealer in rifle requisites.

The writer has had the advantages of having many books on the art of rifle shooting. The earliest in 1887 was "Perry's Green Book," an American publication during the time when long range shooting with the old Sharp's and Remington Creedmoor rifles of .45 cal. and black powder was in vogue. It was a wonderfully good book for the shooting prevailing in those days, 40 years ago. For present time condition, Whelen's "Suggestions to Military Riflemen" is very good.. also latest edition of "Modern Rifle Shooting" by L. R. Tipples. The latter can be procured from A. G. Parker & Company, 69 Icknield St., Birmingham, England. Both of the above at moderate prices.

I strongly advise the tyro to get either of the above, as every detail of the art is explained. Many good points are given in the score books published in England, and for sale by dealers in this country. Do not be discouraged owing to poor scores or being nervous at first while shooting in competition. Time will cure this and your scores will surely improve. Snapping practice with the sporting or hunting rifle to be used on either small or big game, is also a great aid towards accurate shooting at game. This should be practiced in the kneeling and sitting positions as well as the standing or off hand, which of course is generally the only one possible in the woods. The writer has shot many deer in British Columbia, Caribou on the open barrens of Newfoundland and moose here on the open bogs and barrens from both the kneeling and sitting positions. The latter always preferred when possible, as it is a very steady position, especially in a wind and for long range shots at game either standing or running is much to be preferred. The bolt or lever of a repeating rifle can be manipulated just as quickly and the rifle steadied sooner than off hand.

To assume the position face slightly to the right, elbows not on the knees but inside, heels firmly on the ground, with a little practice a shot can be fired in very quick time. I have shot last three moose from position as above, all on bogs, two came to the call, other still-hunting. For a hammer gun, I use a piece of thick rubber or sole leather, cut to a size to suit over the end of firing pin for snapping the empty rifle, centre fire.



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With that long-lived TUNGSTEN Battery

With a rim fire action, damage to the rifle would likely result.

In using the boiling water treatment for cleaning a lever action hunting rifle, have two right angle turns in the tube of funnel. The first close to the bored out head of the shell or cartridge, the second at proper distance from first to clear the bolt, and tube prolonged sufficiently to clear when wide part of funnel is attached. Have it tight so neither water nor steam shall escape. The latter may condense in the action and cause

rust. I used one as described for a .95 Model Winchester for many years.

The rifle was one of the early issues, .30-40. It has had a great deal of use, and is still in perfect condition.

For a shotgun, if a repeater, dismount the barrel. If a take-down use an ordinary funnel.

I trust these remarks may be of some benefit to our young shots who may not have the opportunity to get more expert and direct instructions from friends on the Rifle Range.

Queries and Answers

A Rifle For Moose Shooting.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

Which would be your choice of the various calibres in the Model 1895 Winchester for moose shooting?

Would you prefer the .30-1906, the .35 or .405 Cal. Model 1895 Winchester for this purpose.

William Filman,

Aldershot, Ontario.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry concerning my choice of a rifle for moose hunting, this would depend to a large extent on the type of country over which you hunt. If you are likely to have occasional long shots over barrens or along streams I would select the .30-1906 using the 180 grain soft point bullet but if nearly all of your shooting is within 100 yards or less, then I would select the .405 or the .35 Cal. Model 1895.

I would have this rifle fitted with a receiver peep sight and a medium size gold or ivory bead front sight. If most of your shooting is against a green background I would prefer the ivory front sight but, if a large part of it is over the snow then a gold bead would be preferable.

Editor.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I have used a great number of rifles, of high and low power, but my favorite rifle is the .32-20. I can hold this rifle to do extremely accurate off hand shooting. I have never hunted deer, but I believe I could get them with it. Cartridges for this rifle are loaded to give a velocity of 1640 F.S. Can I load these cartridges to give a velocity of 2000 F.S. with the 115 grain Winchester Metal Patched Soft Point Bullet? I have no doubt that the cartridges would be somewhat

bursting up, but what is the difference if they extract.

Would the Winchester and Marlin rifles with nickel steel barrels stand up; the Winchester being the Model 1892 and the Marlin Model 1894?

Which has the most recoil the .32-40 black powder rifle, or the .30-30 high power smokeless?

Is the Winchester Model 1905 Automatic rifle .32 Cal. as powerful as the .32-40 black powder rifle, velocities about the same?

Do the Winchester Automatics work fine or do they ever jam and would you recommend a .32 Cal. Model 1905 for shooting deer and black bear.

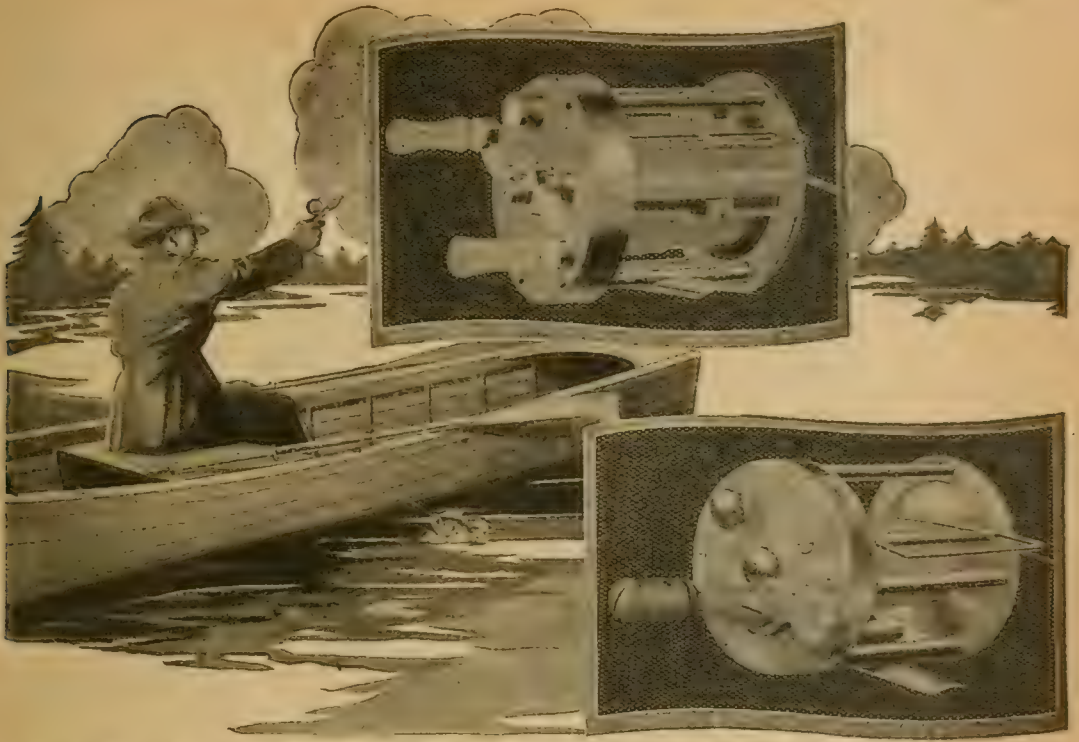
John M. Bell,

Hensall, Ontario.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry concerning the .32-20, I would not advise you to try to load this cartridge to try to reach 2000 foot seconds velocity as it would result in excessive pressure. The cartridge is not designed for use at this velocity.

The .32-40 Cal. rifle when loaded with black powder cartridges would probably give more recoil than the .30-30 high power but there would be very little difference. In fact the difference in the recoil that you feel between the various cartridges is very slight, until you get up to the cartridges like the .30-1906, the .35 and .405 Model 1895 Winchester, the old black powder cartridges like the .45-70 and .45-90 and cartridges of this type.

The Winchester automatic rifles are very reliable weapons but the .32 and .35 calibres use such short range cartridges that I never recommend anybody to use them. Either the .351 or .401 Winchester Automatic is



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greatly to be preferred for shooting deer and black bear.

I would prefer the .32-40 rifle to the .32 Automatic.

Editor.

Rifles For Turkey Matches.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

As an interested reader of your valuable magazine, I am taking this liberty of writing you and asking a few questions also of relating a very exciting, enjoyable and profitable week-end that I spent at my home in Russell a couple of weeks ago.

As I am employed in the city and my work is always indoors, I always have a double longing for a trip to the woods. So when Dad phoned me and told me to get Saturday off and come out to a turkey shoot that afternoon, and as Monday was a holiday we could go for a fox hunt, you may be sure Saturday morning saw me all-aboard for Russell. As it takes only a few minutes run on the train, I was there in plenty of time to try a few shots before the match began.

I used a .250-3000 Savage and my father used a long barreled .30-30 Winchester. The range was 100 yards and the nearest shot to the centre won. I never used my rifle much before as I didn't get up hunting this fall and got it new for that purpose so I was slightly handicapped. However, I fired in all the pools, nine in number and only missed the bull once, getting four turkeys. Dad got two. I am enclosing five bulls, four of which won a turkey each and the one marked was one I lost, which will give you an example of the others.

Please give me your opinion of this shooting. I used open sights and a rest, but a shaky one.

Monday morning we were out bright and early for a fox hunt. Dad used my 12 gauge Winchester pump and I, my .250. We got a start about 8 o'clock and followed the dog about five miles until we came up to him at the Castore River where he was at fault on the track. He had evidently been running two foxes and they both had crossed the river on the ice where he lost the track. I was standing about a hundred and fifty yards away from Dad and wondering what to do, when an awful hubbub started in the bush. It seems that two strange dogs were coming in from the other direction and met Mr. Fox in the face. Of course, the only thing left for him to do was come our way and he surely did. He was just a red streak, going along the far bank amongst the cedars but Dad was one too

quick for him and he cramped up when the 12 gauge spoke, but was up again immediately only to meet another charge of B.B's. This time he was down for the count and by the time I got across on the ice he was quite dead. I stepped it and he was eighty-seven paces away. The first shot hit him too far back, five grains going into his tail and two in just in front of his hind legs. The second one got him in the front shoulder and neck and one thing I noticed when skinning him was that the shot had practically gone through him to the other skin. Was this not remarkable penetration at this distance?

We waited around for a short time hoping to get a shot at the other one but the dog couldn't raise him so we started for home quite satisfied.

This fox had black ears and legs up to his body and was practically gray on the hips and over the back. A dealer of Ottawa said he was nearly a cross. I got \$32 for him.

In conclusion will you give me your opinion of the .250 and compare it with the .30-30. I want this for argument purposes as Dad has used his .30-30 for nearly 15 years, but is nearly converted over to my little .250.

W. A. Eadie,

Ottawa, Ontario.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry, I think that your targets are fine for a hunting rifle. In fact, I think that they are unusually good, considering the type of rifle and sights used. It is very hard as you know to judge the accuracy of a rifle by shooting two shot groups, but the rifle seems to shoot quite consistently into your 3½ inch circle, which is about as good as you can expect from a hunting rifle.

Your Winchester shotgun gave remarkable penetration at the range you mention. This is a very reliable weapon and is fully equal to any other shotgun of the same weight for shooting qualities.

I see that you are anxious for me to give you some points to floor your father in an argument concerning the merits of the .250-3000 and the .30-30. May I suggest that these two rifles are usually almost equally accurate at 100 yards and that if you want to secure accuracy that will show up either one of them, I would advise you to purchase a very accurate .22 long rifle calibre, single shot target rifle, such as the Winchester or Stevens or the B.S.A. No. 12. Any one of these rifles will show targets at 100 yards about one-half the size of those that you will receive from high power hunting rifles. This,



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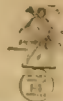
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of course, is in calm weather. The heavy bullets will show up better when there is a heavy wind blowing. I would prefer the .250-3000 to the .30-30, but if I were selecting a rifle for turkey match shooting, I certainly would not select either one of them. It may surprise you to know that the .250-3000 will show much better accuracy at 100 yards with a reduced load than it will with a full load. A charge of about 10 grains of one of the low power powders intended for short range work and the 86 grain flat point bullet will give you a load that will be extremely accurate. It will be well worth trying at your next turkey shoot.

If you shoot at a round bull's eye I would suggest that you use an aperture front sight and a peep rear sight and you will be surprised to learn that your groups will be reduced about 50% in size over those that you will obtain with hunting sights. A flat top front sight is also much better than a bead for target shooting at a bull's eye. In case you have not tried regular target sights I would suggest that you try them before going into any more turkey matches and notice the improvement in your grouping.

Editor.

.280 Ross Rifle Cartridges.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

About two years ago you published an article of mine on reloading the 280 Ross. At that time ammunition was hard to get owing to war conditions prevailing.

This condition of affairs now has been remedied, at least in so far as the best of 280 ammunition is concerned—the original copper tube cartridges. The United States Cartridge Company advises: "that we are now making the 280 Ross copper tube cartridge again, and believe it is fully up to former standards of accuracy."

It was these US copper tube cartridges with which my rifles gave the fine accuracy mentioned in the article. With the war quality steel jacketed bullets I never was able to get anything like as fine shooting; while there is some evidence that they performed erratically in deer and bear when they did not strike bone. The copper tube bullet in my experience invariably went through game it hit, and made a tunnel at least two inches in diameter. It fully substantiated the original claim of the Ross company that it would anchor any American game hit at all fairly.

J. R. Mattern.

A 7M.M. Waffenfabrik Mauser.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I own a Mauser 7 M.M. sporting model made by Deutsche Waffin und Munitionsfabriken, Berlin, No. 382 stamped on side of barrel and elsewhere. I cannot get any literature on this dandy little gun so hope you may be able to tell me.

1. Velocity of bullet in foot seconds.
2. Foot pounds striking force at 100 yards.
3. Through how many pine boards is the bullet (Spitzer type) supposed to go?
4. Trajectory at 100 yards shooting 200 and at 150 yards shooting 300 yards.
5. What system of rifling has it and about what is the twist?
6. Is it possible to reload this ammunition and if so would it be advisable, and where might I get reloading tools with directions?
7. Is there any make of cartridge that can be used with an auxiliary chamber in this gun satisfactorily?

8. For power how does this gun compare with Winchester Model '95, cal. 30, 1906? I have an idea that this gun is strong enough for any moose or bear one could meet. Is it?

9. What is your opinion of this gun and compare it briefly with the Newton as to power and action? Can I get a micrometer receiver sight for this gun and where?

I like the shooting qualities of this gun very much, but am unable to get the above information from any dealers around here, so am writing to you. It is with a great deal of pleasure that I buy and read your magazine every month, as shooting and hunting seem to be my best hobbies and will write you later some of my experiences.

A. L. Speers,

Mount Hope, Ontario.

Reply—Your 7 M.M. Waffenfabrik Mauser is a splendid rifle. the ballistics are as follows:

7 M.M. U.M.C. cartridges 139 grain bullet, C. 44, Muzzle velocity 2781 F.S., Muzzle Energy 2715 Ft. lbs., Velocity at 100 yards 2577 F.S., energy at 100 yards 2057 Ft. Lbs., 200 yard trajectory is 2.6 inches, 300 yard trajectory 6.4 inches.

7 M.M. Mauser cartridge with the 152 grain bullet, C. 495, Muzzle velocity 2604 F.S., Muzzle energy 2319 Ft. Lbs., remaining velocity at 100 yards 2125 F.S., energy 1991 Ft. Lbs., 200 yard trajectory 3 inches; 300 yard trajectory 7.1 inches.

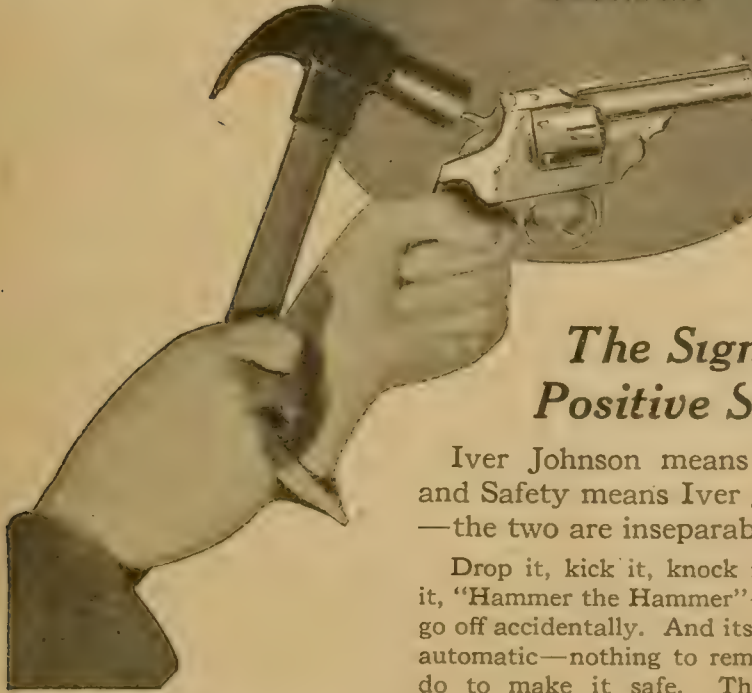
This rifle has the regular groove and land-system of rifling. I cannot tell you the exact amount of twist but it would probably be about one turn in nine or ten inches. You

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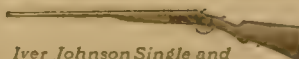
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can determine this by pushing a lead bullet through the bore and having a wire securely fastened to it while it is being pushed through. By making a very fine mark on the wire you can see how far forward you must push the bullet until the wire is completely turned around one turn. You can very easily reload the ammunition for this cartridge if you can secure the bullets.

The only tools that you can use are the Ideal tools. Address the Ideal Manufacturing Company, New Haven, Conn. Address the Remington Arms U.M.C. Company, Woolworth Bldg., New York City or the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, New Haven, Conn. for bullets.

I do not know of any cartridge that could be used as an auxiliary cartridge with this rifle, but at any rate it would not be nearly so accurate as the reduced load and I do not think it is worth considering from a practical stand point.

This 7 M.M. cartridge is slightly more powerful than the .30 Springfield is at the muzzle when the Springfield is loaded with the 150 grain bullet.

At 300 yards it is approximately 80 Ft. Lbs. more powerful than the Springfield when the Mauser is used with either of the two cartridges. When the Springfield is loaded with the 180 grain bullet it is considerably more powerful than the Mauser.

This Mauser rifle would be a very satisfactory rifle for shooting moose and bear.

You can obtain a large amount of ballistic information concerning the 7 M.M. Mauser cartridges from the catalog of the Newton Arms Corporation, Woolworth Bldg., New York City. They will be pleased to send you their catalog upon request. This would also give you information concerning the ballistics obtained from Newton rifles.

You can very likely obtain a micrometer sight for your Mauser from the Lyman Gun Sight Corporation, Middlefield, Conn. They make several models of rear peep sights for Mauser rifles.

Your rifle is undoubtedly as fine a bolt action rifle as you can obtain at the present time. The fact that it was made in Germany does not detract at all from the fact that it is a thoroughly reliable weapon. I would be very glad to see something in this model made, on this side of the Atlantic.

Editor.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

Will you kindly advise me the probable

calibre of a Lee Enfield rifle that I have that was used in the Boer War. It has a 33 inch barrel and a box magazine.

Harry Maddison.

Montreal, Canada.

Reply—This inquiry is one too many for the editor and he requests information from one of our readers who can answer this inquiry.

Editor.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I am thinking of getting a rifle for big game, such as deer. I had a .25-35 Winchester and sold it as it was too light a bullet for a brushy country. I want to get a rifle that will be good for the bush and also one that will be accurate for target shooting.

I like the cut of the Remington Repeater, but would like to have your opinion of either of three makes, viz: Remington, Winchester or Savage, and what calibre you consider best for a sure and hard hitter and also an accurate target gun. I shoot from the left shoulder.

I have been reading *Rod and Gun* with great interest for some time

Gordon McDougall,

Middleville, Ont.

Reply—Your question is rather hard to answer as I do not know just how accurate results you require for your target shooting. If you desire to shoot at a 2 inch bull's eye at 100 yards or a corresponding size at any range, you will require a more accurate rifle than any of the lever action or slide action, high power hunting rifles.

The .25-35 is generally considered to be one of the most accurate repeating rifles there are. If you have found this too light for brush country, I would suggest that you skip the .30 30 type of rifle as these are more or less in the same class and choose one of the older types of large calibre rifles. Possibly a 45-70-105 or a 35 calibre model 1895 Winchester would be the most suitable type to select for your shooting. Neither of these rifles are unusually accurate for a target rifle and are not any too good as a target rifle. They both have a rather heavy recoil, but they use cartridges that are as accurate as any of the older cartridges used in hunting rifles and will be found thoroughly reliable in brush shooting.

The heaviest calibre that you could obtain in the Remington rifles is the .35 Automatic, which is a good brush cartridge, but does not have a very high reputation for accuracy at long ranges. The Remington in .35 calibre

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would make a very good gun for brush shooting, but neither rifle nor cartridge was designed for long range target shooting. You will find that for long range target shooting and also for good brush work, the .303 British will make you a good all around selection, especially if it is used in a military bolt action rifle. However, I doubt if it would prove quite as satisfactory for shooting through brush as would the .35 and .45 calibre cartridges mentioned, but it will prove to be a better target cartridge and also a more pleasant one to shoot. This cannot be obtained in a Remington rifle of present manufacture.

Editor.

Reloading Tools.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I wish to get a reloading tool for my .25-20 Marlin Repeater. Will you tell me just what tools are necessary to reload cartridges to shoot accurately? Does the regular Ideal tool resize the cartridge or is a special chamber necessary? Is it necessary to have a resizing tool for cartridges as small as a .25-20? Does the Winchester Repeating Arms Company still make a reloading tool? What is the cost of a bullet resizer, and is it necessary to have one for solid lead bullets without gas check? I intend to load with regular black powder.

Wishing your paper every success, I am

A. E. Wood,

Tusket, N.S.

Reply—To reload the .25-20 Marlin cartridge with a variety of loads, you will need a No. 3 Ideal reloading tool with double adjustable chamber, a bullet resizing chamber to resize to .257 and unless you want to buy new cartridges rather often, you will need a special full length shell resizing die. You should also have a muzzle die to resize the muzzle of the shell.

I understand that the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., no longer manufacture reloading tools. You will, of course, require a powder measure and a bullet mold and melting pot and dipper and a supply of bullet lubricant. It is very necessary to resize all cast lead bullets after they are lubricated. This operation just about doubles the accuracy in most cases. The regular Ideal resizer does not resize the neck of the cartridge sufficiently, a special muzzle resizing die being necessary to resize the neck of the shell sufficiently small to hold the bullet. The full length resizing die is necessary to resize the full length of the shell, but this will not take care

of resizing the neck of the cartridge so that it is necessary to have both of them to do good work.

For the .25-20 Marlin, I would suggest the 77 grain bullet No. 25720 as being about the most generally satisfactory one to use unless you wish to use metal cased bullets.

Editor.

Reboring a .40-82 Winchester.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I have been a constant reader of *Rod and Gun* for a number of years though this is the first time I have had occasion to come to you for advice.

I have an old Winchester Single Shot, .40-82 calibre, 28 inch barrel, full octagon, lever action and I have conceived the idea of having a steel tube inserted in the barrel and converting it into a .25-20. Also of having about three quarters of the barrel turned round, making it a one quarter octagon barrel and at the same time doing away with some of the extra weight. What twist should I have put into the barrel?

Do you not think the 28 inch barrel on the .25-20 should make a very accurate gun if I can get the work done right?

Give me a couple of addresses of gunsmiths who could do the above work.

Kindly give me the ballistics of the .25-20. I have a .30-30 Winchester which is a pretty good all round gun, but for some reason or other they are very poorly balanced. I am speaking of the 1894 model. I think I will try boring a hole under the butt plate and running in a lead weight, which would make the gun that much heavier but would make a better balanced gun I believe. What do you think about this?

Roy J. Skinner,

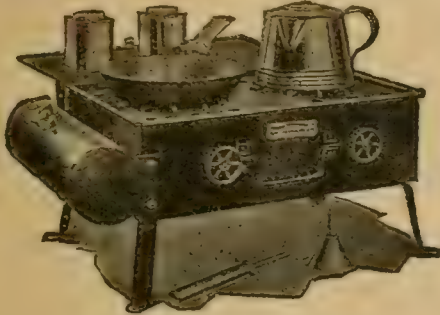
Yarker, Ontario.

Reply—You could very easily have your .40-82 calibre Winchester Single Shot rifle barrel turned smaller and then relined and bored to .25-20 calibre. This can be done for you by C. A. Diller, Box 534, Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A. His charge for relining and reboring a 28 inch barrel would be about \$5.50. There would be an extra charge, of course, for turning down the barrel. I would suggest that you have this barrel rifled with a 13 inch twist.

The Ballistics of the .25-20 cartridge would depend upon the load that you would use in it. Remington U.M.C. figures for the standard black powder cartridges loaded with 86 grain bullet are as follows:

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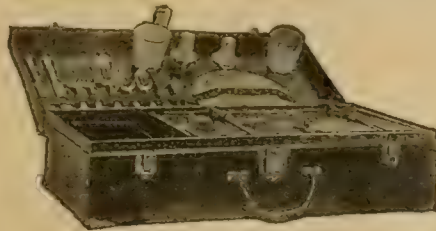
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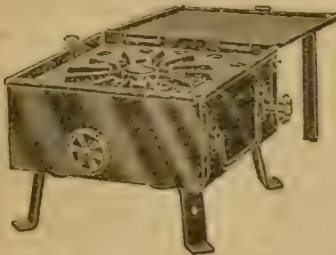


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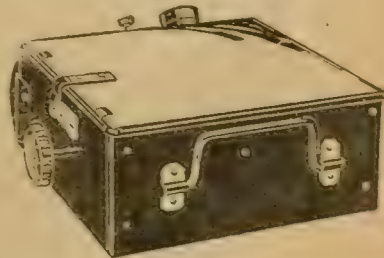
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200 yard trajectory 12½ inches.

This cartridge is very accurate up to 200 or 300 yards and in calm weather will do well up to 500 yards.

Placing a lead slug under the butt plate of your .30-30 Winchester would make it balance better if you object to a rather muzzle heavy feeling. Personally I do not object to this type of balance.

Editor.

Firearms For A Trap Line.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I am going to New Ontario next fall to hunt big game, and if things look good there, I am going to stay and trap. I would like to know if these firearms would be satisfactory to take along?

A .35 Remington Automatic, a .22 Winchester slide action repeater, a .38 Colt revolver and a .22 H. & R. revolver, or would that be too many to be bothered with?

Would a .35 model 1895 Winchester be a more satisfactory rifle and could you give me the ballistics of the two?

H. Taylor,

Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry, I would suggest that the .35 Remington Automatic, a .22 long rifle calibre model 1890 Winchester, used with Lesmok or semi Smokeless cartridges loaded with a hollow point bullet, and a good .22 calibre target pistol like the Smith & Wesson or a .22 calibre Colt Automatic pistol, would make you a splendid outfit.

I would not consider an H. & R. Revolver or a .38 Colt as being of any use on a trip of this kind, as a .22 target revolver would be much better for shooting trapped animals, most of which would be small, and the .35 Remington would take care of all of your big game, while the .22 Winchester would keep you supplied with meat.

The .35 calibre model 1895 Winchester would be more powerful than the .35 Remington. This rifle is also heavier. It is not as handy to carry in the brush, nor as handy to carry on a trap line for that reason, and unless you would have considerable moose shooting, you might prefer the .35 Remington for the use that you have outlined, especially if most of your shooting was inside of 200 yards and in the brush. I have always considered a large calibre revolver to be the most worthless weapon that a man could carry on a hunting trip or on a trap line.

The .22 Colt Automatic would make you a splendid pistol for shooting your trapped game and for shooting rabbits and partridges. This pistol has the accuracy of the finest target pistols with the addition of the rapidity of fire of the automatic. I believe it is about the most satisfactory belt weapon that a man can carry on a trap line.

Editor.

The .35 Remington Auto For Deer.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.

What is your opinion of a .35 Remington Auto Loading rifle for red deer? I use a .32 Winchester Special carbine. Sometimes I wish I had a gun that would shoot faster. I consider your opinion of a gun to be A No. 1. and would be pleased to have your advice.

E. M. Wessels,

Wooler, Ont.

Reply—The .35 Cal. Remington rifle would make you a very satisfactory weapon for deer shooting. Its one objection is that it has a rather disagreeable recoil. If you would choose the same rifle to shoot the .32 rimless or the .30 rimless cartridge, you would have a rifle that is almost exactly equal in power and range to your .32 Winchester Special.

If you cannot operate a lever action Winchester very fast, you can undoubtedly shoot faster with an Automatic Remington or an Automatic Winchester bored to shoot some cartridge for instance, like the .351. The most suitable Automatic Winchester for your use would be the .351 Cal.

Editor.

New Rifles.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

Are the Röss rifle people coming out with their sporting rifles? Is Mr. Chas. Newton going to put out a new rifle or rather his own separately from the new firm?

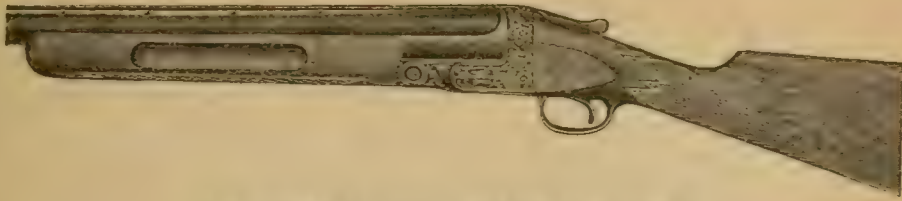
Are there any hopes of a new bolt action rifle, bored to handle modern cartridges, being placed on the market in the near future? Also a rifle that even a poor man can buy?

I am longing for an Ideal rifle and cartridges.

D. M. Ponich.

Andrew, Alta.

Reply—As far as I know, the Ross Rifle Company is not going to resume operation. Mr. Chas. Newton advertises that he manufactures a new rifle, but I have not as yet seen any of them, nor do I know how they differ from the older Newton rifle. There are some rumors of a new bolt action rifle being



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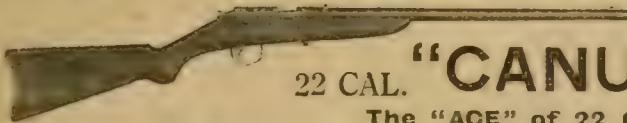
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put out by at least two new firms, but just how soon they will be put out on the market I am not able to say. I do not look for a decrease in the prices of firearms in the near future unless prices of other commodities should also come down. The trouble is that the Almighty dollar has shrunk in value.

Editor.

Home made Bullets For The .280 Ross.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I have a .280 Ross rifle model No. 10. What would you consider a good high velocity charge of powder and of what kind? Where can I get a set of reloading tools for the said gun? I saw what some fellow said, "save your .22 cal. empty shells and make .25 Cal. copper jacket bullets." Would .25 rim fire empty shells work for bullets for the .280 Ross, there being only .03 cal. each way? He said he swedged them. Could you explain the swedging process?

H. J. Grigsby,

Bow Island, Alberta.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry concerning the .280 Ross, I do not know where you can obtain reloading tools for this cartridge, unless you can get it from the Ideal Manufacturing Company, New Haven, Conn. If you intend to reload this cartridge, I would suggest that you try Hercules No. 300 or Du Pont No. 15. Unless you have had considerable experience in making metal cased bullets, I would not recommend that you try to make bullets for the .280 Ross for use in full charge loads.

I am not able to explain to you how to make swedges and swedge your own bullets, and I would not recommend that you try to make them for a cartridge that works at as high breech pressures as the .280 Ross, before you have had plenty of experience in making

bullets for a low power cartridge, because if your bullets were not the proper diameter, you might secure very excessive pressures and destroy your rifle and probably injure yourself.

Possibly some of our readers would care to favor us with an article describing the manufacture of metal cased bullets from copper cylinders and the lead core. Both the United States Cartridge Company and the Winchester Repeating Arms Company can now supply you with cartridges for the .280 Ross.

Editor.

Winchester Model 1894.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

Do you consider the Winchester Model 1894 .30-30 and .38-55 rifle a good rifle for deer and other big game? Also do you consider the Savage .250-3000 superior to these? Would be pleased to have your advice on the above, and also what kind of game and fish are to be found in the Algonquin district of Ontario?

L. H. Wheeler,

Uhrichsville, O.

Reply—Either the .30-30 or the .38-55 calibre Winchester would be a good rifle for deer shooting. The Savage .250-3000 is also a good rifle for the same purpose. Each rifle has its advantages due to the different type of cartridges that it uses.

The advantage of the .30-30 and .38-55 are the cheapness of cartridges and the fact that you can get them anywhere. The advantage of the .250-3000 is that it has a very flat trajectory.

My preference would be for a high velocity .30 cal. rifle shooting a heavy bullet.

Editor.





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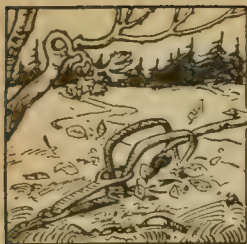
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ALONG THE TRAP LINE

EDITED BY

H. C. HADDON



Mink Trapping Under the Ice

BUCKSKIN

WELL, boys, you all know the old saying—the more you keep your eyes peeled for signs of the furry tribe the greater will be your catch,—but there are times in the north country when the snow is anyway from three to five-feet deep on the level, and signs of the mink are hardly ever seen. In fact Mr. Mink would find the going hard if he tried travelling in the soft floury snow that is the rule when the mercury is down to 40 below. I have trapped all winter and caught a nice number of mink after everything was frozen up solid, and during that time have not seen a single mink track till the warm-up comes in spring. That is, I have not seen a single track on *top* of the snow.

I have on more than one occasion been told by some settler that there were mink tracks around his barn or chicken house, but on investigating by setting a trap or two there have been rewarded with a stoat—ermine. Now, how many of you fellows know that we have two animals called ermine, or rather, two kinds of ermine, whichever way you like to put it. You might just call them weasels. Well, that is right, too. Don't forget that the skunk is a weasel, so is the badger. However the one I wish to draw your attention to, and whose tracks you would mistake for a mink is the stoat. He can easily be told from his smaller brother the weasel by his greater size, being nearly twice the size of the weasel, measuring 14 to 15 inches in length, and very creamy on the back, while the weasel is about a pure white with the exception of the tip of the tail, which you all know is black. Eight to ten inches will cover the entire length of his body. I have caught the stoat (which I believe is the true ermine) that measured when stretched on board (cased) 22 inches from the nose to the tip of the tail, and 4 inches across the hips, stretched on the same boards that I had stretched small mink on. So you can see how easy it would be to say

that it was the track of a mink that you saw when both the animals make tracks similar to one another. Well, some of you might say, would it not be as easy for the mink to run on the snow and hunt up his living as it would be for the weasel. Possibly it would be, but they live a different mode of life than the weasels. The mink would get thin and poor where the weasel would grow fat. All the ermines are fine climbers and get a good part of their food away up some pine stub where a family of flying squirrels make their home—and believe me there are a few of these in Algoma. I have taken six to ten of these chaps out of my traps on one round, not saying a word about the whisky jacks. I have seen a weasel chasing a red squirrel—and catch him—away up in the top limbs of a big black birch. They can move so quickly. Here is where they have the advantage over the mink, so he (the mink) stays where it is warmer and easier travelling. He can walk a while, then take a swim if he feels inclined to have trout for breakfast.

Now you all know that in the fall of the year the rain causes the rivers and small lakes to get very high as a rule. Well, while in this state they freeze over, varying from one to several inches of ice. The cold snap dries up the surface water on the land, so the water soon drops away from the ice on the small streams, when along comes another cold snap and freezes the creek over again, possibly eight to fifteen inches below the ice first formed, leaving a passageway probably for miles on a creek or river between the two layers of ice, only to be broken where there is a fall or a series of rapids, or a very strong current of water.

Well, right here is where Mr. and Mrs. Mink and all the family spend the bitter part of a northern winter, and it is there the trapper can keep a nice bunch of traps working without having them snowed over or put

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out of commission by every change in the weather.

Now my way of trapping the mink is by cutting out a block of ice large enough to give you lots of room to work in, and make a pen out of old pieces of rotten wood, which, by the way, I have already collected along with a bunch of moss, so I have everything to work with before I start to cut the ice. Now, using the bank for the back of the pen I finish up with the wood just as you would for any cubby pen, next I put the bait back in the pen, then lay the trap on the ice at the entrance, tuck some moss under the jaws and all around trap, seeing it lays quite solid, fasten chain to a clog of wood, then, with a flat stick sprinkle a little snow over the trap and chain so that it looks as if it had just snowed in. I use a piece of paper to cover the jaws of the trap before covering with snow. I like a bird best for bait at this set. Pull a few feathers out and spread over trap.

Two short blocks of wood eight inches through by eight long are the handiest to build pens with. With one end to the bank and the others about six inches apart at the entrance to the pen they can be covered with a piece of bark or wood and the whole job only takes a few minutes. Sometimes I have used the pieces of ice I cut out to build the pen with. Cover the opening you have made in the top layer of ice well with evergreens, branches or tips, and no snow will get in. You have only to lift them up to see if you have made a catch.

I have also sometimes made a catch by tying a bait to a stick which I lay on the top

layer of ice, having the bait on a string. I keep it just high enough so that the mink will stand up to reach it, setting the trap directly under the bait. In fact you can use any old set to advantage. If you strike a place on the creek where the water is running too swiftly to freeze over, and not over four or five inches deep you have a grand place to make a set. Just get some stones, large enough, if possible that they will stand up out of the water a couple of inches, place them in the stream crosswise and about a foot apart. Put a few bits of fish on each stone, then set a trap, or better two, between the stones. I put on a bit of wire as a chain extension and fasten to a small spruce sapling, leaving the limbs on. Shove one end in the creek and let the other rest on the bank above the set you have made. This set will work all winter and is a good one.

I use a No. 1½ trap at all sets. I have trapped on creeks where an otter or two could be caught at these open water places, so if you think there are otter around just keep a couple of traps working at these places, especially if there are beaver dams on the creek. The otter will travel from one dam to another. Use a No. 3 or 4 trap for the otter sets.

Well, boys, if this little bit is appreciated by any of the readers I may come again with a talk on trapping the ermine, or anything the beginners would like a few sets on, if you just let your wants be known. I hope some of the old hands at the game will send in a few lines. Every little helps and makes interesting reading for everyone.

When the Farmer Turns Trapper

GEORGE R. BELTON

LIKE all other sports allied to hunting, trapping is usually supposed to be either a pastime or a profession. Most people think of a trapper as a man living his lonely life in the wilds and coming to civilization once a year with his pack, to then fill up in more ways than one and depart again for the woods. The *coureur de bois* of the olden day and the gentlemen adventurers of the Hudsons Bay Company have spread around the trapping business a well deserved glamor. The later ideas of trapping by men who take up this line of activity as a rest or as an outing run along the same line to some extent. The amount of profit made out of

the trapping does not seem to have ever entered very largely into the considerations of those who deal with this life although at one time the activities of the Astors and others drew some attention to the fortunes made by some men in fur-trading. This is hardly the same, however; it is like the difference between the man who farms the land and the man who farms the farmer. The actual trapper seldom made an enormous haul even in the best days of the trapping. Generally speaking the emphasis of all material dealing with the trapping has been laid on the life itself not upon the money made in it.

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trapping and many who never felt any interest in fur before are now making some little very welcome dollars with the trap. And they are not going into the wilds at all; they are trapping right at home and taking the ordinary animals around their farms or village homes; also finding at times that there are not only many more of these animals than they ever dreamed but that some creatures supposed to be denizens of the wild are often found in the haunts of civilization. The trained observer can easily find traces of many wild creatures living in the fields around his home and cunningly hiding their paths from the blunted eyesight of civilized man. And the ordinary man can easily become a trained observer if he will put his mind to it.

In the Canadian west this last year or so there has sprung up quite a trade in furs trapped by farmers; every paper coming into the farmer's home carried advertisements offering good prices for furs and many lads as well as older ones took a look around and went into the trapping business for profit as well as for fun. The prices of these furs, and the ease with which they could be obtained were certainly factors in producing the large number of skins that were brought to the market by farmers and homesteaders in the Canadian west.

Probably the most common and plentiful of all skins was the muskrat. This little animal is found in most of the sloughs and ponds in the prairie provinces but in greatest numbers in the northern parts. They are easily trapped and their skins are easily cared for. Prices reaching nearly a dollar have been paid for these skins which become "Hudson seal" in \$300 coats after deft manipulation. The mink is a better skin and scarcer as well as harder to trap; but he is worth getting after for his hide sells up to ten dollars or more and he is a rogue, a thief, and a vagabond wherever chickens are kept. Minks will kill for the love of killing; little mercy is shown them by the farmer even when the hide is not the attraction. Somewhat the same may be said of the fox; he is well put out of the way, even outside the value of his skin, and that is considerable. Even the common red fox has a hide that pulls up the total of the pack over ten dollars while the famous black fox or the silver tip will pull a sum up to the thousands. There latter are seldom seen outside the packs of professional hunters, but occasionally one or two are caught by the farmer trapper. The desired

coyote or prairie wolf has taken on a dignity far beyond what his miserable carcass or soul ever deserved for a good coyote skin sold up to \$18 or even higher last winter. Some very pretty ones were sent down to the stores this last year particularly from the brush country; many are no doubt cross-foxes, that is crossed between the coyote and the big timber wolf. The latter has a hide much larger than the average man thinks; he is a fearful beast as large as the largest dog and as fierce as the wildest meaning of the hated term "wolf" ever implied. His hide however, is not so highly prized as his size would make one think. Many fine skins of the timber wolf come down every year from Hudson's Bay district in the packs of the hunters.

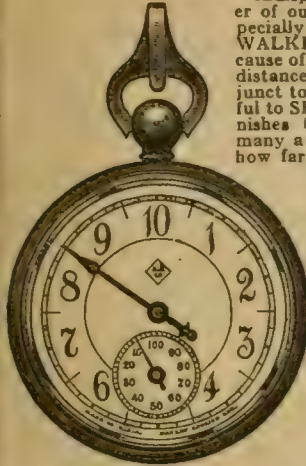
Weasel skins have been very plentiful in the shipments made by the western farmers this year; they are, of course, "Canadian ermine" in winter when they turn white, and were worth up to three dollars this year though the average was not much over a dollar. People who trapped this hated creature saved themselves from trouble in the chicken house; the weasel is the most destructive creature that can visit a barn; he kills fowl without limit, merely for the love of killing like the mink, but he loves it even more and is more efficient in destruction. Badger skin does not sell well, but a few come in the packs at times. The king pin of the bunch in farm furs is the skunk; it is difficult to say what the limit might be in the price of a real good skunk-skin; these become "Alaska sable" and several other hightoned sorts of capes and wraps for my lady beautiful. Skunks are really harmless things on the farm aside from their objectionable odor; they may get after chickens occasionally but are not so destructive as weasels and mink. In many packs of furs that came from the farms last year there were skins of the ordinary house cat and for these fifty cents was paid for a really fine black skin and a quarter for the ordinary one. Wild cat and lynx are getting very scarce in the Canadian west, but a few come in occasionally.

To see really fine furs one must see the packs of the regular trappers from the north. The huge timber wolf skin, fearsome even apart from its carrier, the beautiful black fox, and others well known, will be in many packs, but the marten and fisher for instance are not so well known. In any fur receiving house in Winnipeg one can see the most beautiful furs at any time in the spring. The trappers are now, however, themselves not

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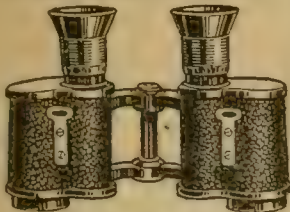
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so easy to see in Winnipeg for they are met at The Pas, at Dauphin, and at Prince Albert, by the buyers, some for big houses and some independent buyers and they sell without coming into the city. Edmonton is not so cut off from the actual visit of the trapper, but the buyer is even there beginning to get out on to the trappers' fields to get the choice of the pack. One might fear the result of such trapping in a decreased supply but the professionals seem to farm the fur somewhat as the Indians used to do and are keeping the supply in fair condition.

Trapping as a holiday is a well known sport though not so much enjoyed as hunting or fishing; that is, fewer people take trapping as a holiday. Some claim that the business is cruel; the animal waiting in pain for hours

till death releases it. This may well be argued when the pursuit is merely a holiday at any rate.

It may be interesting to note that the raccoon, hitherto unknown in the Canadian west, appeared in a few farmers' packs this season. If someone would only find a way to make use of the hide of the prairie gopher, the prairie farmer would forever bless him. It might appear on the market as prairie marmot or something and provide a little extra money for the homesteader or farmer boy, as well as lending an incentive to the extermination of the pest. Meanwhile the farmer is doing quite well, thank you, in his trapping operations in the furs that are now in demand.

The Mail Bag

Query—Would you kindly tell me how to tan deer hides.

Ottawa, Ont.

R. H. D.

Answer—The following recipes were given by Buckskin. Unfortunately owing to an error when they appeared in this department this fall the wrong amount of sulphuric acid was mentioned. The first method is for tanning, to make a robe; the second for making buckskin. You do not state which tan you require, but the two following will meet your requirements.

Ingredients. Salt two pounds. Soft water one gallon, sulphuric acid two ounces. First taken a wooden pail or tub (not metal) and put in the water and salt. Then pour in the acid, very slowly. Now take some bran or sawdust (bran is best) and stir in as much as it will take to make a thick paste. Then lay your skin flat on the floor and with a flat stick lay on the paste, about half an inch thick, and leave in a warm place for thirty six hours. Be sure to get every part of the hide well covered with the paste.

The next operation is to wash the hide well in clean water having a handful of sal soda (washing soda) in it to kill any acid that may be left in the skin. Then hang up, and when nearly dry give a good scraping with a steel scraper to break the fibres, and finish off with some coarse sandpaper. This will make a first class job and this quantity is enough for any hide the size of a deer, and will do as many other skins as the paste will cover. All fat must be scraped off skins previous to tanning, and if the hide or skin is hard soak till soft before applying the paste.

To make buckskin. First take the hide and put it in a tub of water deep enough to cover it. Put in a shovel full of wood ashes or a chunk of lime the size of your fist. Leave the hide in this for several days to loosen the hair. It takes from three to five days as a rule. Keep trying it, and when loose take the hide out, throw over a log and scrape the hair off.

Next dissolve about two pounds of common soap in two gallons of warm water, put in the hide and work same as if you were washing your socks, and keep pulling and wringing, then leave in to soak for two days, after which take out and pull and wring till dry. Next give it a coat of grease. I use lard, but almost any oil will do, as coon, groundhog or bear oil. Leave this on for twenty four hours, then warm up the soap suds again, adding a pound more soap and put hide in for another two days, then pull and stretch again till dry, now smoke with punky hardwood till you get a nice color.

This will make a first class buckskin that can be used for any purpose.

Trusting that this will help you.

H. C. H.

Editor, Along the Trap Line.

Being a reader of this great sporting magazine I thought it time to write a few words to help the amateur trapper along. Most everybody has a hard job to catch the mink. The trouble is that they don't study the habits of the animal. A few years ago I could not catch them myself, but by careful study I have found out how to catch them—and they are

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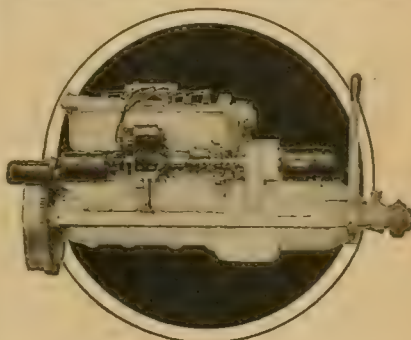
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very easy to trap. Do not waste your money on advertised scents, and never use bait. First of all find where mink travel, and you will notice that they visit every hollow log or stump or hole. Places like these are pretty good for a catch. This is the best way to catch them. Never touch your trap with your bare hands, always use leather mitts or gloves. Find where Mr. Mink travels in the snow, and take some No. 1 Victors, the long springs are better than the jumps, and go to any drug store and buy some:

Anise Oil 25c.

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mix all together and put a few drops of this in some place where the mink will have to step over the trap to examine the scent. Cover the trap with light snow. I always use a cedar bough to brush the snow over the trap. Don't leave any suspicious signs around, and always make things look as natural as possible, and you will find Mr. Mink very easy to catch. Don't use any kind of bait or you will scare them. I will send some photos of mink, and if this letter is not put in the waste paper basket, in my next one I will tell you how to trap Mr. Fox.

My catch this season so far is 23 foxes, 33 mink, 87 weasels and 41 skunk. Come on brother trappers and help this great magazine. I would like to see more in *Rod and Gun* of *Along the Trap Line*. Wishing every brother the best of success.

Wilfred Jacques.

Ste. Cecile de Milton, P.O.

Editor, Along the Trap Line.

I have just finished reading the November issue of *Rod and Gun*, and was very much pleased with its contents. I am particularly interested in articles on trapping by yourself in *Along the Trap Line* and by Mr. Hodgson, and I would be pleased if you would give me a few good methods of trapping fox and weasels, and also the size and best trap for fox. I am sorry that I do not see any letters from St. Brides as no doubt it is second to none for both shooting and fishing. There are many kinds of game birds, such as partridge, snipe, wild geese, black duck and mallard, and many others add to the sport, but of course we have the most sport with the ducks and grouse.

There are many excellent trout streams and rivers teaming with trout and salmon in St. Brides and nearby settlements. Salmon up

to 25 pounds are caught in these rivers with the fly or net.]

For large game such as caribou or deer we have to go off the prairie into the wooded part of the country, which is about ten miles. There are quite a few sportsmen come here in the fall when the season opens, shooting snipe, partridges, etc., they usually get from five to eight brace each day—in fact after partridges is my favorite sport. I have a new single barrel 12 gauge shotgun, Stevens make which I purchased this fall. This gun is full choke, but when loaded with Ballistite powder and No. 6 or 7 shot I am perfectly sure she will deliver the goods.

I must close now, hoping that *Rod and Gun* will be as good in the future as it has been in the past.

John Lundrigan.

St. Brides, Newfoundland.

Answer—Thank you for your words of appreciation. By now you will have found a number of good fox sets that have appeared in this department this year, and we have the promise of more for next season. The best advice on the subject was that given by the old man who said: "The secret of fox trapping is to offer a big temptation and remove all suspicion." The human sign, in my opinion is far more deadly than any human odor, as this will usually vanish after twenty four hours at the outside. The sign you make is a perpetual warning, and attention should be paid to all tiny details like a broken stick, freshly turned earth, etc., as they are often the dividing line between success and failure. A carcass of stock offers the best chance for success, and butcher offal comes next. Always let the foxes feed for a night or two before setting your traps. If you possibly can, set your traps while it is snowing. When using bait make your lures small and concentrated.

The No. 2 double spring Victor is the best fox trap. It is easier to set than either the Newhouse or Hawley and Norton, though both are stronger. However, foxes are very tender footed, and do not often pull out.

For weasels build little cubby sets where ever you see their tracks. If the snow is deep and bothers you it is a good plan to cut into rotten stumps and make your sets there. Either a No. 0 or 1 Victor is large enough, and the trap must spring easily, as the weasel is not heavy. The bait must be fresh. Musty bait has no attraction. Squirrels, fowls or rabbits are all good baits, and the intestines of any of them are better than the animal

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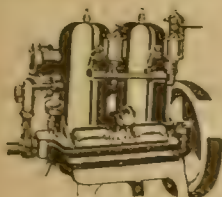
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itself. The scent bags of the weasel found under the root of the tail make a good scent.

H. C. H.

Query—Will you please answer the following question for me. If a boy of 17 wishes to get into the trapping game would it be better to apply to the Hudson's Bay Company for a line or go out with some older man on his line. If the latter case would be better please tell me how to get in touch with the right party. I have been reading *Rod and Gun* for quite a while and think it is great. Thanking you in advance.

K. H.

Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

Answer—If you want to break into the trapping game the best thing you can do is to discard any notions about applying to the Hudson's Bay Company for a line. Forget any desire to tackle the wilderness. Buy some good book on trapping—*Science of Trapping*, price \$1. from the office of *Rod and Gun* is about the best—and study the book.

Learn the tracks of the different animals, what they look like, what they live on, where found, etc. There is still trapping in your part of the world, and the furbearers are there if you can find them. Until you can catch the animals in your own locality it is useless trying to think in terms of the wilderness. Believe me you would never stand the exposure and hardships, and the fur you caught wouldn't pay your funeral expenses.

An advertisement in your local paper might put you in touch with some trapper who would be willing to teach you the rudiments of the game in return for your work, though very few men care to do this, and certainly no wilderness trapper would consider it.

Learning anything is a slow matter, and when it comes to trapping it is a question of years—and then we are only on the fringe of it. I am sorry if this is discouraging to you, but you will find the truth worth more to you than false hopes or promises.

H. C. H.

Query—I would like to ask your advice on a trip my chum and I have planned for a long time, but never found it possible to embark on till just now. We have three weeks' holidays coming to us and have the option of taking them in the spring or next fall. We

want to go to the woods and do some trapping and hunting. By hunting I mean fur bearers. Near our hunt club there is a dandy little cabin which we are welcome to use, and all we want to know is whether it would be best to go in the spring, and what time, as we have only three weeks. When I was up there deer hunting there were lots of muskrats, and beaver, also otter and other furbearers, not to forget skunk, which seemed very plentiful.

Are the Pneumatic Smokers any use for driving game out of a hole? How many traps would we need? Would it be possible for us to take up some poison and get a few foxes, as there are lots there? We could have heaps of fun with them only it would be nearly impossible to use a dog on them on account of the deer.

Do you think this would be a profitable trip the way fur is selling now? What would be a good book to get some dope out of as to the ways of trapping the furbearers mentioned above. Of course we are not altogether greenhorns at the game, but every little bit helps. Thanking you in advance.

W. A. E.

Ottawa, Ont.

Answer—You will find it will pay you very much better to go either after sport or fur. If you want deer, go in the fall. If there are enough muskrats to justify it I would certainly advise you to go in the spring. Try and get out to your proposed ground after the ice has gone out, providing the season is still open.

If you decide to take the spring trip leave the foxes alone. They will be badly shedding by then. If the muskrats are there in any quantity you have a splendid chance to make the expenses of the trip, and wages as well. Take what traps you can handle, say three or four dozen, more if you feel like it. This will keep you busy anyway if you look after them. Specialize on muskrats, and don't bother with anything else. *Science of Trapping*, price \$1 from the office of *Rod and Gun* will tell you all you want to know, and the experience you gain will teach you the rest.

If you want the trapping trip I should suggest the spring. By your letter you have an exceptional opportunity.

The smokers are a disgrace to any man who calls himself a trapper. Give the game a chance.

H. C. H.



FISHING-HUNTING CAMPING

in the Canadian Wilds

WRITE

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

RESIDENT SPORTSMAN'S REPRESENTATIVES

Mr. F. C. ARMSTRONG, Cochrane, Ont.

Mr. NEIL McDOUGALL, Port Arthur, Ont.

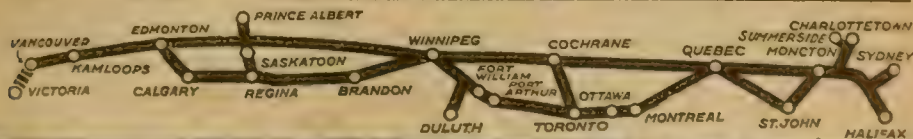
before deciding on your 1920 trip.

They will give

FREE TO ALL SPORTSMEN

THE BEST OF ADVICE AND INFORMATION

Sportsmen are advised to make their arrangements in advance



Canadian National Railways

No. 7---Canadian Natural History Photos



THE GROUNDHOG

"Just peeping out of an Ontario field to see where I am."

—BONNYCASTLE DALE

SEE THE POINT?

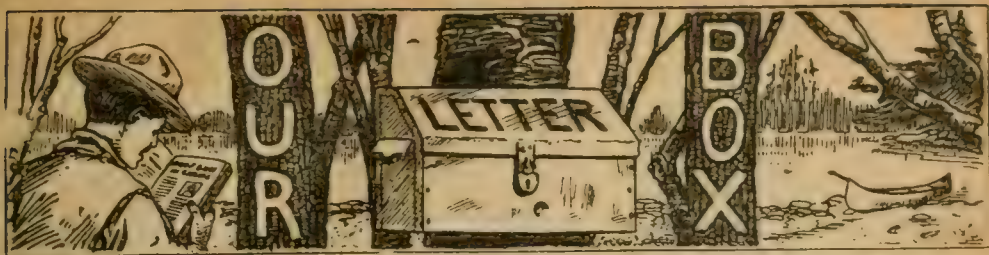
After all our preparations for fishing—fine lines, reels, poles, hooks, landing nets, leaders, bait and so on, one thing often is overlooked by us and then it is not felt by the fish—the point of the hook.

We all expect great things of a new hook, because it is new—and sharp. A very little use may take off that needle-like point and then we have a hook that will slip out of the mouth of the shy-biting (often the largest) fish and we lose him. We have a "bite", but not the biter.

The first thing I do when I begin to wade a stream is to find a fragment of stone, say a square inch, and tuck it in a readily accessible pocket. Every little while I touch up the point of the hook—keep it needle-sharp. On getting into a boat to fish in river or lake, I put a bit of stone in a convenient place for the same use. I find the jagged fractures of a stone puts a better stabbing point on a hook than does a smoother-grained whetstone or little file.

See the point? Well, don't let the fish or he won't bite!

G. G.



A PLEA FOR THE ANTELOPE

Editor, *Rod and Gun in Canada.*

I have long been a reader of *Rod and Gun*. Although not a steady reader, as most of my time for the past five years has been spent in places where it was hard to get any kind of magazine, and I have often gone weeks without being able to get any kind of mail. Needless to say I would be a regular subscriber if I could, but following the "chuck" waggon on a cow outfit in Alberta generally takes one a long way from the post office.

I am home for a holiday now after five years' riding and every out-door book I pick up is loaded with pleas for game conservation. This suits me as I am heartily in favor of any measure that will prolong the stay of our wild animals. But to see the way the game laws of this country are hog-tied sometimes is enough to make any good sportsman get hot. Take for one instance the part I just left, it is one of the few remaining ranges left for antelope. They are supposed to be protected by a closed season for several years to come, I believe, but they are often killed, and each hunter that kills antelope gets away with it and some one else will take a chance.

The range I am referring to is that part of Alberta, (C. P. R. land) lying south and east of the Bassano Indian Reserve, south of Cassels and Brooks. This is no hearsay, as I rode over this country last year and covered pretty well all the open range. I came upon the heads and entrails of antelope several times. Almost every day we saw small bunches of the pretty animals and on one or two occasions were near enough to chance a shot with a "Colt." The horse wrangler came in one night and informed us that he had been herding a bunch of saddle horses and antelope all day. While riding herd one day a beautiful buck came into the herd and fed around among the cattle for about three hours. The day was warm and I got off my horse and stretched out on the grass and watched him. Every once in a while he raised his head and looked at me, and at the horse and kept

feeding nearer. I said to myself, "Now is the time to see if that .38-40 Colt is as good as you think it is" and I pulled my gun and lined up on his shoulder but I suddenly thought to myself we don't need meat and his hide is of no particular value. He looks better alive than dead. So I put the Colt back in its holster and I have never been sorry, although he was a big buck with a pretty head.

I take it that *Rod and Gun* is also a West-erner's magazine and that being the case I would like to put in a plea for the better protection of the pretty but elusive antelope. There seems just as many coyotes as ever, and with fur up in price some of the toe pinchers out there are going to make a good haul by spring. In conclusion I must say I read with great interest every sentence in your *Guns and Ammunition Department* and it sure suits me, for I am a confirmed gun crank myself, although my crankiness runs to the Colt family. My first love was a single action 45, but my pet and companion for the last two years is a .38-40 Colt on 44 frame, 5 inch barrel, New Service. I have had lots of good shooting with this gun at badgers, coyotes, packs, etc. and may come back some time with my experiences with the short gun. Long life to the Colt.

"Cowpuncher."

Woodstock, Ont.

BEST THERE IS IN RANCH NETTING

The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement in this issue of Brace, McKay & Co., Ltd., Summerside, P. E. Island, who are recognized by fox ranchers throughout Canada and the United States as headquarters for the "Best there is" in ranch netting. This big hardware concern has made a specialty of this line for many years, and being located right in the heart of this big money making fox industry, is peculiarly favorably situated, to know just what is required, and the fact that "Brace's" have shipped enormous quantities to every province in Canada to the Yukon and Newfoundland as well as many parts of the United

States—supplying a specially made to order article, infinitely superior to ordinary quality netting, and of a volume greater than that of all other dealers in Canada combined—justifies their slogan, "The Largest Dealers in America."

SLED DOGS

The Editor *Rod and Gun In Canada*.

For the benefit of one of your readers and perhaps other city folks, will you kindly give the following information about *Sled Dogs*?

1. What is the average length of a sled?
2. How much is considered a full load?
3. Are they sleds with runners or the usual toboggan?
4. How does the driver turn a team of dogs to the right and left?

Kindly oblige,

Physician.

Boston, Mass.

1. On an average we could say from 6 to 9 feet, depending on the snow.
2. The load varies a great deal in various sections of the country.
3. Both are used, but the most of the dog sleds have runners.
4. With a whip or voice, or both.

Editor.

WANTS PLANS FOR A CANVAS CANOE

Editor *Rod and Gun In Canada*.

Can you please tell me through *Rod and Gun* or any other means how to make a portable Canvas Canoe. I saw particulars some time ago in some paper or magazine, but cannot remember where, and I thought perhaps you might be able to help me.

Yours truly,

T. Selfe.

SEVERS CONNECTION WITH ANGLING FIRM.

Anglers will be interested to learn that Mr. Benjamin Westwood who has been for about fifty years so intimately associated with anglers and angling in this country as Managing Director of the well known house of Alcock, Laight & Westwood Ltd., of Toronto has retired from business and is enjoying a well deserved rest in the sunny South. We are sure he will have the good wishes of all Canadian Anglers and we hope he will enjoy lots of good angling in the many years of leisure we all trust he will live to enjoy.

We understand the active management of the company devolves upon younger members of the firm who have spent many years in the business, are experienced anglers and who will continue to maintain "Quality and Service" as their motto and watchword. We understand they are reorganizing their show rooms in Toronto and this year will display the finest range of English Fishing Tackle ever seen in this country.

REORGANIZATION OF B.S.A. COMPANY

The Gun and Rifle Department of the Birmingham Small Arms Company Ltd., of Birmingham, England, has been formed into a subsidiary company, that will be known as the "B. S. A. Guns, Ltd." The new company will be affiliated with the old company, but will do business under the new name beginning January 1, 1920.

All communications about guns and rifles

should be directed to the B. S. A. Guns, Ltd. Small Heath, Birmingham, England.

We feel sure that the high grade of workmanship that has always been characteristic of the B.S.A. rifles and shotguns will be maintained by the new organization. The new line of double shotguns that they have put out will very likely prove quite popular. Probably the best known product of the B.S.A. firm is their .22 Calibre match³ rifle No. 12.

Readers will notice several British Columbia articles in this issue and these will be a permanent feature from now on to cater to our argely increased list of subscribers in that Province.



A Ground Shark—a very dangerous animal in some magazines. This one contained one hundred pounds of oil filled liver.—Bonnycastle Dale.

Notes on Rifle Shooting from Toronto

J. W. SMITH

ALTHOUGH the indoor season is only half completed at time of writing, the chief topic seems to be the approaching outdoor season. On March 2nd, the O.R.A. Annual Meeting was held, when it was decided to give the first forty competitors in last year's Ottawa Aggregate, a chance to win a place on the 1920 Bisley Team. The quota for Ontario is seven men, and the trials will be held on May 21st and 22nd. at Long Branch Ranges. The short Lee-Enfield with open sights will be the rifle used, and slings are to be allowed.

The ranges at Long Branch, London, and other points in the province will be put into shape as soon as possible, to enable competitors in the Bisley Trials to obtain some practice beforehand. Toronto will be represented by 24 marksmen, Ottawa 5, Kingston 4, Guelph 4, London 2, and Hamilton 1. Four members of last year's Bisley team will also be eligible to compete.

Major T. F. Elmitt, D.S.O., of Ottawa has been appointed Adjutant of the Canadian rifle team to take part in the National Rifle Association matches at Bisley, Eng. in July. Major Elmitt served overseas for five years. He was a shooting member of the Bisley team in 1908 and also in 1919. The team will sail from Canada about June 19, and the competitions will commence on July 6. Arrangements will also be made for entry from the Canadian team in the Belgium Olympic games which take place July 22-31.

The Executive Committee of the Dominion of Canada Rifle Association held a meeting in Ottawa recently when the above was decided upon. A Program Committee was appointed to prepare the prize list for the annual matches which are to be held in Ottawa during the week commencing August 16, and prizes to the value of \$12,000 will be offered in addition to the valuable trophies. All competitors attending will be granted a refund of one-fifth of the single railroad fare which they will pay in order to reach Ottawa.

It is also proposed to prepare a program of cadet competitions, and ask the various Provincial Rifle Associations to have matches for cadets carried out in the different districts, so that the cadets would not be obliged to travel long distances. The D.R.A. will provide a good share of the prize money for these events.

The N. R. A. of Great Britain has decided that no rifles other than the short M.-L.-E. rifle will be allowed in service rifle competitions. They may be of private manufacture, of a bona fide Government pattern, bearing the Government viewer's mark. The regulation as to sights, including the use of additional and substituted sights, will be the same as in 1919, but the use of such sights must not entail the cutting of the stock.

The first half of the Toronto Indoor Rifle League season shows the Irish "A" team with an unbeaten record, and a strong lead. Three teams are running close for the second place, whilst the remainder are practically out of the competition for first or second place. As usual, there are quite a number of riflemen in the running for the individual championship about fifteen being a conservative estimate. This clearly indicates that the bull's-eye in use, 7-8ths of an inch in diameter, is too large for the close range of twenty-five yards, and permits too many possibles to be made.

The first-class marksman will place the majority of his shots in or near the centre, and score thirty-five. An average shot will place his, perhaps, all around the 7-8ths inch circle, in quite a poor group, yet will also register thirty-five, if they all cut the line. This is obviously unfair to the man who groups in a half inch circle. The logical target for indoor use is the Canadian League target with a half inch bull, one inch aiming point, and scoring value of ten points for a Bull's-Eye. The concentric circles could be half an inch apart, or increase one inch in diameter, which is the same thing, and scoring values decreasing by one point a circle. A possible of one hundred points would then unquestionably denote first-class shooting, and competitions, both team and individual, would be won or lost according to true ability.

Standing of Teams to Date.

Team	Shot	Won	Lost	Tied	Point
Irish A.	8	8	0	0	1,000
Grenadiers	8	5	2	1	.688
Queen City	8	5	3	0	.625
Yorks.....	8	5	3	0	.625
St. Lawrence 1st.	8	4	4	0	.500
Irish "B"	8	4	4	0	.500
North Toronto.....	8	3	4	1	.438
Exhibition.....	8	1	7	0	.127
St. Lawrence 2nd. ...	8	0	8	0	.000

Canadian Fur Auction Sales Company, Limited

THE recent organization of the Canadian Fur Auction Sales Company, Limited, in Montreal, by a group of leading financiers and fur men brings into existence a concern that will play an important part in the industrial and patriotic development of Canada.

It is the intention of the Company to hold public Auction Sales in Montreal three or four times a year for the purpose of providing an outlet in Canada for the disposal of Canadian furs. For many years our furs have been shipped to London or to the United States, there to be sold at Auction, frequently to Canadian manufacturers.

It is hardly believable that Canadians wanting to buy Canadian furs have had to purchase them outside of Canada, but it is a fact, and it is in respect to having these furs sold in Canada that the new enterprise is performing a distinctly patriotic function. In future all buyers of Canadian furs will purchase them in the country of origin. Hundreds of buyers from foreign parts will attend the Montreal sales. It requires little imagination to visualize the benefits that will accrue to Canada as a result.

Our furs enjoy the reputation of being the finest in the world and they always have commanded the very best prices in the leading market of the globe. Their variety is not surpassed by any other Nation while our production runs into millions of dollars annually.

The Company have acquired large premises at 130 Lagauchetière Street West, which will be their head office and main warehouse.

Branch offices will be maintained in New York and in various fur centres in Canada and throughout the world, for it is proposed

to sell furs from all Countries in addition to the Canadian product.

The men directing the Canadian Fur Auction Sales Company Limited, are among the most prominent and successful in the Dominion, the chief shareholders being:

Lord Shaughnessy, Chairman C.P.R. Board.

Sir Herbert S. Holt, Pres. Royal Bank of Canada.

Senator Lorne C. Webster, Pres. Québec Railway.

W. A. Black, V.P. and Gen. Mgr. Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Limited.

J. W. McConnell, Pres. St. Lawrence Sugar Ref. Co.

E. E. Cummings Jr. Pres. Cummings & Cummings.

R. S. Coltart Pres. Redmond Fur Co. Limited. V.P. Holt Renfrew Co.

Ascher Pierce Pres. A. & E. Pierce & Co.

A. J. Brown, K.C., Brown, Montgomery & McMichael.

John Hallam, Pres. John Hallam Ltd. Toronto.

Sellers-Gough Fur Co., Ltd., Toronto.

A. A. Allan, Pres. A. A. Allan & Co., Ltd. Toronto.

W. H. McWilliams, Pres. Can. Elevator Co. Limited, Winnipeg.

Geo. Monteith, Pres. Geo. Monteith, Fur Co., Toronto.

Senator D. O. L'Esperance, Quebec.

Hon. A. E. Arsenault, Summerside, P.E.I.

The executive officers of the Company are: President: Senator Lorne C. Webster, Vice-President and Managing Director, E. E. Cummings, Jr.; Vice-Presidents, R. S. Coltart and A. Pierce.





The Sport of Angling

"'Twas an enjoyment for his idle time which was not then idly spent."

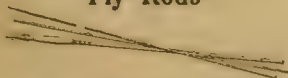
Angling is a fine art, the successful angler, an artist. When the season opens he is ready with the tackle of his craft and casts his fly like a true sportsman. The hole in the meadow, the gurgling ripples on a mountain brook, and the dark, deep pool of a silent river, each and all hold a problem for the student fisherman.

Your true angler is able to catch fish under most conditions and is equally able to refrain from catching too many. He purchases the

most reliable tackle available—he weighs not the cost against the weight of his fish. Rod, line, leaders, and flies are the best he can afford and are always well cared for.

The tackle department of the "Greatest Sporting Goods Store in the World" appeals to those who love their outfit and need the feel of satisfaction and completeness necessary to the angler who answers the call of the Red Gods of many waters.

Hawes' Featherweight Fly Rods



Dainty and powerful split-bamboo rods. Hand-made by experts, of selected Tonka cane. Perfect action and resiliency gives to the angler a rod of worth and dependability commensurate with his skill. Length, 7 to 8 feet. Weights, 2 to 2½ ozs. Price \$60.00.

Other Hawes Rods—8 feet to 10 feet. Weights, 3¼ to 6 ozs. Price, \$45.00.

Hawes Dry Fly and Tournament Rods, 9 to 10 feet; weights 4¼ to 5¾ ozs. Price, \$50.00.

Made also to order in any length or weight desired.

The Hardy Perfect Fly Reel



Best and lightest for work with the light rod for fly-casting. Of aluminum, with jewel line guide, bronze pivots and steel ball-bearings. Price, \$30.00.

Imported tapered enamel trout lines, fly boxes, leaders, English fishing waders and wading shoes.

Floating Dry Flies



The product of the most renowned English and Scotch tyers, successfully imitating and copies of the real insects found over the American waters.

All sizes on No. 6 to No. 15 hooks, \$2.00 to \$2.75, per dozen.

Wet Flies

Always a complete assortment of old favorites and new patterns used by the sunken-fly fisherman. On Pennell eyed sproathooks with 4-inch gut snells.

Nos. 4 to 6 at \$2.25 per doz
Nos. 8, 10, 12 at \$2.00 per doz.

At our fishing tackle department you can secure information regarding, and fishing tackle for, any waters, anywhere.



Abercrombie & Fitch Co.

EZRA H. FITCH, President

Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, New York.



"THE GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD"



Shooting Dogs and Field Trial Dogs

FRANK H. WALKER

IN the Kennel Department, I have noted an interesting article, "Some Shooting Dogs" that was published in your January number of *Rod and Gun*. So I do not think it will be out of place here to recall the extract made from the article, which was as follows: "The gunner's dog will always remain the real bird dog, whilst so-called 'racers' remain a hobby of the few."

I write the following as a lover of the setter and pointer, both as field trial dogs, and shooting dogs. My opinion of the two classes of dogs does not differ in any respect, as to speed and bird finding ability. A dog, regardless of his field trial performances or great speed, when worked regularly every day and nearly all day, at least with no reference to fitting him for competition, adopts a steady, swinging gallop which he can maintain with ease. Some dogs trot and potter around at close range, but such are good to present to a friend. By graduating the work, almost any intermediate gait may be established. Exceptional dogs will be found which, while having capability to work well one or two days, have not sufficient stamina to endure the conditioning, or a fast gait for a short time. Others have a regular gait which cannot be improved upon. Some will start to work fast, but gradually shorten their pace and range to less and less limits. Fast work is very fatiguing. A dog may work all day at a slow gait, and still be unable to run an hour at a fast gallop. Many of the field trial dogs have more endurance than is commonly supposed, the character of the speed not being

justly considered. "Because the dogs are required to run only half hour heats or more, this is no grounds for inference that they cannot run longer. The chief qualifications of a good field trial and shooting dog are, that he should possess a high degree of speed, range, style, bird sense, bird finding ability and stamina, should work altogether for the body scent, and should have a good nose, combined with the brains that would carry him to the birdy places. When a sportsman gets a good prospect, if he knows his business, he immediately starts to develop character in his prospective dog, and this character as a rule does not reach its full development until the prospect is from three to six years of age. Character in the bird dog manifests itself more distinctly in his brain and his bird work. A dog without brains cannot become a good bird dog and a dog without a great brain cannot become a great bird dog. A dog with a great brain and only a fair nose, will find more birds than a dog with a poor brain and a great nose. So if a dog does not possess the brains, he lacks the instinct of natural quality, that takes him back to nature, so if he possesses the brains, he cannot possibly do other than intensify his wolf-like qualities in his hunting. No one likes the so-called "racers" better than I do, but this class must also manifest itself in the dogs' work on birds. A dog that does not possess these qualifications in a high degree, seems to do well enough to help fill the game bag of the gunner, whose sole object afield is to kill, paying no attention to the welfare and the characteristics of the

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES!

Make money by trapping while furs are high.

WE CARRY IN STOCK

TRAPS

for all animals, from a rat to a bear.



Order your traps from us, and use

Hallam's Paste Muskrat Bait for muskrats.

Hallam's Paste Animal Bait for Fox, Wolf, Mink, and all animals that eat meat.

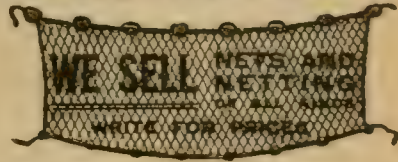
Hallam's Paste Trail Scent, to cause animals to follow your trail and increase your catch. These baits and scents are unsurpassed for drawing animals to your trap.



Price \$1.00 per tube, or 6 tubes for \$5.00

Rifles, Snowshoes, Moccasins, Headlights, Footballs, Camp Stoves, Fishing Tackle and a thousand and one articles of interest to the trapper and sportsman shown in HALLAM'S TRAPPERS' AND SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLY CATALOG. 48 pages, illustrated, mailed free for the asking.

FISH NETS



Order your nets early and be ready for the opening of the fishing season.

Gill Nets mounted with leads and floats, 30c. per yard. In ordering give size of mesh stretched, measure desired.

Rubber Boots

We can supply you with the best RUBBER BOOTS and RUBBER COATS on the market at lowest prices.

Trapshooters



We carry in stock Black Shells, Nitro Club Shells in trap loads. Order your supplies now for that tournament.

John Hallam

Limited

962 Hallam Building, TORONTO.

THE LARGEST IN OUR LINE IN CANADA

dog's hunting ability. I might say for the benefit of the readers of this Kennel Department, that there are only four field trial clubs in this whole Dominion of Canada, that run annual trials for the bird dogs. The Canadian National Club, being the only one to hold annual quail trials, at which dogs must be thoroughly tested in every necessary requirement before being placed. As I have the honor of being this Club's secretary and treasurer, and in behalf of its thirty-five members, I think I will be justified in stating the policy of their trials. The members of the club feel there has been a marked tendency at field trials for a number of years to place so-called class dogs, and that the judges, to enable them to arrive at a decision, have allowed the dogs to be hunted or followed in straight lines through their country to such an extent that the former intelligence and true bird-finding ability of the breed are fast becoming a thing of the past. We wish it distinctly understood that we are, not in favor of a slower or closer working dog.

We want all the range and speed a dog can well utilize, but it must be properly applied. To do so a dog cannot work through his country on straight lines, but must show his intelligence and bird-sense by hunting the likely places on the course allotted to him, work for his handler and swing to the course when the character of the country requires so doing. While range and speed are the most important factors, they are in our estimation of small value when not accompanied by a desire to hunt the birdy places and the ability to handle and courage to be handled on game when found. Every dog will be given an ample opportunity to prove his bird-finding qualities and he should handle his game in a bold, pleasing manner. Dogs will be worked on single birds whenever practicable and should do their work cheerfully and in a natural way. Field trials have such a limited way to gather the attention of sportsmen or offer them easy opportunity to become acquainted with it, that this is, in my opinion, the reason for the lack of general enthusiasm.

There is nothing in sportsmanship cleaner, healthier, more humane and scientific, so free from gambling, also forming a social intercourse among the sportsmen, yet at the same time carrying the excitement, thrill and expectancy necessary in any sport.

Editorial Note

There is no doubt but that the most classic and in fact the only dog for birds, i.e., chickens on the prairies and quail and pheasants in the East and in B.C., are the setters and pointers, and as with all other sporting dogs the better they are bred and trained the better are the results both in pleasure and bag. Field trials are the schools of examination for such dogs, and are of great benefit to the fanciers of these breeds in that they can see by comparison and under the tutorship of experienced trainers and judges, the qualities of the dogs, shooting birds over a good brace of setters is considered the highest art of sportsmanship with any breed of hunting dog; just as fishing for trout with artificial flies and the lightest of rods is the highest art in fishing. But to obtain such a brace of bird dogs and to follow such shooting and field trials requires a vast amount of experience and, as follows, time and money; except perhaps one lives close by where there are quail or pheasant and has a few dogs of one's own breeding and selection.

In our article "Some Shooting Dogs" we referred to the general purpose bird dog, such as the Cocker spaniel or Springer spaniel, or a cross of cocker and setter or water spaniel resembling in some cases the springer. no doubt to some extent mongrel bred but yet evolved from bird dogs. Such dogs one will find in most any part of the country and used by gunners who go out only for an occasional shoot and want a dog that will hunt out any sort of game bird, and failing birds perhaps a rabbit or two to fill the bag. Such dogs as these will always remain the only dog for the majority of sportsmen, if you wish to call them sportsmen and not pot hunters just as the boy who gets the trout and often the fancy tackle man also uses worms and a cut pole.

Southern Field Trials

Owing to the unusually severe weather conditions last fall and this winter all the southern field trial schedules have been disarranged and meets postponed. The Continental, the National and the Free-for-All were postponed until late February as the

12000 acre preserve on the Bell plantation at Calhoun, Alabama was flooded with water. The National Championship to be held at Grand Junction, Tennessee Jan. 19th. had also to be put off until late February. It is expected that the winner of the National



The Sight That Helped Me Get Him

HE sprang from cover and was off like a flash. I drew a quick bead and fired. He crumpled in mid air and fell in a heap. I had got him slick and clean—and all because of that Lyman Sight.

LYMAN SIGHTS



No. 3, \$1.10



No. 1A, \$4.50



No. 26, \$1.00

The Lyman principle of rear aperture sighting, used on all Lyman Rear Sights, brings the front sight close up in a large circle, with the game in full view. You get a bead as quickly as though no rear sight were used, and much more accurately. You'll like Lyman Ivory Bead Front Sights, too, because they show up so sharply against bounding game.

FREE SIGHT BOOK

Shows Lyman Sights for every purpose and every gun, gives hints on shooting, care, of guns, etc.

LYMAN GUN SIGHT CORPORATION

135 West Street
Middlefield, Conn., U.S.A.

A Message to Ontario's Sportsmen

Do you wish to attract Wild Ducks and Fish, in large numbers, to your favorite lakes and streams? This can be accomplished with the aid of one who understands the scientific planting of foods for fish and wild fowl.

C. H. Blanchard, who is associated with Clyde B. Terrell, the noted naturalist, will devote the coming summer to an intensive study of the lakes and streams of Ontario and Quebec to determine the best locations and conditions for planting Wild Rice, Wild Celery and other water plants, for the attraction of Wild Ducks and Fish.

The results of each investigation will be preserved in a written report, telling what, when and how to plant, together with a chart showing where plantings should be made.

To interested sportsmen, who wish to take advantage of his presence in their vicinity, a very low charge will be made. Communicate with Mr. Terrell at once



SHOT GUNS RIFLES

Used, but in good, serviceable, shooting shape.

AT SPECIAL PRICES

Write for our List

THE D. PIKE
123 KING ST. E.
TORONTO.

Championship, this year will be either the famous pointer bitch Mary Montrose, owned by Wm. Ziegler Jr., of N.T., or the setter dog Cobb's Hall, owned by the well-known ball player, Ty. Cobb.

The fame of the National Championship is known all over North America, wherever a good setter or pointer is owned. This meet is discussed everywhere and a win at this trial is much coveted because it stands for so much in the field trial world. The stake was instituted more than twenty-five years ago, at which time a few enthusiasts organized for the purpose of establishing a stake in which the competing dogs would be tested from every angle in heats of three hours duration. Among those who were responsible for the stake was the late Edward Dexter, who was among the pioneers in the U.S. in bringing the Pointer to the high state of perfection in field trials which he at present holds. Unfortunately Mr. Dexter only lived a few years after this stake was instituted, but his memory lives on, for those who remained in the little club bound themselves together in a still closer union and one of the most laudable moves they made was to offer a handsome trophy to be known as the Edward Dexter Memorial Cup, which must be won three times before becoming anyone's exclusive property. This cup has been in competition for nearly a quarter of a century and year after year the name of a new champion has

been engraved upon it, until at the present time it is a history in itself. To read the names as they appear is to read the story of the National Championship. All the great dogs of two decades appear on this trophy and who knows how many more may appear before the cup is finally won outright? Mary Montrose won the cup in 1917 and again in 1919 at the Manitoba trials as described in (December) issue of *Rod and Gun*, and in this year of 1920 she has a good chance to win it outright. She will have a competitor worthy of her steel in the handsome setter dog Cobb's Hall, and whether Mary wins it or the grandson of Prince Rodney proves the successful one it is quite certain the race will be a good one. The stake had a list of twelve starters when on June 21 bad weather stopped the running, leaving eight more dogs to compete including Great Island Ringing Bells to run with Unospick and White Top to compete with, Comanche Rap. It is just possible that one or the other of these dogs may surpass the heats of Mary Montrose or Cobb's Hall, but no one is expecting that, although the unexpected frequently happens in field trials and especially in a three hour race when the dogs have the opportunity to show their actual worth or their real shortcomings. Whichever dog wins it must run a race such as has seldom been seen on those historic grounds of the Hobart Ames preserve near Grand Junction or anywhere else.

Baldwin's Fox Hounds

We are publishing this month photos of W. C. Baldwin's (Ottawa, Ont.) new dog Heffwin and his Canadian Champion bitch Ringlet. Heffwin was bred by Mr. Baldwin being by his Prompter and Lizzie. We have described Prompter during the past year and how he beat the best hound a noted U.S. handler brought up from the U.S. to the Canadian shows to show "us Canadians" what a hound was. Mr. Baldwin considers his young dog even better than his sire. He is a beautifully marked and colored hound, black, white and tan, the saddle being nicely defined. He has so far been only shown at two shows, Ottawa last fall and at the big New York show in February at both of which he went through all the classes to winners. At Ottawa he won many of the general specials, including one for best local dog any breed. The competition in Fox hounds was very keen this year at New York Show, and

for a Canadian to beat them all is indeed an honor and the first time a Canadian Foxhound has done it. This undoubtedly proves



Ch. Ringlet

that Mr. Baldwin has hounds of the right type or shape. Mr. Baldwin believes, besides, that a hound should also be a good



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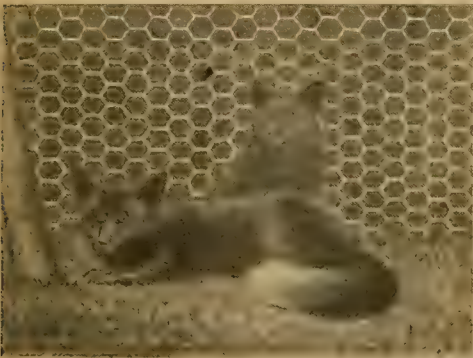
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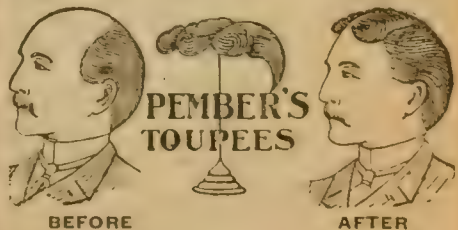
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worker and so has worked this young dog, as he has all his dogs on fox and says he is making good. It is Mr. Baldwin's ambition to enter this dog at the Brunswick trials in the Eastern States next fall. These are the only recognized field trials held in the U.S. for Foxhounds. Mr. Baldwin was honored by being invited as one of the judges at this meet last fall, as described in our January issue.

We hope someday to see friend Baldwin and



Heffwin

some of the other Canadian breeders who are taking a similar interest in the welfare of one of our most useful breeds (with fox pelts now fetching \$50.00) establish a Canadian Foxhound Club and hold competitions here in Ontario. Good Fox hounds are in great demand and it is only by the united interest of such fanciers that the good qualities of the hound can be maintained.

Since the ending of the war, interest in dogs has greatly revived in America and never before was there a greater demand for dogs. Good looking and well-bred dogs are wanted and price is seldom a consideration. It is to be hoped that breeders will cater to this demand and that the day of the street mongrel is past. In a way, a community is

known by the dogs seen in it so when you get a dog, get one of some class.

Breeders of all varieties of sporting dogs as well as many of the pet sort will find that advertising their stock in *Rod and Gun* will bring them big business. With our large circulation in every province of Canada as well as in many of the States we hold a leading place in this line, in Canada.

The Canuck Kennels of Lindsay, Ont., inform us that they are completely sold out and have had to let dozens of enquiries stand until the arrival of spring litters. The Highview Kennels of Port Hope, report a similar condition.

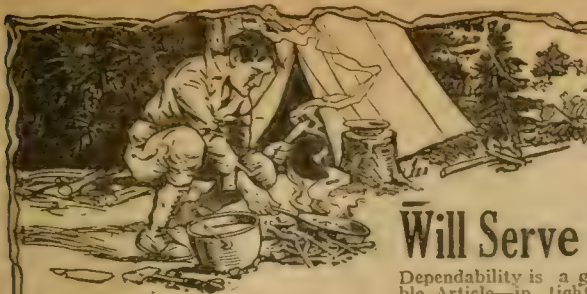
We have just had word also from England that the demand from America for sporting dogs is on the increase, a special call being made for springer spaniels, which cannot be so far at all well filled.

The Airedale terrier which for the past twenty-five years has been one of the most prominent show dogs and favorite as a house dog and pal is now in great demand in Northern Ontario and other game countries as a business dog or worker, trappers have found out their worth in trailing and holding all sorts of the valuable fur bearers. We hope to publish an article by Mr. Bates of Metagami, in our next issue telling of such use of this breed.

A Strange Family.

Dogs and cats are voted as good foster mothers and lions, foxes, tigers and other strange animals have been reared on bitches and felines of the smallest kind. Still it is not often we hear about a dog fostering a fawn, but such was the case in the happy family owned by Jesse Garrel of N. Dakota. The bitch's name is Dakota Girl, a setter of most amiable temper and said to be a great worker on birds.





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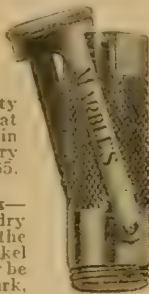
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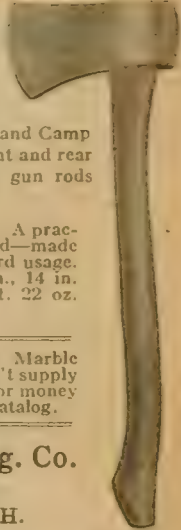


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1-H.R.H. the Prince of Wales
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2-Virgin Falls.
3-The Royal Party on the
Launch "Arrow."
4-Mr. A S Brown (winner)
Kingsville, Ontario.



Winning the Nipigon Shield

Fishermen's luck!

That is the explanation Mr. A. S. Brown, of Kingsville, Ontario would give if he were asked to account for his winning of the coveted Nipigon Shield of Canadian National Railways.

Of course Mr. Brown is a fisherman! He catches more fish than most anglers do. He is President and Manager of the Northern Fish Company, and President of the Lake Erie Fishermen's Association. But, as an angler he is not so practised even if he seems to be quite as efficient for all practical purposes. In reporting his catch to Mr. Pratt, Manager of the Hotels, Sleeping and Dining Car Departments of Canadian National Railways, the successful contestant pointed out that a few hours fishing with hook and line was all he had ever done, adding, "a novice is as likely to catch a prize trout where fishing is good as is the old and seasoned."

"Where fishing is good!" That is also, probably, a part of the reason for the success of Mr. Brown. The cold green water of the Nipigon teem with the hard-fighting speckled beauties that gladden the cockles of the heart and test the staying power and skill of the devotee of the gentle art. Followers of Walton have found that statement to be true, and men have come from nearly all corners of the globe to give the beauties battle.

Mr. Brown's party, which included Mrs.

Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Wade and Miss Helen Wade of Detroit, arrived at Orient Bay on July 25th, and spent the following ten days at Nipigon Lodge,—that ideal rustic cabin, operated for the convenience of anglers and sportsmen—making frequent trips to Virgin Falls in the launch, Arrow, which is operated from the Lodge by Mr. Neil McDougall.

On August 6th, at Virgin Falls, Mr. Brown made the big catch which won him his trophy, using a 6 oz. rod, Shakespeare reel, 25 yd. oiled line, fly hook, Colorado spinner and no bait. It was a trout that would fill the heart of any fisherman with pride, tipping the scales as it did at 6¼ pounds and measuring 24½ inches in length and 14½ inches in girth.

Mr. Hendrick Hudson of Syosset, N.Y., ran him a close race for the trophy, his catch being equal in weight, but was caught with a cocotouche bait, which expert fishermen claim to be easier handled than a fly spinner.

The winner of the trophy like all visitors at Nipigon was completely charmed with the district and says, "It is a most beautiful spot and well worth the time spent there, even though we had not caught a fish. We spent many pleasant hours rowing and canoeing along the shores of Orient Bay and up a little stream which winds in and out among the high rocks, and if you go up far enough you



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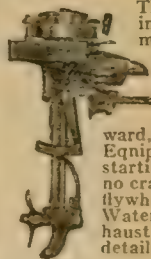
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will find that it starts from practically nowhere between two high walls of rock. Along the shore of this stream, in the evening, we saw as many as five and six moose. They seemed little disturbed at seeing us, and as

long as we made no noise they were in no hurry to leave. We are all looking forward to another trip to Nipigon Lodge at Orient Bay, and hope to meet our old friend Neil McDougall."

The Hunt at Yetten Lake

FREEMAN TUPPER

SOMETIMES when one makes a false statement it is well to correct it, especially so when such a statement is published in a widely read magazine as the *Rod and Gun*.

I do not think the statement I am going to refer to will ever be challenged or disputed in any respect, yet, in view of the fact that conditions change in the course of time, and that conditions did change in regard to a certain matter referred to in my article entitled "Some Trip," which the *Rod and Gun* kindly published in the April issue; I feel it my duty to correct it and cite two instances to show how greatly I was mistaken.

I refer to the time when Roy and Bailey were patiently waiting at Long Lake for their moose caller, who never arrived. I mentioned that neither one could call moose. At that time Roy contained within himself a latent power, not as yet developed. Had that moose at Long Lake known how close that power was to the surface he would have been a little more careful about showing his tracks in the ashes.

It took Roy about six months to get over his trip at Long Lake. By the time hunting came again he was as keen as ever, but a change had been wrought. Necessity being the mother of invention brought about the change. That latent power was about to be developed—the art of moose-calling.

It took also a little time, however for him to discover his talent, but when a man hunts twelve months in the year, all his abilities are bound to crop out sooner or later. I wish to say for the benefit of all those hunters who hang up their rifles during the summer months, and thereby lose a little of the quickness of the eye, and accuracy of aim, hunting tom cats where tom cats are thick is an excellent pastime, and at the same time rids the neighborhood of a noisy pest. Ever since the evening that six tom cats fought the terrible battle under Roy's sitting room floor while

he was quietly reading the paper, his hunting instinct returned and he vowed an awful vengeance on all cats, and he has lived up to it one hundred per cent. The smell of gunpowder, and a bullet hole through the carpet took an awful lot of explaining when his wife got home. Incidentally he shot my tom cat that had a pedigree that would fill a sheet of foolscap.

To come back to my subject. Every man cannot call moose. Practise of course works wonders, but practise would never make Susan Jane a Melba, or John Brown a Caruso. Something must be born there. That together with practise produces the artist.

Just so with my friend Roy, he had the talent but did not know it until one day he tried it and a bull moose chased him up a tree. After that practise produced the artist.

We were seated around the camp fire, Jack, George, Pete, Roy and myself. We were a bit tired after our long day from the Indian Gardens. We were smoking and listening to Pete. Pete by the way was an excellent woodsman, who was going along to cruise some timber land. During the day he was a silent man, but once the supper dishes were cleared away, he at once developed into a "Twin Six Packard" at telling moose stories. When it came to bear stories—"Oh Boy," he just flew—the premier ace.

In view of the fact that he was such an excellent woodsman, and had spent nearly all his life in the woods, it was with great astonishment that I discovered that he was very (to put it mildly) excited, and perturbed the next morning when Roy heard a big bull moose smashing a maple swamp all to bits (so it sounded). It was the first time I had heard Roy's call. I was to be the, shall I say, critic. Something seemed to depend on what I said about it. His call was excellent, fulfilling all that lacked in all other calls that I had heard. His second call was not finished before CRASH—CRACK—BOOM. He was well away. I slowly turned

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my head to see how the others were adapting themselves to the sudden change of events. All were well hidden by bushes, etc., but Pete. He was standing more or less out in the open. His Adam's apple began to go up and down like a trip hammer, and his eyes were wildly roving from the direction of the on-coming moose to the end of Roy's rifle where I saw a piece of rag protruding from the end of the barrel. He failed to understand that callers as a rule do not fire the first shot.

The situation was fast becoming serious. The moose was coming good, and as far as I could see Pete was trying to imitate his actions. He had visions of Roy shooting before removing the rag and blowing up the whole outfit. To make matters worse, when the moose came out the only one that could see him was Pete. Then he went through some real pantomime. Failing to be understood he began to crawl towards Roy on his hands and knees. Presently Roy caught him by the collar, pulled him down in the soft moss and sat on him, just as Jack's rifle rang out in the frosty air. Down went the antlered monarch. He dressed 750 pounds and had a horn spread of 58 inches.

We carried the meat to the lake, and Jack and George proceeded homeward with it, Roy, Pete and myself remaining.

Well the excitement we had with Pete the first morning was not to be compared with what happened two mornings later. We paddled up the lake about a mile. Then followed a path back from the lake to a high ridge that extended out in a huge bog. North west of the calling place, the ridge dropped steeply to a lower level, then continued a narrow, thickly wooded ridge, extending towards the north west. We located Pete behind a big rock, which was surrounded by a thick clump of alder bushes. Roy and I were a little distance away behind another rock, and were congratulating ourselves how well we had Pete concealed, and our rifles were free of rags.

Pete had a placid smile on his face and everything was "jake."

Roy called several times before we got an answer, which was to the eastward. We turned our attention in that direction, never dreaming that anything would come down that narrow ridge. After some twenty or thirty minutes the moose came out on the bog. Pete began to make grimaces at the moose and motioned for us to shoot. Suddenly without any warning, the moose started

on a trot across the bog straight for where Pete was sitting. I glanced at Roy to see if he was getting ready to shoot, and much to my surprise I saw him looking in the opposite direction toward the ridge, and was making ready to shoot. Looking toward the ridge, I saw the bushes waving as some animal was walking through, I presumed a moose, just behind where Pete was sitting, at the foot of the incline. I looked at Pete, as he was nearly in range if the moose came out. There I got another surprise. Pete knew nothing of the moose behind him. The sight of the moose running towards him was too much for his nerves. His placid smile was gone, and was replaced by a look of horror. He began to move slowly backwards from the rock, then turning he ran down the incline as fast as he could run, and ran pell-mell into the moose that was about to step out. The moose snorted with fright, and went crashing through the underbrush. Pete never said a word, he was too frightened to open his mouth. However, he became a magnificent example of that law of science which states that—"Action and reaction are equal but opposite in direction." His manoeuvres just then would have made a circus actor green with envy. His face looked as if he expected to see more moose any minute. Moose number one was just about to score a home run when we fired, and got him. To be honest with all I have reasons to believe that Roy's bullet did the trick.

Pete was now by the side of us. The sound of shots sounded good to him. He was in most respects back to normal temperature and pressure, excepting his eyes. He said "He didn't calculate it was safe for him to stay in the woods any longer with us."

We arrived at the Indian Gardens that afternoon with our moose. Seven other moose had already been landed there by hunters that same day, all coming from different parts of the lakes.

It was quite unusual, I think for eight moose to be landed at a certain point in the wilds in one day, so I arranged the heads and took a snap of them.

I now wish to make this statement, that I consider my friend Roy to be a caller of the first class. If anyone would wish that statement dressed up with a flood of vocal architecture, ask Pete, and he will tell you "ALL" about it.



There He Goes!

You missed—you could have had another shot with a

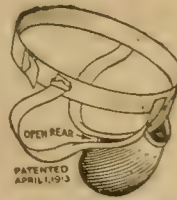
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More About the American Robin

(*Merula Migratoria*)

T. WARE

I speak from facts gained from my own research and observation. I have examined the stomachs of hundreds of robins and in only one did I ever find what I could positively say was part of a cutworm. Angle worms and small beetles are the fare of American robins until the small fruits begin to ripen at which time they change their food to that of cherries, raspberries, strawberries, currants, elderberries, grapes, etc. Any person not totally ignorant of the habits of cut worms knows that they feed at night time and hide in the ground during daylight out of all danger from robins or other insectivorous birds and where one is eaten by birds the night feeding toads and frogs eat hundreds. The robin is a very ordinary singer if indeed you can apply the word song to his performance at all. The old warty toad has him licked to a frazzle. The song of the latter is continuous and holds on for some length of time but the robin can only jerk out four or five tee wits the last one being almost inaudible, when he has to stop and take breath before he can make another effort. The only song birds worthy of being mentioned as such are the Bobolink (*Dolichonyx Oryzivorus*), Brown Thrasher (*Harporhynchus Rufus*), Cat Bird, (*Galeoscoptes Carolinensis*), Rose Breasted Grosbeak, (*Hebea Ludoviciana*), Winter Wren, (*Troglodites Hiemalis*), Vesper Sparrow, (*Pooecetes Gramineus*), Song Sparrow, (*Melospiza Fasciata*) and the purple Finch, (*Carpodacus Purpureus*). There are a few others which some people might class as song birds, the Goldfinch and Indigo bunting perhaps but they do not shine as singers. Here is a list of insects which I believe are immune from the attacks of birds. Moths, butterflies, potato beetles, curculios, pea weevils, striped cucumber beetles, squash bugs, millipedes, pear and cherry slugs, cabbage and turnip lice, chinch bugs, woolly aphis, currant sawflies or their larvae and I believe if we have to wait for the extinction of such pests by birds we shall be waiting still at Doomsday.

It has never been clearly proven that insectivorous birds are a benefit to the farmer or market gardener, and here I will give the opinion of a few men who I believe are able to speak with authority on this subject.

Mr. W. E. Saunders states, "From my examination of the stomach of the robin I have not much to say in their favor. Out of perhaps twelve to twenty stomachs which I have examined only about one third to one fourth were found to contain insects in any large numbers and these only at a time when they could not obtain fruit."

Mr. Beadle says of them: "The robins are sometimes injurious to the grapes; when they come in large flocks they will destroy a small vineyard."

Mr. Dempsey says: "I am very little posted on any good things the robin does, but I have had quite a sad experience as to the damage he does, as I have had nearly my whole crop of grapes destroyed by robins."

Mr. Arnold remarks: "The robins are a perfect pest. I have a tree of the Early May cherry which is covered with cherry stones, with not a particle of flesh on them. I have known robins to eat ground worms but never the cabbage worm or curculio or anything of that kind."

Mr. McD. Allan, Mr. Westland, Mr. Dougall, Mr. Mackenzie Ross and Mr. Chaplin all large fruit growers, testify to their personal experience of the ravages of the robin, while his insectivorous services (if he has rendered any at all) have been so trifling as to escape the notice of these intelligent and observant witnesses.

I have noticed the chipping sparrows and song sparrows taking the green caterpillars off the cabbages and I am inclined to believe that they are doing more harm than good. In the fall of 1917 I collected 150 chrysalids of the (*Pieris rapae*) cabbage butterfly and in the month of May of the following year only three butterflies emerged, nearly all the others had been stung by the small ichneumon parasitic on them and instead of 150 cabbage butterflies several hundreds of ichneumons came forth, as near as I could judge about 50 or 60 from each chrysalis and when a bird eats a cabbage worm the chances are that at the same time it destroys 50 or 60 ichneumons. Of course it is a question whether the bird or the 50 or 60 ichneumons would be the most benefit to the tiller of the soil but I am inclined to favor the latter. In the year 1911 when the chinch bugs were so numerous and

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WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO

working so disastrously amongst the grain and hay crops of Western Ontario there was no apparent increase of insectivorous birds in the infested district for the simple reason that chinch bugs are not to their liking.

No, we shall have to invent a new sort of bird before we make a diminution in the

ranks of the chinch bugs by bird power. It was found that thorough cultivation combined with a damp season and the introduction of the white fungus (*Sporovitchum globuliferum*) was much more to be depended upon. It is to insects we must look for deliverance from insects more than to birds.

The Robin

R. M. THOMPSON

Of all our migratory birds that visit us in the spring the robin stands preeminently at the head.

This bird, whose arrival is so anxiously watched for by many of us each spring, winters in Mexico, and in the countries north of South America, and the first to return to his old haunts. While the Robin is condemned by some orchardists (who evidently know little of his habits) for his robbing proclivities yet he is in reality the best little helper the fruit grower has and while it is true that the Robin will, as a little diversity from his regular menu, indulge on occasion in a little fruit (which by the way will never be missed) yet in the main his diet is wholly insectivorous.

The robin is not a fastidious bird, and many and various are the insects, grubs, and worms, he will devour in a day.

The cut worm and even the tobacco worm, so destructive to our tomato vines are relished by this bird, and I have on many occasions seen him carrying this latter to the nestlings.

The robin, while of prolific breeding propensities, rearing as he does two broods a year, is not increasing to any appreciable extent, and the causes of this are not far to seek.

His enemies are many and chief among them is not the small boy with the air rifle, or the crow or hawk, but an enemy many of us do

not suspect. I refer to the common house cat. Oh! but you say, "our cat never molests the birds, we feed him too well for that, he gets his milk twice a day, and scraps from the table, so you see he has no need to hunt for more food."

Friends don't be deluded, your cat may be getting all this and he may act in a very innocent way purring around the house during the day and sleeping in the cosy nooks, but watch him as he steals into the orchard at dusk, his murderous instincts are then coming to the fore and he is not out as you may think on a still hunt for mice or jophers, for mice and gophers do not inhabit trees, and your cat is going to climb a tree presently.

When your cat greets you in the morning for his portion of milk, rubbing against you with tail erect, you little think that he has been but very recently chief actor in a grim tragedy, where a home has been ruthlessly destroyed and its inmates cruelly murdered, yet such is too often the case.

As a plea on behalf of our birds and the robin in particular, as of all our birds I am sure we would miss him the most. I would like to suggest that if pets must be kept, why not substitute the rabbit for the cat, an animal that is of some use, not a carrier of disease germs or a destroyer of innocent and useful life.

More About the Rabbit Plague

Editor, Rod and Gun:—

I noted, with interest the remarks made in regard to the seven year plague in the North, and I for one should certainly like to see a general discussion on this point.

In the first place I can find out little more than what I related in my article of sometime ago. I have been in the North when this

disease was rampant, at least the rabbits had disappeared, and was unable to see any signs of diseased rabbits any more than could ordinarily be found where these animals are plentiful. Being intensely interested, of course, I have questioned Hudson Bay Factors, and both white trappers and Indians but unfortunately they have been unable

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ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO

Automobile Troubles and How to Remedy Them

By CHARLES P. ROOT

CONTENTS—Back firing, Blow-back of gas into carburetor, Popping noises, Buzz in coil (other than contact breaker buzz), clatter and grind in gear box, Compression, faulty, Compression, none, Explosions, Irregular or uncertain running, Metallic or puffing noises, Misfires, Resistance slight when operating starting handle, Start, failure to, Steering erratic, Stoppage of engine, Water escapes, Air lock, Batteries, Bearings, Bent axle, Brakes, Carburation, Change Speed gear, Clutch, Coil, Connecting rod or crank shaft broken, Contact breaker (High tension magneto), Contact maker, Knock in bearings generally or in Transmission system. Leaks: Loss of power, Gear, Governor, Hunting, Ignition, Lubrication, Misfires, Muffler troubles, Noise, Overheating, Pipes burst out or fractured, Piston troubles, Popping in carburetor, Pressure leaking (in case of pressure feed) Pre-ignition, Short circuits, Spark plug, Steam bound or air lock, Steering, Supply pipe choked, Timing, Tires, Valves, Valve springs, Water circulation, Wheels.

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WOODSTOCK, ONT.

to add much to what I have said: That every seven years a disease strikes the rabbits and they disappear; that few diseased specimens, either dead or living are seen; that the lynx automatically disappear with the rabbits.

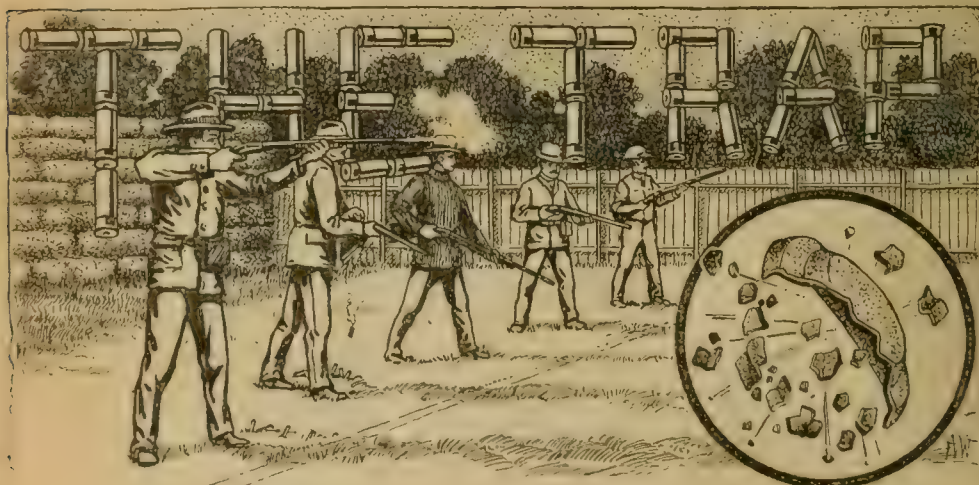
Personally I should sooner believe that the rabbits are actually wiped out with a disease, and that the lynx, to secure food migrate to another part, than that the animals simply migrate.

I am sorry that I am unable to add some-

thing more definite to the question, but I have talked with and read writings of men from all over the North. They all know, of course, of the plague, but I find that no one can give you from personal experience, facts and figures on the point. Persons who have any knowledge of the north know of it in a general sense, but not in a specific one.

Come across you fellows!

Robert G. Hodgson.



HAMILTON GUN CLUB.

A good crowd of shooters turned out at the Hamilton Gun club on February 23, to take part in the third event of the President and Vice-President handicap. Although the shooting, as a whole, was not as good as some preceding Saturdays, some very good scores were turned in.

In A class, Geo. Beattie forged ahead by breaking 24 for this event, which gives him a total of 70 as against 69 for J. Gomph, who broke 23 out of 25. E. Harris is holding third position, having also broken 23 for the day and bringing his count up to 67. All three shooters are within hailing distance of the top and should put up a merry battle for the final event. The club spoon also went to Geo. Beattie in this class.

R. J. Montgomery is now holding first position in B class with a total of 63, having put on a score of 21 for this event, which also gave him the spoon for his class. Montgomery is running in good form lately, and present indications are that he will soon be listed with the top notchers. W. J. Wark is second with 60, having broken 19 out of 25. N. S. Braden shot up in the handicap and was penalized one bird, but in spite of this got 21 for the first event and 20 the second time out, which gives him third place with 57.

J. Moyer sprung a surprise in C class by breaking them to the tune of 22, which gave him the class spoon and also the lead in the handicap with a count of 57. Moyer is only a comparatively new shooter, but a very enthusiastic one, and should soon be able to give a good account of himself. J. Gray is second with 56, his score for the day having been 18.

Geo. Beattie again had the high average for the afternoon with the nice score of 46 out of 50, and was followed closely by J. Gomph, who had 67 out of 75. Bert Smith and E. Harris were tied for third honors, the former having broken 66 out of 75, and the latter 44 out of 50.

The scores were:

	Shot at	Broke.
J. Gomph.....	75	67
W. J. Wark.....	50	35
Geo. Beattie.....	50	46
John Hunter.....	50	43
E. Harris.....	50	41
A. D. Bates.....	75	61
M. E. Fletcher.....	50	42
J. Moyer.....	75	53
D. Kennedy.....	40	21
W. W. Livingstone.....	100	62
M. E. Goodale.....	50	43
J. Smith.....	50	31
N. S. Braden.....	75	61
B. Smith.....	75	66
A. Glover.....	60	35
N. Long.....	100	82
R. J. Montgomery.....	100	87
J. Gray.....	50	36
E. H. Sturt.....	75	57
F. Gardiner.....	75	50
Dr. Greene.....	25	17

Keen interest was shown in the final event of the president and vice-president handicap at the Hamilton Gun Club on Saturday afternoon, March 6th. In spite of the cold raw winds the attendance was very good and the scores on an average were very creditable.

George Beattie retained his lead in A class by breaking 22 and finished with the good total of 92 after having been penalized three birds for missing the first event. E. Harris shot very consistently throughout and finished in second place with 88. J. Gomph found the going rather hard on Saturday and broke only 18 for this event and finished in third place with 87. The club spoon went to M. E. Fletcher, who was in top form on Saturday and broke 21 out of 25.

R. J. Montgomery succeeded in holding first position in B class with 19 for the day's event and a total of 82. W. J. Wark was a close runner-up with a total of 81

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even after being penalized four birds for not being present at the first event. N. S. Braden has been shooting in good form of late and finished third with 78. Braden, Stroud and Wark all tied with 21 for the spoon in this class and in the shoot-off all come in with the same score of 21 again, but in the next time out Stroud out-distanced the rest with 22, while Braden and Wark broke 20.

J. Gray came from behind in C class and won the trophy with 23 for the day's event and a total of 79. J. Moyer had been leading by one bird but only managed to get 16 out of 25 and finished with a total of 73. Gray also won the class spoon.

G. M. Dunk of the Dominion Cartridge company and F. H. Morris were visitors at the club and Mr. Dunk put up an ammunition belt as a prize, which was won by M. E. Fletcher.

The high honors of the day went to M. E. Fletcher, who broke 45 out of 50 and second place was divided by G. Beattie with 44 out of 50 and B. Smith with 66. Out of 75, and F. H. Morris, who broke 88 out of 100. A. Bates was next with 43 out of 50.

C. Graham, not wishing to defend the challenge medal, put it up for open competition and M. E. Fletcher succeeded in winning it with his score of 24 out of 26.

The scores were:

	Shot at.	Broke.
E. Harris	75	61
R. J. Montgomery	100	82
G. Beattie	50	44
W. J. Wark	100	80
J. Gomph	50	35
A. D. Bates	50	43
M. E. Fletcher	50	45
J. Moyer	75	51
J. Gray	50	42
W. Drummond	50	36
N. S. Braden	100	81
B. Smith	75	66
N. Long	100	79
D. A. Konkle	50	37
F. Ellis	25	14
G. Stroud	100	85
G. M. Dunk	115	70
F. H. Morris	100	88
W. W. Livingstone	50	36
P. Friend	50	33
A. Smith	50	40
H. Smith	25	16

ANNUAL MEETING REGINA GUN CLUB

Officers Elected For The Coming Year.

Officers Elected.

President, H. W. Taber.
Vice President, Charley Leslie.
Secretary, W. P. "Perry" Logan
Treasurer, Ken Ross.
Executive Committee, Messrs. Harry Crabtree, J. F. Anderson, M. W. Sharon, W. M. Van Valkenburg, and R. D. Turnbull.

More than 150 shooters and those interested in the game attended the annual meeting and banquet of the Regina Gun club which was held at the Kitchener hotel Regina. It was the best meeting ever held by shooters in this city and everything regarding trap-shooting was discussed before the session came to an end. Fred Upland put up an excellent banquet for the shooters and after the repast the business of the meeting was taken up.

Among the local artists who aided in passing a pleasant evening were W. H. McDiarmid, Maurice, "Sluggert" Burke and others. In addition several members of the club spoke on the preservation of game in Saskatchewan pointing out that it was the business of the local club to aid in this good work.

The matter of next season was also discussed by those present and it was felt that the year 1920 would be the most successful ever held in Regina.

The election of Harry Taber as president of the club was a most happy selection and as soon as he was nominated the motion was made that nominations close. Harry took the chair right after he was nominated and from then on he controlled the meeting. The same was true in regard to Charley Leslie's nomination as vice-president and when "Perry" Logan was elected treasurer, the crowd went wild. However, Mr. Logan asked that some other person be made treasurer and finally this was done, Ken Ross drawing the assignment.

During the course of the meeting the question of the game protective association was discussed by

many members and it seemed to be the sentiment of the meeting that the members of the club should be notified when the next meeting of this body would be held so that the gun club members could attend. It was pointed out that shooters were the best friends of game in the province and they would welcome any suggestions looking toward the protection of them.

A hearty vote of thanks was given to the retiring officers and one and all expressed the hope that the season of 1920 would be a banner one for the Regina Gun Club.

JORDAN GUN CLUB HOLDS SHOOT

Jordan Station, Feb. 23.—Fine weather favored the Jordan Gun Club for the 4th shoot of their trophy series last Saturday and as the shooting for the different trophies is getting keener, the scores in the several classes are becoming much closer, causing a spirit of much friendly rivalry.

A large crowd of both shooters and spectators was in attendance and seemed to enjoy the afternoon's sport immensely.

The winner of the prize in class A was E. Konkle, who broke 23 x 25. In class B. D. Troup, with 23 x 25. Class C. M. Luey, 18 x 25.

These shooting and their scores follow:

	Shot at	Broke
H. W. Hunsberry	100	91
M. Honsberger	90	75
A. Schnick	75	57
D. Troup	65	56
W. Moyer	65	53
D. Konkle	50	43
J. Troup	50	41
P. Wismer	50	38
D. Price	50	37
W. Nicholson	50	35
M. Luey	50	32
F. Church	50	37
E. Konkle	25	23
S. Honsberger	25	17
L. Charter	25	14
S. Lake	25	12
P. Hunt	25	9
W. Clulbe	25	9
W. Luey	25	8

YOUTHFUL SHOOTERS.

The proposal to match George Vivian, Jr., of the Toronto Gun Club and George Jennings of the Blamy Beach Gun Club meets with the approval of the lads themselves, their parents and the clubs, Master Vivian is in his twelfth year and Master Jennings in his fourteen.

In spite of the fact that the Balmy Beach prodigy shoots a regulation 12-gore gun, while the Toronto Club representative uses a new small bore arm, it is not proposed to make the match a handicap. It is possible that the lads will meet within a month or six weeks.

A. T. A. HOLD MEETING.

Provincial Dates Approved.

At a meeting of the General Committee of the American Trapshooting Association, held Wednesday, March 3, at the headquarters of the Association, 460 Fourth Avenue, New York, much business of interest to trapshooters all over the continent of North America, and for the good of the sport in general, was acted upon.

The appointment of Regional Secretary-managers to take care of trapshooting matters in each of the five sections or zones into which the United States and Canada have been divided was also passed upon. The Eastern Zone will be taken care of by C. Starr Matthews; the Prairie Zone by J. P. Smith of Hastings, N.B.; the Pacific Coast Zone by C. A. Haight of San Francisco. The appointment of managers for the Southern and for the Great Lakes Zone was held over, being left in the hands of Stoney McLinn, who will make the necessary appointments in the immediate future.

Dates for the Grand American Handicap at Cleveland, O., have already been announced. They are August 23-28. The places where the Zone (or Sectional) Handicaps will be held, together with dates for same, were decided upon as follows:—Southern Handicap, Washington, D.C., May 20-22; Pacific Coast Handicap, Walla Walla, Wash., May 20-22; Eastern Handicap, Lancaster, Pa., July 22-24; Great Lakes Handicap, Mason City, Ia., July 27-29, and Prairie Handicap, Omaha, Neb., August 31-September 2.

ROD AND GUN IN-CANADA

MAY 1920

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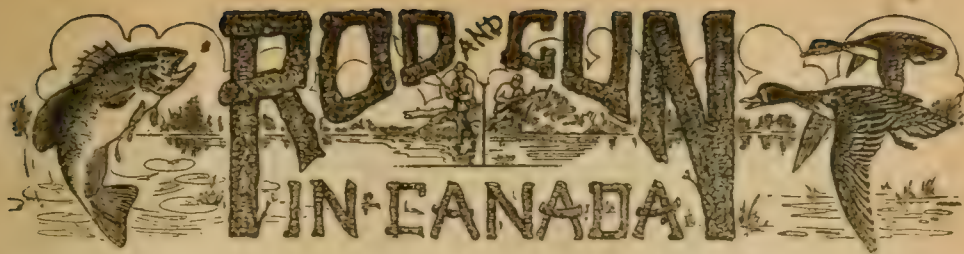
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The Silver King



HARRY M. MOORE

IN THREE PARTS

PART I.

INTRODUCTION.

PIGEON-holed in the office of the Geological Survey at Ottawa you might find facts and figures relative to the strange people of this story. Maybe a trapper, prospector, hunter or explorer has been among them, but if there be one of such who has had the experience, the information has never been given publicity.

Where, then, you may ask, did the author get his data? The question is easily answered—from the private papers of an old friend, "The Hunter." (Enquire as I might, I have never been able to find out my old friend's given name.)

One day he called me to him and said: "You are a writer—go to my papers in that old metal trunk under

my bunk. There you will find something which may, or may not, be useful to you—according to the use you make of it. If what you find there is not the truth, then the shame be on my head."

I did as directed; from his notes, I give you the following story:

I.

In the fall of 1890, my friends, Norman Lambert, miner and young business-man; George Delray, a newspaper writer, and myself went north of the fiftieth parallel to hunt.

On the shore of Black Lake—far, far from a human habitation—we built a log shack and made it as comfortable as was required for three robust men in the hunting season.

The fall of 1890 is not memorable

for anything except the mysterious disappearance of Norman Lambert.

We had had fair success in securing game, and one morning, with the intention of it being our last day's sport, we left camp. I shall never forget that day, nor the night that followed.

The country was rough; hill after hill as far as the eye could see. Lake and river; swamp and muskeg—no trails but the runways of wild animals—nothing human — everything wild, wild, wild!

The big Lambert surveyed it all from the top of a bluff and he exclaimed; "This is a rough old spot, Hunter, but my God! I love it."

We all loved it—this land of silence, this land of desolation, this land of untold resources and unfound treasures.

Our dogs had run their feet off, so we rubbed tallow on the sore places and tied them up.

Then we shouldered our rifles and started for a place we called Buck Mountain, arranging on the way that I should remain there, while Lambert and Delray were to cross a big swamp and "still-hunt" on the side of another great hill about a mile and a half away.

The deer kept to the swamps that day, and had I been at all weather wise I would have known that a big storm was coming. We had seen many tracks where they had fed on the sumach on the tops of the hills the night before and we thought it was but a question of waiting a couple of hours until they would come out again to feed. But they never moved. Noon passed and the clouds gathered to the north-west. By three o'clock a heavy snow storm had set in, and by four, the ground was white and one could see but a few feet.

I fired a shot in the air by way of advising my companions that it was time to move, and in a few minutes I got an answer. I waited a short time and then realizing that Lambert and Delray might go to the camp by another way, I threw my rifle over my shoulder and headed for Black Lake.

In half an hour I was in the shack and had a fire lighted. In walked Delray.

"Where's Lambert?" he asked after a few minutes.

"Lambert?" I returned, balancing the stick, I was about to put into the stove—"He was with you—"

Delray shook his head.

"He came part of the way with me," he explained—"But I haven't seen him since morning."

"Who answered my signal?"

"I did."

"Better go to the hill back there and see if you can't get some trace of him—I've a mind that this is going to be a bad night—"

I put on the tea, and still believing Lambert would show up, I prepared the supper.

It was as dark as pitch outside now and the wind carried the snow along in sheets. I heard Delray banging at the atmosphere and then after a while he staggered in.

"God!" he gasped, his face white and drawn—"He's lost. I never got an answer—what an awful night—we'll have to find him, Hunter, or he'll perish."

We drank several cups of good strong tea, ate some bacon and bread hurriedly, and then with a lantern, well-armed and warmly clad, we set out to search for the missing man.

That was a terrible night. Not cold, but rough—wind and snow, wind and snow.

We broke a path to Buck Mountain and we went down into the valley beyond calling and shooting, calling and shooting. But never a sound. Two balls of fire stared at us from the swamp, and then we heard the deer crashing through the brush.

The wind cried through the spruce and wailed through the pines while Delray and I stumbled and struggled along searching, searching, searching.

We had not got a single trace of Lambert by the time we had reached the hill where Delray had spent the day, so we changed our direction and crossed a high hill into another big bush on the other side.

Another deer ran from us at the edge of this bush and then we picked up the first clue—the body of a large buck that was still warm but strange to say its entrails had not been removed.

Kicking around in the snow, I picked up an empty cartridge—a forty-four Winchester—from Lambert's rifle.

A man's tracks led to a tree and there were drops of blood on a root which stuck up out of the ground. Higher up on the trunk there was a wicked looking knot and upon examination we found blood and hair on it—a man's blood, a man's hair. Norman Lambert had been seriously, perhaps severely, injured.

That was the nearest we ever came to finding him. A few tracks went out of that swamp, but at the edge of the high banks of snow, they stopped. It was quite evident that our friend had gone out and the drifting snow had covered up all traces of his going.

Until daylight we tramped, rested, and went on again until dark. Then we returned to the shack and gave up all hope of ever finding Norman Lambert alive.

However, we remained in that vicinity for another week, then one day we set our faces towards the south. Norman Lambert, miner and business man, had been swallowed up in that vast northland as though he had never existed.

II.

In the summer of 1902, I went into North Bay to get some ammunition and supplies and who should I meet coming up from the C. P. R. station but George Delray.

"Hello, George," I greeted him, grabbing his hand—"And how goes it?"

"Fine," he returned—"Have just been enquiring for you, old top. I see you still wear the buckskins and carry a rifle. I've quit the paper game and am looking for a little recreation. Let's go into the Pacific and get a drink and I'll tell you my plans."

We walked a block to the old Pacific and went into a small room off the bar. There with a bottle of

Scotch between us we talked of old times and Delray unfolded his plans for the future.

I always liked this easy-going Delray, and although I hadn't seen him for several years, time had been good to him. Of course it was quite natural that our conversation should drift around to a hunt we had had at Black Lake and the mysterious disappearance of Norman Lambert twelve years back.

"Met his sister in Montreal," he told me—"And had a long talk with her. She said that Norm's interests in a big manufacturing concern there had proved an exceptional investment, and that there had accumulated over one million dollars which would be given to his heirs. Told her that it was a remote possibility of her brother ever turning up—you know, Hunter, it is devilish hard the way he went, but there is no use encouraging her to believe he is alive when we know he isn't. She told me to thank you ever so much for what you had done for her, and if ever you were in the city, you would offend her if you didn't call—"

"Montreal is the same as Siam to me," I confessed—"Very seldom go to a city and when I do I feel like a girl when she has put on long dresses for the first time. Now about this trip north—what is it to be? Hunting, prospecting, trapping or what?"

Delray looked at the amber tinted drop in the bottom of his glass for a minute.

"I met a surveyor not long ago who said at the forks of two rivers about fifty miles from Black Lake, he saw an animal that must have been a hybrid—a cross, as it were, of the deer and moose—"

"Have another drink," I laughed, pushing the bottle towards him—"And please pass the salt. That's a new one on me. Might as well tell me you're drunk, man."

"Well," he protested—"The story is his, not mine, and his word has always been good. You don't think there is such an animal?"

"I can't believe there is. It is impossible to interbreed them."

"I suppose," he said, demurely—

"If I'd spent the better part of my life up here as you have done, I, too, would consider it a joke. But supposing we go up that way—"

"Anywhere at all," I agreed.

"We'll go to the Pole if you say so."

The upshot of that meeting in North Bay that afternoon was that one month later—to be exact, on August 15th—we met at the same hotel, and with three months' provisions, lots of ammunition, a good canoe, a tent and everything else required, we made ready for a start on the morrow to the wilds of the north.

In ten days, during which we lost some time through rains, we passed a shack on the edge of Black Lake—a shack that had memories connected with the missing Norman Lambert—and in twelve days we pitched our tent at the forks of two rivers and made preparations for a very pleasant outing.

We rested up for a couple of days, during which we gathered some wood, fished, fought the flies, and wandered around getting a line on our surroundings. And we certainly were in the midst of Nature's best.

Running northward, through walls of rock, raced the rivers. In the same direction from our camp was a mountain, hundreds of feet high; its face chiselled and grooved by storms and falling water. East and west were hill and forest—poplar, birch, pine, spruce and balsam—standing and fallen—the fallen timbers making the ground a network of pitfalls for the unwary, nevertheless through these were the runways of the deer and the moose, the elk, and the caribou, and not a sign of this strange land ever having been invaded by man. There were no blazes on the trees, there were no observation posts of the prospectors, there were no shacks of the hunter or trapper, there were no shanties of the lumberman. No river-driver had rested along these foamy streams on the spring "drive." It was as wild as Nature at her best; it was Nature's best.

One morning Delray suggested that we go to that wall of rock which was a mountain.

"I'm of the opinion," he said,

filling his pipe—"that if there is anything in this northland that has not as yet been discovered it lays behind that."

His prophetic words came to me later, but at that moment I was thinking of his hybrid and I only laughed at him and said:

"Tell me, Delray, what is there to find in this part of the country that hasn't yet been discovered? Why, it's an open book to government surveyors. Trappers are here, there and everywhere. The Hudson Bay Company came here in the year One and have been here ever since."

However, we took a lunch with us and just shortly before noon we sat down at a spring in a clump of cedars at the foot of this lofty, silent sentinel of the centuries.

Closer inspection revealed the fact that the wrinkles in its face were fissures several feet wide and in which grew the poison ivy, the mountain ash and the scrub oak. Yes, and there were even the vines of the wild grape. Up, up, up, it arose until it fairly split the clouds and as I gazed in awe at it, I was wondering how a man could climb its steep slope. But suddenly Delray caught me by the arm and pulled me to one side.

I followed with my eyes his pointed finger and there at the top silhouetted against the sky was an animal the likes of which I had never seen before.

We moved back to get a better view of it, but just as we did it vanished.

"Hunter," Delray ejaculated, rubbing it in—"You laughed at me at North Bay. What have you to say for yourself now?"

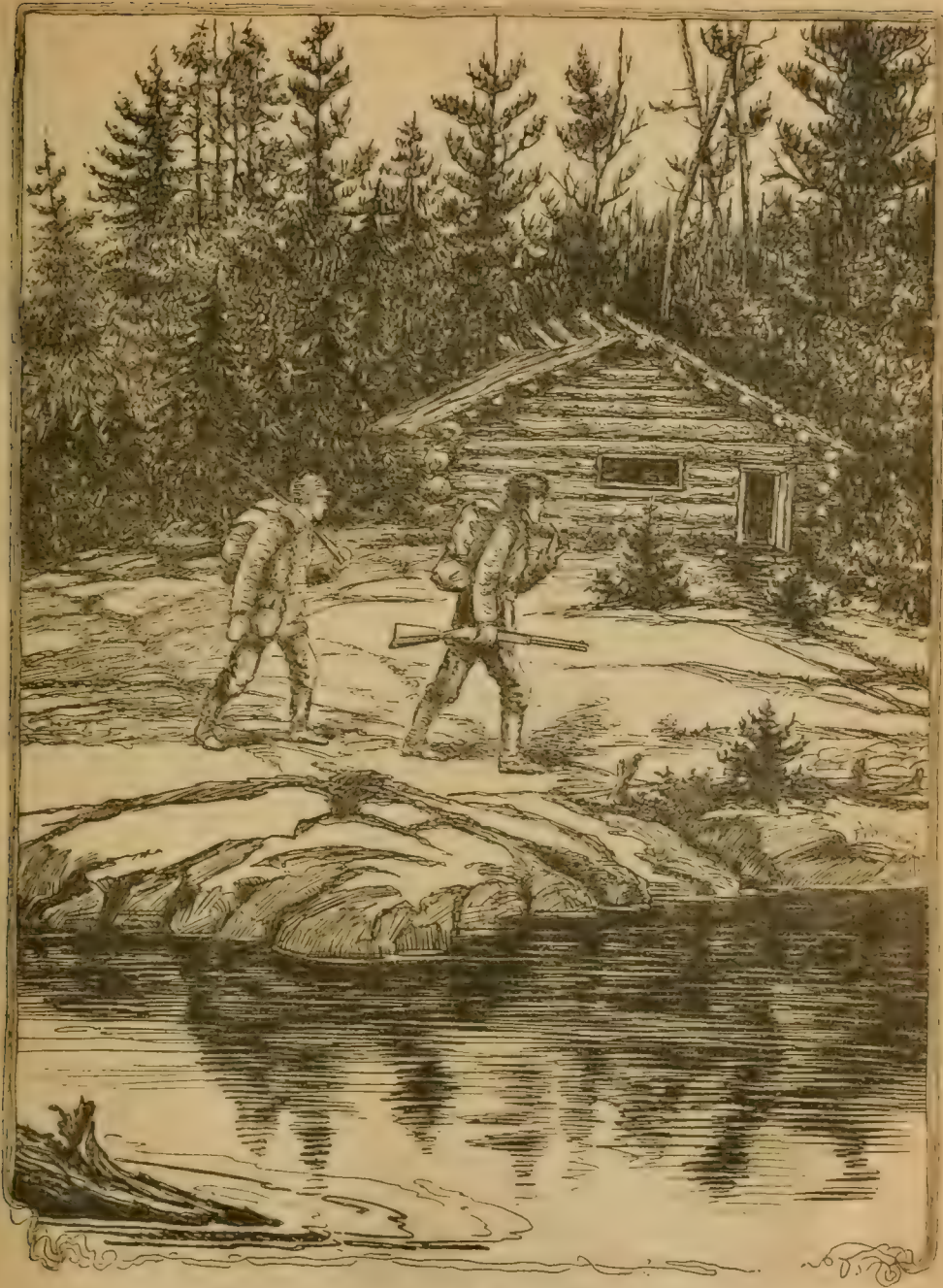
"Nothing—simply nothing," I spoke truthfully—"That's got me beat. It isn't a caribou, neither is it an elk, moose or reindeer—what do you propose?"

For a minute he played with his hunting knife.

"What do I propose? I propose that we climb that mountain—"

I ran my eye over it.

"Looks impossible," I said. "Pos-



"We passed a shack on the edge of Black Lake"

sibly, though, we could get to the top by going around."

Discussing the matter further, we decided that we had better go back to camp, and next day, with sufficient food for a week, if necessary, we would return and make the attempt.

III.

One month to a day after leaving North Bay, before the sun was up, George Delray and I ate a breakfast of bacon and trout, packed enough food for three days and struck off to

the mountain where we had seen that strange animal the day before.

Well was it that we left our house in order, for many days were to pass before we were to see it again. Little did we think that ere the earth had turned once on its orbit that we would be prisoners among an unknown people and that our chances of escaping were mighty slim indeed.

There was a ravine that struck into that mountain like a wedge—wide at the beginning and gradually narrowing until there was room for but one man at a time. We followed that ravine and the further we went the more we were satisfied that by climbing on an angle we could reach the top.

We attempted it, and loaded and all as we were, about noon, after following an old zig-zag path we were successful.

Our feet resounded on a plateau or table land that looked about half-a-mile square. Vegetation there was very little. The sumach trees looked pretty in their suits of red and golden; the juniper bushes were loaded with berries of a blue tint—a contrast in color to the cloudless sky, which wasn't blue at all, but a grey, and from which the northern sun sent a steady warmth that was not at all disagreeable. The country could be seen for miles and miles—lakes and rivers lying like pieces of glass in frames of the deep dark green of the spruce and the hemlock, the pine and the balsam.

We gathered some twigs and boiled tea.

That was a wonderful dinner. The air up here was clear and exhilarating; it tasted of Nature's remedies, and our appetites, whetted as they were by our exertions, made eating the one best thing of life.

"I know of a man who would give a million dollars to eat as we have," remarked Delray, prodding the ground with his hunting knife—"And I've heard it said that Rockefeller has offered a round hundred thousand for a stomach—and yet, here we are, in the prime of life, healthy, wise and robust, and we say nothing but chew and swallow, drink and smoke. I

feel like a two-year-old, Hunter, and if it wasn't for the blasted winter coming on, I'd suggest that we move up from the river and spend the rest of our days right on this spot. Say, isn't it great?"

Great? That word was small compared to what we were enjoying. I doubted if there were an expression in the English language that could adequately convey our feelings at that time. I remark about this because it was the last really happy moment we were to have for some time.

That plateau was dotted with tracks—thousands of them.

"Why," I ventured, as we were shouldering our packs—"If we had a mind to, we could sit right down here and this game would come to us. This is the feeding ground of a herd, and there must be hundreds of them."

I can't recall that Delray said anything in return, but we struck north and just as we crossed this table-land and were approaching the bush that fringed it, a brown-skinned animal suddenly jumped up in front of me. I quickly took aim and fired, but my shot had gone wide and it was off like the wind.

We ran over and were just in time to hear it crashing through the brush on the side of the mountain. We followed the sound and presently picked up the trail which led from this bush through a beaver meadow and up a bluff.

Cautiously approaching the top of this bluff, I peered over and there, in a small muskeg, facing me it stood. At my appearance, though, it wheeled like a flash, and I again fired. That was another miss, so cursing my luck I ran down into this hole in the top of the hill. I saw where my bullet had torn up the ground, but the animal had disappeared as though by magic.

Delray was the first to notice it, and when I turned around he was on his knees and examining the tear made in the earth when I fired and he was muttering incoherently.

"What's the trouble, Delray," I asked, curiously—"Strike gold, or something?"

"Hunter," he answered, in a whisper—"if this is worth a cent, it's worth a million dollars. Look at that vein!"

I got down on my knees beside him and I watched him as he ripped open the sod. There before me lay a vein of native silver that must have been two feet wide and it ran right into another hill before us.

"A mine is only so valuable according to the distance it is from a railway," I ventured—"There might be millions of dollars' worth here, but tell me, who would buy it?"

"Quite right, Hunter," he agreed, studying my face—"Maybe I'll stake this, though, and hold it against the day when the railway comes in." He was laughing now. "Can you fancy a railway ever running through this land of the wild? Do you think it will ever happen?"

"It's possible," I agreed—"Though to my notion, very improbable—"

Notwithstanding anything that we had said to the contrary, however, we continued to follow that stream of silver and for the nonce had quite forgotten what had brought us to this place.

When we stood on our feet again we were on a precipice that must have been two hundred feet high and chopped off like a cheese. Below us the silver stuck in that wall of rock like a big V.

I was pointing it out to Delray but he was not watching me. I followed his eyes—which were younger and sharper than mine—and up a valley, above a heavy bush, a cloud of black smoke was rolling into the atmosphere.

"For heaven's sake," I muttered—"What have we here? That is not a bush fire, there is not a village within hundreds of miles, we are a long distance from a Hudson Bay post, no Indians here that I know of—what in the world is it, Delray?"

"It's got me puzzled, too," he returned, scratching his head—"Supposing we go and see."

I always liked this man Delray, there seemed to be so much of the adventurer about him. Put him in a

tight corner and I knew he would fight like the devil.

We started along that mountain and presently picked up a path down which the animal I had fired at must have travelled. The path lead down into a meadow whose reeds seemed to be seven feet high, but the meadow was quite dry underfoot.

We pushed aside the reeds and had gone about two hundred yards when Delray, who was leading, stopped abrupt, stared at a spot to the left for a minute and then pointed. Following the direction indicated by his extended hand, I perceived an object—several objects, indeed—wriggling towards us. At first glance I could not make them out, but as they approached, quite unaware that we were watching them, I saw the painted faces of men—real human beings.

"Don't shoot," I cautioned Delray, as he played with the trigger of his gun—"There is no use getting into trouble unless we have to—"

"There doesn't seem to be much of a chance to get away," he returned, looking back over his shoulder.

In a few minutes they were around us—a dozen of them—and a more peculiar looking body of men I never before beheld. From the top of their heads to the soles of their feet, they were clad in furs, there was a red "X" on each bare cheek and a red bar across their foreheads. Their rifles were of the old muzzle-loader variety—very old. In their ears and about their necks were ornaments made in resemblance of the sun, the moon and the stars.

With our repeaters we could have cleaned up the lot. Perhaps, in the light of what followed afterwards, it was just as well that we submitted peacefully.

IV.

Looking backwards I am often reminded of the scene that presented itself when we allowed ourselves to be taken prisoners by these strange people. I say "allowed ourselves to be taken" for as I said before with our repeaters we could have killed every one of them armed and all as they were, in no time. Delray was a

crack shot and I have never missed myself except when under excitement.

It was as though the covers of a Rider Haggard novel had opened and some tribe had stepped therefrom and surrounded us in our beds. We never anticipated such an adventure. We would never have believed such a race existed. If it hadn't been for their paint, there was much in common to white people. They carried no knives, but slung across their shoulders were horns filled with powder and possibly shot.

Their leader was a tall, slim fellow, built like an athlete. This slim chap—I christened him "Slim" on the spot—stepped towards us and made a motion with his hands which we understood meant that neither he nor his companions meant to do us any harm. Then in a high-pitching tone he addressed us in a language we did not understand.

I spoke to him and making it as easy as possible for him to comprehend, I assisted my voice with my hands. Then the strangest imaginable thing happened. He smiled, showing perfect white teeth, and the words that fell from his lips were fairly good English, but with an accent.

"What brings you here?" he asked while his followers gathered around us and were curiously examining our knives, our cartridge belts and our rifles.

Delray answered him.

"My friend and I are lost." May the Lord forgive him for that lie.

"Yes," said Slim, dubiously—"You are lost. Better come with me to the Silver King and tell him how it was you were hunting his deer—"

"Hunting his deer?" I exclaimed—"Was that animal a deer? Who, pray, is the Silver King, and where does he live?"

"Follow us," he answered me—"And you shall see. But before we go, perhaps it would be better to hand over these—" he pointed to our rifles and belts.

"If you say fight—we'll fight them, whispered Delray—

"Hush," I returned, my eyes blinded with the novelty of the thing

and anxious in my heart to see it to a finish—"We'd better go with them. If they try anything on us, then—"

We handed them our outfits and with the packs on our backs we followed Slim, single file through the long reeds. Behind us jabbering in their own language, the natives tramped along and we knew they were passing our outfits from hand to hand for inspection as they did.

Through a heavy spruce and cedar thicket we proceeded and coming out on the other side we beheld another wonder—a field of ripened corn. Further along we saw more fields that had been tilled, sod huts around which peculiar looking animals ate from stacks of wild hay and heaps of brush, and a huge pile sodded on the outside and from which the smoke issued through a hole in the centre at the top.

"Can you realize this," I whispered to Delray—"These people are making charcoal. Did you ever hear of the like? They are hundreds of miles from a market, there are no roads, but the roads of nature—the rivers, and they all run north—"

For the time being I was non-plus-ed, but I found out later what they did with it.

Into a village of about two dozen huts were we taken and everywhere—for it was their noon-hour—we saw people just like them: all fur-clad all painted—even to the little ones.

The objects of much curiosity, we were directed to a building that was much larger than any of the others. There was no one inside and the place was devoid of all such things as seats or bunks. The earth was the floor and the walls were ornamented with all sorts of antlers and skins, with here and there a few of their odd-shaped silver colored adornments.

Leaving us, Slim went towards the back of this hut and placing his fingers in his mouth he emitted a shrill whistle. After awhile from somewhere beyond came the answer, and pretty soon another tall chap pushed aside the skin that served for a door and stepped in.

The newcomer was garbed like

the rest, except that his costume, if such it could be called, was if anything of better fur and the ornaments he wore were smaller and evidently more valuable. He was middle-aged.

He looked sharply at us and then he and Slim fell into a spirited conversation in which there was much frowning and shrugging of shoulders and a certain uneasiness among the natives who stood beside us.

Then the stranger went out the same way he came in and Slim said:

"He has gone to the Silver King. Stay!"

After a long wait, during which Delray and I managed to whisper a little by way of keeping up our spirits, the emissary to the king returned and again he and Slim consulted.

"The king has gone to the mines. To-morrow you will see him. Come"

From this we inferred that the king being at the mines it was impossible to receive us and that we would be taken somewhere and kept until the morrow. We inferred right. Slim and his party took us to a small hut, motioned us inside and three of them remained to see that we didn't leave it. We were prisoners.

The hut which we entered as our prison was a square-shaped affair, with two small windows, a couple of bunks covered with skins and a dirt floor. A fire-place made out of stone was in the centre, and the smoke was expected to get out through the windows and door. A few skins were on its walls as were also a couple of deer heads and some of those self-same ornaments that were in the big hut we had been taken to.

Delray and I sat down on one of the bunks. Afraid? No. We never thought of anything at that time. We were going through an unusual experience and fate very kindly kept the future closed to us. Here we were among people that we never knew existed and the experience was such an unbelievable thing that our minds were in a sort of chaos. I say "our" minds—I know that was my mental condition, and I'm sure,

judging only by the looks of him, that Delray was experiencing the same feelings of wonder.

We studied our guards and we could not figure out whether they were Indian, Eskimo or breed. They had almond-shaped eyes, hair as black as the raven, flat faces and stub noses—much unlike any Eskimo or Indian I had ever seen. Clean, tidy, respectable-appearing, they showed to my mind traces of having at some time or other been under the tutelage of a white man. And yet, when I recalled their ancient sod-covered houses, I was of the opinion that this connection with the whites must have been at some remote period in their history.

"Christopher Columbus never knew what harm he did when he discovered America," Delray remarked. "I'll bet this is one race he never marked down in his note-book."

"Probably not," I assured him—"Tell me, Delray, you're a newspaper man and supposed to be educated—have you ever read, or have you ever heard, of these people?"

"No," he answered me, kicking his heavy boot into the floor—"I have never seen, heard, nor did I ever believe such a race infested this sphere. If I see Montreal again, me for a big story in the *Herald* at so much per column." He kicked away at the ground for a while and then he laughed.

"This amuses me. Can you fancy them having a king? Can you picture in your mind what that king must look like? I'll wager that he is a savage old fossil with tusks like a wild boar—"

"I do hope you're wrong, Del." I interjected. "If he's what you say he is, then the Lord pity us. Slim dropped the hint that we will be charged with hunting his deer—you heard that?"

"Yes," he said, getting up and examining the decorations on the wall—"But we only hunted it. Next time—look here, Hunter!"

He handed me an object that was meant for a star. It was perfectly flat and about the thickness of a knife blade at the back.

"Why, man alive," I exclaimed—"This is the purest of silver and it has been hammered into this shape I've seen articles made out of copper the same way—"

"But, lord," he broke in—"There seems to be any amount of it around here. There must be thousands and thousands of dollars tied up in these knick-knacks. Say," he laughed—"If this king is for doing us up entirely, I'll trade him my mine for our freedom—what do you say?"

Delray was one of those happy-go-lucky sort who never believe in spoiling the present for what might never happen in the future. He didn't care whether we were shot on the morrow, because he didn't live that far ahead.

"Silver plate galore,—" he ruminated—"Oh, what a feast for the eyes of a thief, a bunch of natives that don't appear to be either Eskimo or red men—tell me, Hunter, are we really and truly here or are we dead and in the great valley of surprises?"

(To be continued)

Kananaskis Lakes

MILTON STAPLES

NESTLING in the heart of the Rockies, not over 80 miles from a city whose modernity is evidenced by departmental stores, amusement parks, cabaret shows and O. B. U. agitators, and as unknown to the average Western tourist as is the Spirit of the West itself, lie two lakes, whose beauty, during the period of the earth's revolution round the sun, does not gladden more than 100 pairs of Caucasian eyes, whose shores reveal the tracks of Moose, Deer, Bear, Cougar and Lynx more frequently than they do those of the genus Homo, and whose limpid depths are only rivalled by the majestic heights surrounding them, jealously guarding them against the profanation of commercial exploitation.

But, though proudly magnificent

"Quite alive," I ventured, absent-mindedly.

"Mound-builders? No. Cave men? Altogether unlikely—for they went out with the mammoths." He stopped and turned to me—"We might have a hard time getting out of this, Hunter, but if it comes to a fight, count me in. I can handle one to your two any old day. How many do you think there are?"

"Possibly—a hundred," I answered him from the back window where I had gone to get a perspective and some fresh air.

Over the tops of the trees the smoke arose in a big black cloud.

"The mines," I told Delray, pointing—"They use the charcoal to melt the silver, then they make it into these adornments and possibly into bars—what they do with the bars I can't even guess. Of course," I added, "This is all guess-work on my part, but I'll bet I'm right."

"We may see," he declared—"In the meantime what do you think of the city?"

in their isolation, to him who approaches with the reverence due their comeliness, they are not unresponsive. To him who woos them in a spirit of proper humility they reveal all their unsullied charms, and, when, marveling at the glories of God's Handiwork, he departs, present him with precious souvenirs in the shape of undying memories of their own fair selves.

* * * *

It was on a Saturday afternoon in late August that we commenced our pilgrimage, six of us, Mack, Dad, The Boy, Mutt, Jeff and Myself, under the chaperonage of a seventh, Jake, guide, philosopher, friend and, by virtue of a lifelong association with out-of-door Alberta, graduate, *magna cum laude*, of the University

of Nature itself. Our rendezvous was at Junction Cache, an ideal camping site near the junction of the Elbow River and the Little Elbow. To reach it we motored some 30

then, crossing it, and traversing a small ridge, dropped into the Kananaskis Valley proper and soon were on the shores of the Lower Lake.

We pitched our tent at the mouth

Like two sisters, each is, in its own way, charming,—the Upper Lake more riotously beautiful in its features and coloring;



the Lower Lake with a calm, placid, inspiring if less enthralling beauty of its own.

miles to Jake's ranch,—thence proceeded by saddle-ponies a further distance of 25 miles up the picturesque Elbow Valley. Once out of range of the automobile, we had no difficulty in securing, in a very short time, enough mountain trout for our Sunday morning breakfast. No French chef in the most modern grill could have challenged Mack with his humble frying-pan as a purveyor of trout-de-luxe to seven hungry fishermen.

From Junction Cache we proceeded up the Elbow, stopping over night at a place about three miles short of its source. Monday morning we pushed on past a beautiful little lake, the headwaters of the Elbow, and over a divide into the Valley of the Pocatera. Descending into this valley, we followed the stream, a tributary of the Kananaskis River, for several miles,—

of a small creek (Boulton's). Just in front of us a small promontory jutted out into the lake, while a few logs moored to the shore offered a promising base for operations against its finny denizens. We discovered later, however, that we were a little too late in the season to catch any fish in the lake itself. The months of June and July are the best months for the angler to obtain his maximum catch in this region.

A brief geographical digression here may make some parts of the story more intelligible. The Kananaskis Lakes are two in number. The Lower Lake, about four miles in length and from one half to one and a half miles in width is the most accessible. The upper Lake is about twice the size of the Lower, and as the crow flies, its shores are at one place not more than a half mile

distant, but as the fish swims, it is about four miles away. That is to say the stream draining the Upper and feeding the Lower Lake takes a circular course around a high and

Jeff announced that he was off for home and breakfast and disappeared. A few minutes later he reappeared and with great effort holding his catch off the ground, piped excitedly,



The picturesque Elbow Valley—about three miles short of its source.

rocky plateau which separates the two bodies of water. About three miles from the mouth of the stream is a very pretty water-fall about 60 feet in height. As is the case with most mountain lakes the water is very deep, the bottom a few yards or even feet from shore sloping rapidly downwards.

But to resume—after a short rest we busied ourselves in getting out and rigging up our tackle,—then sallied forth for the evening's fishing, leaving behind Dad, who had undertaken to get supper, and Jake who had been unable to locate his tackle. We scattered along the river (the stream above referred to) and plied it thoroughly, but with indifferent luck. A few small one-pounders were taken, but of the mighty lake trout we saw no traces. At dusk we returned and were startled to find a 5¼ pounder sharing the camp with Dad. Jake had discovered a line and a hook, had attached it to an ordinary pole, gone out "on his lonesome" and after 15 minutes negotiation had connected with the only real fish of the evening!

The next morning Jeff created no small sensation by bringing in one over a pound heavier than Jake's. Mutt states that he and Jeff had been fishing near each other, with little success, for over an hour, when

"Look what I picked up around the corner." Jeff admitted that the monster put up a terrific struggle so long as he remained in his native element, but once he was on terra firma, I fear he had short shrift. Jeff said, "I took no chances. I just jumped on his neck with both feet and simply clubbed the stuffing out of him."

After breakfast a council of war was held and it was decided that the depths of the lake itself must be explored. To do this it was necessary to have some sort of watercraft. Of boats or canoes on the Kananaskis Lakes there is none. But of bone-dry fallen timber along their shores there is a plenty. Ergo it was decided to build a raft. Mack, from his wealth of engineering knowledge, provided us with specifications. We all joined in and inside a couple of hours had constructed a raft with which we could brave the bluest depths of the lake.

That afternoon a brisk breeze was blowing camp-wards from across the lake. Someone conceived the bright idea of poling our "yacht," via the shallow water along the edge to the far side, then letting the wind carry us back. As it seemed the only way of testing the piscatory possibilities of the deep water, five of us set out, leaving Mack and Dad to "Keep

the home fires burning." After a few experiments in poling, attended by a great deal of splashing and not a little profanity, we got into our stride and soon worked our way around to our first "objective." With a fervent prayer to the god of sailors and deep-sea fishermen we pushed off. The breeze carried us about thirty yards out into the lake, where no pole ever wielded by man could possibly be of any assistance, then gently died away!

We were becalmed in Heaven only knows now many fathoms of water, on a cumbersome raft, and with no means of propulsion save three poles, none of which was over 15 feet in length. The current of the lake must, it is true, carry us ashore somewhere, sometime,—but it would be at the far end of the lake and it would take the entire staff of the Geological Survey to calculate when. Fortunately someone of Sybaritic tendencies had brought along a small box to be used as a deck-chair. We decided that it would be better to use its component parts as paddles rather than its whole as a needless

we took observations and found that we had propelled ourselves over 100 yards homewards. Our dilemma had been solved! It was only a matter of carrying-on and persistence. Happily the fickle breeze sprang up again and we were able to reach "port" before darkness set in. Of fish we observed never a sign but our theory had been tested, and we went to bed tired, but satisfied that no part of the lake was inaccessible to our rods and lines.

The next day five of us decided to pay a visit to the Upper Lake, Mack and Jeff remaining in camp. We poled our raft across the head of the Lower Lake, beached it, found an old trail leading over the hill dividing the two bodies of water, and soon were on the shores of the Upper Lake.

The Lower Lake is beautiful, but the Upper Lake is magnificent. Of irregular outline, its several arms surrounded by forest-clad slopes over-topped by bare rugged mountains averaging at least 10,000 feet in height, the sapphire blue of its waters, the dark green of the forests,



The upper end of the Lower Lake—Elk Mountains in the background

luxury. We broke up the box, and armed ourselves with paddles of an average length of fifteen inches. The Boy, Jake and myself transformed ourselves into galley slaves while Mutt and Jeff proceeded to exploit the depths with various toothsome morsels and gaudy contraptions designed to arouse the appetite and curiosity of His Majesty The Lake Trout. At the end of fifteen minutes hard labour,

the gray, brown and red of the nearer mountains, the opalescent blue of the more distant shading into the azure of the sky,—all combine to form a picture beyond the power of any painter to paint or writer to describe. It must be seen! In the distance two large glaciers could be seen,—the beneficent source of the crystal waters of the lakes. A waterfall hundreds of feet in height cas-

caded down a slope, probably draining some little gem of a lake hidden in the mountain fastnesses. Several



What Jeff "picked up around the corner"

beautifully wooded little islands, set like jewels in the middle of the lake relieve it of the monotony so noticeable in a large expanse of water.

A rocky hill about 500 feet high forms the backbone of the plateau separating the lakes. We climbed this, incidentally that mountain-

way, charming, the Upper Lake more riotously beautiful in its features and coloring, the Lower Lake with a calm, placid, inspiring if less entralling beauty of its own.

On our return to camp we found that Jeff had captured another fish of over five pounds. Mack had been fortunate enough to watch him land it. The struggle must have been epic! No sooner was it well-hooked and its ultimate landing merely a matter of seconds than Jeff shouted, "Get the club! Get the club!" We learned then that he always took a stout three-foot club with him when fishing,—wherewith to speedily despatch his victims, once he had them within reach.

And, speaking of fish! It is needless to remark that there are fish and then there are Fish! The most comprehensive compendium of modern human thought defines "Fish" as "the common name of that class of vertebrate animals which lives exclusively in water, breathes through gills, and whose limbs take the form of fins." The Lake Trout from the Zoölogical standpoint is undeniably a fish, in that it has vertebrae, habitates water, uses gills as we use lungs, and has fins but no limbs as we humans understand the term. But from the angler's standpoint it is simply absurd to say that the Kananaskis Lake Trout belongs to



"We constructed a raft with which we could brave the bluest depths of the lake."

climbing must be a wearisome sport indeed. From this elevation, we could see and compare the two lakes. Like two sisters, each is, in its own

the same class of vertebrate animals as such vulgarities as the Pike, the Carp or the Chub.

Jeff admits that there may be

something in the idea of the Universal Brotherhood of Man and indeed at times poses as an ultra-rabid socialist, but he vehemently opposes any suggestion that all fish are born equal. In the Fish kingdom, he asserts, there must be classes, and of those classes the Lake Trout is the Aristocrat, par excellence, and, in sooth, by virtue of his size, his markings, his "sportiness" and the succulence of his steaks, he is veritably "some fish." His flesh is firm, fine-grained and a beautiful red in colour. (he is really a land-locked salmon.) He offers sport fit for Kings and food which would appeal to the palates of Queens.

As stated above we were apparently too late to have any success in the Lakes proper. Dad and I took the raft out one night, moored close to the edge of the deep water and tried casting with all sorts of bait and tackle, but had no luck beyond that which traditionally rewards all fishermen. We were advised by the game wardens that, during the months of June and July, the Lower Lake affords excellent fishing. Concerning the Upper Lake we could secure no definite information. The wardens said that there were no fish there, but if I were there during the season I should claim the rights of a Missourian.

The river, however, affords sport all summer-long and we got several varieties of trout therefrom. All that we took had red flesh. Jake's theory was that this was due either to their food or to some peculiar property of the water, and there may be something in his theory. Mutt caught a beautiful trout of about $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds with all the external markings of a "Rainbow" but its flesh was quite as red as that of the Pacific Sockeye.

But tempus had fugited,—and our week was nearly spent. We broke up camp on Thursday morning and commenced our homeward trek. We had a day's good sport at Junction Cache, taking enough "Rocky Moun-

tain" and "Rainbow" trout to give our friends in the city an idea of what fish really are.

Our arrival at "Jake's" rather resembled a "Wild West" demonstration. Nine days growth of beard on seven faces produces a distinctly startling effect. For we had, in conclave assembled on the first night out, proposed and carried unanimously a resolution that the first man found attempting a shave would be



A fish and its captor

given a saddle-horse, sufficient food to maintain life until he reached the Civilization he was aping, and turned ignominiously out of camp. We all returned together.

The automobiles were waiting at "Jake's" and, fortified by a plentiful and altogether delightful supper prepared by Mrs. Jake, we crept stealthily into the city Sunday evening. When you've nine days growth of beard and your image in the glass suggests a futuristic portrait of a Bolshevistic Chimpanzee, and you carefully select the newest and sharpest of your blades, and gleefully remove the camouflage; then, after a piping hot bath and shampoo, turn out the light and wearily creep into bed between two white sheets, gently "reminiscing" over the incidents of a whole week away from the haunts of Man,—Oh, Boy! Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling!"



The Muskrat

GEORGE ROBERTS HUNT

THE majority of people who are interested in our wild animals have learned that muskrats do not come out during the daytime, are strictly vegetarians and that they belong to the beaver family. These opinions are generally conceded to be correct but I have found out that there are exceptions to these rules.

The muskrat while related to the beaver really belongs to the mouse family for in place of having the two separate bones in the lower leg like the beaver, squirrel and marmot it has these two bones fused similar to that of the mouse. All these animals belong to the rodent or gnawing family. The beaver belongs to the beaver family, is much larger than the muskrat and the fur is heavier, more beautiful and will give better wear.

Animals such as the mink, weasel, skunk, muskrats etc., are not seen much at any time and particularly during the day. Nor are they seen much at night either for that matter. However the fact that they are not seen does not say that they do not move about and I have seen them scores of times working at houses and feeding during the daytime and have from necessity shot them to keep them from making burrows in the dam and in this manner washing it out, for where once a small hole is made water by the motion will gradually go through. I have seen four engaged at one time making burrows and during the hottest part

of the day. Again I have seen them diving for food in shallow water and they would come to the surface to get their breath, watch the writer who was sitting a few feet away and go down again. They are often seen during the daytime quite a few rods away from either their home or the water.

They are very ferocious little animals, especially if attacked in the water where they seem to feel safer than if on land. I have seen them fighting a small fox terrier and the latter got the worst of it too, for the muskrat would dive down and coming up from under would grab the dog under the jaw or some similar place thus rendering it helpless.

The muskrat has an odd method of breathing when travelling under the water. It cannot be noticed during the seasons when there is open water for if you can see it, all you see is that it comes up frequently for air. During the winter months their method travelling and securing air can be plainly seen if the ice is clear. They will dive from their houses into the water and will swim as far as possible before coming up to take air. When they come up to the top of the water their breath comes out in the form of a bubble against the ice. This bubble remains against the surface of the ice long enough for the oxygen there to purify it, then it is taken in again and they continue on their journey only to repeat the operation at frequent intervals.

And now to come to the question of the muskrat's diet. They of course live mostly on vegetables but it has always been said they would eat nothing but them and anyone who said otherwise in the prominent magazines was put down as a nature fakir. However it is absolutely true that they will eat flesh and the author has not only seen this done but has evident proof of it from others as well. One good authority says he saw a small duck pulled under the water by a muskrat never to reappear again but whether or not it was eaten by the muskrat he was not prepared

to say. I never saw an occurrence such as this but I have known muskrats to eat clams and the flesh of their own kindred, having seen this myself and also had it testified to by other trappers.

I suppose when we come to think of it there is nothing remarkable about it as mice will eat flesh and muskrats are related to mice. Horses are supposed to live strictly on hay-grain etc., but I have seen them eat pie, cake, candies, tobacco and even bread and butter and drink fresh milk with evident relish.

The Wildcat in Nova Scotia—and Elsewhere Too

BONNYCASTLE DALE

THE boy came running—breathless, “Wildcat in a trap. Man after a cow. He killed it.” I felt real sorry for that cow and asked

in a runaway under a windfall. Another neighbor started down that old abandoned road and stepped over that windfall—and got the surprise



Nova Scotia wildcat. thirty pounds weight

for an explanation. It turned out that a neighbor of ours had set a number three trap early in the season

of his life. The big cat leaped at him all claws and teeth and glaring eyes. Luckily the man had a small stick

handy and he soon reduced the sheep killer to just dead cat.

Laddie and I went up to our neighbors and photographed the big cruel "Bob cat," "Lynx cat." "Spotted lynx," "Bay lynx" or usually

his earliest moments to catch and eat live prey he has been the terror to the sheep raisers hereabouts—he and his relatives.

I have known of six sheep left in a wild meadow at sunset, two lambs



The trapper and his catch

"Wild cat." He was just the same appearing beast that I have seen in Ontario and in British Columbia. This was a heavy old timer, fully 38 inches long and weighing thirty pounds. He was greyish to reddish buff with a spattering of spots on his back and sides and really beautifully marked white and black stripes on the inner side of the legs. His four canine teeth were almost as great as the panthers' only thinner and sharper. He had no pencil on his ears, just a tiny tuft and long stiff feelers that must help him on his midnight rambles. Short sharp claws drawn back into his velvety paws. Odd shaped beast he is as his hind legs are fully four inches longer than his fore ones—21 to 17 inches.

Just a cadaver as he lay there but imagine his life's work. Taught from

and four ewes. Left safely within a few hundred yards of the house—where a collie lived—yet every one of the six was killed and mangled during the night.

In early days the beast was a terror to the settler. Not so much for what he had actually done as for what they feared he might do. I know when I was a youngster being taken for a week's visit into the township of Burnely. It was just a log cabin and only two women and myself living there. Night after night these big cats made the darkness hideous by their squalling—sounding like a woman in pain. They promenaded the wee verandah and called out at the very doorstep. Now I can see the cause. We carefully shoosed all the fowl into one of the empty rooms at sunset and I guess the cats were

simply visiting in hopes of intercepting a fat warm hen. Of course all the stories of the country, told of them leaping from trees and alighting on one's shrunken shoulders are well—just stories. I must seem like a cannibal killing wild geese here in N. S. when I used to go to bed in that much too thin log shanty all over gooseflesh.

Water haters through all the cat tribe are, I have known of them being killed while swimming. When we were up on Vancouver Island hunting for the bodies of two white trappers whose boat had been found on the beach (one of the guns however had been found inland so it looked like

big bay lynx with a charge of number six. We later heard that the midnight shot made some beachcombers pick up camp and sail away. Evidently the murderers. Again I have lain in my canoe on the tundra in Northern B. C. and listened to a bobcat cauterwauling. Then he came padding down the path and leaped for a rabbit that screamed like a little girl in terror. Evidently it escaped as it went whimpering and rustling along the tiny trail in the great tundra which went all about the tiny ridge like an island surrounded by the sea. These great tundras are the homes of myriads of fish, fowl and animals. Solid ice forms the foundation, then



It is fully as long as Laddie, who is holding it

foul play) well, that night we were encamped with high heaven for our tent when we saw a dark body on the little moonlit inlet. One of the coast Indians crept down and killed a fine

hillocks of moss and narrow channels of water, all filled with wee fish. There are millions of them and great hosts of ducks. Bears on the grassy slopes and our old friend the wild cat

in the stunted growth.

Once, years ago, on an Ontario river on the morning of the glorious first of September, I spied what I thought was a duck swimming. I knew there had been some before season shooting so I concluded it was a wounded bird swimming ahead there so slowly.

"Grab it!" I called to my bowman. Then as I got a better view of the thing I called "Don't it's an animal!" It looked as big as a dog as we forced our canoe closer to it—then it turned and the next thing I knew it was trying to climb into our canoe. I pressed my paddle against its breast and pushed it off and searched with my right hand in my craft for a gun. My hand closed on an old maple "sneak-paddle" used for under water work. Half the handle and half of the blade had been cut off so it really was a first class wooden sword. I blindly rained a shower of blows on the skull of the struggling beast. They fell as quickly as I could raise my hand and the sharp edged weapon. At times I thought it would beat me and get to the gunwale then another swift blow descended and again I seemed the master. Finally one of the blows seemed to enter the skull and the animal ceased to struggle and—when we had recovered our breath—the body had sunk or floated down with the current. Many a good chance at the flying woodducks we missed looking for the wild cat we never got. An old habitant told me however, that the island further west in the river Trent where we killed the cat was where they always crossed—in fact it was the best crossing place. An odd episode occurred on an offshore island. It is heavily wooded with spruce and there is an old fishing "store" on it. Two young chaps rowed across to gather eggs and waited too long; for a western gale bobbed up and they were island bound for the night at least.

After a frugal supper of clams and fried fish they began to wonder just where they would sleep. They tried the boat. Too hard and uncomfortable; when they thought of the

old fish store. Through the now dark woods they plunged and, just as a rare thunderstorm broke; they plunged across the doorstep. The boards were hard but dry and they slept as only boys can.

Once or twice the elder awoke and prodded the younger asking him "Did you hear it?" Soon they were both travellers again in slumber land, and only when the good old sun sent his piercing rays into the old wooden wreck did they finally awake.

"Say" said the bigger chap, "there's ghosts in this shack sure. I heard one turning over many times in the attic."

"Let's look" burst out the younger boy. Up that frail old ladder on the wall both boys scrambled—none too fast though—

"See it," "See it" they whispered as two bright eyes gleamed in the dark. "Get that old clam hoe" said the elder. Down scrambled the kid and passed up the little iron tool which the big boy promptly hurled at the thing lurking in the corner.

"Did it wake it up?" asked Laddie of the big boy who was telling his yarn.

"It did—say the thing hissed like a flock of geese and we got. When we stopped running and started to pelt stones at the one pane of dirty glass which formed the window we made a bullseye—and we put a lot more through—Then we got a long pole and pushed it in—and out of the door leaped a big wildcat—and I guess the three of us were champion runners for we all did our best at full speed to get away from one another! And that's all."

At supper that night I was telling Laddie of a somewhat similar case on the shores of Puget Sound. One of the Danish settlers had a pigpen and in it two nice wee porkers they had just invested in.

"I gif me five dollars each yet" he told us, "and now they just eat feed, eh." It seems they had built this low short pen of cedar logs, put the pigs in and had gone out fishing. It was the second day before they made their rude beachcombers home, and the first thing they noticed was that

the outside door to the pigpen had blown shut and latched.

"Gif her some water" said the Dad and off went the son to the spring. He came back, knelt down, unlatched the big door and swung it

snapped it open—bound it with a bit of halibut line, lashed it on to a short cedar pole and started to kill that thirty pound cat by the bayonet route. Thrust after thrust he made, missing nearly always. Once the



"I see the sheep over there." Wild Cat rock on the outskirts of the big sheep ranch

open—and through the bars of the inside door saw two very dead piggies and a huge spotted bay lynx—or wildcat baring its inch long yellow teeth at him and snarling like a dog.

"Come!" yelled the boy and the man, scenting danger; seized his axe and ran in. The big cat was afraid to make the rush but backed up and snarled and spat.

"Say! Run to Mrs. Oleson's and get him's gun." Off darted the long legged youngster on his five mile trip. The cat stood snarling, and once made as if it would jump the man crouched there. So he took his big fish knife out of his pocket,

cat caught the pole and stuck its sharp claws into the man's hand. This enraged him and he sent a swift stabbing, flashing run of keen knife darts at the wildly leaping animal, piercing him through and through; so that he died struggling against the bars.

"I got him!" said the boy running up with the gun.

"So haf I" said the Dad.

Every place that I have met, heard or seen this animal I have found it to be a cowardly tree climbing cat. I can always tell the well furred pepper and salt coloured lynx; with its stiff black hairs rising from its upheld

pointed ears, from the big wild cat or bobcat without the upstanding hairs on the ears, and with its coat well spotted above; and striped below usually grey but often shaded to



Alive, the cat was bigger than this black tox

reddish brown. You cannot distinguish them by their tails. Some lynx have five inch tails well furred and some wildcats seven inch tails—but the latter always marked with black rings. At times the coat of the wildcat is so covered by irregular black spots as to be truly called the "spotted lynx." He is really a beau-

tiful wild specimen of the common house cat. Feelers and ruff and coat are all alike. His brownish greenish yellow eye looks like them too. But once he opens his mouth and shows his incisors, more than an inch long, sharp yellow daggers, he proclaims the difference.

I remember walking with an old gentleman, we were busily tracking a wildcat and he was lamenting to his young son the fact that he did not have his rifle with him. Finally we lost all trace of the cat near a big oak tree, so he asked the boy to return to the home with me and bring back the rifle.

The old gentleman told me the balance of the tale. "I sat down at the root of the oak and dozed in the warm December sun. I smoked a couple of pipes and often took out my watch. At last I saw Willie coming away over the hill. He had the rifle under his arm and was whistling merrily. He crossed the brook—started to come up the hill—about fifty yards from me he stopped—loaded the rifle—slowly raised it until it aimed a few feet above me—fired and killed the big cat which had crept down the tree and lain watching me smoking so comfortably there."

The Resurrection

PHIL H. MOORE

*There was an old hunter named Joe
From whom fishy stories would flow;
The very tales that you doubt
From this wily old Scout
With righteous veracity glow!*

OLD Joe of Caledonia was reputed to be the best guide and the biggest liar in Nova Scotia. After spending several weeks in his company, one of his intimate friends was so profoundly convinced that Joe's reputation was not undeserved that he sent him a large wicked looking hunting knife upon the handle of which was inscribed in plain English both the compliment and the insult. The way Old Joe showed the knife

around pridefully to friend and stranger alike, would lead one to believe that he thought it as essential to be a big liar as it was to be a good guide.

The number of Joe's stories always struck me as being a little in excess of the requirements for the proper entertainment of a sport. The quality of them, however, was not flagrantly doubtful; in fact, I believe that all of his stories were founded on the actual experiences of himself or others. No active man could spend fifty years as a hunter and lumberman in the Canadian woods, as a farmer on the Canadian prairies and as a salt water sailor, without

accumulating an extensive fund of fact and fiction. Add to this experience a natural gift as a raconteur and you have the stuff of which liars are made.

It was fifteen years ago when I first heard Joe's string of fish stories. I did not believe any of them. To-day I am willing to listen with respect and an open mind to any old timer's yarns, for I know from experience that truth is stranger than fiction and that almost anything can happen in the woods. I don't believe in Moochungs, Hidanbiffims, nor Side-hill-gougers, but I do believe that guides and other wild animals have a capacity for performing seemingly impossible stunts. The following adventure is only one of many that has gone to strengthen this belief.

One bright October morning, a few years ago, Joe and I were sitting on top of the big Indian lookout rock on the edge of Kempton's Bog in the Lake Rossignol district of Nova Scotia. We had been moose calling. As a fresh breeze had sprung up Joe said it was no use to call any more, since if a bull were within earshot he would work around to leeward of us, get our scent and run away before coming within our range of vision. Being young and no respecter of sylvan traditions, I picked up the call and essaying a near imitation of a cow moose in distress, sent a sound that was a cross between a whine and a moo, waveringly over the bog.

Then impossibilities began to happen. My inexperience in moose calling must have imparted something of its essence to my plaint and impressed the big bull that immediately answered with the idea that there was in the vicinity a poor little ingenu, patently in need of a large and strong protector. That's where I had old Joe. He was too much of an old timer, and his call evidently denoted too much worldly wisdom to attract any philandering and blase old bull. The big moose trotted right down the wind and stuck its head out of a bunch of pine, hardly fifty steps from where we crouched on the rim of the rock. I fired one shot from my old 30 U. S. A. and the bull dropped

in his tracks. As he didn't kick nor move Joe and I clamored down to look him over. My bullet had struck him just behind the left ear, and passing diagonally down through the neck, had come out just ahead of the right shoulder.

"Good boy," exclaimed Joe.

To celebrate the occasion I took a silver flask from my pocket and gave Joe a drink. While I was taking mine, Joe unsheathed his knife for the purpose of bleeding the moose. As the carcass lay on its left side, Joe stood at its back, and taking it by one horn tipped the head up and made the necessary incision in the throat. As the knife entered, the big animal began to thrash, and twisting on to its back, one of its feet just missed Joe's head. As Joe dodged back the moose jumped to its feet and started to walk away. I was gaping at this performance in a sort of trance, with the flask in one hand and rifle in the other.

"Give it to him," said Joe.

"I won't do it. He can't go far and I'll have to shoot right into the meat."

The moose was now trotting.

"He'll get away," exclaimed Joe excitedly.

I expected to see it stumble and fall any second, so stood there calmly screwing on the top of my flask. It didn't look possible for a moose that had been knocked down and then had its throat cut to run very far. Since Joe was urging me to fire and the moose was now about a hundred yards off and running straight away from the lake and our canoe, I decided it was better to shoot even at the risk of spoiling a hind quarter, than it was to have to pack the meat a long distance. So, with much over confidence I raised my rifle, fired and missed. The beast disappeared behind some bushes. We followed. First it went over and through a lot of down timber, leaving bunches of hair on logs fully five feet from the ground. It hardly bled at all, which puzzled both Joe and me. Then it jogged over rocky ground leaving no perceptible track. It took us an hour and a half to again pick up its spoor in the soft ground on the op-

posite side of this rocky area. Then it ran through a wet bog where we floundered up to our knees in mud. All this while it was fleeing straight away from the landing where we had left our canoe. It was noon when we finally found it flat upon its belly mid-stream in a brook. It had sunk down in a trotting position with one foot out ahead and one behind and muzzle reaching out like the head of a race horse going under the wire. It was dead.

I can never remember being so glad to see a moose, before or since.

Upon dressing and skinning the carcass we found that Joe's knife stroke had missed the jugular vein but cut the wind-pipe. The moose had swallowed all the blood and had run a mile and a half in this condition. My bullet had missed the neck bone.

Joe carried the head and about ten pounds of meat. I tied up the slippery hide and struggled along with that. Going through the bog it seemed to me that Joe skipped right along over the top of it like a feather while I sank to my hock joints at every step. Sometimes it's an advantage to have great big feet!

When we got back to the tents with the prima facie evidence of our hunt, the only part of our adventure that any of the others would take the least stock in was that we had killed a moose.

I sent three guides and Old Joe to carry out the four quarters of meat.

Joe adds appreciably to his reputation every time he tells the story of the moose that vamoosed after being shot and having his throat cut.

But it's true.

My Canoe

DONALD A. FRASER

My Canoe,
It is true
I'm devoted to you.

You convey
Me away
From the fuss and the fray.

To the gleam
Of the stream
And the sun's clearest beam.

How we glide
With a slide
Down the river's swift tide!

What a clash,
And a splash,
As through rapids we dash!

With a shake
Like a flake
We're afloat on the lake.

Then the breeze
From the seas,
And the breath of the trees!

All this play
Makes me joy
Just as keen as a boy.

And good health
Comes by stealth,
And bestows me its wealth.

So, Canoe,
It is true,
I'm devoted to you.



Red Yellow and Blue

F. V. WILLIAMS

ON both sides rose the rocky walls that formed the north and south sides of the pool, on the west side the stream fell tumbling and splashing down over the miniature precipice making a lot of noise and creating a mass of foamy bubbles that lay in a small blanket at the foot of the little waterfall. Now this small blanket of foam was kept in motion by a small whirlpool, at least it could be called that, for although the water had no very great force to it hereabout, the fact remained that it was always revolving, an action caused no doubt by the peculiarly shaped rocky bottom of the pool. This small patch of foam whirling about constantly lost its outermost edges and they drifted away out with the downstream current until they left the pool at the south-west corner, and were swallowed up in the ripple of water over the shallow places below the pool. Red, yellow and blue,

yes sir! You sit over there on the little beach opposite the falls, and watch the colors any bright day when the sun is shining on the tumbling water, and you will discover there are red, yellow, and blue tints galore in that little bunch of foaming water, to say nothing of numerous other tints and then—if you were really fortunate, you might see just there a red, yellow and blue streak that would flash out from under the foam patch and back again, so quickly would this happen sometimes, that you would rub your eyes in doubt as to whether you had really seen anything, or whether it was an optical illusion you had just experienced.

If you are of an observing turn of mind, you might note, that occasionally an insect fell into this pool from the rocks above, and they seemed never to drift out of the pool, they simply disappeared, somewhere between the falling into the water, and

the exit of the pool, they were blotted out.

Up on the side of the right hand or north wall of the pool a phase of woods life was being acted by a whole family of wood mice this fine day. Five young ones there were, little fairy-like fellows, and the mother of the bunch. They were doing a bit of exploring, this family party, and the youngsters occasionally indulged in a game of tag. Their location under the shadow of the underbush made a semi-darkness for their activities, that suited them perfectly, no fear of prowling mink or weasel here. They could see many feet away in all directions, no hawk or owl could get at them from above as the foliage protected them, and mother woodmouse was letting her little ones have a regular time, but as is the case with all youngsters, they must needs find something to worry their elders with and one of the boldest of the five, discovered a slender branch of a small birch that hung directly out over the pool, and out this he scamp-ered, the others held back, but the venturesome one ran right out to the end, and back again. There was another few moments of this wild game of tag, and much scrambling of little grey bodies round among the rocks, and then another of the little fellows tried the birch branch, clear to the end he went, and right at the very end he made a mistake, he grasped with tiny forefeet, a cluster of leaves, gave them a tug to test their stability, and then attempted to swing his weight on them; the stems gave way, and with a splash that scarcely made a ripple, so small it was from the wee body's weight, he struck the pool, under he went, but he came up almost immediately, and started struggling toward the shore. There was no current where he had fallen, just a bit of dead water at the side of the pool and for a little fellow he was making splendid head-way. Half the distance had been travelled when from the direction of the foam patch there came a flash of red, yellow and blue, there was a swirl in the dead water and the

little mouse vanished without a sound.

* * * *

It had been a great day for trout, at least so thought the amateur fisherman as he left the little lake to follow up the stream which he knew came from the direction of the camp where he stopped.

Almost before he had his tackle rigged up that morning he had glanced out through a small opening in the trees to admire the mirror-like surface of the little lake, and what was reflected therein, and while he gazed in admiration at the scene before him a "whoppin" big trout had "flopped" up right in the middle of that bit of scenery, and fell back with a splash that sent the silver bubbles flying in all directions.

The fisherman came back to the task in hand with a jump, and in less time than it would take to describe it he was dropping a small spinner in likely looking spots about the sides of the "pond," and he surely did "find them," for in an hour he had landed five beauties, and now his trip up the stream was proving equally successful. An old half sunken log gave him another nice one, a bit of overhanging bank another, and at last he emerged from the underbrush and found himself at the lower end of the pool. Laying aside his basket and coat he tried a cast away across the pool without result. Again he tried, and this time the spinner struck the water possibly four inches from the patch of foam.

There was old Red, Yellow and Blue right on the job; with a rush and snap he had that spinner, and the light casting rod that the fisherman was using buckled and bent, and the reel sang as that fellow of the bright spots rushed back and forth across the limited space in that bit of water below the falls.

A long, long time ago he had had an experience with a fisherman, that was when he was but a fingerling, but now with three pounds and some odd ounces of speed and agility at his command he tried every trick in the trout calendar, and when he shot in the air perhaps fifteen feet distant from the fisherman, that



"There was old Red, Yellow and Blue right on the job"

gentleman was so astonished at his size that he forgot his reel for perhaps the half of a second, and in that half of a second old Red, Yellow and Blue by some contortion, known only to himself, "shook the hook."

! Well that fisherman knew by his slack line just what had happened, he also knew that it was foolish to waste more time at that pool, and although he made several casts it was more from force of habit than be-

cause of the expectation of getting another strike, and finally he decided to go back to camp. Did he tell about the big one that got away? Of course he did, and was laughed at to be sure, but could the scoffers have looked about ten feet down, under a

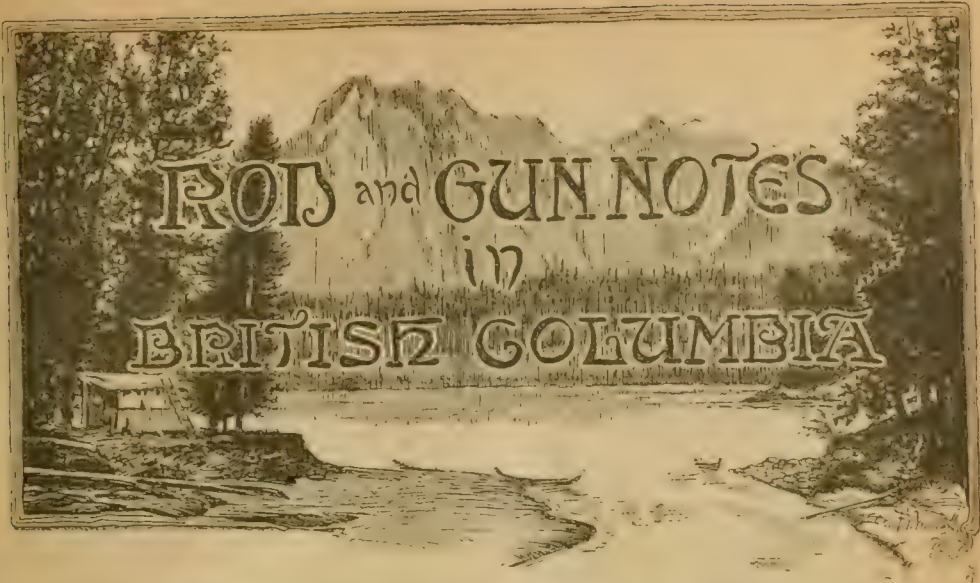
certain old tree trunk that evening in the pool below the falls, and seen the big speckled fellow lying there, resting his torn jaw, their jibes would have turned to action, plans, and an over-hauling of tackle, for old Red Yellow and Blue is still there.

No. 8---Canadian Natural History Photos

BONNYCASTLE DALE



Ye skunk! The least said about it the better.



Big Game Hunting in British Columbia

A. BRYAN WILLIAMS

CHAPTER 2.

THERE is no need for me to weary you with a long oration on the number of different species of sheep we have, or are supposed, to have in this Province; my views on the subject would not, I dare say, meet with the approval of many zoologists; some day I may, perhaps, put them on paper, in the meantime I will only tell you we have four recognized species. First and foremost comes the "Ovis Canadensis" commonly called the "Bighorn" or "Brown sheep;" then we have the "Ovis Stonei" or "Black" or "Stone sheep," then the "Ovis Fannini" or "Saddle-back" sheep and lastly the "Ovis Dalli" or "White sheep." About the last named little need be said as there are few, if any, of the pure variety, and then only along the northern boundary of the Province. Even where we are, there is little chance of our seeing one, though we shall probably see a few that look very white in the distance but closer inspection will show quite a lot of dark hair on the backs.

The "Big-horn" is the largest of all the sheep, not only in body but in weight of horn. His real habitat is in the Rockies ranging all the way from the U. S. boundary line to quite away north of the G. T. P. Ry. Brown sheep are also to be found on the eastern sloop of the Cascades, principally in the Lillooet

district, but there used to be numbers further south on the Ashnola River in the Similakmeen district and in the Okanagon district also. There are still a few left and there were increasing a year or two ago. These Brown sheep differ in many respects from those of the Rockies, being somewhat smaller in body and also in horn, the latter varying in shape to a marked degree in shape.

After you pass a little north of the Chilcoten River you get out of sheep country entirely and you are not likely to find any until you reach the headwaters of the Skeena River and then they will be of the Black species. Some years ago, there were I believe some of these sheep somewhere south of the Skeena River, on the Babine range, but there are none now.

The Stone sheep, as you probably know, is quite a different colour to the "Bighorn," a type specimen being, with the exception of the rump, belly, insides of the legs and nostrils, a very dark iron grey, sometimes so dark on the back as to be almost black. As you go farther north you will find these sheep showing more and more white until this species gives place to the "Saddle-back."

Where we are now, most of the sheep will have entirely white heads, the white will extend well back on to the shoulders and there will be little, if any, dark hair on the legs. This is the so called "Saddle-back."

You will also see some sheep even lighter in colour, as well as some darker, in fact you will see all sorts of grades of the northern sheep, except the pure white ones, and this too all in the same band. You want to know how to tell which is which? I am afraid if we discussed this subject thoroughly we should stay up half the night and be lying in bed in the morning when we should be up hunting. Anyway we are only going to kill two sheep so it does not matter. Still I will tell you this, if you kill a sheep with all or part of his neck with dark hairs, you can call it a Stone sheep; if the whole of his neck is white you can call it a "Saddle-back." It will take a clever man to prove you are wrong.

Now I will tell you a few things about the habits of sheep. They are all, whether white, black or brown much alike. Their principal habitat is above timber line on high rolling mountains, those of a lime formation being especially favoured. I know of places where sheep live below the timber line all the year round but they are exceptions. The mountains must be those of a main range and they must be cut up by basins, have steep slopes of fine loose rock and some bluffs and rock walls for the sheep to take refuge from their enemies. The general idea that sheep live on fearful precipices is entirely erroneous. The man who pictures a sheep as standing on a dizzy height, calmly surveying the country several thousand feet direct below him is a fraud and does not know anything about sheep. It is true that they like to have some sort of bluffs in their vicinity but they would never dream of going where goats will. I once saw a number of sheep that I had frightened try to climb a bit of a bluff and get stuck half way up for quite a time. They eventually succeeded in making the top but a goat would have gone up without having to think about it and in half the time too.

Of all wild creatures there are none more wary than a sheep in a country where he has been at all hunted. Even where we are now, though they have been but little disturbed, it takes considerable skill to approach them close enough for a sure shot. They have excellent powers of scent, fair hearing and simply marvellous eyesight and it is to the latter that sheep chiefly trust for safety. When you are stalking sheep you must of course not talk or make a noise when you begin to get within shot; with certain kinds of wind they are liable to smell you half a mile away, but just show part of your body on the sky line for a couple of seconds and they will spot

you miles away, while at closer ranges it is often fatal to do more than peep round the side of a rock. Mind you there are still some places where sheep have never or hardly ever been disturbed by man and are very easy to approach compared to those in the Lillooet or Rocky mountains.

I could tell you much more about sheep, they are the finest and most interesting of all our game, but you will learn a lot more about them when we are out hunting them and as that pot of beans is about cooked we had better turn in.

You need not hurry your breakfast, take your time, the days are long and a little over an hour's climb will take us up well on to the sheep range. You see we have camped exceptionally close to the ground we are going to hunt much closer than would be safe in most places, but on this occasion everything is in our favour; we have a nice little valley where we are securely hidden from sight and where any wind that may come will blow either up or down the valley and not up hill. Then there is such good feed for the horses there is no danger of them straying and only a little tinkling bell, which cannot be heard far off, is all that is necessary to be able to find them. In addition I know that the side of the mountains sloping down this way are not suitable for sheep.

You thought it was the proper thing to be away from camp long before daylight and it is now past eight o'clock and we have not made a start? Well, sometimes an early start is essential, sometimes it is not advisable to do so. In our particular case, apart from the fact that the days are still very long and you will have plenty of time to get tired out, I have another very good reason. Just notice the smoke of our fire, it goes straight up, there does not seem to be a breath of wind. There is not just here but when we get to the top of the range there are sure to be air currents though you may only be able to detect them by wetting your finger or using, what is better still, some down from the breast of a goose or a duck. These air currents are most dangerous as they come first one way, then another, and are so gentle that your scent is not dispersed as it would be in a heavy wind but carried a long distance, not only that but it is carried up and down or round all the little hills and knolls so that any sheep anywhere in the neighborhood would detect your presence in short order. By nine or ten o'clock, if there is going to be a steady breeze, it will have come and then it is

possible to tell which way to work the ground.

At last, however, we are ready to start, with a bit of lunch in our pockets, plenty of matches, and lots of tobacco, and a good long walking stick each. You wonder at the stick and hold up your hands in horror at the tobacco? A stick is of the greatest assistance both on the mountains and on the trail, provided it is long and strong. You should always take plenty of tobacco with you if you are a smoker as you can never tell whether you will get back to camp the same night, and apart from that I have considerable doubts whether the smell of tobacco smoke is dangerous. It may be, but I have never yet seen any kind of game frightened that I could say was through my smoking. I have tried it lots of times but always if they could get my tobacco scent I was close enough to give them my body scent too. As a matter of fact it would not take much to convince me that tobacco smoke is more likely to do good than harm by neutralizing the body scent.

I said we were ready to go but we are not. You cannot hunt sheep in nailed boots; change into your rubber soled ones. You will get your feet wet as the grass is sopping wet with dew, but they will soon dry when we get to the rocky ground on top. Hold on! What is that fearful weapon you have got in your belt? A huge sheath knife with a fine sharp point and a hilt to it too. Throw it as far away as you can! You look like the villain in a play going out to stab somebody in the back. No you do not need it to stick your sheep with either, I may succeed in getting you fairly close to your game but not close enough for you to knife them. Yes, I know I am carrying a sheath knife, but it is a very different one to yours; mine is just an ordinary small butcher knife which fits well down into the sheath so that it will not fall out. It is for use, not ornament. All yours will do, if you do not lose it first, is to give you a bad, perhaps dangerous cut. I have known several accidents with that sort of a weapon, one of them nearly fatal. I would just as soon or sooner see you carry a revolver.

Well we are off at last. Up the hill to the back of the camp. You want to know if there are any sheep on the other side of the valley? Yes, there are, many more than where we are going, but at this time of year you would be unlikely to find anything there but ewes, lambs, and a few young rams. You see I happen to know from previous

experience that it is a "ewe range" and while it is possible some big rams might be there the chances are so much against it that it would not be worth wasting the time in trying. In November when the "rutting" season starts that is the place to find the big rams unless the snow has driven them down. Anyway about that time they will be with the ewes for two or three weeks, then they will again separate.

Now we are getting close to the top, let me warn you only to speak in a whisper, in fact it is a very good plan to make a practice always to do so as soon as you leave camp. I also want you to follow a couple of paces behind me, a little to one side if you want to see ahead yourself, but do not crowd me. We will go very slowly, examining every bit of the ground ahead of us before we show ourselves. Watch carefully where you put your feet and try and get into the habit of stepping lightly, you may roll a few rocks with impunity but anything in the way of a heavy footfall is apt to be dangerous.

Before we go any farther I had better see what the wind is doing. Yes, there is an air current but at present it is in our faces so we can go on. Do you see that little bit of a hill over to our right? It is high up and a good place to spy from, we will go to it and make a thorough survey of the ground before deciding on our course.

Be sure not to show yourself on the sky line, get behind that bunch of rocks and look between them. What do you see? A big rocky plateau cut up with gulches and ridges, with little hills with steep sides of loose fine rock here and there, and an occasional patch of snow. It extends about three miles straight ahead of us in a westerly direction where it drops off down into a creek. In width it is about half that distance and on each side you will find it drops off right down into the timber and is so steep that only in places could you get down in safety. You will also find that the sides are cut up by basins of various sizes, most of them having high rocky precipitous walls and that these walls are cut by narrow gulches which lead down into the basins.

As far as you have seen it is probably not at all what you imagined a sheep range would be like: it looks as if you could ride a horse almost anywhere, even gallop him in places. So you could too but it is "sheep range" nevertheless and "ram range" too. True it is about as easy a sheep range to hunt as you are likely to find anywhere even in this part

of the country. You will find the Lillooet ranges much harder but wait until you try for a real "Bighorn" in the Rockies and then you will find out what hard work is like.

Now let us get out our glasses and take a look. Where are the most likely spots? If the sheep are up feeding you are liable to see them anywhere on the plateau. Sometimes in the middle of the day they are apt to take a rest on some of the side hills but they would not stay there long, if they made up their minds to take a good rest they would make for some of the rock slides at the top of one of the basins or else go right down into the basin itself, varying their tactics according to wind and weather. These remarks refer principally to rams, ewes are far less wary and often stay up on these plateaus right along, only going down on account of bad weather.

You cannot see anything? Neither can I, but we have only looked over a very small portion of the country so far and there might be numbers of sheep, scattered about behind some of those hills or down in the gulches, without our being able to see them. I would go on to the top of the next hill but I dare not as I have just tried the wind again and it is now coming from behind. It may change again in a few minutes, or perhaps freshen up to a steady breeze, but I am not very hopeful.

Look off there a little to your left. Do you see that fine big open piece of grassy ground nearly half a mile wide? In the centre of it is a tiny little pond. Owing to the scarcity of water up here, if there are any sheep in the neighbourhood, we shall see trails leading to the pond and be able to get a pretty good idea what our chances are. I think we are quite safe in going that far and by the time we have done so it will be time for the wind to have made up its mind.

As we go along I want you to see if you can find any signs of game. Look at that piece of grass and moss carefully. You cannot see anything? That is because your eye is not trained, you do not know what to look for. Your eyesight is quite as good, if not better than mine, and yet I saw at once that a moose passed here not very long ago, probably a little after daylight this morning. How can I possibly tell? Just examine the grass where my stick is pointing, there is quite a de-

pression, about three feet ahead in that moss it is plainer still. If you look more closely you will see that there is no dew on either of the depressions. That is how I know it passed this morning. I know it to be a moose by the shape and size of the track. You are surprised to find that moose come up on to sheep range? You are liable to find moose anywhere except on a regular "goat range" where it is too rough for them. But let us get on to that soft piece of gravel ahead of us, the moose is bound to have crossed it and you will see the tracks quite plainly.—Yes, here they are, like enormous deer tracks. Observe the size, the distance apart, how they are spread out and the way they are pointing. All these things should tell you that they were made by a fair sized bull, that he was walking at a good pace, and that he was heading into the valley in which we are camped but about a mile to the south of our tents. Now look over at that piece of muddy gravel, that is an old sheep track, it was made by a medium sized ram some weeks ago. The size of the track and the way it is dried up and the mud slightly cracked gives me the information. But let us get on to the pond.

It is as I expected, you can see half a dozen trails coming from all directions to the pond. Just look at that mud at the edge of the water, it is a mass of tracks, some fresh and some old and most of them made by fair sized rams. The question is where are they now? There is no doubt that some of them are still on the range and probably not far away: they may be down in one of the basins or they may be up on the plateau, perhaps just over the brow of the next hill.

Which way are we going? Now I am afraid you will be disappointed but we are not going to hunt them today. I have been watching the wind all the time and it is constantly shifting and there is no chance of its steadying down today. If we go on now and the sheep are up on the plateau they are almost certain to get our wind, whereas if they are down in one of the basins we should probably have to leave them alone anyway. Our best plan is to go back and cross the valley our camp is in only more to the right of our camp, there is a good piece of goat country joining on to the ewe range. If the wind is bad and we frighten everything we get near, it does not matter much as there are plenty of other places where we can find goats by the score.

Brook Life

J. W. WINSON

The purling brook is a veritable stream of life. Its eddies of mud, and gravelly beds, its moving waters, its constant banks fringed with trailing rush or fern, its bordering bushes, the very zephyrs that hover over its curves, all teem with varied forms of existence.

From the lowest forms of Protozoa, microscopic life-cells that are the beginnings of things, and that swell and divide with infinite continuity in the stagnant hollows along the banks, to the thirsting Lord of creation who comes to drink physical water or spiritual beauty, every grade of animate nature may be found by the living water. Cress and mint and forget-me-not, that now put forth new stems for blossoming, have not been idle through the weeks of winter. Myriad organisms, invisibly minute, we know have thriven in their massive clumps for on the existence of these depended the life of the grubs and larvae that now make a feast for the fish.

A feast not easily found for all that. When Nature gives to the hunter wit or weapon, she furnishes the hunted with resource or refuge.

By lying low near the water's edge, making no vibration by sound or motion, an instance is seen of this resourceful defence.

A six-inch trout that had hung with waving fin under the shadow of the bank suddenly darked at a spot of moving gravel and as suddenly returned.

The grains of gravel seemed to have but one motion, rolling over and over as urged by the current. Then the eye distinguished some moving up against the stream, little grains stuck together in shape cylindrical about the thickness of a pencil and a little over an inch long.

From the front end of the tube protrudes a black head, and behind the head are seen six legs. It is a caddis-worm in a house of sand that is built to withstand both waves and enemies, and, unless the fish comes up from behind it has little chance to nip that head and draw out the succulent body to which it is attached.

Some wise fishermen know the fondness of a trout for a caddis and will get out the grub for bait. They will not wait for the head to peep and then take hold with a forceful pull. Knowing the creature resents this action and is hooked inside as a means of defence they

attack from behind with a "bent" of grass, and the grub tumbles out disgusted. If there is a moment of waiting between the cast and the bite, the angler may examine with interest the case that held his bait.

He will note with wonder the evenness of the grains, wonder that so dull a creature could choose so well among the sandy bar, could dare to choose while enemies existed near, adding pebble after pebble with smoothness and regularity as it grew in size to need them. Binding the mosaics with silken glue, the caddis built consciously a shell more marvellous than the curling mollusc on the weeds whose shelter increases with the involuntary secretions of the body.

And the architect uses materials at hand. If the bed be sandy his house is of stone, if the brook bottom be wooded he will build it of logs, cross-sticks awkward and irregular outside but true to form in the inner silk-lined tube. Others there are like prairie folk who can find for shelter neither stick nor stone, so cut up stems of vegetable growth and make a firm home of tender grasses.

Soon now they will be taking to cover sealing up their tubes with silken veils, and materials matching the rest of the case. For two or three weeks they will lie quiescent preparing for the final change from grubs of the water to winged insects of the air.

There is one dangerous trip from the hidden retreat where the sheltering case is left behind to the surface of the water along some stalk or partly-covered stone, if seen then by a scaly enemy, that is the end. Safe into the air it must wait a moment for the wings to dry, and if the yellow-throat warbler now staking a home site in the rushes across the brook misses it, the caddis-fly rises into the free air to sport and play for a brief life until parental duties are accomplished.

The long tapering wings are hairy from which fact the Greek name "Trichoptera" is taken. What a favorite the grub has ever been to anglers is seen in its common name, which is old Saxon for "bait." The fly too has been long used to lure the lurking trout, as it is easily caught round lights in the evening. Guileful deceivers have taken the hair of the fox and twisted it about a hook, calling it a dun, and have seduced the trustful fish to the death-stroke.

Lower down, the stream leaves the gravel to pass through a short black-loamed meadow, and in the soft mud are other grubs preparing for a higher life. Some are already in the tomb-like condition of the pupae, awaiting the signal to rise and fly. A few later stragglers still linger in the world of appetite gorging on whatever comes their way.

These have no case like the caddis. They obtain protection by burrowing in the mud in a semi-circle coming out again in the manner of an emerging diver. There they lie with body covered and head held out to take all it can catch. Legs and antennae are fringed with hairs, the better catch and hold the passing matter, and all goes in, mud and vegetable and organism, like the burrowing earthworm it takes all there is and rejects that which it cannot use.

After the pupa sleep, the creature leaves behind appetite, mud and water forever. It takes the air for one short day, not even for a day, if it emerge in the evening, for then the morning light will see it shrivelled. It is *Ephemera* "The fly of a day," that comes in its hundreds in favorable seasons clouding the light of our evening lamps. Its graceful wings resemble no other fly, the two fore wings being much larger than the hind pair and another conspicuous feature are two or three long hairy appendages streaming out like a waving tail. For once in the year the angler has certain bait—the day or night of the May fly.

Other insects burst from the chrysalis or pupa stage as perfect creatures, the May fly is the one exception. When it leaves the water its thin skin dries and splits and a green looking fly flutters forth for a few yards. Then it rests for a second change. The new skin dries and bursts again, this time a more delicate fly, grey and thin wings out in a few glad hours, the reward for two or three years' existence in the mud of the stream.

Never are fish more active, more hungry, more audacious than when the May fly dances out its flickering life. Die it must when it has fulfilled its egg-laying destiny; many fall on the waters before that, and those who drop while yet in the green stage, are more plump and acceptable to the waiting mouths below.

So again the angler plies his imitations. Now the famous green Drake leaves book for hook, and the one that is "grey" makes a successful change. These, as the "Compleat Angler" averred are the very "matadores for trout and grayling."

Further search reveals a stone fly grub or the larval state of the Alder fly, both of them useful as fly or grub to the human bent on securing fish.

Common enough on many streams the *Corydalis* is unusual on this, as the current is not at all fast. This monstrous grub is a delight to the bass-men but a creature of terror to the children hunting for Caddices. Like many a bluffer he is ugly only in appearance, though a startling disclosure when a stone is overturned. "Dobson," "Hell-devil," "Connipion-bug" and "Hell-gramite" are not kind names for a bait so precious to the angler as the *Corydalis*. The flies resemble the others greatly in the shape of the wings, that are folded down the back when the insects are at rest, and appear on side view like the sectional view of an overturned boat.

All this may be knowledge and of such the mind wearies. Beauty borders the brook in flower and leaf, flits over its surface in dragon-fly and swallow. The peace of the scene is suddenly broken. There is a flash of blue, a splash of spray, and a belted Kingfisher rises with a four-inch trout, circles round to his perch on the cedar snag, tosses up his catch and receives it head first with a gulp, ready, an instant after, for another.

His blue-grey plumage glitters bright in the sun, the white of the collar and breast shine as silver. His pose is stiff and angular like a woodpecker, his crest, raised blue, is unkempt and rough, and the raucous rattle of his voice far from melodious. Yet who would wish to be without this loud fisherman in feathers or grudge the fry he takes so cleanly? The fisherman-sportsman is tempted to kill the feathered robber of young salmon or trout, far better would it be to trap the sneaking mink whose tracks are here in the half dry mud, who takes not only fish and fry but eggs and young of the birds of the brook, who kills with a ferocity beyond his needs, as many a rifled roost has proved.





GUNS & AMMUNITION

The Killing Capacity of Hot Lead

JOHN LYNN

SIGNS in plenty point to less use and popularity of the 30-30 type of hunting cartridges. For a long time they have been riding the crest of a false reputation for killing power—and wounding at least one animal that escaped for every one that has been secured. Light, handy rifles made for such cartridges and not in better calibres perhaps are chiefly responsible. There is the Winchester Model 94 carbine, weighing under six pounds, for instance, so light and nifty to carry that any hunter is tempted to close his eyes to its limited capacities and faults.

For the purpose of relating the following experiences and observations on killing power of bullets, big game hunting cartridges can be bunched in families as follows:

1. 30-30 and 30-40 class, high power, with about 2000 foot second velocity.
2. 38-40 and 38-55 class, low power, with about 1400 foot seconds velocity.
3. 250-3000 class, ultra-high velocity in small calibre.
4. 45-70 and 405 class, large calibre, heavy bullets at high or low velocity.

Classes 1 and 2 are unquestionably obsolete, class 3 is open to question, and only class 4 stands the continued test of all round experience.

For shooting hogs no one wants anything better than a 22 calibre rim fire rifle. It is only a question of enough penetration to go through the skull bone and into the brain, with sufficient accuracy to hit the spot aimed at. In *Arms & The Man* it was recently stated by Colonel Townsend Whelen of the United States Army that Charlie Baker of New Brunswick uses that very 22 rim fire for

killing deer and moose—makes a more or less regular practice of it. He shoots them in the heart.

But a butcher shooting a hog or a Charlie Baker spooking up unseen and unwinded on a bedded deer is a totally different proposition from the average hunter's shooting opportunities. Practically always we have to take our game on the fly. Mostly the location is among brush or timber. Sometimes we have to shoot over long range or not at all. As the country becomes more settled, these conditions are emphasized. Totalled up they mean that a good deal of our shooting must be done at the game and not at some particular spot in it, or at best we can distinguish only between front half and rear half of the body. To knock down the game—under those conditions—"anchor it," as Ross used to say in the advertisements, takes something just a slight suggestion of a shade more powerful than a 22 rim fire bullet.

Friends of the 38-10, 44-40, 38-55 and 30-30 are numerous, but they must admit that *they seldom make clean kills with one shot*. It is done sometimes, when the bullet through luck or skill is directed to heart or head or running gears, but there is plenty of additional space on deer and bear and moose that often is hit without result except a wound. More often the 38-40 or 30-30 kill is made with a magazine full of cartridges and a few extra poked in after those are fired.

Old Sol Roach is a half Indian now living in the States. He is a deer killer if there ever was one, having practically cleaned out the deer in two or three districts before authorities stopped him. Three or four years ago, as he humped his narrow back against a

snowy west wind at a crossing, a bear tore through the brush within eight feet of him before he saw it. Four shots were fired, every one a hit—and the bear went right on. That is typical 38-40 work for you.

Then Sol sold his old Winchester and bought a 30-30. Almost right away he had bear shooting again, at 125 yards this time. How many shells he fired he never tells, and no one knows how many hits he made. But he didn't stop the bear. That is typical 30-30 work for you.

The writer can recall a goodly number of deer and bear shootings with these two classes of rifles. It is an actual fact that the game escaped wounded more often than it was killed.

Experience with very high velocity rifles of the 250-3000 class are more satisfactory. One of the nice things about them is that they seem to be able to drop game on the spot with a paunch or chest hit. Repeatedly it has been done by one or another member of our old hunting crew. Straight paunch shots with the 22 High Power Savage have accounted for two deer before my eyes. Chest shots, not touching the heart, with 22 High Power, 250 and 256 Newton, have accounted for several others in the same way. The bullets do not come out except in small pieces like No. 2 shot. It is quite a convenience, this doing away with a long chase after such an unlucky hit. Two other deer were shot in such an angle that the bullets went into the neck, low down. No sticking was needed, or much more than severing the neck bones to get the heads clean off.

But these high speed little bullets do hog up a lot of meat, and they do fail to stop game hit on a heavy bone. A ham-shot on a bear or moose is worse than useless. On a deer it is little better. Even a shoulder shot on heavy game is not successful half the time. The 256 Newton smashes through bones better, of course, than the 22 High Power, but the point is that it belongs to the same class. It has done successful work where the bullet struck only meat or light bones and did not have far to penetrate, but when it runs against heavy bones or must penetrate more than a **foot in game**, it surprises you beyond words at its poor effect.

Purposely three cartridges of classes 1 and 3 have been left out of the discussion above owing to the real merit they display. They are the 35 Rimless in class 1, and in class 3 the 280 Ross and 30-1906 with 175 or 180 grain bullet at velocity of 2600 to 2700 feet

per second. The 280 Ross with steel jacketed hollow point bullets is unreliable because sometimes it will be stopped in the flank of a small deer, and again go whistling through a big deer without much mushrooming even when bones are struck. But the Ross copper tube bullets have never yet failed for me. In practically every specimen of game hit it went clean through, and it left behind a tunnel big enough to attract the attention of the animal. With this rifle and bullet you can shoot off a bear's leg or you can let actual daylight clear through him sideways. A hit in a ham means a ruined ham, but almost always a dead animal within a few yards. A shoulder hit is even surer. It will even kill a deer within three or four minutes by a hit through lungs.

The 35 Rimless, with its slightly greater cross-section and its relatively heavy striking force, seems to do far better killing than a 30-30. It compares more evenly with a 45-70-330. Two shots a couple of seasons ago finished a bear as neatly as I have ever seen the job done, and as it happened neither of the hits touched backbone, heart or head. One bullet went through and out, the other did not.

That 30-06 with heavy bullet at high speed has been pronounced the best moose load ever brought into New Brunswick by a man who knows a good deal about such matters. With it a shot in chest of moose and deer will usually drop them at once or close by, even if no bones are struck and heart is not touched. It has been said that this load has a reliable penetration of 12 to 14 inches in moose and bear. My own impression is that it often has much more, and that unless very big and hard bones are struck, there will be more trouble from the ordinary bullet going through without breaking up enough, than breaking up too much and too soon with failure to penetrate enough.

Last fall a man took 30-06 ammunition to the woods, loaded with Newton 175 grain bullets in front of enough of the right kind of powder to start them at a 2550-foot gait. He shot a buck deer through the neck. The bullet came out in fine style, making a quick kill. He shot a bear twice, once high up behind the shoulders and again in a ham, too far out. The bear did *not* stop. It was afterwards killed by another hunter miles away. All the evidence points to those bullets failing to mushroom sufficiently to tear much, and whistling through the bear meat like a full cased bullet would.

And yet this bullet and load really belongs in the ultra-high velocity class which is under suspicion of failing to penetrate enough in moose and other heavy game. A prominent hunter killed a deer last fall with a shot quartering to the front, through the heart. The bullet lodged in pieces against the skin on the farther side, thereby bearing out its ultra-high velocity relation to 250-3000, 256 and 22 High Power.

Where long range shooting is to be mixed with short, this 30-1906 cartridge loaded with a bullet weighing 175 or 180 grains to travel at 2600 feet or better perhaps is the most killing combination manufactured this side of the water. Ross 280 cartridge with copper tube bullet may be considered fully its equal, except perhaps in accuracy, but few can own this rifle since its manufacture was stopped during the war.

Ross 303 and other rifles for the cartridge and for the 30-40 cartridge are better than 30-30 rifles, yet they are not enough better. With the proper modern pyro powder, a bullet of 175 grains weight can be speeded up to 2400 to 2500 feet in the 30-40. Even so, it is not the equal of the 30-1906 which is known to be no more than good enough. An owner of a 30-40 would hardly be justified in trading it off at a big loss in order to change for a 30-1906 rifle, but anyone buying a new gun should not hesitate to choose the latter.

Back a few years a certain hunter was using a Springfield bolt rifle for the 30-06 cartridge. At that time the 220 grain 30-40 bullet was the best to be had for it—the equivalent of the 303-215 grain bullet. It developed a velocity of about 2200 feet. One season end he came home and straightway bought a 45-70, declaring he was tired wounding game and not getting it. He has since used both these two with success, but he says now that the 45-70 is by far the more reliable killer within 150 or 200 yards. (Better than 30-220 grain blunt point bullet.) That is why he recently has acquired a 405 Winchester. Although it kicks hard and it does not do a great lot beyond 200 yards, it is an improved 45-70, and he says he will depend on nothing smaller for the balance of his hunting.

Colonel Townsend Whelen, previously mentioned, states in his book, "The American Rifle," that for sure killing of heavy game, such as bear and moose, a bullet of at least 40 calibre, weighing no less than 400 grains and travelling at fairly high speed is desirable. His point is that we need a long, heavy slug

which will plow through and out of almost any game straight with the line of aim, while mushrooming enough to leave a large hole. It would kick harder than the 405 Winchester, but should be more accurate and would have almost the ranging ability of the 30-1906 heavy bullet recommended.

Of course there is no such cartridge made at present. The description of Colonel Whelen's idea is included here to show the tendency toward a rifle of larger calibre, handling a long, heavy bullet. There is nothing magic or mysterious about this thing of killing power of a rifle. You must make a hole into your game, deep enough to reach a fatal spot, on through if possible, and big enough to develop nerve shock and to cause free bleeding. No small bullet will do it reliably. No magic quality can be built into a miniature bullet that will give it the power to accomplish this result every time. A little bullet that is soft goes to pieces; if it is hard it slices through like a chisel, without shocking or causing much blood to flow. The 35 Winchester, 405 Winchester and 45-70 High Velocity have killing power because of their *deep* plowing ability and the great shock they deliver.

A recent test of various mushroom bullets in pine wood brought out that they penetrate some distance before beginning to expand. A 38-40 soft point bullet went through 8 or 10 inches of pine, a 45-70-432 soft point bullet about 15 inches, a 30-1906-150 grain umbrella point about 12 inches, a 30-1906-220 soft point about 14 inches, a 30-Newton about 10 inches, and a 280 Ross hollow point, steel jacketed bullet about 16 inches. All of them except the 38-40 and 45-70 were ground to fragments before they stopped. All of the lot penetrated 4 or 5 inches before expanding. The Ross, 150 grain 30 calibre and the Newton bullets cut a clean furrow, no bigger than the bullet, like the corner of a chisel would cut more than 4 inches through the wood, then tore a ragged cavity an inch and a half or two inches in diameter from there onward.

If these bullets slip through 4 or 5 inches of wood before expanding, they will slip through double or three times as much meat without doing so, sometimes at least. That, to my mind, explains why it is possible to shoot a bear with one of them without apparently hurting him much. It shows why a hunter must be on his guard constantly against using bullets that may fail to expand. With American bullets we and other hunters have had more trouble in that direction than from

those that go to pieces too soon and fail to penetrate.

Yet many prominent hunters are inclined to believe that the game bullet of the future must be constructed to expand less easily than the Newton, the umbrella point and even than our ordinary soft point bullets having lots of lead exposed at the tip. A pin-point of lead exposed, and that supported by a jacket of double thickness round the *front* of the bullet, is their idea of an ideal game bullet.

The problem is to get a bullet that will hold together during much penetration in heavy game, (especially through big bones) while mushrooming sufficiently—and that will yet mushroom in lighter, less tough game, such as deer. Such a bullet has not yet been made. The 500 grain lead bullet of 45-calibre perhaps comes the nearest to it. The 145 grain copper tube bullet of the 280 Ross is another not far behind, as experience shows. Can any one bullet be made to meet both conditions? In the humble opinion of the writer such a bullet can be built, but it will not have merely a pin-point of lead at the front, or double-thick jacket there. On the contrary it will be built to mushroom against the slightest resistance, although the point must be protected from injury in handling, in the gun and in the air.

Experience with hollow point bullets, extending from the present copper tube of the 280 cartridge and of various English cartridges back through forty years and longer to the "express" bullets of buffalo days, indicate that our future bullet should have that type of front end. I have yet to be convinced that plain soft point bullets and Newton bullets expand *quickly enough* after they first strike the game, or expand *sufficiently on some occasions*. The point should be sharp, to permit the bullet to retain its velocity better and to keep wind from blowing it sideways.

As *light weight* bullets with hollow points lack penetration, the future bullet must be long and heavy. And to hold the weight together the rear half, or three-fifths, must be hardened by alloying, or provided with a double thick jacket. The combination of long, heavy bullet with a soft, hollow front end, pointed sharp, and a tough rear half should give exactly the results we all have been looking for these many years. It's adaption to 30 calibre cartridges might improve their killing power, although it primarily would be a 35 or 40 calibre bullet. It

should be given high velocity in whatever sizes used.

About 1880 and 1890 old bear hunters of the generation on ahead of myself were enthusiastically using the various 45 calibre rifles—45-60, 45-70, 45-75 and 45-90. The old 1876 model Winchester, with dog-leg action like the model 1873, in 45-75 calibre was very popular. Some of the old 45-75s are still in use, and in spite of objections we read about, it is difficult to find actual user of that cartridge who does not speak well of it. They reloaded much of their ammunition. When loading for particular deer they used pure, soft lead to make bullets, and preferred hollow points. When fixing up bear medicine, they hardened the lead a little with pewter, the only hardening metal readily available to them.

Present day duplicates and improvements on such a cartridge are to be found in our 45-70 High Velocity, which also may be loaded if desired with 350 grain solid bullet or with the 500 grain lead bullet. Also 35 Winchester and 405 Winchester undoubtedly possess the same deep plowing ability to a superior degree. The 405 in particular is valuable, because a cast lead or alloy bullet of 300 grains can be loaded to give black powder velocities if desired. Such a load should be useful for shooting in which the full power of the cartridge is not needed, and for use when factory ammunition may be unobtainable. The large calibre enables one to load a powerful combination at home.

There is food for thought in several miscellaneous observations that may be made on killing abilities of bullets. For instance, we all know the old-fashioned round, muzzle-loading balls were deadly in game. They frequently stopped game with hits that were not in fatal places. Meat often was black for several inches round their holes. The odd part of it is that they were all light in weight, flew at low velocity (often only 1000 feet, never more than 1400 or 1500 feet) and developed comparatively little energy, measured in foot-pounds. Most muzzle loading balls were about the weight and power of our .32-20. No one who knows will contend that the 32-20 will kill as well as the average muzzle loader. Why? A buckshot weighing 30 or 40 grains is far more deadly than a 22 calibre rifle bullet of same weight. Why?

As a further speculation of interest though not of much value, why is it that a rifle with a very quick twist appears to throw lead in a more deadly manner than one with a

slower twist? For instance, the 25-35 carries a bullet of 117 grains and smaller calibre, against the 30-30's bullet of 160 grains and larger calibre. One might conclude from the figures that the 25-35 had only about half the killing power of the 30-30. From experience, however, the 25-35 is known to equal the 30-30 in killing power, if not to exceed it. The 30-30 bullet as it leaves the muzzle is spinning (due to the rifling twist) at the rate of 141,000 revolutions per minute; the 25-35 at the rate of 180,000 revolutions per minute.

Could it be possible that bullets thrown without much spin, or with none, as a smooth-bore throws ball or buckshot, deliver more shock to meat they encounter than those with a faster spin like the 30-30 has? And could it be further possible that if the spin is increased enough, it gives a bullet a new kind of shocking power? Remember that the 3000-feet velocity bullets revolve upwards of 250,000 times per minute. Or might a spinning bullet merely cut meat like a saw, while a drifting bullet bursts blood vessels like it does a can full of water? Does a rifle bullet, on striking anything, tend to slow up or pause in its forward travel for an instant, while keeping on with its revolving, thereby becoming a veritable drill or auger? Does a bullet penetrate a foot of pine or a foot of deer in the same time that it penetrates a foot of air?

One more speculation, and we will have enough for a month or so. It is an established fact that individual animals differ in their capacity to stand punishment. Every farmer and butcher knows that some hogs and cattle, shot in the brain or where the brain ought to be, will barely stay down, and a few of them get up and take three or four more bullets. Others go down at the first tap on their skulls. I know of one old she bear that was shot five times square through the body with a 35 Winchester. We thought she would be so dead we would need a basket or blanket to gather the pieces, but she got up from her

bed a quarter mile beyond where the shooting was done, and travelled sixteen miles. She must have been one of those individuals that feel little pain and are not subject to nerve shock. Instances showing this difference could be multiplied by the hundred. Do differences in individual resistance account for our wounding some game severely without getting it, while other game goes down and stays down rather easily?

Not every hunter can use a 30-1906 with 180 grain or 175 grain bullets loaded to travel at 2600 or 2700 feet per second, a 405 Winchester, a 280 Ross, a 45-70 High Velocity, or other rifles of similar character. Those who do carry inferior calibres, of classes 1, 2 and 3, should make a point of understanding the limitations of their bullets. If it is possible to kill deer with a 22 rim fire, it is easier to do so with a 30-30 provided care is taken to put the bullets into fatal spots. Users of the inferior rifles should therefore try strenuously to get their bullets into brain, backbone or heart, and always should avoid shooting when no fair chance to do so offers. Users of 22 High Power, 250-3000, 256 Newton and the like should work to get the same hits, but may in addition take paunch and neck hits if easier to land on those spots. It is only the man who uses one of the 405, 30-1906 or 280 Ross, 45-70 or similar rifles who can take his game as it comes, and knock each specimen down to stay with whatever running shots may be offered.

Powerful rifles are deadly. By that same token they destroy less game than half-way rifles like the 30-30. *They do so because they kill the first specimen hit.* A friend of mine who loves to hunt, has not been in the woods for ten years. In the fall of 1910 he came from camp sick with disgust at himself. It had been his bad luck to wound one after another, three bucks—mortally. it was judged, from all signs—before he succeeded in getting one to bring home. He was using a 30-30. That is typical 30-30 work.

Formulae for Bluing with Methods of Use

A. A. MERRILL.

1. Formula for Browning (Bluing). Instructions for Armourers (British) 1912."

R Rain Water 3 pints.
Acid Nitric (Commercial) 2½ ounces.

Steel, tincture of 1¾ ounces.
Spirits of Wine 2 ounces.

3 pints sufficient to "brown" 100 stands of arms.

Interpreted and reduced for one's own use.

R Acid Nitric (pure)	1½ fluid drams.
Tincture of Iron	3 fluid drams.
Alcohol	1½ fluid drams.
Distilled Water	sufficient quantity to make 4 fluid ounces

METHOD.

First Day:

1. Boil components in strong solution of soda and water for twenty minutes to remove any grease, (1½ lbs. Sodium Carbonate—common washing soda—to the gallon.

2. Wash them in clean warm water and wipe them with a clean rag.

3. Dip in hot water; wipe clean; and coat while hot with the mixture, rubbing same well in. (Use piece of sponge on a stick.)

4. Let stand in a dry place for 3 or 4 hours; then coat while cold; and stand in the drying room for the night. (80° F.).

Second Day:

1. Boil twenty minutes in clean water, and, when cold, scratch off with wire card, and wipe clean.

2. Coat while cold with the mixture, and stand in drying-room half an hour—or until dry.

3. Boil in same water as before for twenty minutes; rub clean with wet cloth; coat while hot and stand in drying room for the night.

Third Day:

1. Boil twenty minutes; wipe clean with wet cloths; and coat while hot.

2. Stand in dry place for 2 hours; coat while cold; and dry one-half hour.

3. Boil twenty minutes; rub with wet cloths; coat while hot and stand in drying-room for the night.

Fourth Day:

1. Scratch off with wire card; wipe clean; coat while cold.

2. Let stand one-half hour; then boil one-half hour; rub clean with wet cloths; scratch lightly; and, when cold, oil them.

Small articles may be boiled in any small pan, but barrels, etc., will require a long, narrow, shallow pan, such as may be made by any tinsmith—36" x 3½" x 3" deep should be long enough for any rifle, including receiver, except for a very long barrel. A section of galvanized water spout may be used in a pinch.

Where directions say "boil" articles must be boiled. Pouring hot water upon them instead of boiling will give a brown, not a blue, finish.

Failing the wire card, steel wool may be used for scratching-off, but carefully, so as not to

take off the blue. A sharp abrasive-like emery—will not do at all. Articles must not be scratched off while wet, or surface will be streaky.

In the final oiling, if one can spare the time, raw linseed oil is best for barrels of hunting-rifles, but barrel must be stood away until dry—a week or longer.

Eight hours may be taken as equivalent to over night. Articles may be worked upon morning and night.

Keep bore of rifle dry when standing away.

2.

R Muriate tincture of steel	1 oz.
Spirits of Wine	1 oz.
Muriate of Mercury	¼ oz.
Strong Nitric Acid	¼ oz.
Bluestone	⅛ oz.
Water	1 qt.

3.

R (a) Sodium Hyposulphate	4½ oz.
Water	1 qt.
(b) Plumbi Acetatis (Lead Acetate)	1½ oz.
Water	1 qt.

Mix the two solutions and bring to a boil.

4.

Alcohol	1½ oz.
Hydrargyri Bichlor	1½ oz.
Spirits Nitrous Ether	1½ oz.
Copper Sulphate	1 oz.
Nitric Acid	¾ oz.
Water	1 qt.

Table for reducing quantities:

60 minims	1 fluid dram.
8 f. drams	1 fluid ounce.
16 f. ounces	1 pint.
2 pints	1 quart.

Solutions should be reduced to four ounces for small articles at home.

Temporary Blacking of Sights and Parts (dead black.)

Dissolve 1 ounce of liver shellac in 6 fluid ounces of methylated spirits and add as much lamp-black as will fill 6 empty rifle cartridge cases—2 tablespoonfuls will not be too much.

To use:

Thoroughly clean from oil or grease and coat parts lightly with the mixture, using a camel's hair brush.

TEMPERING.

When steel is heated to cherry red color and cooled rapidly in water it is so hard and brittle as to be unfit for almost any practical purpose. Tempering is the method adopted to harden and render it elastic, so fitting it to any purpose. Tempering is done by again

heating the steel up to some point denoted by its color when brightened. At about 460° the color is straw; at 500° the color is brown, follows brown, red, purple, and, at nearly 600° blue.

Articles requiring great elasticity, 530° to 600°. saws, springs, etc. Razors, surgical instruments are heated only up to 430° to 460°.

CASE HARDENING.

This process forms a shell or casing of tough, hardened metal about the softer core of the piece. Cast or wrought iron is superficially converted into steel in this way. The article may be either heated to redness in contact with charcoal powder, or, if small, is wrapped about with leather, gradually heated to redness, and kept so until surface is sufficiently carbonized.

Articles of soft steel may be heated to red color and cyanide of potassium applied as they cool. If the case hardened color is desired, heat the parts in a crucible filled with the potassium cyanide for one hour. Small screws, etc., are very well done in the former manner. Large articles, like receivers of guns, in the latter.

REFINISHING

In refinishing gun-stocks, after planing or filing, the wood must be smoothed with broken glass, then with glass-paper ("sand-paper"), first coarse, removing deep scratches; then fine, until the surface is smooth. After each rubbing with fine paper the wood must be wetted to bring up the grain, and again papered down when dry, this process repeated until the grain no longer raises. This is really the most important detail in finishing a stock, as upon it depends the ultimate finish. Then the wood is filled by applying raw linseed oil with the palm of the hand and rubbing until the surface is quite hot. The oil is thus drawn into the pores of the wood. Beautiful hand-finished stocks, bringing out every detail of the grain of the wood, require several hand-rubbings daily for two or three weeks. This finish will scarcely show any but the deepest mark or scratch. If, however, one has not the time or patience to do this properly, almost as good results may be had, after the grain is filled by hand-rubbing, by French-polishing; that is, by applying

orange shellac and raw linseed oil, equal parts, on a soft cloth, rubbing same until a high polish is obtained. This will, perhaps be even a better finish on our native black walnut, the grain of which is so open and coarse as to make it almost impossible to finish it properly in the former way.

Varnish should never be applied to a gun-stock, as it so soon loses all semblance to finish and shows up slight marks and scratches so badly. This is, however, the ordinary factory finish, and if varnish is put on, it should be the kind known as "rubbing-varnish," used on high-grade furniture, successive coats of which are rubbed down with successively powdered pumice and rottenstone, each with water. This will give what is called an "egg-shell finish," with a dull lustre.

Any fine finishing of wood surfaces means hand work in rubbing. There is nothing which can be put on and laid away to dry, which is fit to put on a gun-stock.

ERRATUM.

Formula for Bluing, U.S. Government.

R	Spirit of Nitre	3 drams.
	Tincture of Iron	3 drams.
	Sulphur	1 dram.
	Blue Vitriol	2 drams.
	Corrosive Sublimate	1 dram.
	Nitric Acid	½ dram.
	Copperas	1 dram.
	Distilled Water	12 ounces.

Place in colored glass bottle for a week or two before using and shake before use.

Old finish bluing and rust to be removed with emery and steel wool.

Grease inside of bore and force wooden plugs in each end of barrel, leaving enough projecting to use as handles.

Coat with mixture on a swab made of a piece of old, clean cotton flannel; set away for 24 hours in a damp room; wipe off surplus rust, and repeat. - Ordinary steel requires about six treatments on successive days; nickel steel, twelve; special steel like Poldi anticorro as many as thirty.

Wash with boiling water; wipe dry and coat with raw linseed oil on a woollen cloth.

(Whelan in "The American Rifle")

Some Moose Hunting Experiences

D. M. PONICH

THE first rifle I ever used for moose hunting was a .44-40 Winchester and I killed my first moose with it, but of course, I

never kept that calibre of rifle to hunt with.

My next rifle was a .303 Ross and it was satisfactory for moose, but I do not like the

way the bolt projects, so I sold it. Then I thought I would try a .25-35, so I bought a Winchester Carbine of this calibre and used it for moose and deer as well as coyotes. I killed one moose and two coyotes with it and then sold it.

Next I saw a .250-3000 Savage and concluded that it was the gun for me. I have killed several moose and deer with it. The first that I shot at with this rifle dropped after the first shot, but it got up just as soon as it dropped and ran away. I tracked it for a few miles, but had to give it up and return to camp. Next day I took up the trail, but never could come up with it. It seemed as if it kept on for ever without stopping. There was very little blood on his trail. I think I hit it a little too high to stop it. Later on I shot two deer with this rifle. Both of them were only crippled and I had to let them go over night in order that I might get near enough to them. I found both of these dead the next day. One season later I shot another moose with a .250, but did not find it until three days later. I fired four shots at this moose at a distance of about 100 yards. It did not show any signs of being hit and just walked off. As there was no snow on the ground, I could not tell whether I hit it or not and so I let it go, after I tracked it for a mile or so and could not find any blood. Three days later I found it dead about a mile farther on from where I had left the track. Upon examination I found two bullet holes in its chest. I had fired at it as it was standing looking at me. It seemed as if the charge was too light for this heavy animal.

During 1919 I shot a moose with it which was standing about 150 yards from me. The chance was good and I fired at the heart. As soon as it was hit the moose jumped and travelled about 50 yards in a circle and then stopped. I had intended to shoot again, but suddenly the moose moved out of sight, just as I raised the rifle.

After waiting for 15 minutes, I started after it and found it dead. My bullet had hit about two inches back of his heart and penetrated the ribs, lodging in the shoulder on the far side. There was not a drop of blood on the track of this moose and I did not see any until I reached the place where it dropped. If that moose had been frightened at all, it could have gone another half mile or so, and if there had been no snow on the ground, I

would very likely never have found the moose and would have contributed another moose for the wolves.

I have now come to the conclusion that I must have something different in the way of a rifle. I do not know whether I should get a .30-1906 or not. I believe that this cartridge is all right, but I do not care for its recoil. I want something with light recoil but with power enough to knock down any game in Alberta or elsewhere in Canada and then to hold it down after it is down. The .303 Ross would be all right, but it is hard to get at the present time. I have been seriously thinking of getting a .256 Newton but hate to pay a price of about \$100.00 for a rifle, so that it is hard to decide what to select. It seems too bad that Canadian sportsmen do not have a satisfactory rifle. This should be a bolt action something like the Newton, but made in .303 British or .30 U.S. calibre, so that an average man could use it after he purchased it. All of the rifles like the .30-30 and .250 Savage as well as the .303 are good rifles, but do not seem sufficiently powerful for our large game at long range.

When hunting in a country that generally contains both deer and moose, one needs a rifle that will not tear his deer to pieces and will kill his moose without allowing it to run a long distance before dropping.

I know of a case where two hunters using .30-30 and .250-3000 Savages, fired 15 shots at a young moose which was running through brush and hit him eight times before he dropped.

What do you think of the .30 U.S. Winchester Carbine? Could it be refined a little to make it look better?

Reply—The .30-10 or the .30-1906 Winchester would seem to be about as satisfactory a weapon as you could secure. You undoubtedly, know that you can also secure this rifle for the .303 cartridge. The Carbine does not look as homely as it appears in the Winchester catalog. You could do some handwork on the stock and improve its appearance. My principle objection to the Winchester is that the box magazine is just at the point where the gun balances, which makes it a little unhandy to carry when hunting, but it will be very satisfactory work on big game in any of the calibres that I have mentioned.

Editor.

An Ideal Small Bore Rifle

ATHAL COINER

TO those who have ever used a Marlin 1897 .22 Cal. Repeater, this may not be of very much interest but to many of the lovers of the rifle who have not yet had the pleasure of owning one of them it may be of some small value.

To begin with, this rifle is operated by the lever action method, and is, I believe, the only make of lever action repeating rifle that is made in .22 Calibre. The Marlin Company having put out the Model 1892 and the Model 1897 for this well known cartridge.

One argument that is sometimes used against this rifle is, that it cannot be operated as fast as the slide action repeater. This may be true, but I believe that one shot well placed, is worth a dozen of them fired at the rate of five or six shots a second.

This little rifle weighs about five and one-half pounds. It has a 24 inch barrel and is finely balanced. It is fitted with the neatest octagon barrel I have ever seen. The stock is made of real walnut, and not gum wood, like some I have seen. The magazine is made the full length of the barrel, and unlike other repeaters the cartridges are placed in the inner tube of the magazine, and the outer tube slides down over it, thereby preventing the cutting up of the bullets which sometimes happens when they are loaded in the outer tube and the inner tube is then placed over that. One advantage of this type of magazine is them it cannot be lost.

The receiver is made of special smokeless steel, the same type that is used in making the barrels of high power rifles. It also has a real solid top. The working parts are simple and strong, are not complicated and

are made without small springs that are always breaking or wearing out. The hammer has a long swing and is large enough to enable you to get a good grip on it when your hands are cold. There is a small roller on the lower part of the hammer upon which the main spring rests. This provides for an easy swing and less wear on the hammer.

The breech block can be removed from the receiver by simply removing the take down screw, and the firing pin can then be removed from the breech block without the aid of any tools. The firing pin has no spring connected with it and has about one-eighth of an inch of play so that it does not rest on the head of the cartridge when the hammer is at half cock. The firing pin is not pointed, but is made flat and covers enough of the head of the shell that the chance of misfire is lessened. It is not inclined to gradually work towards the center of the cartridges as I have found to be the case with some rifles that I have used.

At one time I had some trouble with more than one cartridge coming out of the magazine at one time. This trouble was soon remedied by raising the cartridge cut-off.

A repeating rifle is not often looked upon with much favor as a target rifle. The majority of shooters prefer heavy single-shot for this purpose. It is my opinion that when equipped with a rear peep sight and a gold bead front sight, that it is unexcelled for target work as well as for small game shooting. I believe that anyone who is looking for a dependable and beautiful .22 Cal. rifle that will last a life time with proper care can do no better than to "tie up" to a Marlin 1897.

Queries and Answers

Selecting a Rifle.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I wrote you recently as to the choice of a .30-1906 or .35 Winchester, Model 95, which you answered most satisfactorily, and for which I am very grateful. When we choose a rifle we do not know range, country or game. We may be called upon to use it with a background of waters, barrens, swamps, hardwood, burns, hills, valleys. We do not know what, when or where these shots are to be fired, and

a rifle to cover this is what I'm trying to decide, so I thought a .30-1906 or .35 Winchester would do it. Now, preferring the former, is my judgment with yours? What is your choice of a big game rifle? Is the Bolt Action much preferred to the Lever Action?

I hunt in North Ontario where you are apt to see deer, moose or bear, so I want a rifle that will kill any of these without moving sight up to 200 or 300 yards. As to sights, I've used a gold bead Sheard, and it is good.

but I think I'd prefer an ivory, although they seem to be easily broken. A few members of our party experienced this last season. Is there a good reliable ivory sight? If so, what is it?

I recently bought a Mauser. I believe it is a 7 M.M. This is .280 Cal. Is it not? It was used in the South African War and was taken out of the hand of a dead African by a British Sergeant. A friend of mine who was in Africa at the time brought it home and did fine work with it. He put it away uncleaned and when I bought it the inside of the rifle was very dirty. However, I have it cleaned pretty well, but there is still a spot on it. What is the best way to clean it? Will it make a good big game rifle? Would it be satisfactory or advisable to have it rebored to 8 M.M. or 9 M.M.? Which would you prefer? It shoots well and I myself think it best to leave well enough alone. Who would you recommend to do this work of reboring? No doubt it would be better to have a new barrel, but I believe it is a good rifle yet, as the Germans used these rifles in the recent War.

William Filman.

Aldershot, Ont.

Reply—Personally I would prefer a Springfield Bolt Action Rifle to a Lever Action Rifle for a high velocity cartridge, but you will have a great deal of difficulty in securing a Springfield rifle so that I would suggest that you buy a Winchester for the .30-1906 cartridge.

Your 7 M.M. Mauser would make a very good big game rifle. It is in just about the same class as the Springfield when the Springfield is loaded with the 150 grain bullet.

If you can secure a soft steel brush to fit this rifle you can very likely get all of the rust out of it. A 30 Cal. brush that has been used several times will do the trick fine in a .28 Calibre rifle, like the 7 M.M. It is very common here in the States for military riflemen to use .32 Calibre brushes in .30 Calibre rifles. You will have trouble the first time that you pull it through, but after that it certainly will remove the fouling.

I would not recommend that you have your rifle rebored for as long as the 7 M.M. shoots accurately, that is all you need. If you keep on cleaning it and shooting it, the rust will gradually disappear.

Editor.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

Will the .250-3000 Savage penetrate thicker

steel boiler plate at one hundred yards than the Savage .303 model 1899, or the 1895 Winchester box magazine .303?

Do you think the new Winchester bolt action .22 cal. rifle will be a good one for small game using the .22 N.R.A. cartridge or would you recommend the new Savage bolt action rifle? Is the 1914 Savage .22 Repeater as good as either?

Is the .44 Cal. Winchester model 1892 any good for moose and bear? Up to what range would it be effective? What is the difference between a .44 and .44-40? How much bigger is it?

G. Ingham,

Lloydminster, Sask., Canada.

Reply—The .250-3000 Savage would not be likely to penetrate more boiler plate at one hundred yards than the Savage .303 or the .303 British cartridge. In fact it would not be likely to penetrate as much. However, this fact should not be taken as a criticism of the rifle for hunting purposes.

The new Winchester .22 calibre bolt action rifle would be a splendid rifle for small game shooting. Its objection is that it is rather heavy for hunting purposes. The principle differences between the Winchester and the .22 Savage bolt action are that the Winchester weighs about 1½ pounds more, it costs about twice as much, the sights on it are finer and better fitted for target shooting and so forth.

For ordinary hunting, the 1914 Savage would be just as good as either one of these and would be more pleasant to carry, but for very accurate shooting the Winchester would be preferable for either one of the others.

I would not recommend anyone to choose the 1892 Winchester for moose and bear shooting. The .44-10 Calibre shell was designed about 50 years ago and since that time great advances have been made in the science of ballistics. A .44-10 is a .44 calibre. The difference between that and a .44 calibre would be that the .44-10 designates one cartridge, while a .44 calibre might be anything from the .44-10 to one of the long straight .44 calibres used in the old model long range rifles. It is not any bigger, but is much less effective than some other .44 cal. cartridge. The size of a cartridge has very little to do with its effectiveness. The effectiveness of the bullet depends upon its size, shape, weight, and the alloy from which it is made and the speed with which it is driven. The rate at which it spins, also enters into the matter. The .44-10 cartridge is just as good as it was

50 years ago, but is not any better. For that reason, I would recommend that you choose a more modern cartridge.

Editor.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I have recently acquired an old single-barrel flint lock fowling piece, marked Barnett 1859, and stamped with the London test marks. The gauge of this gun is marked as 24 and it has a 32 inch barrel, which appears to be choke-bored. What sort of shooting was this gun intended for, and what would be a suitable charge of powder and shot for same?

E. R. Fraling,

Toronto, Ontario.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry, I would suggest that you try your gun with 1½ drams of FFG black powder and 5-8 oz. of shot, and from that you might work up to 1¾ drams of powder and ¾ oz. of shot if the gun seems to be sufficiently well made to stand it. It is impossible to tell what type of shooting this gun was made for.

Editor.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I have a .43 Mauser which I consider an excellent moose rifle, but it is too long and heavy to carry. Would you advise shortening the barrel six or eight inches, which would be about the length of the Carbine in the same rifle? I am not particular if it shortened the range to some extent as it would kill anything at present farther than it is possible to draw a bead on. Kindly advise the best front sight to use in case barrel is shortened.

Would any alteration in ammunition be necessary?

St. John, N.B.

Fred. E. White.

Reply—It would not hurt your .43 Mauser rifle at all to cut off the barrel provided it were carefully done. If you are a very good mechanic you could do it yourself.

It would not shorten the range very much and no alteration in the ammunition would be necessary.

I would suggest a medium size gold bead front sight for use on this remodelled rifle.

Editor.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I am enclosing a snap shot and would like your opinion on my gun. It is a .32-40 Winchester Carbine, 1894 Model. I have been fairly successful on deer with it as you will see. Is it heavy enough for moose? If so, at what distance would it be safe to try killing a big one? I was told several years ago when I

first got it that it was useless to try for deer with it. I have proved this to be wrong.

What is a good spot in Ontario for moose? I would like to go moose hunting next Fall. My wife always goes with me. She carries a little double barrel smooth bore .44-10. Would the smooth bore with round ball kill deer at 60 yards?

Geo. P. Harvey,

Toronto, Ontario.

Reply—You will find good moose shooting in the vicinity of Metagama in northern Ontario. The .32-40 will kill moose provided you can hit them in the right spot, but it is rather light for this kind of shooting.

Any locality north of the C.P.R., west of Sudbury, is good moose territory.

A .44-10 smooth bore would kill deer at 60 yards, but it is not very accurate nor very powerful and you would undoubtedly lose a good percentage of the game that you shot at.

Editor.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

Will you kindly give me the names and addresses of the makers of Merwin & Hurlburt revolvers, Browning Automatic Pistols, and Lee-Netford and Lee-Enfield rifles?

Does the Ross Rifle Company make a rifle chambered for the .303 British cartridge? Is this company in business now? I have written them four letters in the past year and have received no reply to any of them.

Will you also give me a description of the English Army revolver. Where is it made? Also advise me as to whether I could procure a Handbook of the English Army rifle from the British War Department and where should I write to obtain it.

Philip B. Sharpe,

Portland, Maine.

Reply—Browning pistols of European manufacture are being made at the present time by the Fabrique Nationale of Liege, Belgium. However, you can obtain the various Browning models made by the Colt Company just as cheaply and with much less delay. The Lee-Enfield rifle and the Lee-Netford were made by the Birmingham Small Arms Company of England, but I understand that these rifles are no longer being manufactured by them.

The agents for B.S.A. products in the United States are the Production Equipment Company, 1 Madison Ave., New York City. I understand that Mr. Roy S. Tinney, National Proving Station, Tenafly, N.J. had some of

the Model 1917 Enfields chambered for the .303 British cartridge that he would sell reasonably. You might also obtain other of these rifles from L. R. Tippins, Mistley, Manningtree, Essex, England.

The price probably would be about \$40 with duty and freight extra.

The Handbook of the British Army rifle would probably be obtained from Messrs. Wyman & Sons, Fetter Lane, London, E.C. England. The British Army revolver is made by Webley & Scott, Weaman St., Birmingham, England. They could send you their catalog and information concerning it.

The Ross Rifle Co. is no longer in business. I hope that this information will answer your requirements.

Editor.

Information on the .38-55.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

Can I safely use a high power load in the .38-55 Winchester?

Joe Sharpe,

Detroit, Mich.

Reply—I understand that the Winchester Repeating Arms Company does not recommend the use of the .38-55 high power cartridge in their Standard Repeating Rifle, but they do recommend the use of the .38-55 high velocity Winchester cartridges in this rifle.

Editor.

The .38-40 Model 1873 Winchester.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

Would you please tell me if the .38 Winchester Model 1873 rifle is large enough for moose or bear. What is the striking power at 100 yards? I have read your Guns and Ammunition Department Column for several months, but have never seen much about this rifle.

Yours truly,

E. Walker,

Port Arthur, Ontario.

Reply—The .38-40 Model 1873 Winchester has a striking energy of 443 foot pounds at 100 yards. The reason that this rifle is not very often discussed any more, is that it is very heavy to carry in the brush and the cartridge that it uses is hopelessly out-classed by practically all of the later high velocity cartridges. You can easily see from this that except for very short range and in those places where you can place your shots, this rifle should not be considered for moose and bear.

Winchester .33 Model 1886.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I have been a reader of *Rod and Gun In Canada* for the past year and I think it is the best Sporting Magazine put out. I suppose the rest of the readers with sporting blood in them will say the same.

I would like somebody that owns a Winchester .33 Model 1886 to write and tell how he likes it on big game. I own it but never, had a chance to try it out on deer and bear. I think as far as long distance shooting is concerned it is just about right, and as for power behind the bullet I guess it has its share.

Yours truly,

Myron Bloomer.

Newburgh, New York.

Reply—We would be pleased to receive a letter from a user of the .33 Winchester as well as from users of any other big game rifles, as we always like to hear from experienced men.

Editor.

A .22 Calibre Ross Rifle.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I have been an interested reader of your magazine for the last couple of years and find it very interesting. I wish to ask a few questions. I have a .22 Calibre Ross Rifle, Cadet Model. I would like to know if I could use .22 N.R.A. cartridges in my gun.

What do you consider the best load to use in a 12 gauge shotgun on rabbits in a bush country? In practicing at a target at 100 yards tacked to a 3" pine plank, my .22 bullets went right through. Do you think this is a good bullet? Is it advisable to feed your hounds before you take them out for a rabbit or fox run? Can bullets for a Colt .45 Auto Revolver be purchased in Canada? Where can I purchase powder and shot in bulk for reloading? I have tried all local hardware dealers and they can't supply me.

Yours truly,

E. G. E.

Peterborough, Ont.

Reply—You can use the U. S., N.R.A. cartridges in your .22 Ross. I would consider the brush or scatter load shells put out by the Winchester and Remington U.M.C. Companies to be unexcelled for the first shot at rabbits in a brushy country.

My favorite load is 3 drams of bulk or 24 grains of dense powder and 1. 1/2 ounces of No. 7 1/2 chilled shot loaded in this type of

shell. This load kills clean without tearing the game.

In regard to feeding hounds before going hunting, I have always considered that most hounds have more sense than many of their owners. You can easily imagine how far and how long you would hunt if you had to hunt every day without your breakfast or without your dinner. I don't believe in allowing them to gorge before going out to hunt, but they will undoubtedly hunt better if they have a reasonable amount of food. Apply the same thing to yourself and you will agree with me.

You can purchase powder in bulk for reloading from the D. Pike Company of Toronto, or the T. W. Boyd Company of Montreal. They could undoubtedly order bullets for your .45 Colt if they do not have them in stock.

Editor.

Rifles For African Game.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

Has the .250-3000 Savage proven to be a good killing weapon on African Game and how does it compare with the .30-1906 cartridge on the same game. Are different loads manufactured for the .250-3000 for use on heavy African game such as lion, rhino and elephants.

Of these four cartridges which are to be preferred for African game, the .250-3000, the .30-1906, the .35 Winchester Model 1895, or the .405 Winchester Model 1895. Which of these cartridges can be procured the more easily in foreign parts.

Can I obtain .38 Calibre Colt Automatic cartridges in Africa? Would you consider a cartridge like the 7 M.M., 8 M.M., 9 M.M. or the .303 British and if so which can be procured the best in Africa, which are the best killers and how are they loaded.

Very truly yours,

O. R. Hetherington,

Saskatoon, Sask.

Reply—You might as well understand at the beginning that there is no all-around rifle for use in Africa, just as there is no all-round rifle for use in any other place. This is especially well driven home when we consider that African game varies from birds the size of partridges to elephants. In African hunting one is likely to encounter real dangerous situations in hunting rhino, buffalo, lions, leopards and elephants almost any time when hunting in thick cover and to have the wrong rifle under these circumstances might and

very likely would prove very disastrous, which behooves us to have at least one weapon along that is sufficiently deadly to cope with any of them.

Judging from the experiences of thoroughly experienced African hunters, a hunter in Africa should have at least one each of the following weapons and he had better have two of each of them to guard against breakage. He should have a .45 Calibre or heavier double express rifle for the heaviest and largest game at close ranges, a large calibre repeating rifle that handles heavy bullets for use on tough skinned animals. I should say that the .405 Cal. Winchester would be the best available American weapon for this purpose. Then he should have a high velocity long range rifle for shooting all kinds of plains animals of the deer and elk type. In my estimation a .30-1906 Cal. shooting the 180 grain ammunition would be about the best type of rifle to use for this purpose. Others that would be just about equally good would be the 7 and 8 M.M. Mauser and Mannlicher rifles which can be obtained to shoot special spitzer ammunition. You could undoubtedly find plenty of use for a .250-3000 Savage, but I would not advise anybody to use a cartridge of this type on tough African game. I think that you will find the .303 British and the 8 M.M. Mauser very much more popular in Africa than any of the American cartridges.

I would not consider going to Africa without having my rifles and ammunition before starting. I would thoroughly test each rifle and each load before starting, for I would not consider using a rifle or lot of ammunition about which I knew nothing on a trip as expensive as one from Canada to Africa.

You must remember that in practically all foreign countries outside of the United States the common cartridges are the .303 British and the 8 M.M. Revolver cartridges could well be left out of the discussion for the purpose of safety as African Game is very much *rifle* game. Any animal that gets past a hard hitting high velocity rifle is practically immune to revolver or automatic pistols.

My personal outfit for Africa would be as follows: a good heavy .450 Cal. English Express Rifle, a .405 Cal. Winchester, two Sporting Springfields, two .22 calibre Repeating Rifles and 2 shotguns. I would carry an ample supply of ammunition for all especially .30 and .22 Calibres. One each of

the Springfields and the 22's would be equipped with telescopic sights. The .405 Winchester would be equipped with a Jack front sight and folding leaf open barrelled rear sight and a receiver peep with a big aperture. The Springfield would be equipped with the Lyman Micrometer on the bolt head and the medium sized gold bead on the front.

The .22 would have a medium size gold bead on the front and a Lyman tang peep. At least one of the heavy guns would always be along as self protection against dangerous animals. Each rifle in the whole outfit would be equipped with a sling strap which would come in handy. The bolts of both of the Springfields would be worked until they were so smooth I could work them just as fast as lever action rifles.

I think that you would find before you were through with the trip, the rifle that you would use the oftenest would be the .22, next the Springfield, next the .405 and last the .450.

Editor.

Various Sporting Rifles.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

As a reader of your most interesting department. I would thank you to answer the following questions:

Would the Remington slide action repeating rifle .32 or .35 calibre, be all right for bear, deer and moose? Would the .32 calibre be just as good as the .35 for moose.

Would the .32 or .35 Remington be a better rifle for moose than the .250-3000 Savage?

Will a 16 gauge shotgun kill as far as a 12 gauge and do as good work as the 12?

Where can I obtain a Smith & Wesson revolver with a six inch barrel, that will take .38 Special cartridges—in Canada?

A. N. Giles,

Bedford, N.S.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry, the .35 Cal. Remington Slide Action would be preferable to the .32 Cal. for moose. As to whether the .35 Cal. Remington would be preferable to the .250-3000 would depend upon where you hit your game. The .35 with its heavy bullet, of course, would do better work with shots in the shoulders or hams while the .250 would probably do better work on the paunch.

The 16 gauge shotgun will give just as great penetration as the 12 gauge. Out of 100 shots with corresponding loads you would not make as many clean kills with the 16 at 50 yards as you would with the 12, due to the fact that its shot patterns were not as close.

You could probably obtain a .38 Smith &

Wesson Special from Hallam's or the D. Pike Company, Toronto. You might write to them about this matter.

Editor.

Reloading the .280 Ross.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I would like to ask the advice of the Editor as to the feasibility of reloading shells for the .280 Ross (Sporting Model) with a lighter load, to use on small game and for close range work in the bush.

I find it just the thing for winter shooting on the lakes where the range is anything up to a mile, but I would like to find out where a reloading outfit could be obtained as the ammunition is very high priced for ordinary pot hunting.

Mark Sauerbrei,

Kenora, Ontario, Canada.

Reply—It is not practical to reload reduced charges for the .280 Ross when using the regular metal cased bullet as this bullet is smaller than the bore of the rifle and needs the proper full charge load to expand it sufficiently to make it fit the rifling. You can reload this rifle with the Ideal gas check bullets, but I am rather under the impression that it has never made a very successful short range weapon.

The Ideal Manufacturing Company, New Haven, Conn., had reloading outfits, but just how soon they could fill an order at the present time I do not know. You might write them concerning this matter or you might write to the Wm. R. Burkhardt Company, St. Paul, Minnesota, who might still have some of these tools in stock.

For ordinary pot hunting a .22 Cal should answer your purpose and the cost of a good one is not much more than the cost of a reloading set.

Editor.

The .22 High Power.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I take much pleasure in reading your publication, and would kindly ask you to answer the following questions:

1. Would a .22 H.P. Savage be powerful enough for deer and moose? If not what rifle would you suggest?

2. I had my leaded rifle barrel cleaned, now what would be the best way to keep it in a good shooting condition? Would a brass brush be any good? Where can I obtain one?

3. What about the greased bullets, are they better than the ungreased bullets?

Andrew J. Krüger,

Altona, Man.

Reply—I would not consider the .22 Savage high power to be sufficiently powerful for moose. I would prefer the .303 Savage to any other Savage rifle for this purpose, but would prefer a weapon shooting a more powerful charge than the .303. On deer a .22 high power will do fairly good work.

Either a brass brush or a soft steel brush will remove lead from a rifle barrel provided it is not too badly leaded. These can be obtained from P. J. O'Hare, 33 Bruce St., Newark, N.J., U.S.A.

Greased bullets are always better than ungreased ones. If you shot ungreased bullets in a .22 high power, I do not wonder that you leaded your barrel, as the quick twist of the .22 high power would be certain to cause the bullets to lead. I judge from your inquiry that you have probably used .22 long rifle cartridges in an adapter in the .22 high power.

Editor.

Can parts for Browning Automatic pistols and rifles be obtained in the States or in Canada? If so, where? Also, can Hudson Bay blankets be bought now?

J. L.

Soo, Ont. Canada.

Reply—If you mean the American Brownings made by the Winchester Company, they can be obtained from the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, New Haven, Conn. If you mean the Belgian Brownings, I do not know where they can be obtained.

Hudson Bay blankets can be secured from the D. Pike Company of Toronto.

Editor.

Various Inquiries.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I have just purchased a .303 Savage solid frame and would like to know if this rifle is heavy enough for moose and bear?—a friend of mine told me it needed six shots from this weapon to account for a moose.

In reloading the .303, could the velocity be increased to 2400 F.S. instead of the 1952 F.S.?

Does the use of an auxiliary shell, firing the .32 S. & W. hurt the barrel to any extent?

Would you advise Marbles Nitro-Solvent or Winchester crystal cleaner to remove fouling in the barrel of a high power rifle?

Donald Laing.

Reply—The .303 Savage has usually been

regarded as a very good moose gun. Sometimes you will find an animal that takes an unusual amount of shooting and this without regard to the calibre of the weapon. I know of a case where a man shot a Kadiak bear with a .30-40 and placed nine shots in the neck and shoulder and then had to shoot the bear in the skull to kill it. Four of those heavy 220 grain bullets did not penetrate as far as the shoulder bone.

The velocity of the .303 could be increased somewhat by using progressive burning nitro-cellulose powders like Hercules No. 300 or DuPont No. 16.

The use of an auxiliary chamber could not be likely to injure your rifle provided that you cleaned it properly.

Marbles Nitro-Solvent and Winchester Crystal cleaner are both excellent for removing the fouling in the barrel on a high power rifle. You will undoubtedly be pleased with either one of them.

Editor.

The .250-3000 Savage.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

My pal and I are intending to come to Canada this Spring and buy a farm and would like to find out a few things about the hunting conditions.

Is a .250-3000 Savage rifle O.K. for big game hunting? Does the lever ever freeze closed on this gun? We were told it sometimes does and were advised to buy a gun with bolt action.

What does a hunting and trapping license cost in Alberta? What game are to be found in S.W. Alberta, near or in the forest reserve? Do you have to get a special license to trap in the Forest Reserve and if so how much does it cost?

Detroit, Mich

A Reader,

Reply—The .250-3000 Savage would not be more likely to freeze shut than a Bolt Action. In fact I do not believe that it would be likely to do so as the Bolt Action is more open and exposed to the weather.

The .250-3000 Savage would be satisfactory for big game shooting provided the game was not too big.

You should inquire of the Local Game Warden concerning the license and game seasons.

General non-resident license is \$25.00.

Editor.





Spring Trout Fishing

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

WITH what keen delight the angler awaits the surface of the streams, no man can hope to give voice to; he finds expression faltering. To linger in the midst of fragrant memory, musing over past experiences, the winter through, only serves to put a keen edge to the mind's appetite and one is more than ever at the threshold of anticipation when the first warm winds come blowing up from the langorous south, bringing with them that feeling of peace and contentment we understand so fully and appreciate so well. The fly-fisherman, being by nature a poet, absorbs the very life and rejuvenation of it as the days unfold; as he is brought nearer to the time when the streams shall break their bonds and the ice will flow away in mighty cakes, revealing the turbid water beneath. It is then the rod seems instinctively to come into the hand, and our steps lead us happily over old byways in quest of the elusive ones.

The proposition of spring angling is one that holds within its sphere a number of delights that the days of July and August, upon the same stream, cannot claim as their own. It is the freshness, the newness of the adventure that holds one rapt in attention—a glamor that the middle summer or the hot July days are lacking in. The spirit seems to break from its prison of flesh like the bud bursting from its husk wrapper on the tree. The April showers and the returned birds, the blue skies and the smiling flowers all help to

make it truly, as one angler has said, the carnival time of the year.

In northern climes spring fishing will see its inception with the latter part of April, though it may not be possible in Canada till later on, in the month of May. Opening Day has a witchery that always remains the same. Other delights are not to be compared to it. Pleasure in the opinion of the writer was derived by the delving literary-man from the word: angling. But more pleasurable than the June days, or mid-summer brook delights is that climax to our expectations the Opening Day for trout. Merely to go out and test the rod again without the sign of a trout, returning home without one specimen in the creel is reward indeed after the long and monotonous winter days that were so irksome, so surcharged with gloominess.

Spring angling is generally a matter of using live lures; as the artificial fly does not come into its own until later on when the trout are very active and are feeding along the surface of the stream. If artificial flies are used they must be fished deep to reach the fish as they lie on the bottom of the stream. The trout during the late spring days will be diligently watching the bottom for water-bred flies of the down-winged sort to break from their cases and rise to the surface, there to spend their short existence. The trout are not always watching the water for the rising of these insects, but a great deal of the time

they are on the look-out for them, and therefore deep-fishing the artificial flies may win a few to the creel if they are skillfully used. Flies suggested for use in the spring in April, are the Hackles and the Palmers, the Cowdung, the Red-ibis, the Cinnamon, the Stone-fly, the Red-Spinner and the Parmachenebelle. Later on, in May, the Montreal, the Yellow-dun, the Turkey-brown, the Iron-blue and the Spinner are tried flies, best used at that season. In Canadian waters, especially for the late spring fishing one will do well to use the Montreal, the Parmachenebelle and the Silver-doctor. Other good early flies are the Coachman, the White-miller and the Professor. The wingless creations in fly-dom, such as the hackles and the palmers, are no doubt mistaken by the trout for larval forms of the caterpillar, the hackles appearing to the trout to be the legs of hatched-out insects which are being tumbled around in the water.

Though bait-fishing is an institution at this time of the season, and though it is enthusiastically followed up by two-thirds of the brotherhood of anglers it has plentifully been condemned as unsportsmanlike—that, in the light of fairness, it is illegitimate. Your strictly fly-fishing angler will have nothing to do with it; he will cut and out condemn it and will wait until the early summer is abroad in the land, when the trout are surface feeding on flies. At this season of the year the streams are generally running full banks, but shortly they will sink and the fishing will be better, and the streams will be easier to approach and test out. Usually the water is very roiled and sluggish. Transparency of water cannot now be looked for. Innumerable rivulets from field and hill are pouring their coffee-colored contributions into the main streams. The trout are just begun to stir out from the winter quarters. They are lying close to the bottom, and if they feed it is upon the live material that is washed down to them. Insects in their cases also make up a great deal of their food at this time. They are devoured sticks and all.

Naturally one of the best worms to use for fishing for the trout in the spring is the angle-worm. Your average bait fisher hooks on a squirming mass of worms to his hook, casts it to the head of a pool and allows it to sink and roll as it will over the bottom, practically, one might say, into the mouth of the trout., There is a method known as worming for trout, however, that demands not a little skill and is more worthy of the attention of

the man who would use methods smacking at least a trifle of the sportsmanlike. It was John Harrington Keene, the famous angling writer who first explained the art of "worming for trout," and this writer has lauded spring fishing as the very best of the year and the most delightful. In worming for trout, one goes about it in this way.

Ordinarily two small hooks (such as the Number 8), or even a trifle larger, are attached to a mist-hued leger, one to the leader's end, the other one a distance of an inch above it. A well-selected worm is now taken and hooked in one section of the body by the first hook, and then once more by the second hook at another point of its body so that it will appear natural, stretched out at length, though fixed by the two hooks. The ends of the worm, however, will be wriggling. Cast that worm in the water and to all appearances it does not seem other than natural. When you cast this worm you do so with the utmost ease and it is never allowed to sink to the bottom as in ordinary bait-fishing; it is kept off of the bottom, and, if possible, always moving to make it appear swirling around in the water. Such a worm noted in the depths is instantly risen to, and by an instant setting of the hook you have acquired a trout by a legitimate method as John Harrington Keene averred. The clumsy method of the average bait-fisher who uses a mass of worms on his hook may produce but few fish. Two thirds of the time that dubious lure will be sunken in the mud, clogged in a niche, or totally hidden by a bit of debris, or a stone, it is different in worming for the trout. Here the worm, (a single worm) is kept moving around, high and low; it is gently cast up to that log, moved a while enticingly and with care, and is then withdrawn with an easy movement so as not to snap off the squirming ends of the lure. Then it is transferred to another point again to practice its inducing and life-representing antics.

In worming for trout, following this method, it is not necessary that your leader be over four feet, and some use only a three foot length, but it should be strong and of a recommended grade. The Telerana Nova leaders are recommended. The common gut leader, known under the term Light Trout, is finely adapted for use in taking the speckled trout, though where speckled trout, rainbow trout and brown trout are found in the same stream and where you are not so certain but that you may link up with a very large salmon-trout, it is best to use a heavier leader.

This is even more to be recommended if the water is racy, as the strain upon the gut will then be quite intense.

The trouble with many spring bait-fishers is that they will use practically any live material that comes along, and which appears, in their eyes, at least, to be of a taking character, chubs, shiners and helgramite lead, though the bait-fisher does not hesitate to use soft-shell crabs, frogs, the meat of mussels, green leeches and blood-suckers. No doubt many trout are taken on such material, but it is only degrading to the pastime of angling and brings no feeling of rejoicing. Some years ago I read an article on spring trout fishing in which the author spoke feelingly and at length on the success he had had using small baby mice on the hook. He mentioned that these nests were to be found most anywhere in the fields and the little hairless, blind and squirming fellows might be impaled on the hook and cast into a pool with deadly results!

Your old-time bait-fisherman, who will always be found on the streams Opening Day, even though that auspicious occasion be ushered in with a snow-storm, is prone to use one of two lures, if not both. One is a strip cut from the belly of a shiner, or a V-shaped strip cut from the belly of the first trout captured. In all his experience, he will tell you, never has this method failed him. Again he will speak long and lovingly upon the taking qualities of the belly fin of the trout. As we know this singular lure has been in use from time immemorial, though just why the beautiful fellows are so eager to take it I do not know. There must be something fascinating about it else it would be consistently refused, which is not true. We can believe with Evelyn M. Gill, the noted angling writer, that: "Why a belly-fin, so seldom seen by a fish, detached from the body of its original owner, should be conceived to be a natural or a favorite food of the trout has not been explained. Yet the Parmachene-belle, the most popular of all lures in Northern waters, was invented in the early eighties, by Mr. H. P. Wells. *to imitate the belly-fin of a trout!*"

The old fisherman friend of ours has a method of using his bait that is worthy of setting to paper. His reel will be a large one, made to accommodate a great deal of line. The glittering piece of the shiner will be on the hook; and the line will be weighed with an appropriate number of split shot to properly sink the lure. He will start the bait at a pool and then feed out line, allowing the stream to take it down, helter-skelter. One hundred

feet of line go out, and somewhere, down the stream it will be seeking out the likely places. Suddenly a large rainbow has taken the lure and the line blades the water. Feed out great quantities of line, he will tell you, for that is the only way to get the large fellows in the spring.

Crude as bait fishing may seem to the dyed-in-the-wool fly-fisherman, there are times when there is no other alternative opening before the Waltonian: he is often forced to use this method or none at all. Many trout streams are densely grown in with brush, vines and over-hanging trees, making the casting of a fly little short of the impossible; and even if a fly could be worked in to the water and a fish captured it is not so sure even then that *that fish will ever be netted*. The tangles of laurel, alders, willows and vines make the playing of a fish to the net almost impossible; and it is equally as difficult whether one is bait fishing or fly-fishing. In my capacity as a fishing editor, I have always received letters calling my attention to the fact that fly-fishing is all very well, but the streams *this person or that person* fishes are thicketed and the only recourse is to use the live bait. This is true. The little rivers form at least half of the fishable streams, and so live bait must be used; to make use of the fly, as identified with fly-casting, is near to the impossible. On these streams, however, one may go "worming for trout" after the method of John Harrington Keene and assure himself enjoyment and know that he is following up, not only a deadly method, but one that has some of the marks of sportsmanship upon it. Furthermore we should be thankful to Nature that streams are so well guarded with tangles often impenetrable. They protect the trout, else man would soon contrive to wipe this beautiful finny clan entirely from the face of the earth.

I am prone to set spinner fishing aside as a method for spring fishing. I do not know why but I always like to use the spinners in the spring. They seem to fit admirably into a certain niche and the use of them is surely a recognition of sportsmanship.

The spinners have proven wonderfully efficient, and in late years they have come to the front, inviting universal attention. They may be used in collaboration with a fly-rod, and if correctly manipulated they have proven the means to some portentous catches. The spinners are in their element in strong waters, which have a rush and force to them. Cast into the swirling pools the sweep of the water

sets them to twirling and the glittering rays that they reflect often penetrate to the deepest places, thus attracting the attention of the trout. These spinners are made in two sorts: the undetachable spinner and the detachable, or interchangeable sort. The detachable spinner is so made that one fly may be taken off and another put on at will. This is done usually by means of a small tube, or sleeve, that fits over the shaft. The difference between this form and the undetachable is that the latter has a permanent fly upon it, and it may not be removed. The detachable appliance is the best, naturally, for the reason that if one fly does not suit, it may be taken off and another eyed-fly slipped on. These spinners, either form are furnished with a single spoon, or spinner, or with two spinners. The double-spinner form is known as the tandem and as it is worked through the water, the appearance is that of one tiny minnow chasing another. Played around the boulders, and deep in the pools, around logs and driftwood these spinners often help to add a few to the creel when all other means fail.

Spinners are furnished in many colorations: silver, gold, bronze, copper, nickel and aluminum. The Sizes 0 to Number 2 are fitted for the trout rod, either in the single-spinner or the double-spinner class. In later days enamelled spinners have been put forth and these work very well in dark waters, in the early spring. Other recommendable sorts are the gold and silver ones. The pocket tackle box should contain a few of all sorts of colorations as where one coloration and form does not prove useful, another will.

A bare hook may be slipped on to the interchangeable spinner's shaft and a trailing angle-worm used thereon. This is lightly cast forth so as not to jerk off the worm, and is played off from the bottom, much as in "worming for trout." Where the angleworm alone upon the hook might escape the attention of the fish, the method of using the spinner along with it proves to be an attractor. Watch the old fisherman. He has his own pet notions on how to angle for the spring

trout, which he says are not even to be found in the mid-water, but are "nursing" along the bottoms, grubbing under the stones and roots for larval insects in their stick cases. You must go down for them he will tell you. He will be using angleworms of course. He has spotted a singularly good pool, in which he is sure some of the largest fellows are lying. Starting well at the head of the pool, he will throw angleworms into the water, though free from any hook—just the angleworms. What is the reason of this, you ask? He will tell you that sooner or later these worms will be spotted, and will eagerly be taken by the trout. As more of them come down, the more interested will the big fellows be, and they will work into the central portion of the stream each vieing with his fellow to get the next worm. Since the worms are coming so freely from the head of the pool, toward this the trout will move. Sooner or later the old timer will fit a worm on to this hook, which has a single tiny spinner up ahead of it and will send it down with the flow of the water. It is worked about to give it the appearance of struggling. If there are trout in the pool they will be very alert and a tug at the line is the signal to set the hook. It is a method that the old timer has used on a thousand streams.

Wise is the old timer. In the late May or June days he will be using the artificial flies. Marking down a select pool over which foliage will be dipping he sends his pardner around back of the pool to cast some insects through the branches; which insects will hang a moment on the leaves and then fall to the water. With a swirl they are taken. After a few moments the old timer will cast his flies so that they fall over that pool, almost directly under the branches, for the old timer is an expert with the rod. Again deceived, the trout, on the impulse of the moment, will rise and snap up the flies. Why were they not deceived? Were not the first flies they seized natural in every sense of the word and therefore it was their belief that the artificial flies were the same?

Bass Fishing Under Varied Conditions

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

In Two Parts—Part II.

I was rather surprised sometime ago to see an article on bass fishing in which the writer held to ridicule those who are of

the opinion that "extreme caution" or even "caution" should be used in bass fishing. Certain writers were mentioned by this

gentleman as holding this view. I am one of the persons so inclined to think, therefore I feel that the criticism was directed against myself—because more than any other writer I have suggested the use of great caution, not only in trout fishing but in bass fishing. This writer went to great lengths to prove that he was right—that the use of caution in bass fishing was all bosh. He went on to aver that he had caught his largest bass right in the wake of steamboats; off of docks thronged with people; and once he stated that he cast up close to a group of bathers creating the Old Harry in the water and there hooked a fine bass very nearly on the back of one of the fair maids disporting herself in pleasing grace in the limpid waters. I believe all this to be a fact. If the bathing maids do not contrive to lure in, not only men, but the basses, then nothing else will. We work on the supposition that the fish like the commotion. They like to come in and see what is "doing." In this respect we are to believe they are like a throng of people excited by the sight of a fire, and all of them rush to the spot in question to appease their curiosity.

We have here, however, two varieties of fishing to contend with, and speculate upon, *namely*: fishing in the waters of civilization and fishing in the waters where the presence of man is not the commonest of common sights. Introduce the racket-producers on the civilized waters to the wild waters and then fish under the same conditions, casting back of boats and in amongst bathers and do you think that you will find a bass within a block? Hardly. The point to be remembered is this: that one form or method of fishing applies to the one condition and another to the remaining condition. Far from familiar with the presence of man the bass in wild, or near-wild waters are sensitive to sights and sounds foreign to their every-day life and withdraw in accordance with their instinctive inner guidings. On the other hand, the bass to be found on resort-lakes find the presence of man an everyday occurrence; boats, human beings, sounds of all sorts do not frighten them for the simple reason that these things have ceased to be anything fear-evoking to them. I have no faults to find with the assertions this writer made, as they apply to waters dominated by resort crowds but when he applies his ideas to govern bass fishing on all waters, including those found in a wild state I am forced to say that he errs greatly. Caution of approach in bass fishing in a wild

state is more or less a necessity; a prime requisite, if you will.

Taking the matter at its worth, which is more natural: to fish with caution, under the circumstances, or to make all the commotion you can, and thus inveigle the fish into your boat. The use of caution, as a method of procedure wins on all counts. The use of caution in going about your fishing instinctively impresses itself upon your mind as being the more natural. Furthermore why is it that the best fishing on-resort lakes, (or lakes where the presence of man is so familiar a sight) obtains in the evening and in the night when all is still and the crowds have more or less withdrawn? The reason is that the fish have then thrown aside their watchfulness, in the name of self-preservation, and are coursing freely around; and it is then, deceived by the dusk on the waters, that they mistake a white artificial minnow, or a glowing lure, as something worthy of killing—hence are gathered in. I have fished under the exact conditions that the previously mentioned writer depicted, close to boats, around docks and what not, but I cannot say that my results, under these conditions, were one tenth as enhancing as fishing on those same waters in the dusk of evening when all was silent on the waters, and, by a very sly and cautious approach the fine fellows were taken.

Bass fishing, at best, is a puzzle.

Just why is it that for days and weeks you have little or no success, and then of a sudden some morning the bass seem to take anything that is cast to them? Many enthusiasts who follow *Myxopterus salmoides* belittle themselves in sight of their failures in the belief that they have the wisdom lacking that makes for success; that some other fishing person can catch fish right under their noses. This is generally wrong. The most experienced and practiced follower of the bass year in and year out often are forced to confess their failure, that, too, in the face of excellent conditions. Again, it all depends upon what one would consider a good *average* catch, or even a *good* catch. The man who loves to dwell upon his prowess is hard set and down on his luck when he does not bring in the limit—which is generally fifteen bass. A catch such as this makes for a fine picture, held up as a sting; it gives off a prosperous appearance; sheds glamour on the man having caught them; for people are always impressed with the "big fisherman" idea; the theory that one has to catch many fish to be a great man at the rod, no matter how those fish are taken.

But the man who is not so set on these things loves to afford himself good tackle, likes to excel in the use of that tackle, likes to study the habits of fishes and their habitat and is wholly content with four to six bass taken under these conditions. Indeed I would call it a day well filled with numbers of fishes taken that sees six bass to my credit, remembering also the edict that it is not all of fishing merely to fish. One must also fish with the eye and net good and wholesome thought for winter-day speculation.

There are bass fishers who will use only one type of lure; who will stick it out through thick and thin, relying solely on its merits. I cannot now advocate the use of frogs as a lure, although one is safe in saying that it is a deadly one. On the other hand I do not consider the use of a minnow alive on the hook quite so offensive. The thrill in bass fishing lies in using artificial lures of some sort, and using them so well that the bass cannot see fit to refuse them. One does not feel entirely satisfied with his catch when he has made it using live lures, and this feeling to me, is especially pronounced when the live frog is considered. One feels that he has been working at a mean advantage; that it was not his skill that stood him well instead. The man who can use a spoon with a weighed fly and make some fine captures can surely, say that he has done his best. Then, too, there are small artificial minnows, wobblers, floaters and glowing lures that are perhaps as attractive as any enticing specimen offered the bass. These artificials should always possess few hooks, and where they have single hooks upon them instead of gangs they are equally as "taking" and are certainly more sportsmanlike when used. I personally do not believe in the use of *too large* artificials. That was mainly the trouble in the past. They were far too large. The shorter artificials of the present day are not only attractive, but are seized more readily by the fish.

Hungry bass often seize the artificials with a dash and an evil determination, but this is also true of the bass that is well filled with food. To see a wobbler come snaking through the water is too much for the curiosity of an old bass and he must seize it to see what it really is. Indeed, there are times when a frog will be passed by, but the wobbler will be taken, which is of course evidence that the wobbler is the real thing. What constitutes a good wobbler,—I am asked. I do not care to mention any wobbler

by name, or recommend any single one, for, sincere as are your intentions one is at once put down as being on the pay roll of the tackle manufacturers—an intimation that is horribly untrue, for I doubt if any angling writer in this country has been on the staff of any tackle-supplying firm.

But as to wobblers. The first ones put out by the various firms were a little too big, heavy, and clumsy. However, this was remedied by putting out smaller wobblers that would give the desired snaky glide in the water—so highly to be desired. And, provided as most of these wobblers now are with single hooks or one gang they are about as sportsmanlike a piece of work as one would want. The fish is given the free play desired without being completely fettered by many hooks, a condition recognized with the earlier artificials which were unsightly by the number of gangs they held.

What color of an artificial minnow is the best, I am asked. The all-white artificial, (whether the standard under-water type or the wobbler type) is most desirable, the reason being that it shows up so well in the water, whether on bright or murky days, and again the white artificial works in exceedingly well for night fishing. On all counts, the white one is the best. However, there is something very attractive about a yellow minnow. Were I to pick two colors I would select them white and yellow. An all-red artificial is not what I consider a catchy one, but red combined with white makes for an agreeable coloration. The claim is made that the red head to a white minnow is like a red rag waved at a bull—that the ire of a bass is aroused by this red and that he is impelled to slay it for that reason. How much truth there is to this I do not know. Upon careful thought one is given to believe that this is mostly and mainly a belief in which one is asked to have faith. The recommendation I have made, stands: White or yellow-colored artificials are far the best colors, in that they show up in the water best. If you have white artificials you do not need to buy glowing lures for night fishing, as the white ones will quite suffice. In this manner one artificial will go a long way.

Casting with the wobbler minnow is not the only way of catching bass and pickerel for it can be trolled with equal success; in fact the wobbler makes a very good trolling lure; quite equal to that of the spoon-hook. Let out about fifty feet of line and troll up close to the weed and pad thickets and if there is a

bass lying along the edge of this "wilderness" be assured that he will be just as interested in taking that artificial as he would be were it cast to him. Indeed, by trolling with the wobbler one covers ground much better than by casting, for there are spaces in between that you do not cast to, whereas the wobbler goes right on through, taking in all likely places. Now strange as it may seem I doubt whether half of the bait casters ever have tried this. If these gentlemen have not they have failed to try out an interesting performance. Of course I know that many of the anglers who follow the bass have a pronounced dislike for trolling but in this case they will find it a rather novel thing to make use of.

There was a time years ago when it was deemed necessary to have a tackle box as large as a cedar-chest full of artificial minnows, hooks, spoons, lines, at least five reels, oil bottles, gut leaders, heavy trolling lines, etc., etc. That was back in the day when fishing was not the thing to be desired; but rather it was fishing from the viewpoint of the tackle manufacturers who wanted to make themselves rich. However, thank the Lord, that day has now passed into the beyond and we can breathe freely again. It was the day of rank commercialism descended upon the craft; the Dollar Mark that usurped the place of Walton. Of the hundred and one fishing devices that were put on the market (the majority of them without any practical value and most of them ridiculous) only the time-tried and reliable now remain. The rest have been swept aside as useless.

It is not necessary to have a tackle box the size of a tool-chest full of tackle. It is unnecessary, I say. If a man has two artificial minnows, one a wobbler and the other either a floating minnow or an underwater minnow that is all he need in that respect. Add a couple good weedless hooks, a couple spoon-hooks of the Number 5 and the Number 7 size and you are well fixed, (in that respect) for the big fish. And, following this economical selection, you will find that a cigar box will hold your lures very well without any crowding. Of course a cigar box is not what one would call a durable home for tackle, but there is many a lad that will find the cigar box just about ideal; costing nothing; yet filling his needs. On the other hand, for the sum of one dollar one can buy a little tackle box, say, five inches deep that will be just right.

The joy in bass fishing does not lie in cleaving grimly to one method of such fishing,

but rather in trying out all varieties. For if the bass cannot be interested in one type of lure, then probably another will be the fascinating one, and the fish will be gathered in in accordance.

Fly fishing may not be an orthodox method of capturing this famous member of the sun-fish family, but it certainly proves at times a killing one and should never be lost track of. Of course we are wont to associate the capture of the small mouth bass very closely with that of the fly-rod and fly, but as for the large-mouth, we generally think of him as being taken only on the spoon, live bait, or plug. The complaint made about the casting of light lures, such as a fly in collaboration with a spoon (Number 3 size) is that the reel will not act smooth enough and the short casting rod cannot impel it well to its destination. However, with a fly-rod very light lures can be cast with ease, using tiny spinners; although if the fly and spinner are a trifle too heavy naturally it will not cast well.

Of the bass most liable to rise to your flies the stream bass have certainly been considered the foremost. The reason for this is of course quite plain. Stream bass, like stream trout, feed vastly on water bred flies, which we may believe they are constantly on the look-out for. The large mouth bass is not a stream fish—though it is often found in the streams. Of their own accord, in a native state, it is highly doubtful if a large mouth bass would live in running water if still water—lake water—was to be had. Exactly the opposite is true of the small mouth bass as it prefers the streams, the running water—though found, it is true, in abundance in various lake waters. It is entirely a matter of environment, and bass often have to take what sort of water "they can lay hands on."

If large mouths are planted in a stream they must perforce make the best of it, but if there are any pools, mill ponds, and so forth along that stream there you will find them, the instinct in them guiding them to deeper, stiller waters. Large mouths in the streams feed on live flies, the same as the small mouths and are often taken on artificial flies. Below dams, mill ponds and so forth the large mouth bass are found and where the water is not too deep the flies will do the work.

It is exceedingly doubtful if the bass (either the small mouth or the large mouth) believe that the large artificial fly in the water is really a fly and take it for that reason, so

believing it. I have understood the assertion to be made that they take them to be the very food they daily fare upon: such as helgramite, minnows and small crabs (when they are in the soft shell stage). Anything that moves in the water with an appearance of animation at once interests the bass. He is a strange fellow that way. There are artificial minnows that have no appearance to anything living: walking, creeping or swimming, and yet because of the original method of creating an appearance of animation the bass could not withstand the desire to seize it; an impulse that generally is the undoing of that fish. So it is in the case of the artificial flies. No doubt the bass take them to be something that is native to their watery domain, on which they daily feed. However, far be it from that the bass do not feed on small fare as well as large. When we give ourselves up to speculating on bass fishing and what the bass feed upon we believe that nothing short of frogs and minnows are the means of staying off its hunger. And while bass (both kinds) do feed largely on such fare, still, if the stomach contents of any bass were studied one will find at times a great variety of insect fare, some even minute. Every angler has witnessed the days in the early summer when a hatch is on, how the bass and the sunfishes are inshore in the evening, rising everywhere to catch the winged ones. The artificial fly under these circumstances will be far more successful than the plug, merely for the reason that the fish, as one, have concentrated their attention on insects and seem to take them to the exclusion of all other fare.

In June along the lake shores use the artificial flies and you will have singular luck. I base this saying not on any elaborate theories but on actual experience.

Say some evening the natural flies are falling to the face of the waters. The fish are rising. You steal down to a quiet nook and from concealment you cast lightly out to where you saw the last big bass rise. Always spot your rising fish. Count on that he makes the biggest splash in the water; he sends out bigger circles from the spot in question. Well that is the fish you should aim to get. It is like "fishing the rise" in dry fly fishing. You have your fish spotted and that is the one you want. You move your flies craftily in the water with twitches of the rod tip allowing the flies to sink a matter of six inches under the surface. You will not always have a strike. Most of the time you will not. But there is always the chance held out that you

will get the fish you are after. Fly casting for bass in the month of June (or even July for that matter) extends away into the dusk, up to nine and even ten o'clock, for it is amazing yet nevertheless true that bass are then feeding at their best, and in those times are after flies that fall to the surface. Then, in the dusk, it is so harder for them to distinguish the live fly from the artificial fly (that is well cast to the surface) that a rise is, two times out of three, almost a certainty. In one of my syndicate articles to the *New York Sun* I stated the case of fly casting for bass quite frankly. I wrote:

"Personally I see no reason why the small mouth should be more avid for the artificial flies than the large mouths. The truth of the matter is that we are prone to use flies almost entirely on the former and live bait and plugs almost entirely on the latter. Those who deviate from this fixed rule are certainly exceptions. However, were flies as generally used on the large mouths, with some show of skill and innate understanding of the habits of fishes, I am sure success would be, not the exception to the rule, but rather a common thing. This is not supposing anything at all; but is based on experience; not of myself alone but many anglers that I have known, personally and through correspondence. If anglers would as persistently ply the artificial flies for the two basses as they do the wooden bait casting rod with the plugs they would have equally as good luck as with the common plugs and casting rod; and to catch one bass on fine tackle is greater to be desired than the catching of many bass *via* clumsy methods, which have, in this day of commercialism, fallen to the level of hand-lining. I am making an assertion that if the average plug caster has one strike in fifty casts he is doing well; that is to say, in fishing much-cast-over waters. The fish in the wild waters can never really be taken as the test of one's skill for they, in their inexperience, are as likely as not to be fascinated by any lure that you cast to them."

In another magazine with a very large circulation I made another statement in line with the above that it will not be amiss to quote. As follows:

"Undoubtedly the over-zealous plug casters have done more to frighten the fishes of the lakes into wisdom and caution than any other one thing applicable to our civilization. Where the understanding man would not think of placing a plug in a pocket more than one or two times before he moves on, the energetic

caster would not think of ceasing until he has plumbed the depths of that innocent pocket six to ten times at least. Just what the bass must think of this bombardment we do not know, but the bass that thinks this persistently dropping plug to be a food proposition was certainly born on the wrong side of the nest. The nine basses out of ten that fishermen think are such fools learn to ignore this persistently dropping plug with the result that, in well-fished waters this type of lure becomes more or less of no importance, owing mainly to its being over-worked.'

Right after a warm, light-sprinkling rain, then is the time to try your flies on the large mouths. The morning we will say has been balmy; the skies are clouded over; it begins to rain. The bass and the large sunfishes will now move inshore. The coming of the rain means that insects will be washed down from the trees. Every rill or rivulet that dribbles into the lake along the shore is liable to carry worms, caterpillars and such into the water. Where there is a stream flowing into a lake you may almost be sure to see the large bass coming in to its mouth to pick up the food material that comes with it. At once begin to ply the rod and remain as much as possible in concealment. You will now note the bass so close to shore that their backs will even be thrust over the surface. One may now stand on the shore and cast up-shore and thus be concealed from the eyes of the bass further up. Best of all are these warm drizzle hours in the midst of leafy June. Some of the little streams that flow into a lake have a current strong enough to carry that stream far out into the still lake waters. Cast into the riffles thus made and let your flies be carried along out into the lake. Out they go, and

then they strike the calmer waters. Now begin to move them. Where the calm waters meet with the more forcible waters there you will find the fish in wait. Now alone are flies used. The bucktail hair "flies" are also used with great success. When these buckhair flies are moved in the water the individual hairs wriggle in a manner that the bass consider very enticing. Sometimes a silver or nickel plated spinner of a small size used in collaboration with your fly will work in very nicely; it is an added attraction; and especially where the water is a trifle murky through the water washing mud into the lake the spinner added to the fly will throw the twinkle through the water that will serve to entice the mighty.

As the dusk settles on the water, or even as twilight comes on, change to slightly larger flies than those you would use in the daylight hours, the reason of course being obvious; the larger flies will be the easier seen in the water. Any of the standard regulation flies will do; the Black Gnat, the Professor, the Queen of the Waters, the Grizzly King, the Hackles and the Palmers—all of these are good ones to use on the bass, and work well. For fishing in the day hours do not use large flies. Try the Number 6, then. When using the standard size bass fly in the dusk, then use only one fly; but in the day hours two flies may be used on a suitable leader length when those flies are small. In fishing along the shore with the fly rod do not whip the waters till they groan in agony, as some fly casters do. *Watch where the fish are rising or are moving around and then cast accurately aiming to get a fish that has just risen!*

Profits in Fur Farming

TODD AND MOORE

ALL authorities agree that the supply of wild furs will diminish from year to year with the marvelous expansion of civilization, and fur farmers are beginning to realize more than ever before that the trappers' disadvantage is their advantage. The time is at hand to make fur farming one of the greatest industries in the world. Because civilization is driving fur-bearing animals further back in each succeeding year, and because an increase in population and

an increase in wealth call for more, and yet more furs, and make their purchase possible—for these reasons alone there has been, and is, a decrease in the available number of fur-bearing animals. To catch these and to market their pelts has meant increasing expense, and increasing cost to the trapper and dealer and manufacturer, merchant and buyer.

The day is near when the bulk of the world's supply of better grades of fur will come from

ranches, properly located, properly stocked and properly managed. It has been established that the rearing of Silver Black Foxes in captivity is a permanent, practicable and profitable business. The industry of fox Farming has come to stay, and to grow steadily in importance; for, in a natural way, it meets increasing demands, not for today only, but for the future.

To the truth of these claims there is evidence within easy reach. Fur Ranches are open to inspection and close study. The business is done in the open, there are no secrets pertaining to the raising of foxes, they are as easy to raise as dogs, poultry, etc. Fox ranches are now established in most of the Canadian Provinces also in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Oregon, Washington and Alaska.

The amount of capital to finance a Ranch today, depends not only on the number of animals, but on the quality with which you start. There are exceptional Silver Foxes in captivity today that could not be purchased for any price, foxes that have produced for their owners \$3000 and even \$4000 worth of fur in a single season. The best quality foxes can be purchased today from \$1500 to \$2000 a pair, these are animals that will produce a high grade of fur. Cheaper stock can be purchased as low as \$900 and \$1000 a pair, good profits can be derived from foxes of this quality. I am fully convinced that good profits can be made from raising Cross and even Red foxes at the prices of Furs on the market today. Taking one pair of good quality Silver Black Foxes the total expense would be figured out as follows:

Cost To Raise One Litter Of Pups.

One pair of good quality Silver Blacks....	\$ 1,500
a pair.	
One pen twenty by forty, Kennel, Guard Fence, etc.....	200
Feeding for one year (about).....	25
Total	\$ 1,725

This pair should give an average litter of four pups which should be worth nothing less than \$1600, whether sold as breeding stock or killed for their pelts. The average pups from a prolific strain of foxes, should be about four, sometimes they have even five and six, I have seen as high as ten litters with six pups in each. One rancher claims to have raised as high as nine and ten in one litter. I have never seen this although it may be quite true; when starting in the business do not build (castles in the air), if you average four pups or even three you will be making big money. The average fox will live from eleven to fifteen years. The female is productive usually for nine or ten years. Black foxes bred in captivity always breed true to color never reverting to the red or patch fox.

Over eight hundred live foxes were exported to U.S.A. from Canada, in 1919 all of these foxes to be kept for breeding purposes. Some people fear overproduction in the fur market. This keeps a number from entering the fox business, this is due to the fact that they are not thoroughly posted on the fur business. Canada and U.S.A. together do not produce enough Silver Fox furs to supply the demand in New York City alone, and bear in mind after we supply U. S. A. we must also supply Europe.



Forms and Properties of Mushrooms

T. WARE



AMANITA VERNA (natural size), deadly poison

I collected this mushroom in C. Farrow's woods on the 21st. August 1919.

It is a pure white species in form, very much resembling (*A. phalloides*) and is by some students considered only a white form of that mushroom and on account of its pure whiteness together with its deadly poisonous quality it has earned the common name of "destroying angel."

There is a large volva or death cup at the base as in (*A. phalloides*) and if due precaution is taken and the plants dug up not pulled they need not be mistaken for any common edible sorts.

Proposed Fish Hatchery at Sault Ste. Marie

THE claims of Sault Ste. Marie for a fish hatchery voiced for quite a number of years, are at last apparently to bear fruit. During the past few weeks nearly every organization in the city and district, including the Independent Labor Party, Board of Trade, Great War Veterans, Rotary Club, City Council, etc., have passed strong resolutions dealing with the necessity of action by the Government, and at a very recent meeting the Anglers' Association, whose mission it is to promote the propagation of food and game fish in the district, elected a representative list of officers, having been assured that a request from it for a hatchery would likely be approved and the appropriation for the institution included in this year's estimates. The meeting was very largely attended, and the election of officers resulted as follows:

Honorary President—Judge F. Stone.

President—Mr. William C. Franz.

1st. Vice-President—Mr. C. T. Adams.

2nd. Vice-President—Mr. George Montgomery.

Secretary and Treasurer—Mr. Andrew Elliot.

The executive committee elected consists of the five officers above named and the following; Messrs. J. McEwan, G. E. Richardson, B. Harris, J. Noble, A. G. Knowles, P. V. Symes, H. C. Morris, H. J. Herrold, E. Millward.

Judge Stone, the President, is an ardent angler, and since locating in the Sault has always been an advocate of improved conditions in respect to good fish. Mr. Franz is President of the Algoma Steel Company, and has always taken a keen interest in the natural resources of the district. Mr. Adams, is another keen angler, who has done much to create interest in rod and line. Mr. Montgomery is president of the Algoma Central Railway, which runs north from the Sault through a virgin fish and game country, and he, too, is an advocate of the re-stocking of all streams and lakes in the district which have become depleted of fish. Mr. Elliott, the secretary, need not be introduced among anglers of Algoma. Probably there is not a more faithful or more worthy disciple of the immortal Izaak on the continent of America. The Anglers' Association feels that with Magistrate Elliot and Judge Stone on the list of officials, offenders of the game and fisheries law will be "up against" the real thing, inas-

much as every member of the Association is expected to assume the duties of an unpaid game warden upon joining.

The following resolution was passed at the meeting:

"Whereas owing to increasing prices of the necessities of life, the importance of fish as a substantial portion of the available food supply of the people of this city and district, has become a question of urgent and vital significance to the public generally.

"And whereas the stock of food and game fish in the waters of Lake Superior, and in the rivers, lakes and streams tributary thereto, has become seriously depleted, by reason of the large quantities taken for export and home consumption, and as incidental to the extensive lumbering and mining operations carried on throughout the territory lying south of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway across Northern Ontario.

"And whereas it is of vital importance to the citizens of Sault Ste. Marie, and the inhabitants of the Province of Ontario generally, that the supply of food and game fish in the waters of Lake Superior be maintained and increased by every means within the powers of the Government of the Province of Ontario.

"And whereas the St. Mary's River and Rapids present many ideal locations for a fish hatchery located at or near the City of Sault Ste. Marie, as furnishing the most effective means and method of obtaining and increasing the supply of food and game fish in the waters above mentioned.

"Therefore be it resolved (a) That this association hereby respectfully and humbly petitions the Government of the Province of Ontario to establish and erect a fish hatchery at some suitable point in or adjacent to the City of Sault Ste. Marie, at the earliest possible date, for the purpose of preserving, propagating and increasing the available supply of food and game fish in the waters of Lake Superior and in the rivers, streams and lakes tributary thereto.

(b) That a duly certified copy of this resolution be handed to the Honorable James Bertram Cunningham, Esquire, M.P.P., for the Electoral District of Sault Ste. Marie, with the request that he presents same to the Honorable the Minister of Game and Fisheries for Ontario, and use all his power and influence to persuade the Government to speedily undertake and carry to successful completion.

the work of erecting a fish hatchery as above indicated."

The announced objects of the Anglers' Association are:

1. To use every available influence and means to procure the establishment at Sault Ste. Marie of a Dominion or Provincial Fish Hatchery, and thus maintain and increase the supply of food and game fish in the waters on the North shore of Lake Superior, the St. Mary's River, and in the lakes, rivers and streams adjacent to the Algoma Central & Hudson Bay Railway.

2.—To advertise the City of Sault Ste. Marie, as headquarters for fishing parties and tourists who appreciate the pleasures of holiday outings among the mountains, lakes and rivers which abound in the territory along the North shore of Lake Superior and within easy reach by the Algoma Central & Hudson Bay Railway, and Steamship lines.

3.—To educate public opinion as to the importance both from local and national standpoints, of increasing the supply of food and game fish in the inland waters of Canada; and especially in the local waters of Lake Superior and the rivers and streams tributary thereto.

4.—To assist all officials interested in the due observance of the provisions of The Ontario Game and Fisheries Act.

5.—To foster and encourage the sport of taking fish by angling, with rod and line.

While the district surrounding the Sault abounds in lakes and rivers, which annually attract many tourists to whom a wild and rugged country abounding in fish appeals, quite

a percentage of the waters have been depleted of fish by unscrupulous lumbermen and others who have been known to net and dynamite lakes where sufficient fish could have been secured by rod and line to satisfy their needs. It is the intention from now on to keep a sharp eye on men of this stamp, and to watch as well campers and others who come into the country and abuse the privileges extended to them. Up to the present time the fishermen on this side of the river have been compelled to depend upon the Michigan Sault Fish Hatchery, for any assistance in re-stocking. The Americans have planted in the river here, (in fact did so some 12 years ago), the Rainbow trout of British Columbia, and these have grown to such size that, at the present time, it is not an uncommon thing to take them up to ten and twelve pounds in weight, while the speckled-trout of the lakes and rivers run up to five pounds, and have been caught by rod and line up to seven pounds. The Rainbow trout have now found their way into the waters tributary to the North Shore of Lake Superior, and have been caught as far as 40 miles from the Sault. It shows what a fish hatchery could do in the district, and it is to be hoped that everything will be done to carry the proposed plan into effect. The gentlemen backing this proposition should be congratulated on the interest they are taking in this important matter. The watchword of the future for Canada as regards its woods and waters, wild life and fishes should be preservation and conservation in its full, modern meaning. A well-equipped hatchery at this convenient point would be all that could be desired."

U. S. Government Reports 178 Convictions

UNDER date of November 14, 1919 the Biological Survey of U. S. reports that up to that time 488 cases of violation of the Migratory Bird Treaty Act had been turned over to the Department of Justice for prosecution and that 178 convictions had already been secured. We think this is a very creditable showing considering the limited number of wardens the Bureau had at its disposal.

Since that date Mr. George A. Lawyer, Chief United States Game Warden, has been in every section of the United States inter-

viewing applicants for the position of United States Game Warden and choosing suitable men to fill these positions. Mr. Lawyer says that by the time this note is published his organization will be completed and in the field looking after the violators. With the additional wardens and deputy wardens appointed, it is expected that most of the gunners who think they can slip out a time or two and fool Uncle Sam will find themselves in trouble and stamped with the stigma of having been prosecuted in the Criminal Court of the United States.

A. G. P. A. Bulletin.



The Game that is always in Season

—the birds are always on the wing at the gun club. Clean, wholesome, exhilarating sport is always awaiting the trap shooter—a compelling, manly sport that keeps the nerve steady, trains the eye and brings the shooter face to face with real men.

Get into the game today. Get out in the open, away from the grind, away from the dull routine of business. Spend an hour at the gun club and then go back to business the next day—a new man, physically and mentally.

This “sport alluring” is made complete if you use

Dominion Shot Shells

the ammunition that assures satisfaction to the trap shooter or sportsman. Every Dominion Shot Shell is steel re-inforced and guarantees the fullest protection to the face and eyes of the shooter. Insist on this when buying trap loads—whether you want Canuck, Sovereign or Regal.

The big “D” trademark insures dependable shot shells for all purposes. Look for it on the box.

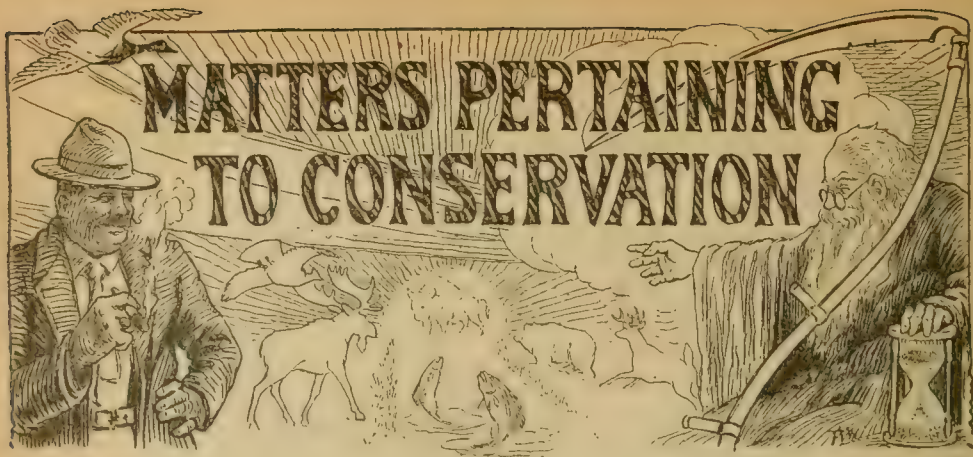
Dominion Cartridge Co., Limited

Head Office, Montreal
Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver
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If there is no gun club in your town, write us. We will help you organize one.





Raising of Fur-bearers, Other Than Foxes

DR. NED DEARBORN

AMONG the many interesting papers presented at the recent fur industry and wild life conference in Montreal, under the auspices of the Commission of Conservation, was one by Dr. N. Dearborn, of the United States Biological Survey, on "Rearing of Fur-bearers other than Foxes." As space permits, a number of the papers will be printed, through the courtesy of the Commission of Conservation. Dr. Dearborn's paper was as follows:

Dr. N. Dearborn: Mr. Chairman, I assure you that it is a distinct pleasure for me to be here today. I come as a learner more than as an instructor—and I am really getting some useful information.

Reference has been made to our experimental fur farm and to the fact that a similar farm, perhaps more than one, may be established in Canada. For the benefit of whoever may fall heir to the job in Canada I want to make a few remarks concerning what we have done and what we have attempted to do leaving it to you to see what we have failed to do. This is aside from the topic assigned me—I take it up incidentally.

When we began only in 1916, a great deal of progress had been made in fur farming with silver foxes. We attempted at that time to experiment not with silver foxes but with some of the other animals. Our position was not so very different from that of the man who gets out of bed in the dark in a strange house and tries to find something; we were in a field which was largely unknown. It was interesting, of course; there was a great

deal to be found out, but from the very nature of the case we were bound to have misadventures. Still, I feel abundantly satisfied with what has been accomplished. The Department of Agriculture receives a great many questions every year on a multitude of subjects—questions relating to the trapping, farming, and so on, of fur-bearing animals: and the work which we undertook to do at the Experimental Fur Farm was largely in response to these inquiries. One man wants to know, for instance, all about skunks—how to raise them: how to feed them: how to remove the scent sacs; and so on—and there make similar inquiries with regard to minks and raccoons. So in an honest endeavour to ascertain the facts we started out in 1916 on an abandoned farm in northern New York, up in the foothills of the Adirondacks. It must be a good fur country, because the man in charge told me the other day that for one solid month this winter the thermometer had not gone above ten below zero. The location of the farm, therefore, is probably all right.

We have had on that farm minks, martens, fishers, skunks, blue foxes and raccoons. The raccoons we have not had very long: the others we have had three or four years. What I have to say in regard to farming animals other than foxes—and I think the title of this address as given on your programme should be "Rearing of Fur Bearers other than Silver Foxes"—is based on my observations at our experimental fur farm, as well as in my own backyard before the farm was established.

First, as to blue foxes. You all know that



This is the sign that identifies dealers showing the Eveready Daylo \$10,000 Contest Picture. Look for this sign on dealers' windows

\$3,000.00
for Somebody. YOU?

THREE thousand dollars in cash for one person; a thousand dollars for another; five hundred for each of three other people and ninety-nine other cash prizes from two hundred to ten dollars. *Ten thousand dollars* in all! How much for **YOU?**

This latest Eveready Daylo Contest will break all contest records. Anyone may enter—it costs nothing; there is no obligation of any kind. Men, women, boys and girls all have equal chances for any of the 104 cash prizes.

On June 1st, Daylo dealers throughout the United States and Canada will display the new Daylo Contest Picture in their windows. Go to the store of a Daylo dealer and study the picture. Secure a contest blank, which the dealer will give you, and write on it what you think the letter says. Use 12 words or less. For the best answer that conforms to the contest rules, the winner will receive \$3,000.00 in cash.

Get an early look at the picture. Submit as many answers as you wish. Contest blanks are free at all Daylo dealers.

All answers must be mailed before midnight, August 1st, 1920.



1 First Prize.....	\$3,000.00
1 Second Prize.....	1,000.00
3 Prizes—\$500.00 each.	1,500.00
4 Prizes—\$250.00 each.	1,000.00
5 Prizes—\$200.00 each.	1,000.00
10 Prizes—\$100.00 each.	1,000.00
10 Prizes—\$ 50.00 each.	500.00
20 Prizes—\$ 25.00 each.	500.00
50 Prizes—\$ 10.00 each.	500.00

104 Prizes Total \$10,000.00

Answers will be judged by the editors of "LIFE" and contestants must abide by their judgment.

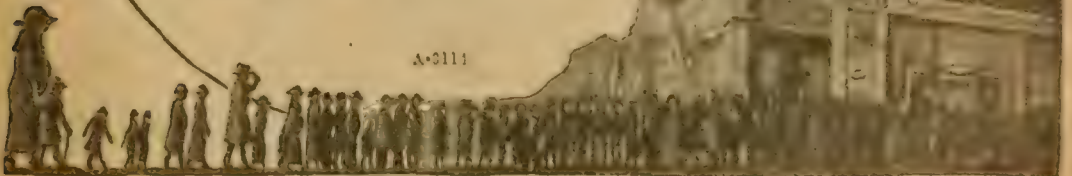
If two or more contestants submit the identical answer selected by the judges for any prize, the full amount of the prize will be paid to each.

Contest begins June 1, 1920, and ends Midnight, August 1, 1920. Postmarks on letters will determine if letter was mailed before close of contest.

Answers must contain not more than 12 words. Hyphenated words count as one word.

Complete Contest Rules are printed on Contest Blank. Ask Daylo dealers for them.

A-3111



blue foxes have been introduced into Prince Edward Island and into two or three of the States, experimentally, to see what could be done with them. A few have succeeded in breeding them, but as a rule they have been failures. I believe that in the Zoological Park at Washington they did raise four or five litters in succeeding years, but beyond that they did not raise very many. Blue foxes have been raised a few times in Prince Edward Island.

Well, our experience with them has been



Dr. Dearborn

this: These foxes came from St. George Island, one of the Pribilofs, and were as good blue foxes, I suppose, as lived out-of-doors. From the reports of recent sales of blue fox skins I observe that the skins of foxes from that Island brought more than the skins from elsewhere. But the foxes were pretty well loaded with parasites when we got them—lice and intestinal worms.

The first two or three years of our fur farming work were devoted mainly to construction work and organization. We had animals up there and our main job was, on a small appropriation, to get the place in con-

dition to do business—that is, to experiment with the animals. Now, we found our blue foxes, as I have said, subject to parasites, although not more so than other foxes up there. I do not know whether they brought hook worms with them or not: if they did not, they acquired them somewhere on the way. So that so far as parasites are concerned, blue foxes are practically the same as silvers.

Our blue foxes bred in two instances. We had two families in one year that produced a litter each, one of six and another of ten. Through bad luck or bad management we lost them both. Blue foxes have a habit—it may not be so with all blue foxes, but it was the case with ours, and it was noted also on the Islands from which these foxes came—of producing the young on the surface of the ground and later carrying them into some den or crevice. Our old blue-fox that had the litter of ten had them in the only hollow place there was in the whole yard, and before morning came a shower that filled the hollow place and drowned the young ones. But the fact has been established that blue foxes will breed when fed on very ordinary food. We fed these foxes on horsemeat, partly raw and partly cooked. We also fed them a good deal of mush, whole wheat, oatmeal, a little cornmeal with milk: and they did very well on that diet. That is all I can tell you at present about blue foxes. We still have some and we are still learning something about them. It is apparent that they will breed on an eastern ranch and that they are subject to parasites. It is very likely not practicable to raise them in many of the eastern places, but I do think that they may be raised along the coast, for they are natural beach combers. They live in the coastal regions, as a rule, during the spring and fall and winter, and on these Pribilof Islands they are, of course, on the beach all the time and they get a good deal of sea food. So that to anyone who is inclined to experiment with blue foxes I offer the suggestion that he carry on the operations where he can get fish as well as horsemeat: he may with advantage vary these two foods with mush and milk.

In the Aleutian chain and also in the gulf of Alaska there are a number of islands on which foxes have been produced—not in ranches, and without very much attention—for a considerable number of years. I know of one man who sent to market last fall two hundred blue fox skins which netted him about \$120 a piece. These foxes were not raised under fence: they were simply turned



BACK in the old days—"goin' fishing" required little preparation aside from a "can o' worms" and a cane pole. They were great days though—days which now live only in memory, but which are often referred to as "The Days of Real Sport."

However, those days are not really gone. Time has but changed our angling methods. Nowadays, they're "The Days of *Reel Sport*"—the days of going after game-fish with the proper tackle, such as is shown here.

Send for "The Days of Real Sport"

Our book "The Days of Real Sport" illustrated by Briggs, the cartoonist, relates a real, live, red-blooded story of boyhood fishing days. Gives valuable, tried hints and suggestions on game-fishing, and shows the complete line of *South Bend Quality Tackle*. A postal brings it to you **FREE**.

South Bend Tackle Sold by All Live Dealers.

South Bend Buck-Tail Weedless Spinner No. 565W



South Bend Bass-Oreno No. 973RH

SOUTH BEND BAIT CO.

8288 High St.

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loose on three or four islands. I am not able to say whether or not they were fed, but I think there was a keeper who saw that no poaching was done. On some of the islands the blue foxes are fed with salmon caught in the summer time and dried, and with refuse from some of the canneries. I know one canning concern on Kodiak Island some of whose stockholders are interested in a fox farm. These people are utilizing for the feeding of the foxes what had been not only a waste but a nuisance, namely the heads of salmon: and they are very well satisfied with the results. I anticipate that in the Alaskan region there will in the future be a more general utilization of waste products from the canneries for this purpose. Perhaps you know that heretofore these waste products have been thrown into the water. They sink to the bottom, and toward the end of the canning season, when the steamer comes in, this offensive mess is turned up from the bottom and the result is most unpleasant, to say the least.

A convenient way of handling blue foxes on these islands is by means of feeding houses. Of course, I refer now to those islands on which the foxes are systematically fed. Small log cabins six or eight feet square are constructed along the beach and a boat comes around with the feed and distributes it in each of these cabins. Usually the cabin is placed on a slope and the entrance for the fox is about four feet from the ground. The entrance for the fox is very easy from the higher part of the slope to the cabin. He comes on a little platform, goes through the hole in the wall on to another platform which is inside the cabin: then he goes down some steps and gets to where the food is. The foxes become accustomed to that and perhaps twenty or thirty of them will get in one of these little cabins in the course of a night. When the time comes for taking the pelts the keeper simply goes inside, takes down that little inclined plane, and pushes over the button which holds the platform. When the fox gets inside and out on this platform, just past the middle of it, the platform tips over and drops the fox to the bottom: then the platform rights itself. The keeper having taken away the ladder on which the fox usually returns to the platform and thence outside, the fox has to remain in the cabin and is there when the keeper comes around in the morning. Sometimes he finds that twenty or thirty have accumulated during the night: he can select the ones that he wants to kill for

pelts and let the rest go, first taking advantage of the opportunity to brand them, if he sees fit, in order that he may know the ones that he has caught and examined when he sees them again.

Blue fox pelts are worth two or three hundred dollars apiece in favourable localities: therefore the blue fox is worthy of some attention. By the way, one ranch that I know of is in southeastern Alaska, where the climate is practically the same as that of British Columbia. The ranch to which I refer is at Sumdum, not very far from Juno.

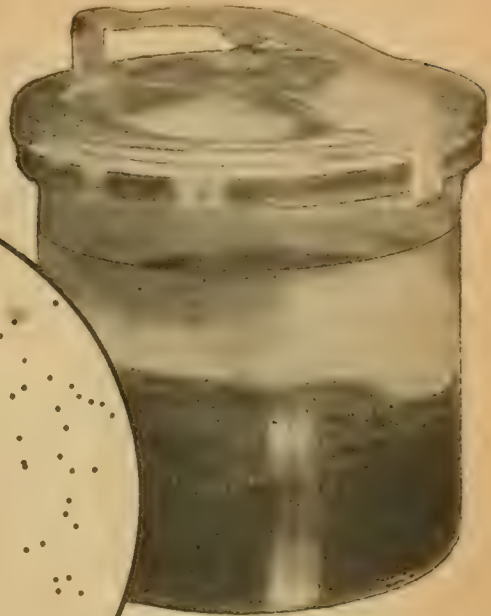
So far as I know, the first fur bearer to be domesticated in America was the little mink. Minks were held in confinement in New York State sixty years ago. That was during the Civil War period, when prices were high and it was profitable to raise minks for fur. Mainly, however, they were sold then, as now, for breeding stock. Now, my experience with minks—and I have had quite a lot of it during the last six or seven years—is simply this, in a nutshell. Anyone who lives along the coast where he is sure to be able to get fish regularly may undertake to raise minks with good hope of success. But unless one can get fresh meat and fresh fish for them all the time, he had better not try it. They will live on mush and milk for a considerable period, but if that diet is not varied they are pretty certain to die after a while of one trouble or another, generally of degenerated kidneys. The effects of anything but fresh meat and fresh fish are, in the long run, deleterious.

Minks are readily tamed, and they make rather interesting animals to have around the place. I was in Seattle a little while ago, and I happened to be in a furrier's warehouse which was filled with skins. The man inside said; "Come around here: I want to show you something." We went into a large room about the size of this one: the man called, "Billie, Billie, Billie," and pretty soon a handsome mink came out to see what he had. Billie was caught wild last spring before he was very large. He was brought in there and had been fed all summer with food alternating from one day to another—chicken heads one day and smelts the next—and he was as handsome a mink as I ever saw. He had absolutely no desire to go away from that warehouse. The same man had another mink, but he was somewhat different from Billie, because when he got a chance to leave he took advantage of it and they never saw anything more of him.

There is this to be said, however, about



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minks: After they have been kept in confinement a while they do become somewhat attached to their quarters, and repeatedly they have been known to come back to their dens after having escaped. I think that is mainly because they find it easier to get food at home than abroad. I have known other animals to do the same thing: I shall have something to say on that point a little later.

If one wants to keep minks he can do it on a very small piece of land. I have seen minks handled successfully in a cage four feet square with a nail keg as a den—all covered over with leaves in winter, of course. I know one man—he is in Canadian territory, by the way, up in Yukon—who raised minks for several years—he may be doing it yet: I do not know—in little cages four feet square, three sides and bottom, just one side with netting. I have used a cage made entirely of one inch mesh, No. 16 gauge poultry netting, four feet by eight, about sixteen inches high. That was the runway: the den was made of boards outside. Minks are susceptible to cold, and when the cold weather comes on they must be very warmly housed. They can run around outside at any time, for that matter, but when they are sleeping or inactive they must be in a warm place. It is always desirable, if not absolutely necessary, to have a double-walled den for them. Have a small box ten or twelve inches square inside of one that is about six or eight inches larger in every dimension, and pack the intervening space full of leaves, sawdust or some non-conductor. If something of this kind is not done the animals are likely to get pneumonia when the first cold snap comes at the beginning of winter. Minks are not troubled very much by parasites: yet I have found a number of the animals affected in this way. One of the advantages of a fur farm is that we are able to make the most of everything that happens. When an animal dies we go over him thoroughly, looking for parasites and evidences of disease. That is the way in which we are getting together the material that people who are interested most appreciate, because it helps them to know how to take care of their animals.

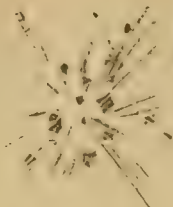
We have found a few cases of tapeworms in minks. We have also run across a number of instances of flukes—flat, dark-coloured worms—in the lungs of minks: and the mink is the only fur bearing animal in which we have found them. There is also a slender, round worm that we have found recently around the eyes of two or three specimens of

minks. We have not seen in captivity a mink troubled with botflies, but an examination which I made of a collection of skulls in the National Museum disclosed the fact that some minks are attacked by a kind of botfly, which operates somewhat after the fashion of the gad fly: the eggs are apparently laid in the nostril of the animal and the young larvae make their way from inside the head to the frontal sinus and there live out a portion of their life before they are ready to mature. I do not know of any other parasites that we have observed in connection with the minks.

I would say finally that minks are less hardy in confinement than any other fur animal with which I have had experience. But they will live and they will breed—we have bred them repeatedly. We have found, however, that it is necessary to give them fresh food—fresh meat and fresh fish, and not too much of it. I need make no attempt to raise minks unless I am in a place where I can get fresh fish and chicken heads or other kinds of fresh meat—horse-meat will do—and have this kind of food available to them all the time.

Now, as to martens. We have had martens for the last five or six years and we find them hardy in confinement as compared with the minks. They live well, and they tame rather readily if one takes the pains to tame them. By the way, I know that fox farmers do not care to have their animals tamed: and perhaps those who are rearing other fur bearers think similarly. But if you do want to tame an animal, put him in a place where he cannot hide, where he cannot get out of your sight. You will tame an animal in a short time if you put him in a small cage where he cannot get in such a position that he is out of sight of you.

We find the martens tractable enough, as I say: but one trouble is that they will not breed—and that is bad enough, isn't it? The fact that they will not breed we attribute to lack of exercise. The marten in wild state is an exceedingly agile creature—spry enough to chase a red squirrel right through the trees and catch him—and it naturally gets quite a lot of exercise. The stomachs of wild martens have been examined—perhaps you know, by the way; that the Biological Survey was started as an institution for studying wild birds and animals all over the country. We have had men all over the United States, also in Mexico and Canada, picking up specimens of birds and mammals, saving their skins and skulls and examining their stomachs. Although the wild marten feeds largely on mice



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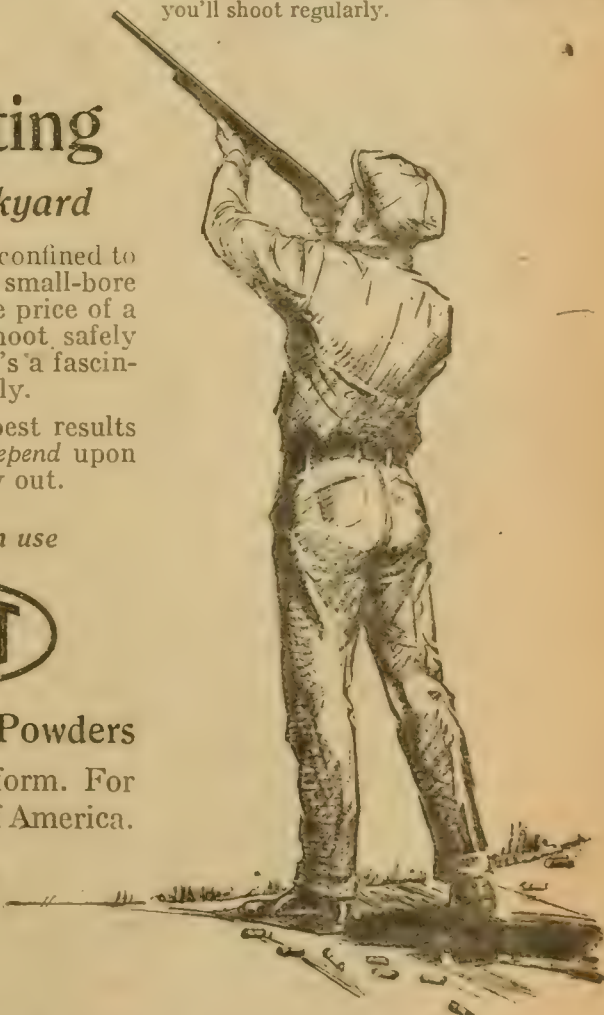


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and squirrels, he will fill up on insects when he gets a chance. A few years ago one of our men in Oregon found the stomach of a marten full of mole crickets, a hard-shelled insect that lives in the ground. Somehow this marten must have got hold of the crickets and proceeded to make a meal off them. So they are not confined to one particular type of diet: they live very well on mush and milk. But my observation is that they live too easily—at least, I assume that is the case and will do so until I find out something else. They come out of their dens promptly when they are fed: they fill up, and just as promptly go back to sleep again. If I or anyone else can devise some method of keeping these fellows at work for their living—or for fun: it doesn't matter—they will be more likely to breed. We have never been able to get martens to breed, although as I say they live very nicely and are not troubled with disease: that is, no two animals, so far as I know, have died of the same disease. Of course, during the six years that we have had them we have lost some: losses are bound to occur at times.

What I have said about martens applies with equal force to fishers. The fisher, as you know, is a very excellent fur animal, the skins being worth two or three hundred dollars apiece. The fisher is an animal nearly as large as the fox. The fur is very much more durable than that of the fox: in my opinion, the fisher is a better animal than the fox ever was. He is hardy and lives well. We had a fisher down in the Washington Zoological park: it must have lived ten years there—every summer its tail was as bare as a rat, and in winter it would hair out and live around until the following year. Three years ago we bought five fishers, and we still have four of them. But they are like the martens: they come out, eat, and then want to go back and sleep. There is no trouble about taking care of them: they tame fairly well. A keeper told me the other day that he had picked up in his hands a wild-caught animal. But they do like to sleep away the time.

Speaking about breeding, there are few people who have raised martens above one litter, though they are very good mothers if you can get them to breed. Fishers have been bred a number of times once or twice and then they would stop. Graham Brothers out here in Komoka, Ontario, bred them, two or three years and that was the end of it: they never got them started to breed again. Exercise, I think, is the main thing with them. The only way to give them exercise is to shut them

out of the dens: they will then gnaw a hole through to get in again. That is practically the only exercise we can get them to take, but we are still trying. Their food is about the same as that of the marten in confinement, and they do well on it. They get fresh meat, cooked meat, dog biscuit that we make out of whole wheat—or if we do not get whole wheat we use middlings and flour, which amount to the same thing, and ground meat, baked together and mixed with milk. That makes a wholesome, well balanced feed that they seem to enjoy. There, then, is our problem so far as the fishers and the martens are concerned; we can keep them and we are now trying to see if we can make them breed.

The skunk is kept quite extensively in captivity. You can raise skunks if you start right. The fact that their skins do not bring very much limits skunk farming to certain localities where feed is abundant and obtainable at little cost. The skunk will eat almost anything that a pig will eat: he is practically omnivorous. Skunks delight in green corn: they eat it as rapidly as a pig will. They eat anything that comes from your table—meat, mush: it all goes with the skunk. These animals may be kept cheaply: in fact, if you have to pay much for what you feed them there is nothing in the business so far as raising for fur is concerned. But if you have an hotel near at hand to which you can go for table scrap, or if you have access to a slaughter house where there are beef heads and things of that kind which are practically waste, you are all right. In the feeding of skunks one is able to utilize a good deal of what would otherwise be waste.

Skunks breed readily in confinement: they have litters of anywhere from three to six or seven. In the winter they hole up and you do not have to bother with them: so that there are some advantages in the raising of skunks. Besides, they breed true: start with star black and you get star black every time. I have never known it to fail, and I have seen a good many young ones. At the New York sales yesterday I saw a skunk skin that was a foot wide: the body of the skin was that long (indicating with hands a length of something over two feet). I had never seen a skunk skin half as big. I do not know where it came from: even the people in charge did not know. But I do know that the biggest skunks come from the region lying about Minnesota, the Dakotas, and up north in Canada. So that if anybody wants to raise skunks he will do well to get some of that big stock and cross

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them with our eastern black fellows: if he does that he will get something pretty good after a number of years. That skunk skin that I saw yesterday was a revelation to me.

We know the districts in which the best of all these wild animals are found. The softest-furred minks are found in a belt running through Nova Scotia and Maine, touching the Adirondacks and extending up to Labrador. The largest minks, three feet or so in length, are found in Alaska. The best martens, so far as I have seen, are the Labrador martens: I saw some of their kind in New York yesterday that were worth \$100 each.

No one has yet attempted to raise otters—I may say that I am simply touching on the different small fur bearers in order to clear up some questions which might arise. Otters have rarely bred in confinement. They have bred, however: I know of one litter that was produced in our Zoological Park at Washington. If anybody has a pair of otters and has any occasion to think that they have bred, just remove the male immediately: otherwise the female will probably kill him. Some years ago a loss of otters was reported in the Washington Zoological Park. In one case an otter disappeared and the authorities had no idea what had become of him. That was in the summer: about September another disappeared, and still there was no clue to the mystery. Late in January the female came out with four young ones: the keepers had no idea that there were young ones in the den. The otter takes care of her young pretty well, but it is my private opinion that in the case to which I have referred the female destroyed these other otters after she became pregnant. There may not be anything to that theory: but I would certainly separate the otters after I thought that the mating had been accomplished.

I know of one man in Minnesota who is raising raccoons. He raises from 125 to 150 every year, and he sells them, not in the form of skins, but as breeders. I do not believe that the ordinary raccoon can be raised profitably, because the skin is not a high-priced skin and the raccoon eats prodigiously. We have had some for a short time; we have not yet had an opportunity to experiment in breeding. They will breed in confinement, as you know; but I would not advise anyone to raise raccoons for fur. Neither would I advise anybody to raise opossum. I had one correspondent in Ohio who was keeping opossums in connection with his poultry. He had a lot of chickens

and he fed the waste from the chickens to the opossums. I think, however, that in his case it was a more matter of having pets than making a profit.

I noticed at the New York sales hundreds of fitch skins—the old-world fitch, which, as you know, is the ferret which we have to hunt rabbits with. The ferret, however, is a tame animal; the fitch is a wild one. For many years the raising of ferrets has been quite an industry in the town of New London, Ohio. You may be interested to hear a few words about them.

Last September in the St. Louis sales, ferret skins brought about seven dollars each—that is, the best of them. I know of one farm near New London the owner of which has about 600 ferrets and has produced about 4,000 a year. He is by all odds the biggest raiser of ferrets in that neighbourhood; but there are at least a dozen others who are in the business there. He feeds them swill, of a definite kind, of course. He runs a farm entirely for the ferrets. He keeps a number of cows, and about once a week he kills an old horse. The main food, of course, is cooked mush made of whole wheat and milk. When I went to see him I met him coming round the corner with two buckets, one in each hand, full of what I would call swill—just mush and milk—for his ferrets. He fed these animals I believe, twice a day. Somewhere from one-third to one-half of his families produced two litters a year; about one-third of all he raised were white ones. He raised that proportion because it filled the requirements of the market. Mating white with white gives him white; mating dark with dark invariably gives dark; mating dark with white gives him almost anything.

I went to see this ferret farmer especially to get some light on the mink problem. Of course, ferrets and minks differ somewhat in their habits; yet they are quite similar in build. The mink is more or less of a water animal, and the fitch is not. I reasoned that the kind of feed that would suit the ferret might be fed successfully to the mink. I tried it, but it would not work. You cannot raise minks on swill; the fact that you can raise ferrets, though, on such a diet as I have described, may be of interest.

—The animals of which I have been speaking so far are carnivorous. I should like to say a word about four of the rodents; then I shall have finished. First, the rabbit. Some of you know about rabbits, I am sure, they are raised in connection with foxes. You know

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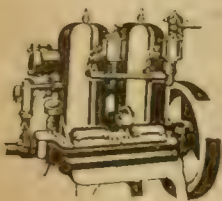
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that you cannot raise rabbits for their skins. There is not a rabbit skin in the world that has a likelihood of bringing more than fifty cents. But if you have rabbits and are killing them, it is worth while saving the skins. One of the may results of the war has been a demand for the skins of American grown rabbits. In 1915 shipping got so scarce that an embargo was placed on the importation of fur into the United States. Rabbit skins were shut out, and our hatters were faced with difficulty. By the way, the jack rabbit presents a problem to us in the Western States. Jack rabbits destroy more than they are worth of grain and hay, and some years when they are abundant we keep men out there who are poisoning them, throwing them away and letting them rot,—because there is no other way of disposing of them. We have always felt rather guilty about it. Repeatedly the question has been taken up of utilizing that fur in the making of hats. That had nothing to do, of course, with the native rabbit or any other American rabbit: but when the war came on it was a case of American rabbits or nothing—and the way these hatters went after rabbits was funny. Heretofore the best rabbit skins came from Europe, and supplementing these were the skins from Australia and New Zealand. Now there is a sale for almost any kind of rabbit skin, American as well as the rest. The skin of a little six-weeks-old rabbit is not worth very much, to be sure: but even it is worth the trouble involved in picking it up, stretching it out on a wire, and hanging it up. But not let anyone tell you that any fur bearing rabbit is worth raising for its fur, because it is not.

The beaver can probably be raised profitably in remote localities where there is timber on which they may feed. They will eat grass or almost any kind of vegetation, but in winter they are accustomed to eating the bark of trees. To raise beavers it is necessary to be near a pulp mill or paper mill, or to be in the vicinity of a railroad over which pulp can be transported: though in that case the country would be worth more as a pulp area than a beaver field.

The beaver is one of the animals which is adapted to the preserve—to the national forest or big, governmental tract, whether provincial, State or federal. It is interesting to know that beavers tame very readily, and that they will eat anything you give them in the way of vegetation or vegetable food—bread, carrots, turnips—almost anything that one has in the vegetable line. I received

a surprise at a sportsmen's show held in New York a few years ago in the month of March. During the preceding October four or five beavers of various sizes had been caught wild in New Brunswick: these were now exhibited at that show, confined by a piece of wire netting as high as this table set on edge around a portion of the show. I was looking at the beavers with a great deal of interest, when the man in charge said to me: "Get over: get over—they won't hurt you." So I got over a little closer: and the man came over with me, and picked up one of these big rascals in his arms—harmless as a pig. The beggar could bite the leg off a man if he set out to do it. The readiness with which these animals tame is engaging, to say the least. A dealer in pets who lives in Michigan caught a pair of beavers a few years ago and had a cement basin made for them in his backyard. I have seen a copy of a publication in which Mr. Jan Kowsky is shown holding up a piece of bread, and the beaver, with his paws on Mr. Kowsky's knee is eating out of his hands.

Beavers will breed in captivity. In 1915 I saw a pair of beavers in the Vancouver Zoological Park. They were confined in a small enclosure about twenty by fourteen feet, with a cement floor, and containing a box with a hole in either end. That was all there was to it. It was nothing like the woods that the beavers were originally raised in; yet they had been breeding for a number of years. If anybody wants to experiment with beavers there is a possibility that under some circumstances he may raise them. The main consideration is access to food that costs very little, because they are large animals and eat a great deal. But the best beaver skins are worth \$50 now, and that is an item.

I shall not say much about muskrats, except that they point a possible way to farming some of these lesser fur bearers. Muskrats can be bred; they tame readily and have a strong homing instinct: they will hang around a place that they are accustomed to be kept in so long as they can find something to eat. Someone picked up a muskrat in the spring a few years ago and put him in a cage near the wildcats in the Washington Zoological Park. During the summer or fall he was turned loose and put back in his native element at Rock Creek. The next morning he was back at the old cage. They did not put him in the cage: they simply fed him outside. He stayed around a few days and disappeared, and some months afterwards they found him dead in a post hole. That throws a light on one of the

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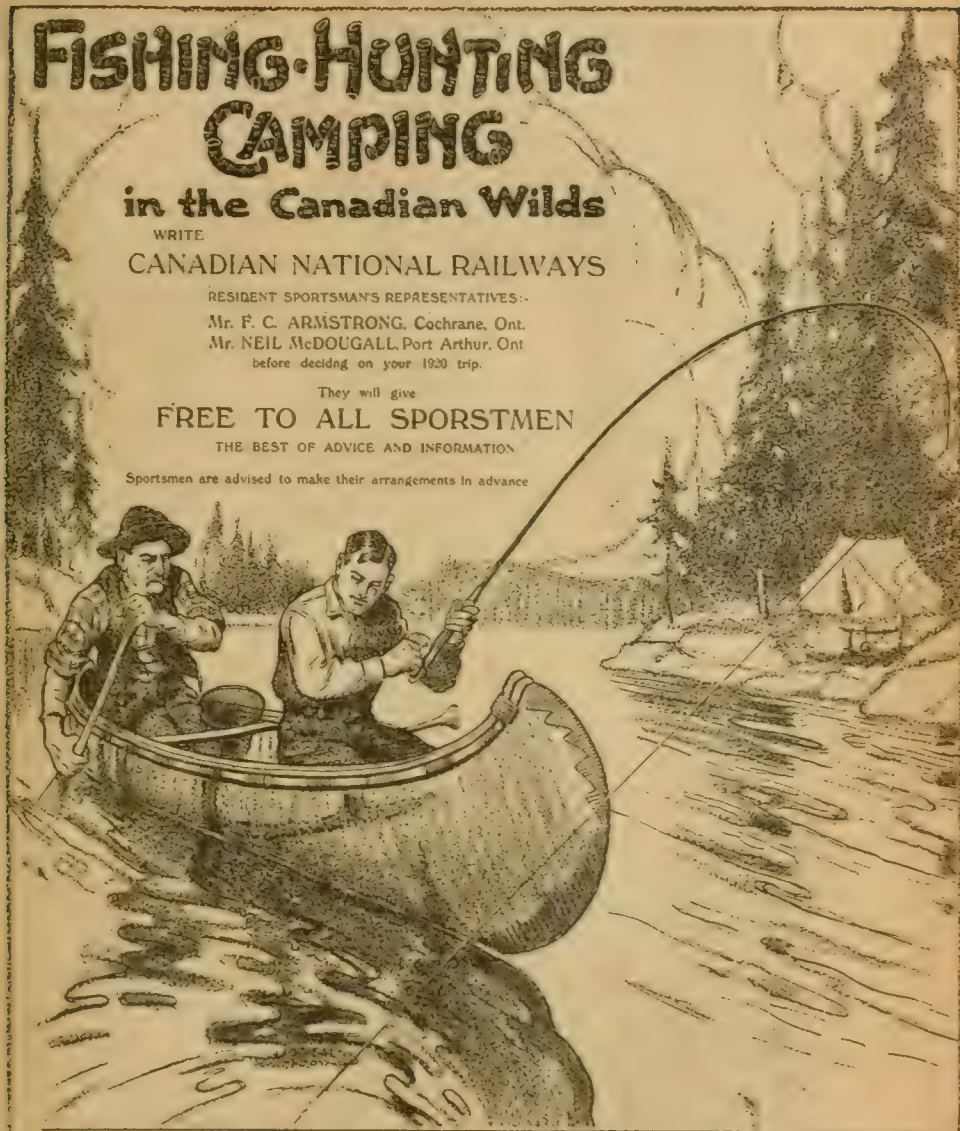
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instincts of the muskrat. Indeed, it is a characteristic that may be worked out to advantage with muskrats and with other animals as well, especially when you want to keep them in localities where you have no fencing. For muskrats you can have a marsh, provided you see that poachers are kept off; and you may find it profitable to grow vegetables, carrots, turnips and something of that sort along the shore, because muskrats will, as some people know to their cost, invade a garden and eat the corn, carrots, turnips and everything else. That happens only occasionally when the idea is suggestive.

There is a sizable possibility, not to say a probability, that skunks and perhaps raccoons and beavers can be kept on a fairly large tract of land—we will say about one hundred acres—and supplied with food, without fences. It is an experiment well worth trying; I hope to do something in that line before very long. Much depends on the appropriation available for the purpose, and as they are mighty frugal down in our country these days I may not be able to get the necessary funds.

One other animal that is spoken about a good deal is the chinchilla. Inquiries come in every once in a while about the chinchilla. I do think that it is a fairly promising animal. As you know, it has been found in South America from nearly down to sea level, toward the southern part of Chili, up to at least 17,000 feet elevation in Bolivia and Peru. So that it extends through a wide range of altitude. The difference between the climatic conditions in these various districts is, perhaps, not very great, but the weather is cold with some snow in the higher altitudes. Up in the high mountains there is not very much precipitation. But I do not see any reason why chinchillas should not be introduced into this country, particularly in the Rocky mountain region. Some of you are familiar with a recent advertisement that appeared in one of our fur papers offering chinchillas for sale. They have been bred, therefore; they have been bred in confinement in the London Zoological Park. They breed twice a year; the best skins are worth from \$60 to \$80. Chinchillas live entirely upon vegetable food.

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Joe's Otter

ALFRED O. PHILIPP

IT was golden autumn in the great city, and the call of the wild throbbed impulsively in the veins of its red-blooded men. Even lower Broadway and Wall St. felt it. In the private office of Reeves and Co. sat the head of the firm in silent meditation. Above the clicking of typewriters and the roaring of the elevated trains came the primitive call. John Reeves, Sr., heeded and his soul responded. Finally he determined to secure a few weeks' respite from wrestling with the "bulls and bears" of Wall St. by repairing to Carcajou Lake and hunting the bulls and bears of that justly famed big game region.

That night, in the usual batch of letters that left the big office, was an envelope bearing the name of Jake Smith, the famous Canadian guide.

Now, it happened that Jake Smith, who guided the financier on his previous excursions to the lake, had a large and profitable party of tourists on his hands. So after sundry letters to and fro he finally drafted Joe and I into the service of "old man Reeves," as Jake so aptly dubbed the eminent Wall St. wizard.

But I certainly cannot say that I manifested any great symptoms of joy at the prospect of having Joe Howell imposed upon me as a companion guide. For although I had never met the man he was not exactly an unknown quantity, as the trouble he had with the Game Warden the year before was small talk in the province. As the story goes, Howell shot two beaver, which are protected by law, but was caught in the act of disposing of the pelts and haled into court, where a severe penalty was imposed upon him in the way of a fine. At first it is said that he demurred, relating a ridiculous story of how he shot the beaver in order to protect the life of a trained otter, or some such nonsense. But finally he paid the fine and left the court-room in disgust.

So runs the story. But such im-

plicit faith had I in Jake's good judgment that ere long I decided that there must be something queer about the whole yarn. And as time passed I became curious to meet this strange man who could boast of the confidence and friendship of so great a woodsman and guide as Jake Smith.

The elder Reeves had decided to bring his only son and heir along, and by pre-arrangement Jake and I were to meet them at a little flag station on the C.P.R. with pack and saddle horses. Reeves, Jr. proved to be a sallow city youth of arrogant demeanor, who had the misfortune to be born a rich man's son. Almost immediately I took a dislike to him.

It was yet early forenoon as the travellers alighted from the trains. Jake and I loaded their luggage on the pack-horses, and we hit the trail at once for a point on the Little Carcajou River twelve miles distant where Joe awaited us with two canoes in which we were to paddle the remaining distance of about fifteen miles to the lake, where Joe had built a very comfortable cabin.

The elder Reeves I had in my canoe while the son graced the bow of Joe's craft, the luggage being equally divided. Jake bid us adieu and started back with the horses, leaving the Reeves in our care. It was the youth's initial sojourn in the big woods and he was visibly nervous. There he sat in Joe's canoe with a loaded rifle lying across his knees ready for instant use. And it was plainly evident from the expression on his face that he actually expected a bear or a wild-cat to jump out of the overhanging bushes at any moment and devour him.

The fifteen miles up the river were traversed without mishap, although it required strong paddling to accomplish it before sundown. The sun hung just over the Western horizon a big red ball of fire, as we emerged from the river into the lake. Before us stretched Needle Point, a long, narrow peninsula which derived its

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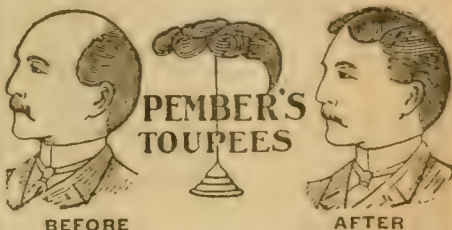
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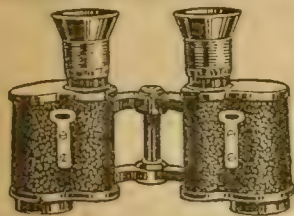
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name from its extreme thinness, and the peculiar manner in which it projected into the body of the lake. Water plant life grew upon this point in great profusion; with horn wort, swamp arrow, bugseed, sand reed, and frost grape the predominating species.

As we rounded the point I chanced to see an otter disporting himself on the near shore. Quite obvious to our proximity seemed the queer beast, for he surely must have sensed our presence. Involuntarily I ceased paddling to gaze at him, but my action attracted the attention of Reeves Jr., and the moment he espied the otter he quickly reached for his rifle, brought it to his shoulder, and started to blaze away.

At the same instant Joe Howell leaned forward, struck the rifle barrel a resounding smack with his paddle, and the bullet flew harmlessly over the otter's head and into the bushes.

The otter slid into the water and disappeared. A jacksnipe flushed in an adjoining meadow and with a sharp hissing whistle winged his peculiar zig-zag flight into the thicket. A turtle pushed his cumbersome form from a sunny log and landed in the water with a splash. Then silence reigned.

"Say! What's the idea?" young Reeves finally blurted.

"The idea is simply this," Howell answered. "That otter belongs to me just as your pet dog belongs to you, and I resent your firing at it just as you would resent anyone shooting at your dog. And now, gentlemen," addressing us all, "if I am to remain one of the party I must insist upon a promise from all of you that under no circumstances will any of you molest or shoot at an otter during your stay at Carcajou Lake."

This astonishing announcement left us speechless for a moment. Then I reflected that it was too early in the season to trap furs, anyhow; and the Reeveses were after big game and didn't care a snap about otters. So we all cheerfully agreed to refrain from molesting any otters we might see, and proceeded to the cabin

where Joe prepared a supper that brought a smile to every face.

The Reeveses stayed in the woods for three weeks and then left with a pair of deer heads to decorate the Wall St. office, a happy smile on their bronzed faces, and a healthy appetite that threatened many a breach of table etiquette. The incident of the first day passed off and was never again mentioned.

According to the calendar it was winter, but the thermometer refused to bear out the testimony of the calendar, for the weather was comparatively mild, and the furs were far from prime. So Joe and I waited patiently for the first faint rattle of snow against the window, and the hissing of flakes coming down the chimney, which would herald the beginning of a long, cold, white winter in the great Northwoods.

During the past month I had learned to know Joe Howell for the unusual person that he really was. Silent, and even morose at times, yet he was a man of remarkable accomplishments and a high order of learning. I found that his reasons for choosing the lonely life of a Canadian guide and trapper were of a purely private nature; reflecting, however, no dishonor upon his name.

We had conceived a mutual liking for each other, and after the departure of the Reeveses we decided to team up and trap the Carcajou Lake region all through the winter, for Joe's cabin was of adequate warmth and construction. We chopped plenty of wood for fuel, greased our traps, provided new stretches, oiled our firearms, and laid in a good supply of provisions and tobacco.

Also we had gone carefully over the ground, studying every sign, locating dens and runways, and ever seeking new prospects. So now we had but to wait. Not that we were idle by any means, but simply impatient to get our line of traps out.

It was during this interval that Joe narrated to me the remarkable story of his otter, while smoking our pipes one night before the burning logs in the big fire-place. Of its veracity



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I have no doubt, nor has anyone else who really knows Joe Howell. And the facts involved are granted by every naturalist. So I commend it to the reader as a true story of one of our most interesting fur-bearers, of whose life and habits few people have any conception. I will relate the story in Joe's own words, as follows:

"A year ago last spring I had a standing order for all the live box-trapped mink that I could capture, from a prospective fur farmer who had a minkery in contemplation. Now, mink are not the easiest animals in the world to entice into a box; but after considerable experimenting I eventually evolved a trap so natural in design that many a sophisticated old mink walked unsuspectingly into it. My trap was simply a big hole in the bank with a door over the entrance which walked on the same principle as a box trap, and imprisoned the animal in the hole. Only instead of an awkward box to arouse suspicion there was merely an inviting hole in the river bank to walk into.

"Imagine my surprise upon finding a young otter in a trap one morning. At first he strenuously resented my efforts to dislodge him; but after some little persuasion, in the form of a canoe paddle applied in the right direction, I managed to get him into a heavy burlap bag in which I carried him to my cabin.

"An improvised cage was quickly constructed from an old barrel, and in this I housed my little prisoner. He ate readily enough, and after a few days of captivity, when he had become sufficiently accustomed to my presence, I brought him into the cabin, closed the door, and let him out of the cage.

"He scampered quickly into a dark corner where he glared at me while I quietly read. Finally he would venture out and sniff at the various articles in the room. But the slightest movement on my part would send him scurrying back into the corner. This continued for several days until one night, when he was particularly active, he sniffed at a small round bottle that chanced to be lying upon the floor. The bottle

rolled away from him. This must have surprised him very much for he advanced cautiously and touched the bottle with his paw. It rolled again and the little fellow became deeply interested, for he advanced and gave the bottle another push.

"This process was continued several times, and before long he was wrestling and rolling all over the floor with the bottle, until suddenly he found himself right under my legs. This startling discovery sent him scampering clumsily into his barrel.

"But the ice was broken, and the bottle paved the way to our further acquaintance, for he now became very playful. And while playing with a ball I had provided for him, my presence seemed of little concern to him. Soon I persuaded him to accept food from my hand. This led to my touching him, and ere long I could fondle him.

It was some time before I could pick him up, for most wild animals object violently to being lifted off their feet. But I finally managed to pick him up and carry him around, and then I knew that I had won him thoroughly.

"He was a most peculiar creature, both in appearance and actions. To me he resembled a great, enormous mink more than anything else. His short, thick fur was of a rich and glossy brownish black. The top of his head was flat, and his ears being so small and far apart, made his whole head look absurdly broad and flat. His short, stubby legs, with their webbed feet, were apparently set upon the sides of his long, thick body; which gave him an awkward, waddling appearance when he walked. And to complete her humorous design Dame Nature finished him off with a tail, which, when once seen, is never forgotten. It is a long, round affair that starts off in a most promising manner, but becomes so depressed towards the tip that it looks like a long, thin cone hitched on to his body.

"His antics afforded me much amusement in my lonely hours. And he was of such a playful and good-

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natured disposition that I could not help but become attached to him. By mid-summer I had given him his full freedom, but he showed no inclination to run away. Had I brought him to a village or town he would probably have run off at the first opportunity. But the cabin standing right here in the woods, in his natural environment, he had nothing to run away for.

"He made the cabin his home, and would sometimes follow me about like a dog. He would frequently go away on excursions of his own, but they were never of long duration, and he always appeared glad to get back.

"One day in early August I was down at the foot of the lake standing on an old stump and trolling for pickerel over the fringe of the lily pads. The otter was lying on the bank nearby. Suddenly I got a strike, and in a short time I landed my fish, throwing it upon the bank. The otter pounced upon it the instant it landed, and before I could jerk it away he had it by the back, breaking its spine cleanly.

"This happened so quickly that it quite took my breath away. But the occurrence afforded me an inspiration and I decided to carry out my idea at once. In Asia, I reflected, there is an otter quite similar to our American species. And I had often heard that the Asiatics train these otters to dive into the water, catch fish, and bring them ashore to their masters. Now why could I not train my otter in a like manner.

"The idea pleased me and I determined to try the experiment at once. First, I would give him a name to which I would teach him to respond. As I gazed at him and pondered, his droll, philosophical expression impressed me so humorously that I named him after Omar Khayyam, the genial pagan bard and philosopher, and from that day I called him Omar.

"Omar's schooling required much patience and perseverance. But to me it was a most interesting adventure in the field of natural history, and I enjoyed the experiment hugely. First, I hooked another fish and

threw it upon the bank as before. And again Omar pounced upon it and killed it. This pleased me, so the next fish I hooked I let drop in the water about two feet from the shore, where it flopped wildly about. Like a shot the otter slid off the bank and was upon the fish, killing it instantly and carrying it upon the bank. I then patted him and fondled him, giving him to understand that he had pleased me.

"Many fish and many days were spent in this manner. Each time I would let the fish drop into the water further from the bank, until finally I had but to hook a fish and Omar was into the water and upon it. If he hesitated in bringing it ashore I simply drew the line in.

"Considerable difficulty was experienced in inducing him to dive into the water after a fish at command. But I accomplished this by throwing a live fish into shallow water, close to the shore, and it required but little effort to induce him to retrieve it. Finally I had but to throw a fish into the lake, for he had grasped the impression that he was supposed to dive into the water and bring a fish ashore. And one day when I threw a rock bass far out into the lake where I knew he could never capture it, he nevertheless took to the water, and in a short time came ashore with a yellow perch in his mouth.

"By early fall Omar and I were the best of pals. He had acquired considerable growth during the summer and weighed probably seventeen or eighteen pounds. In the water he was like an eel. He would glide silently into the water and hardly a ripple would mar the surface to show where he went under. He would emerge the same way. In fact, it seemed that the water just simply opened to let him out, for never a splash would he make. His aquatic exploits were something to marvel at, for in twisting, turning and swimming he could beat a fish at its own game. And such grace and elegance of movement did he display in the water that his actions on land seemed even more awkward and clumsy in comparison.

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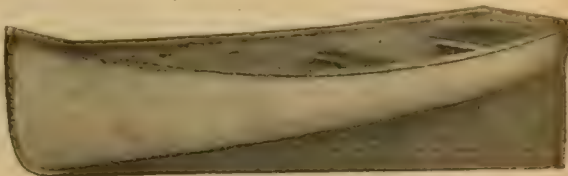
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"One day I was walking along the banks of a small stream, with my rifle under my arm, and Omar trailing along behind. It was still too early to trap and I was merely studying the signs along the stream. A few miles up there was a pond where I knew the beavers had been working all summer. So I decided to creep stealthily up to the edge of the pond, and from a point of vantage watch the beavers work, if possible, for it is a wonderful sight to see a colony of beavers at work in their natural environment.

"Hardly had I settled down behind a rock when I saw Omar shoot out into the water and head for a beaver who was swimming along the surface with a stick in its mouth. Before the beaver could defend itself the otter was upon it, and for a few moments it appeared as if the water about them was boiling. Suddenly a second beaver appeared and came to the assistance of the first.

"I now began to fear for the safety of the otter. I knew he could always save himself by taking flight, but I realized that his formidable spirit would prohibit such a course, and

that he would fight to the finish, regardless of the outcome. So I hesitated no longer, but watching my opportunity I shot both beavers through the head, and brought the unequal fight to an abrupt end, to save Omar from injury and possibly death.

"Although the beavers were still unprime I decided to fish them out of the water, skin and stretch them as best I could, and include them in my first shipment of furs, instead of letting them go to waste altogether. But a vigilant game warden spied the outside tag on the package, opened it up, and discovered the beaver skins. I was immediately arrested and fined for breaking the law.

"So this, my friend, is the story of Omar, probably the only trained otter in America. And in his behalf I was branded as a law-breaker. But should the occasion demand I would unhesitatingly do the same thing again, for he came to me, a wild thing out of the great forest, and became my friend and companion during the long months when I was the sole representative of my kind in this wild region."

Putting Caesarea on the Map

S. C. CAIN

IT is just possible that by some unlucky chance the natives of Caesarea will get hold of this story; then will the writer's reputation for veracity disappear, even as the angler's "biggest ever" always vanishes after being safely hauled as far as the side of the boat. Certain it is that some of the well meaning, if misguided, summer visitors who have this year honored the village with their presence, will, should they chance to read this peregrination into the realms of literature, cuss. It can't be helped. It is necessary that the world of anglers be informed that Caesarea is on the map.

When in the hey dey of youth I first read Jerome K. Jerome's "Three

Men in a Boat," I was travelling in an English railway train. I remember I laughed outright much to the disgust of my more sedate English friends. I know that I then formed the opinion that three men in a boat never could have met with such amazing or amusing adventures. But since I have discovered that Caesarea is on the map I have changed my mind.

This, as I have said, being a peregrination into the realms of literature, I may be pardoned for this elaborate introduction. It really is necessary and there is always the chance that I may get paid by the amount of space I occupy.

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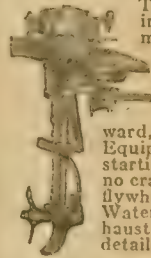
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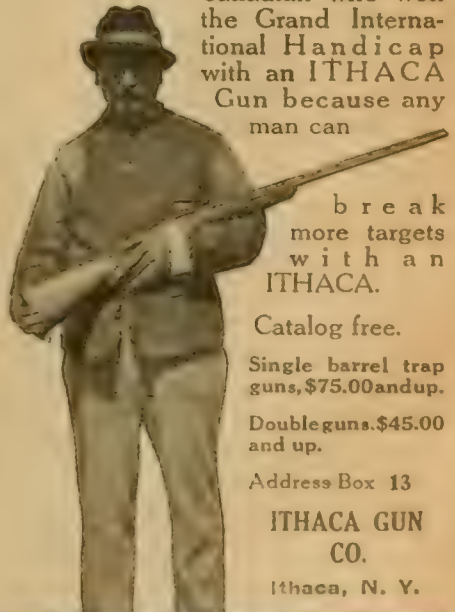


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three Toronto men, we will call them, Bob, Sid and Alec, because at least one of them was smart, determined on a week end fishing trip. Where to go was the burning question. They consulted all the beautifully colored presentation booklets furnished by the railways for the purpose of tangling would-be tourists in knots. Every place that boasted of its "good fishing" was either too far away for week end purposes or the railway, which had the good fortune to pass through the location, kindly consented to deposit a visitor at some unearthly hour on Saturday evening, but firmly and without argument, refused to bring him home again on Sunday night. Someday a kindly government will wake to the fact that there are many thousands of stifled city workers who need a chance to partake of the life giving ozone during the week end, and when they do we shall get a return of the cheap excursion and not till then.

"Let's go to Caesarea," said Alec, after hours of searching had failed to unearth a likely spot.

"Where's Caesarea?" asked Bob.

"It's on Lake Scugog," replied Sid, "I've heard of it. It's somewhere near Port Perry."

A hasty search of the time tables failed to reveal the whereabouts of Caesarea. It had got mislaid. Alec and Sid were both positive that there was a Caesarea. All we had to do was to find it. Like all true anglers we possess more than our fair share of patience. It is a good job that we do, otherwise we had never taken this week end trip.

Alec was deputed to discover the how, the why and the wherefore of the missing village. In the course of two or three days he reported that if we went to Nestleton by the C.P.R., we might, if we were lucky, discover a conveyance which would drive us to Caesarea which he said was a mile or so further on. "At the worst we can hoof it," he said.

Sid, who is a regular camper, suggested that we take all our grub along and sleep out by the side of the lake. But Alec and Bob would have none of this. "Why said Alec, it's

a summer resort. There's bound to be two or three good hotels. We need only take our fishing tackle along."

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." We took Alec's advice. We arrived at Nestleton in the early hours of the evening of Saturday, July 12, in the present year of grace. At the station we found a gentleman whose beard reminded us of the patriarchs, and who, with his two ancient steeds and trusty char-a-banc, like the Toomerville trolley, meets all trains. For the sum of forty cents he agreed to take us to Caesarea. "How far is it?" asked Sid.

"Three miles!" replied the patriarch.

"And you said we could hoof it," sneered Bob, with a glance first at our traps and then at Alec, who wisely refrained from speech.

We climbed aboard the char-a-banc. Then we discovered that three young and very beautiful damsels, were also to make the trip to the village. I merely mention this in passing, because the aforesaid three beautiful damsels totally ignored our presence during the whole journey.

Bob, who has I believe a trace of Scotch blood in him, asked the driver if there were any reduction for the return journey. But the said-driver must have lived in Toronto at some time or other, for there was quite a note of scorn in his voice as he intimated that it was forty cents each way.

At last we arrived at Caesarea. We had already decided we would book our rooms at the hotel, and then hire a boat and go out on the lake during the cool of the evening. Alas for our hopes.

The three young and beautiful damsels beat us to it. There were two real summer hotels in the place. They were both full to overflowing. The three beautiful damsels formed the overflowing, because, after they had safely stowed themselves away in one of the hotels, the proprietors would have none of us, although we looked perfectly respectable.

For a time we were nonplussed.

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We stood in the centre of the "main street" with all our paraphernalia at our feet, the cynosure of all eyes. What Sid said about it cannot be printed in a respectable sporting journal, but boiled down, "I told you so" would perhaps suffice.

Presently one or two kindly cottagers came up with various suggestions. Perhaps Mrs. So and So or Mr. Blank might be able to give us a bed, and so on. Finally we despatched Alec on a tour of the village to see what he could discover. In the meantime Bob and Sid remained to guard the baggage. To make matters worse, every now and then an angler would pull in at the wharf with two or three beautiful 'lunge, and sometimes from three to six fairly good bass. Our fishermen's instinct was aroused by these sights. We were anxious to get settled and out on the lake. Never had we seen so many fine specimens of 'lunge at one time. There seemed to be no limit.

At last Alec came back. He had discovered a boat but no lodgings. Even at that we had to wait until some other anglers returned before we could get the craft and daylight was fast fading. But at length the boat arrived and with it our first sign of good luck; for the owner gave us the key of the boathouse and told us to return it to him when we left on Sunday evening.

Eureka! Here was a place to sleep. Accordingly we filled our lamp with oil and proceeded to the boathouse. We locked ourselves in and changed our attire. In half an hour we were out on the lake, having first of course, prevailed upon one of the hotels to provide us with sufficient sandwiches to last all night and next day.

Ah! I nearly forgot to mention that while we waited forlornly in the village street several people warned us about fishing on Sunday. First we were told that plainclothesmen from Toronto were coming down next day to see who they could land. Then we heard that two "spotters" from the Dominion Alliance would be prowling around. "It's got the

people down here scared," said our informant. "They won't go out tomorrow. You'd better be careful."

However, let us return to the lake. It was a cloudy night and a trifle cool. We rowed out about half a mile accompanied by ten billion mosquitoes. Alec produced some pungent smelling oil with which we daubed ourselves like Red Indians. Wonder of wonders, unlike all other mosquito remedies it worked. The unseen army of millions could be heard but did not bite.

We came to anchor and commenced to fish. Did we catch any of the sportive bass? We did not. Did we land even one succulent perch? We did not. Did we catch anything? We did. We must have chosen the one spot in the lake where the catfish were spending their summer vacation. There were thousands of 'em. No sooner had our bait disappeared below the water than it was seized. We kept hauling 'em in at express speed. But fishworms at \$1.75 per hundred are two expensive for this kind of fry and we soon got tired.

Back to the boat house we went and prepared to sleep. By this time it had turned really cold. Alec said it was three below zero, but Alec always exaggerates. Anyhow, Bob and I, and now I've gone and disclosed my identity, composed ourselves for slumber, while Alec decided on a promenade through the sleeping village. The two of us had just dozed off when Alec returned and awakened us. Then it was that Bob made up his mind that he could not sleep. But I, being an old hand at the game, determined that I would. The two of them therefore started off again on another promenade. When I awakened, it was about 4 a.m. A crackling outside the boathouse and a smell of smoke proclaimed a fire. I peered outside. There was Alec and Bob sitting cozily before a great blaze. As for me I shivered.

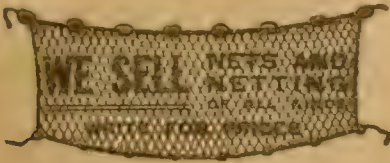
I joined them. We decided to eat the first of our sandwiches. We did. Then did they explain how they had manufactured an official looking notice and pinned it to a tree in front

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of the principal hotel. I strolled off and had a look at it. Here is what it said:

NOTICE.

Fishing on Sunday is strictly against the Law. Anyone caught fishing here tomorrow will be Prosecuted.

BY ORDER.

It looked quite imposing. "That'll teach 'em not to warn off decent week end anglers," said Alec.

As soon as the first streak of daylight appeared we were out on the lake. Straight across we pulled until we neared the island. The waters of Lake Scugog looked cool and sweet in the early dawn. There was a light breeze redolent with the scent of many trees. Day broke under ideal conditions. It was a morning to delight the heart of the angler.

About five hundred yards off shore we got out our trolls. Alec sat in the bow, I in the stern and Bob did the rowing.

We had been going about twenty minutes when I got the first strike. He was a big fellow and came to the top of the water sixty feet or so behind the boat. Then he must have dived forward, for, before I could get a drop on him the line slackened and I thought he had gone. But I was wrong. When I had hauled in all but about twenty feet of line it grew taut again so suddenly, that I was taken by surprise. There was a sudden splash near the side of the boat. It was Mr. Lunge's hail and farewell.

A few minutes later Alec gave a yell: "I've got one!" and began to haul in. Then began a battle royal. Never before did a fish make so much noise about a little thing like a fish hook, as did this one. Bob proved himself an expert at the oars and at last Alec had his splashing, crashing prize alongside. He gave a mighty heave and it flopped into the boat. Before he could say "Jack Robinson" it had got free of the hook. Alec made a grab with both hands and utterly regardless of his nicely creased outing trousers planted his knees firmly on its back.

Both fish and man became such a confused heap that Bob and I never

got a clear glimpse of the lunge for some minutes. When at last Alec felt sure he had got him "Till death do us part" we were allowed to take a look. He was a beauty. And like all beauties it was not long before he began his tricks again. But Bob, with the aid of a short, stout club soon gave him his quietus.

Off again we went. In less than fifteen minutes I got another strike. I began to have visions of another huge monster. Alas for my hopes. When I finally landed him he proved to be only a four pounder. From then we failed to get another strike and, as the sun was getting decidedly hot, we made for the Island shore and took a short rest.

We found that the shores of the Island were simply littered from end to end with the rotting remains of thousands of game fish. How they came there we never discovered, but if these dead 'uns are any indication of what live 'uns Scugog holds, then it is some fishing ground.

After a hasty lunch we decided to go out and do some still fishing. But for hours we could discover no likely spot. Scugog is a shallow weed infested lake and the few feet of water above the undergrowth is as clear as crystal and it is more than difficult to locate the right spot for the bass. In fact, all the good bass we saw caught there, were got by trolling. However, we persevered and after three or four hours in the blazing sun managed to hook three small ones of a combined weight of three and a half pounds, several catfish, a dozen or so of baby perch and a battalion of sun fish.

At length we decided we would go home. We got out our trolls and Bob pulled for the shore, but we failed to land anything further from the cool depths.

Arrived once more at the boathouse we quickly made ourselves presentable and regardless of our overnight warning, Alec went off in search of a place to weigh his 'lunge. He located a cottager who possessed some rickety looking scales and the fish registered fifteen pounds. Later in

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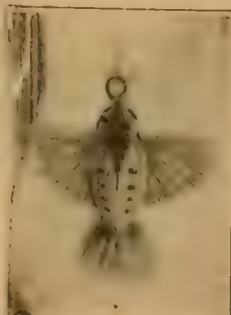
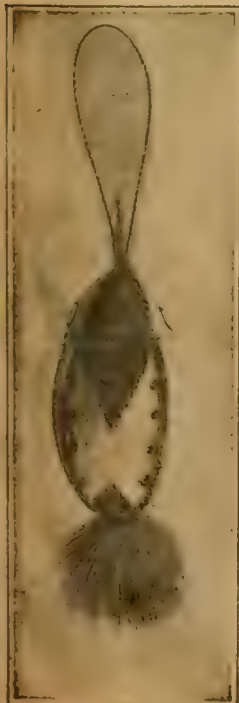
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Toronto it turned the scales at a shade under 22 pounds.

We packed up our belongings and our captures and left them for the time being at the boathouse while we perambulated the village till train time.

We found both natives and visitors in an excited state. That notice of Alec's had got in its deadly work. Several anglers had come down to the lake, but had lacked the necessary courage to go out in face of the warning.

We commandeered a couple of seats on the hotel verandah and listened to the conversation of two gentlemen who every now and then eyed us with suspicion. Whether they thought we were responsible for the notice, or were a couple of detectives in disguise I know not.

"I saw the notice when I came down," said one of them, "and when I went to call So-and-So to show

him, someone had torn it down."

"I don't see what it's got to do with the Dominion Alliance," said his companion. "Come on let's go out this evening."

Presently Bob discovered among the many visitors a gentleman whom he knew. More luck, the said gentleman owned a car. He too, had heard of the notice and explained how much excitement it had caused. He promised not to explode the joke until our departure and so we let him in on the secret. In return he drove us to Nestleton station in time to catch our train.

Yes, in spite of the absence of a railway station, in spite of the super-ignorance of the gentlemen who draw highly colored reports of summer resorts, Caesarea is on the map. The 'lunge have put it there. Without doubt it is best lunge spot in Ontario this year, but, oh ye knights of the rod, if you go there make your arrangements in advance.

Winners in the Rush Tango Minnow \$50 Gold Prize Contest

This contest during 1919 attracted great attention amongst the anglers throughout the country. The winners as shown in the photograph are:

Small Mouth Bass. First Prize.

No. 1—Rev. G. W. Tebbs, Burlington, Ont. First Prize Small Mouth Bass. The one hour's catch for the party ranges from 2 to 4½ lbs. each. Dr. Tebb's favorite lure is the Troutango.

Large Mouth Bass. First Prize.

No. 2—Mr. Brian J. French, Chicago, Ill. First Prize Large Mouth Bass. Weight of fish 7 lbs, 1 oz.; length 21 in. long. Caught trolling on Rush Tango No. 2. Wall Eyed Pike. First Prize

No. 3—Dr. Wesley M. Backus, Buffalo, N.Y. First Prize on Wall Eyed Pike. Weight 9¼ lbs. Caught at Deer Lake, Ont. trolling with Rush Tango White and Red Head. Dr. Backus has made some record catches of small-mouth bass on the Troutango in these same waters during the past year.

Great Northern Pike. First Prize.

No. 4—Mr. Fred W. Clook, Syracuse, N. Y. First Prize on Great Northern Pike.

Weight 17½ lbs.; length 42 in. Caught on Rush Tango No. 2 while trolling. Mr. Clook thought he had a muskellunge judging from the battle the fish gave him.

Special Prize for Wall Eyed Pike.

No. 5—Prof. Tillroe, of Syracuse University. Special Prize for the most interesting catch of wall-eyed pike. This photo shows eleven wall eyed pike and is the first known catch of wall-eyed pike ever taken from Kanesus Lake, N. Y. All of them caught trolling on the Tango shown in the photo directly in front of the lucky winner of this prize.

Muskellunge. First Prize.

No. 6—Mr. T. Sidonia, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. First prize on muskellunge. The large fish in the center of the group is one of three large muskellunge. The fish hanging on the side of the barn represent a two day's catch for Mr. Sidonia and his party at Havelock, Ont. All of these fish were caught on the Rush Tango Radiant bait, the bait that shines at night and can be used either in day time or for night fishing.

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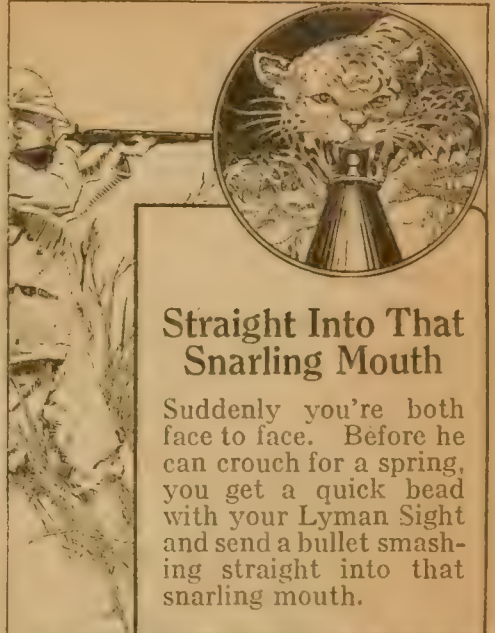
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The Late H. C. Haddon

In the sudden death from pneumonia, in March last, of Mr. H.C. Haddon of Gray Creek, B.C., *Rod and Gun in Canada* has lost an accurate and sympathetic historian of Canadian wild life, and one of its most valued contributors.

Mr. Haddon was the elder son of the well known court portrait painter, Mr. Trevor Haddon, of London, England, his mother being the daughter of a newspaper man. Educated at the City of London School, before coming to Canada in 1911 he studied practical agriculture at Wollaton Hall, the Nottinghamshire estate of Lord Middleton. He spent adventurous, happy years in British Columbia, filled with the varied experiences



and hard work incident to the life of a pioneer in unbroken territory, and at the time of his death was settled on a ranch on Kootenay Lake in the heart of the mountains. "An Englishman who spends ten years in Western Canada either becomes more Canadian than the native born, or else he gets more English. In the latter case he does not of course make an ideal citizen. Mr. Haddon, however, came to look upon his adopted country as more of a mother country than even the land of his birth "Canada has, I like to think," he wrote to a friend shortly before his death, "a future more golden, more magnificent than any other country in the world. Nothing could ever make me leave the West now nor take up inside work. Just to think of returning—he was then contemplating a trip to England—makes me realize how much Canada has become my country."

In his chosen environment he had exceptional opportunities for securing material—and he used them to create something essentially Canadian—his stories of Canadian

wild life. Of the literature that is typically Canadian in spirit it sometimes happens that it is not always written by a Canadian born, but that a man, native to another country, comes to Canada and in a short time absorbs the spirit of the country more quickly and more thoroughly than the real Canadian, and is able to express it more clearly. It seemed as though this might have been said of Mr. Haddon had he lived to produce the literature that is contained in books. In so far as he did write he showed himself to be remarkably accurate in detail with a sensitiveness and responsiveness to all that was impressive and beautiful in nature. The most intimate details of outdoor life came to him to be matters of common knowledge and inspiration. His first short story in *Rod and Gun* appeared in 1913, and since that time he has been a frequent contributor, as well as for the past two years the editor of a regular department. He was not of that school of outdoor writers which attributes human instincts to the animals of the wild. What he sought was to reproduce sympathetically the actual life of the animals in their peculiar environment.

When the war broke out it was his earnest wish to go to France, but although all his pals—mostly Englishmen of his own class, who with him made up a congenial little settlement—went, including his brother who was wounded on the Somme, he the "biggest and toughest" of them all, because of an old disability, was declared medically unfit and only got as far as England in the Great Adventure. All life, however, was to him an adventure, and the daily familiarity with hard work—on the ranch, in the woods, along the trap line—did not destroy his appreciation of the romance that is connected with the life of a pioneer—though to be a pioneer in Western Canada he considered a task worthy of all that a man has of fortitude and courage. Something of this it was his hope to have expressed in the book which was under way at the time of his death, and which it had been his great pleasure to write in those brief hours of leisure which followed a strenuous day. Unlike his short stories, this book was to have been fiction, a love story with a Western setting. "Of course it will be rather like me," he said, somewhat apologetically, to a friend to whom he was submitting an outline of the plot for criticism, "rather on the unpractical, sentimental side, but I have

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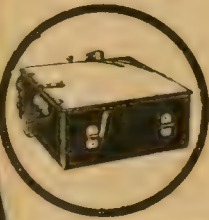


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Name _____

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Town _____

the idea that many people who sneer at love in public would read a sentimental novel in private."

A modern novelist has told the world that the writer of fiction finds his characters in himself. The persons who move across the stage are at bottom incarnations of some aspect of the writer's self, colored and shaped to some extent by his observations of other folk. If this be so, a book of fiction carries between the lines large elements of autobiography and self revelation, even though it may not at all reproduce actual incidents in

the author's life. For this reason, Mr. Haddon's personal friends, as well as those who knew him only through *Rod and Gun*, will hope that his book may one day be completed and published. That, at best, he could write only one, is a matter of regret to his friends; that a life so full of promise and enthusiasm should be cut off within so short a space, is to be greatly deplored, but if "to travel hopefully is better than to arrive, and the true success is to labor" then his life though brief, was worth while both for himself and those who called him friend.

Indoor Civilian Rifle League

J. W. SMITH

THE indoor season for rifle-shooting in Toronto is now drawing to a close, and the Irish "A" team are in a secure position for the championship and the Walker House Trophy. Although they were occasionally hard pressed, they have so far won all their matches, and have shot consistently well throughout the winter. Curiously enough, the team that seemed to cause them the most trouble were the tail-enders, the St. Lawrence II. The first match between them was a close one, and the Irishmen finally won out by a scant 3 points. The return match was a neck-and-neck affair, and the final result was in doubt until the last shot had been fired, the scores being 343 to 342 in favor of the Irishmen.

The St. Lawrence second team have shown decided improvement since the beginning of the season. They started badly, and were considered an easy win by other teams. After giving the leaders some trouble in their first match, and almost defeating them in their return match, they capped it by defeating their own first team, the St. Lawrence I, by one point.

The Queen City is also another team which came along strong after a poor start, and they are now challenging the Grenadiers for the second place. They have the splendid score of 349 out of a possible 350 to their credit. It will be interesting to note if they can keep up their record, and become followers-up to the champions.

The Canadian League matches, which are under the supervision of the authorities at

Ottawa, are represented by the St. James Cathedral R.C., and they are at present leaders by 30 points over the R.M.C. at Kingston. Some remarkable scores were put in at the March shoot, there being no less than four possible of 100 points. Considering the size of the bull's-eye ($\frac{1}{2}$ "), an aggregate of 994 points out of a possible 1000 for ten men is decidedly close shooting.

Team	Shot	Won	Lost	Tied	Points
Irish "A"	13	13	0	0	1,000
Grenadiers	13	9	3	1*	731
Queen City	12	8	4	0	666
Yorks	13	7	6	0	538
Irish "B"	12	5	7	0	417
St Lawrence I.....	13	5	8	0	385
N. Toronto.....	12	4	7	1*	375
Exhibition	12	3	9	0	250
St Lawrence II.....	12	1	11	0	1083

*Ties count half a win and half a loss until shot off.

Scores for March—

Canadian League		St. James R.C.	
1st Team.		2nd Team.	
T. G. Margetts....	100	R. Clarke.....	99
W. D. Davidson..	100	E. Hoch.....	99
S. Dean	100	G. Hall.....	98
J. P. White	100	N. McLeod ..	97
T. Young.....	99	R. W. Campbell..	97
W. Lennox.....	99	J. Buick.....	97
G. Brooks	99	W. H. Ruffel....	96
W. A. Brodie.....	99	J. Hillis.....	96
G. Weir.....	99	J. W. Smith....	95
A. Rutherford....	99	E. T. Bowers....	95
—		—	
Total	994	Total	969

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Have you equipped your plant with a **Watchman's Clock System**, which will give you 100% efficient service from your Watchman? If not, let us do this for you and have the Insurance Company pay for it in reduced premiums.

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Signal Systems, Limited

26 Queen Street East

Toronto

Hunting Camp For Sale



Well built, comfortable house about 15 x 22 ft., with doors, windows, bunks for ten, table, benches, cupboards. Located on French River, 5 miles below French Station, in excellent game and fish section. Lots of firewood handy. Beautiful spot. Cost \$150 to build three years ago. All Galvanized Corrugated material, with two inch plank floor. Would cost \$250 now. Entirely fireproof. The first marked check for \$50 takes it. Will cost more next Fall. Buy now and enjoy the fishing. On direct line C. P. R.

Premier Hunting and Fishing Club

c/o Dominion Sheet Metal Corporation, Hamilton, Ont.

Toronto Shots Won Inter-city Revolver Tourney This Year

Montreal was defeated for the first time since 1914-15.

The last match was won by a margin of only 7 points.

The shooting was so close that practically every shot had to be in the bull in order to win. A recapitulation of the series is as follows:

	M.A.A.A.	Toronto	
1st Match.....	996 —	986	Lost
2nd “.....	986 —	961	“
3rd “.....	986 —	981	“
4th “.....	1001 —	1017	Won
5th “.....	977 —	980	“
6th “.....	998 —	1016	“
7th “.....	1022 —	1029	“

Grand Totals 6966 — 6970

The shooting for the series calls for 840 from each team as will be seen there is only 4 points difference in favor of Toronto.

The scores of the 7th match are:

E. G. Brewer acted as captain of the Montreal team.

	Montreal	A.A.A.	
J. Boa.....	86	90	176
E. G. Brewer.....	88	86	174

B. R. Clark.....	85	87	172
F. Morris.....	86	84	170
F. Dumfries.....	80	85	165
A. M. Green.....	84	81	165

Total..... 1,022

Toronto R.C.

T. G. Margetts acted as captain of the Toronto's			
A. Rutherford.....	85	92	177
A. J. Knox.....	86	87	173
T. G. Margetts.....	85	88	178
J. P. White.....	86	85	171
R. Storrar.....	81	88	169
G. A. Jones.....	81	85	166

Total..... 1,029

Seven silver spoons donated by the Montreal club for high averages were won by A. J. Knox, average 172; J. P. White, 168; T. G. Margetts, 164; R. Storrar, 158; G. A. Jones, 161; R. Clarke, 149; T. L. McKenzie, 146.

The Toronto spoons won by Montrealeers were as follows: J. Boa, 2; T. B. Allen, 2; A. M. Green, 1; E. G. Brewer, 1; B. R. Clark, 1

Fishing Seasons

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Salmon—April 1st to September 15th.

Speckled Trout—April 1st to September 30th.

Limit—10 pounds, but not more than 30 fish per day though the aggregate be less than 10 pounds.

No trout less than six inches in length shall be retained.

License—Non-resident (for trout), \$2.00.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Bass—No close season for angling.

Salmon—February 1st to August 15th, except in the Island of Cape Breton and in streams flowing into the Straits of Canso and Chedabucto Bay, where the open season is from June 1st to September 26th.

No salmon weighing less than 3 pounds to be taken.

Trout And Land-Locked Salmon—April 1st to September 30th.

Limit—Speckled or brook trout 10 pounds, and not more than 30 fish per day though the aggregate weight is less than 10 pounds.

No trout under six inches in length shall be retained.

License—Non-resident, \$5.00.

NEW BRUNSWICK

Bass (striped)—No close season for angling where fish over two pounds in weight.

Salmon—April 1st to September 15th, except in the Restigouche River and its tributaries, where such fishing is permissible from April 1st to August 15th only.

Speckled Trout, Lake Trout and Land-Locked Salmon—April 1st to September 30th.

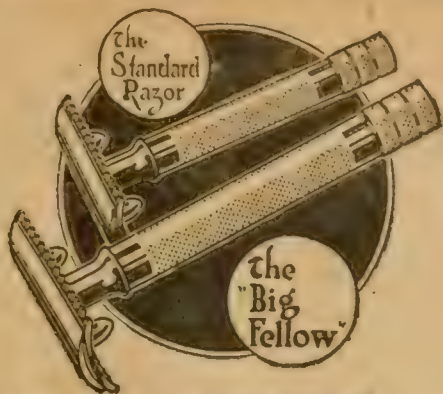
Limit—Speckled trout 10 pounds, but not more than 30 fish though the aggregate be less than 10 pounds.

No trout less than six inches in length shall be retained.

License—Non resident, for trout or any other species of fish except salmon, \$10.00. For salmon, \$25.00.

QUEBEC.

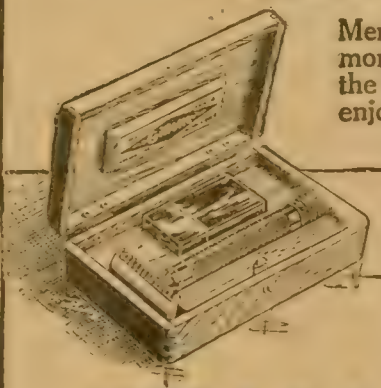
Bass—June 16th to March 31st. No black bass under 9 inches in length and no rock



the "Big Fellow"

THIS is the NEW Gillette Safety Razor—bigger and weightier in the handle and the head, as the picture shows, but it takes the same good Gillette Blade that has made the Gillette Safety Razor Known the World Over.

No advance in the price—\$5.00.



Men who like something with more heft to the handle than the Standard Gillette, will now enjoy Gillette shaving with its perfect edges and freedom from Stropping and Honing.

This is the handsome case of polished Gum Wood—mitre-cornered—and very compact.

Dealers will be glad to let you see the Gillette "Big Fellow".

Gillette

Safety Razor



bass less than 6 inches in length to be retained.

Maskinonge—June 16th to April 14th. No fish to be retained less than 24 inches in length.

Ouananiche—December 1st to September 30th

Pickereel (dore)—May 16th to April 14th following year. No fish to be less than 15 inches in length.

Lake Trout—December 2nd to October 14th.

Speckled Trout—May 1st to September 30th.

Whitefish—December 2nd to November 9th.

Salmon—May 1st to August 15th, except in the waters north of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and east of but not including the Natashquan River, and in the Rimouski, Matane and Murray Rivers and River du Gouffre, Bersimis River, Jacques Cartier River, Portneuf County, where such fishing shall be permissible from May 1st to August 31st.

License—The fee for fishing for salmon for non-residents is \$25.00 for season. For fishing for any other kinds of fish for non-residents, \$10.00 for season. For non-resident active members of incorporated clubs which are lessees of fishing territory fee is \$5.00 for season.

ONTARIO.

Black Bass—June 16th to December 31st. West end of Lake Erie, July 16th to May 23rd.

Limit per day—8 small or large mouthed black bass.

Maskinonge—June 16th to December 31st. Limit per day—4 maskinonge.

Pickereel (dore)—No close season in Great Lakes. June 16th to April 14th, waters of Province south of French River. May 16th to April 14th, waters north of and including French River.

Limit per day—12 pickereel.

Speckled Trout, Brown Trout—May 1st to September 14th.

Limit per day—10 pounds, and not more than 30 fish per day though the aggregate weight be less than 10 pounds.

Rainbow Or Pacific Trout—July 1st to September 14th.

Limit per day—6 Rainbow or Pacific Trout.

Whitefish And Salmon Trout—In the Great Lakes, Georgian Bay, North Channel, Bay of Quinte and connecting waters, and in lakes Nipigon and Nipissing, no close season.

In waters of the Lake of the Woods, Rainy Lake, Namakan Lake and Lake La Croix, December 1st to October 31st following.

In all waters north or northwest of the French

and Mattawa rivers other than those specified above, December 1st to October 19th.

In all waters southward of the French and Mattawa rivers, other than those specified above, December 1st to October 4th.

Limit per day—Big or Little Rideau Lakes, 3 Salmon Trout and in other waters of the province other than those of the Great Lakes, Georgian Bay, North Channel and connecting waters—5 Salmon Trout.

License—Non-residents will be charged a fee of \$2.00 per rod while temporarily residing in Province, but if fishing from boat or yacht, \$5.00 per rod, excepting in the following waters: Niagara River, Detroit River, River St. Clair and St. Mary's River opposite the State of Michigan. Non-residents fishing in these waters will be charged \$2.00 per rod. Permit good until 31st December of year issued.

Non-residents fishing in the Nipigon River, Nipigon Lake and waters adjacent for a period of two weeks \$15.00, for 3 weeks \$20.00, and for four weeks \$25.00. Residents \$5.00 for two weeks, \$10.00 for season.

MANITOBA.

Pickereel (dore), Gold Eyes and Pike (Jackfish)—June 1st to April 14th.

Whitefish and Lake Trout—November 20th to September 14th.

Sturgeon—June 16th to October 15th. Weight limit, 18 lbs. undressed.

Conditions in Manitoba vary according to the waters being fished, and anglers are recommended to consult the special Fishery Regulations of the Province.

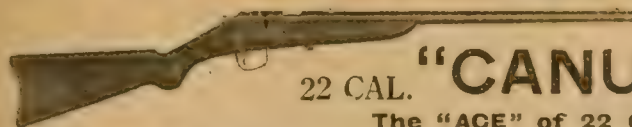
SASKATCHEWAN AND ALBERTA.

Whitefish, Tullibee and Lake Trout—December 1st to September 30th, in waters north of or intersected by the 54th parallel of north latitude, between the eastern boundary of Saskatchewan and the 109th meridian, and in waters north or intersected by the 55th parallel of north latitude, between the 109th meridian and the western boundary of Alberta.

In all other portions of these provinces and of the territories north thereof, no one shall fish for, catch or kill any Whitefish, Tullibee or Lake Trout from the 15th September to the 15th December.

Exception, Lake Trout. In waters frequented by Lake Trout where no net is allowed, open season is May 1st to August 31st.

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22 CAL. **"CANUCK"** MODEL

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COLORED PICTURES OF ALL CREATURES FISH EAT. LURES TO IMITATE THEM IN COLORS

LESSONS HOW TO MAKE THEM. HOW, WHEN, WHERE TO USE THEM AND GET FISH

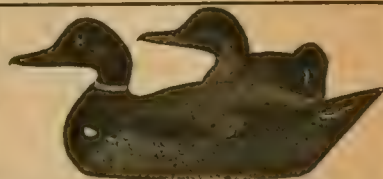
SH! KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN!

You crouch down in your blind and presently the quackers slide over and then—down they come right into your decoys. That is if they are the famous Mason Brand—the perfect decoy for ducks. True to color and shape and made in all species and grades. Catalogue free.

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590 Milford and P.M.R.R.

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Small Mouth Black Bass Plentiful and Gamey
 Season opens June 15th

Can accommodate you at camp or take you on canoe trips. Canoe trips will take you into Virgin "Lunge" Country, and top-notch black bass.

Also will supply outfit and guides to parties wishing to camp by themselves.

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F. C. FRANK, White Fish, Ontario

"LAKE PANACHE"

"SOO LINE"

Pike (Jack-fish), **Pickereel** (dore), **Perch** and **Gold Eyes**—May 16th to October 31st, except in northern district specified above.

Sturgeon—June 16th to October 15th.

Limit, Lake Trout 10; Pike or Pickerel, 25 of each or in aggregate per day. No Lake Trout less than 15 inches in length to be retained.

License for Above Fish—Fisherman's, \$5.00 (Catch may be sold); Domestic, \$2.00 (Catch may not be sold or bartered). Licenses issued to residents only.

Trout, Grayling or Rocky Mountain White-Fish—Alberta northward from International boundary line to and including the Bow River and tributaries and North Saskatchewan, June 15th to October 15th.

Red Deer River and tributaries and North Saskatchewan River and tributaries, May 1st to August 31st..

Athabasca River and tributaries, June 1st to October 31st.

Size Limit—No cut-throat trout, rainbow trout, grayling or Rocky Mountain white-fish less than 9 inches in length to be taken.

Per Diem catch—25 of each or in aggregate per day.

In angling or trolling for cut-throat or rainbow trout, a gang of hooks shall not be used on any line, nor shall more than three hooks be used, and such hooks shall be sufficient distance apart to prevent a fish being hooked on more than one at the same time.

License For Sporting Fish—Non-resident, \$5.00 per season or \$1.00 per day. Residents, \$1.00 per season.

Angling permits for Southern Alberta (south of Red Deer River) are issued by Fishery Overseer, Calgary, Alta.

For Special Regulations in Dominion National Parks, see final paragraph.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Trout—No one shall fish for, catch or kill trout of any kind, including steelhead and char of 2 pounds in weight undressed, or under, from the 15th November in each year to the 25th March following, both days inclusive, except in the waters east of the 120th meridian, where no one shall fish for, catch or

kill trout of any kind from the 15th November in each year to the 30th April following, both days inclusive.

Provided that these close seasons shall not apply to Seton and Anderson Lands and waters tributary thereto, nor to dolly varden trout nor steelhead caught in tidal waters by rod and line or in Okanagan, Kamloops, Shuswap, Arrow and Kootenay Lakes, or in streams tributary thereto, nor to land-locked salmon, weighing five pounds undressed, or over.

Provided that in the non-tidal waters of Vancouver island, no one shall fish for, catch or kill steelhead, from the 20th March to the 30th November, in each year, both days inclusive.

Size limit—No trout of any kind under 8 inches in length shall be taken from the waters of British Columbia, and if taken shall be immediately returned to the water alive and uninjured.

No trout under three pounds in weight shall be bought, sold or exposed for sale in the province of British Columbia, nor shall any trout be bought, sold or exposed for sale during the close season provided therefore.

Limit per day—No one shall take in one day more than 25 in the aggregate of cut-throat, rainbow or dolly varden trout, salmon trout, or Rocky Mountain white-fish.

License—Non-resident, \$1.00 per day or \$5.00 for season.

Fishing in Dominion National Parks—No license is required for fishing in Dominion National Parks (Alberta and British Columbia), but the catch is restricted to 15 fish per day and no fish under six inches may be taken.

Open Seasons—Lake, speckled or Nipigon trout, May 1st to August 31st.

Fish of all other varieties, July 1st to October 1st. (Jasper Park, June 1st to October 31st.)

NEWFOUNDLAND

Trout And Salmon—January 15th to September 15th.

License—Non-resident's License Fee \$10.00 and fifty cents to person issuing same.





SPORTING FOOT NOTES



Napoleon said, "The strength of an army lies in its feet." The success of an outing, the joy of living, begins with perfect footwear. When your feet hurt you hurt all over.

Loose, leaky, ill fitting shoes have kept many a hunter sick in camp.

Whether you climb a mountain trail, play baseball or golf, or walk a country road, your shoes must be right. For men, women, misses or boys, the Abercrombie & Fitch selection represents the best in models and materials—the largest stock of outdoor footwear in the world.



Military Model Field Boots, tan, soft leg, laced instep, 17 inches high\$25.00 to \$35.00

Stiff Leg Riding Boots, for men and women \$30.00 to \$50.00

Soft Bottom Moccasins, for canoe, camp, or trail\$3.50 to \$12.00

Rubber Fishing Boots\$10.00

English Waders, imported\$15.00 to \$25.00

Fishing Brogues\$10.00 to \$18.00

Boots for Forest Rangers\$17.00

Scotch Golfing Brogue, tan or black, fringed Scotch tongue\$20.00

Mountain Climbing Boots, Smoked Elk\$20.00

Prospectors Boots, Smoked Elk\$30.00

White Buck Ostend and Tennis Oxford, tan, or black saddles\$18.00

Tan Tennis Oxford, rubber sole\$15.00



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MONTREAL GUN CLUB

Results of Splendid Shoot held on April 2nd

	Shot at	Broke.
G. O'Connor, Ottawa, Ont.....	105	84
J. Hume, Ottawa, Ont.....	105	81
G. Easdale, Ottawa, Ont.....	120	93
S. E. Sangster, Ottawa, Ont.....	120	96
T. Baird, Ottawa, Ont.....	120	72
G. S. Brodie, Montreal, Can.....	120	94
J. R. Payan, Montreal, Can.....	120	93
W. G. McIntyre, Montreal, Can.....	120	85
C. L. Osborne, Montreal, Can.....	120	66
K. O. Montambault, Quebec, Can.....	90	51
B. Murdock, Montreal, Can.....	120	94
Jas. Clarke, Lavine, Can.....	120	85
D. Bogue, Montreal.....	120	72
R. Siboile, Montreal.....	120	88
E. T. Wright, Montreal.....	120	96
W. E. McIntyre, Montreal.....	120	63
H. J. Harris, Montreal.....	120	85
H. J. Sullivan, Montreal.....	120	72
R. M. Cagner, Montreal.....	90	63
O. J. Kiernan, St. John, N.B.....	120	97
R. Cockburn, Montreal.....	120	84
A. Lockby, Montreal.....	120	94
E. Pinkney, Montreal.....	90	55
E. B. Garrigues, Camden N.Y.....	120	89
† E. M. Putman, Montreal.....	120	68
S. R. Newton, Sherbrooke Q.....	120	94
Art Ross, Montreal.....	120	92
S. Newton, Sherbrooke, Q.....	120	99
B. R. Clark, Montreal.....	120	104
Dr. J. H. Condon, Montreal.....	120	92
T. Westlake, Montreal.....	120	92
R. Lewis, Montreal.....	120	101
W. Irvine, Montreal.....	90	59
C. Auben, Montreal.....	120	85
W. Ewing, Montreal.....	120	95
S. W. Tildin, Montreal.....	120	78
C. L. Fuller, Montreal.....	120	86
F. W. Runge, Montreal.....	120	92
R. E. Anderson, Montreal.....	120	67
† S. Boe, Montreal.....	120	90
G. Pagwell, Montreal.....	105	59
Jas. Boa, Montreal.....	105	76
F. Henriksen, Montreal.....	105	78
A. C. Read, Montreal.....	45	28
S. T. Haaley, Montreal.....	60	48
T. R. Remsen, Three Rivers, Q.....	75	49
S. Malone, Three Rivers, Q.....	45	21
J. R. Read, Vancouver B.C.....	60	53
H. Graham, Ottawa.....	30	25
A. Tomney, Montreal.....	15	14

† Professional

K. M. WATSON, Secy.

TORONTO GUN CLUB.

Old December and Young May were the highly elated shooters to leave the grounds of the Toronto Gun Club Saturday afternoon, after the annual registered tournament of the local gunmen.

December—Mr. C. N. Candee, a prominent veteran sportsman of Canada, was happy because he carried home three prizes and the knowledge that he is to receive one more—the American Trapshooting Association's medal for long run at the traps. The club also rewarded him for his feat of breaking 50 straight, and his other prizes were earned when he won one of the regular events and when he shot on the Balmy Beach crew, winner of the team event.

In addition to gathering these honors, Mr. Candee made the shoot a most interesting one by forcing Jimmy Colbourne to break 94 targets to win average on the day's sport.

Colbourne's achievement was a meritorious one, for he had to break his last twenty straight to win over Candee. It was a splendid piece of shooting, and the large gallery watched Colbourne's every move with interest. Jimmy knew what he had to do to win, and he did it. When he had succeeded, Candee warmly grasped his hand and Colbourne beamed because it

was the first victory he ever had scored in a registered tournament, despite his many years of experience with a trap gun.

Youth Gets Medal.

And now for Young May, George Jennings, the 12-year-old son of that sterling sportsman and crack shot, Joe Jennings of Todmorden. Well, Young May didn't win a thing, but he fondled a gold medal as he rode home, and it is his "for keeps." His father made the presentation after George had reduced to dust 61 clay birds out of his string of 100. It was George's first registered tournament, and the elder Jennings, who won the medal, as a member of the winning Balmy Beach team, felt that his son should have something—something to keep for years and years—to remember the first time he ever yelled "Pull!" and knew that the result would count on his yearly average.

There were other heroes, other features, and other crack shots who carried home prizes. The prize-winners were:—

Regular Events.

- No. 1—A. A. Laird.
- No. 2—T. D. McGaw.
- No. 3—C. N. Candee.
- No. 4—Colonel Page.
- No. 5—Sam Vance.

Lewis Class.

Class A—W. Barnes, first; W. J. Marshall, second; Herb Cooley, third.

Class B—Joe Jennings, first; William Hughes, second; W. S. Edwards, third.

Class C—J. Gomph, first; Robert Watt, second; J. A. MacKenzie, third.

The team race developed into a hot event, Balmy Beach leading Toronto No. 1 by two birds, while Hamilton finished a strong third. Members of the winning team were:—Messrs. Candee, McGaw, Jennings, W. H. Gooderham, and W. Joselin. Of these, McGaw ran a straight 25.

Members of the other teams were:—Toronto No. 1—Cooley, Colbourne, Anstee, Murphy and Jordan. Toronto No. 2—Vivian, Healey, Fenton, Hughes and Holden. Hamilton—Sturt, Watson, Beattie, Gomph and Barnes.

Although he was not high gun, nor winner of the long run trophy, Sam Vance, champion of Eastern Canada, after a very bad start, ran 60 straight, but only 20 of his birds were of the registered variety. The additional 40 were broken in shoot-offs, which was necessary for him to win event No. 5.

Try Olympic Style.

After the regular program had been run off, the gunmen tried out the Olympic style of shooting, the sort that Canada's best trap shots must adopt before they go to Antwerp to compete for the world's honors at trapdom. The Olympic rules make it necessary for the contestants to hold their guns at rest below the elbow before they yell "pull."

In this country the shooter first places his gun in shooting position, takes a careful squint, and then calls for his target.

It was surprising to find that several of the local sportsmen were able to break their targets at the Olympic style, with considerable ease and grace, but this is explained by the fact that most of them are usually clever field shots.

Joe Jennings led the way among the amateurs at this style of shooting, breaking 24 out of the 25 targets at which he shot. Frank H. Morris, the professional, who, of course, isn't eligible to compete at Antwerp, broke the same number.

The weather was very bad at the start, but later the sun came out and made the shoot more enjoyable. The presence of a goodly number of shooters from Hamilton, Galt and Brantford also was most pleasing to the officials and members of the Toronto Gun Club. The scores:—

	1	2	3	4	5
Fenton, Toronto.....	16	17	18	16	17—81
Morgan, Toronto.....	19	16	18	16	14—83
Candee, Toronto.....	16	19	20	20	18—93
McGaw, Toronto.....	14	20	18	20	18—90

WALL TENTS



10 x 12 x 3ft. Wall. 8 oz. Duck
\$32.50 each.

Poles and Pegs, \$2.50 set

Fly-top, \$17.50

Bags, \$1.50 each

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New and used Arms, Sights and Specialties. Rifle repairs and alterations. Military rifles altered to sporting. Rifle cranks ourselves, we cater to rifle cranks. Advice and estimates given.

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Newlands, Galt.....	13	19	17	19	17-85
Lewis, Galt.....	18	18	18	18	16-88
Jordan, Toronto.....	17	17	18	18	18-88
Rogers, Toronto.....	14	18	11	17	12-72
G. Vivian, Toronto.....	16	16	18	16	20-84
†Long, Hamilton.....	18	18	16	15	17-84
Moyer, Hamilton.....	15	15	16	14	16-76
Edwards, Toronto.....	18	18	18	14	19-87
Gomph, Hamilton.....	17	16	17	14	14-78
Anstee, Toronto.....	18	16	15	17	19-85
C. Jennings, Toronto.....	13	13	16	12	18-72
Colbourne, Toronto.....	19	19	18	18	20-94
McKenzie, Toronto.....	17	17	11	17	15-77
W. Gooderham, Toronto.....	20	17	15	19	18-89
†Morris, Montreal.....	18	17	20	17	19-91
N. Gooderham, Toronto.....	17	16	18	18	17-86
Vance, Tillsonburg.....	15	18	18	18	20-89
Cooley, Toronto.....	18	19	18	16	20-91
Marsh, Toronto.....	7	7	16	12	9-51
Sykes, Toronto.....	18	16	17	19	16-86
Mason, Toronto.....	16	18	19	17	13-83
Braden, Hamilton.....	12	15	16	16	16-75
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Registered Tournament Dates

MAY 24-25—MANOR FARM GUN CLUB, CLARKSON.

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JUNE 15, 16, 17—ST. HUBERT GUN CLUB, OTTAWA.

JULY 1-2—CANADIAN INDIANS.

JULY 8-9—MONTREAL GUN CLUB, MONTREAL.

JULY 19—BOB WHITE GUN CLUB, NIAGARA FALLS.

AUGUST 31, SEPTEMBER 1, 2, 3, 4—CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION, TORONTO.

SEPT. 15—JORDAN GUN CLUB, JORDAN STATION, ONT.

HAMILTON GUN CLUB.

A larger crowd of shooters than usual were on hand at the Hamilton Gun Club on Saturday afternoon, March 20, as this was the last practice shoot before the Good Friday tournament. The scores, on the whole, were the best so far this season.

	Shot at	Broke
H. Kretschman.....	100	85
W. W. Livingstone.....	50	39
N. Long.....	75	64
E. Harris.....	75	60
A. D. Bates.....	50	44
L. Smith.....	50	34
W. Barnes.....	50	46
M. E. Fletcher.....	50	44
A. Parmenter.....	50	39
L. Long.....	50	34
R. J. Montgomery.....	50	49
D. A. Konkle.....	50	45
Geo. Beattie.....	50	49
A. Glover.....	50	38
W. J. Wark.....	60	42
J. Gray.....	50	39
J. Jones.....	50	42
B. Smith.....	50	45
T. Gardiner.....	50	39

J. Moyer.....	75	55
A. Smith.....	50	42
J. Hunter.....	50	43
H. Lennox.....	50	45
C. Syer.....	50	44
C. Thomson.....	50	33

JORDAN GUN CLUB

The annual merchandise shoot of the Jordan Gun Club was held on Saturday March 29, and attracted the usual large crowd. It was also the finish of the trophy series and some fine shooting was seen in these events. Mr. George A. Gunn, manager of the Dominion Cannery's plant at this place donated several handsome prizes to go to the high average winners on total number of birds shot at during the past winter season and they were won as follows:

High gun—1, H. W. Hunsberry; 2, D. Konkle; 3, W. Moyer; 4, Frank Church; 5, J. Montgomery; 6, E. Konkle; 7, J. Troup.

In the trophy events the winners in the several classes were:

Class A—H. W. Hunsberry.

Class B—J. Montgomery.

Class C—W. Nicholson.

A special event for a can of new maple syrup, donated by A. Schmick, was won by H. W. Hunsberry in a real shooting contest. Those shooting and their scores follows:

	Shot at	Broke
H. W. Hunsberry.....	100	94
J. Montgomery.....	100	90
W. Moyer.....	75	67
D. Konkle.....	75	69
J. Troup.....	75	64
D. Troup.....	75	63
E. Konkle.....	75	63
F. Church.....	75	61
M. Honsberger.....	75	58
C. Graham.....	75	56
H. Schmick.....	75	57
J. Spence.....	75	56
D. Price.....	75	55
D. Lane.....	75	52
W. Merritt.....	50	35
W. Nicholson.....	50	32
M. Levey.....	50	31
H. Wismer.....	25	19

The fifth shoot of the Winter series of the Jordan Gun Club was held Saturday under very bad weather conditions. A blinding snowstorm blew directly in the shooters' faces causing the lowest scores of the season. High gun in Class A. was W. Moyer, who broke 22x25. In Class B, J. Montgomery with 21 x 25. In Class C, E. Durham, who broke 18 x 25. The race in these several classes will be finished at the next shoot, which will be held on Saturday, March 27, and as there are several shooters in each class with only one or two birds difference in their total scores, the finish should provide some exciting sport.

Those shooting and their scores follow:

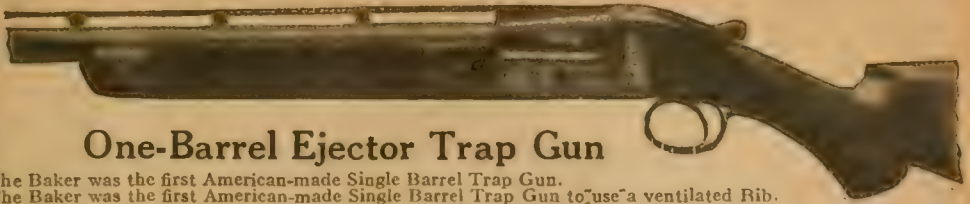
	Shot at	Broke
J. Montgomery.....	100	79
H. W. Hunsberry.....	65	56
D. Lane.....	65	48
W. Moyer.....	50	44
J. Troup.....	50	43
D. Konkle.....	50	42
A. Schmick.....	50	40
D. Price.....	50	37
W. Nicholson.....	50	36
M. Levey.....	40	22
J. Gillespie.....	40	20
D. Troup.....	35	26
E. Durham.....	35	23
S. Honsberger.....	25	16

HAMILTON GUN CLUB.

Hamilton shooters are certainly keeping up the pace they set at the Good Friday tournament. On Saturday afternoon, April 10, the scores turned in at the local club will be hard to beat. Balmly Beach club of Toronto are holding a registered tournament on Saturday, April 17, and local marksmen should be in great form to hold up the Hamilton colors.

As usual, the handicap proved a strong drawing card, and in A class the attendance was unusually large. George Beattie retained his lead in the second event by again going straight and giving him a possible 50. R. J. Montgomery allowed one bird to slip away from him and holds second place with 49. W. Barnes put on another score of 24 for this event and is next in line with 48. George Beattie, M. E. Fletcher and E. I. Sturt all tied for the club spoon with a straight score, and in shooting off the tie Sturt dropped one bird while

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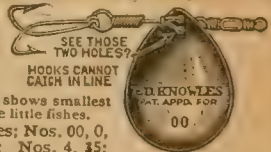
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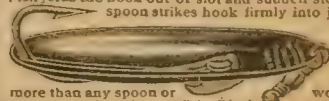


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Beattie and Fletcher again broke them all, after which they flipped the coin and Fletcher got the spoon.

Dr. Greene took the lead in B class with 44, having broken 24 for the day's event and thereby getting the class spoon. A. Glover is next in line with 43, having turned in a score of 22. George Stroud broke 22 for the day and holds third place with 42.

In C class W. Dynes, a new member from the beach, jumped into the lead with 42. However, A. Smyth is close up with 40 and J. Moyer is third with 37. Smyth and Dynes tied for the spoon in this class, and on the toss-up Dynes came out the lucky one.

N. Long endeavored to take the challenge medal away from M. E. Fletcher, but came out on the short end with 22, while Fletcher put on a possible.

To George Beattie go the high honors of the day, he having missed only one target in 75. Bert Smyth and E. H. Sturt were tied for second place. The former broke 72 out of 75 and the latter 96 out of 100. R. J. Montgomery came next with 47 out of 50. The scores follow:

	Shot at	Broke.
R. J. Montgomery	50	47
H. W. Hunsberry	75	67
George Beattie	75	74
D. A. Konkle	50	41
J. Gomph	75	69
W. J. Wark	50	42
John Hunter	50	45
W. Barnes	50	46
J. Smith	50	46
J. Moyer	50	35
A. Glover	50	42
M. E. Fletcher	75	63
I. Gray	50	34
A. Parmenter	50	38
L. Long	75	68
N. Long	75	68
W. Dynes	75	65
E. Harris	50	44
L. Stone	75	49
P. Friend	75	59
B. Smyth	75	72
A. Smyth	50	41
E. H. Sturt	100	96
M. E. Goodale	75	68
George Stroud	75	66
I. Lisson	50	33
T. Gardiner	50	43
Dr. Greene	75	66
W. W. Livingstone	75	60
H. Lennox	60	43
C. Syer	50	45
H. Kretschman	75	66
A. D. Bates	50	43
J. J. Cline	50	35
F. Ellis	15	4

GOOD FRIDAY SHOOT.

Sturdy sons of Hamilton, the boys with the keen eyes, carried off top honors yesterday in the Good Friday shoot at the Hamilton Gun Club, but it was not until they had been given a genuine scare by the invaders from Toronto. Bert Smyth was the hero of the occasion, being high gun among the amateurs with 172 out of 185, but Herb Cooley, of Toronto, gave him a heart-breaking race, and it was not until the very end of the 25-bird shoot-off that the visitor lowered his colors in defeat. He finished just one bird behind Smyth.

Three times the men were tied in the shoot-off, after they had finished the regular string of 160 targets on an even footing with 150 each. When Smyth saw Cooley drop his fourth bird in the shoot-off, Bert had only one more target to break. He did it, clinched the victory, and then felt the arms of his friends as they wrapped around him and lifted him from the ground to be hailed a hero.

Smyth made a straight run of 52.

Although Smyth and Cooley split the first prize before they shot off their tie for the glory of winning, there was another man on the grounds who had the satisfaction of knowing that he gave both of these stars of the day a real run for the honors. He was James Summerhayes of Brantford. P. E. Peitzman, of Bloomington, Illinois, who came over the line to shoot, also proved a dangerous factor, breaking 148.

Another feature of the program was the ten-man team shoot between the Canadian Indians and the Hamilton club. The redmen retained their highly coveted banner by breaking 890 to Hamilton's 879. The team scores were:

Indians.	
Long	93
Cashmore	92
Candee	90

Payne	87
White	86
Day	88
Barnes	92
Healey	85
Jordan	83
Cooley	91

Hamilton.

Harris	86
Bates	90
Smyth	92
Beattie	91
Hunsberry	81
Marshall	87
Lennox	78
Fletcher	88
Syer	90
Hunter	93

Shot at Broke

M. E. Goodale, Hamilton	160	141
E. Harris, Hamilton	160	141
H. Lennox, Hamilton	160	132
John Hunter, Hamilton	160	148
P. Morgan, Toronto	160	133
Edgar Sturt, Hamilton	160	140
J. H. Symmes, Niagara Falls, Ont.	160	143
H. St. C. Fisher, Niagara-on-Lake	160	127
Albert A. Laird, Toronto	143	113
Nelson Long, Hamilton	160	150
R. J. Montgomery, Beamsville	160	141
H. W. Hunsberry, Jordan	160	141
D. A. Konkle, Beamsville	160	127
A. P. Holden, Toronto	160	133
A. D. Bates, Hamilton	160	141
T. D. McGaw, Toronto	160	134
C. N. Candee, Toronto	160	146
Edw. G. White, Ottawa	160	141
Robert Watt, Toronto	160	126
Geo. H. Cashmore, Toronto	160	149
F. E. Healey, Toronto	160	139
W. S. Edwards, Toronto	160	140
W. Hughes, Toronto	160	122
George Anstee, Toronto	160	129
Dr. Jordan, Toronto	160	137
H. Newlands, Galt, Ont.	160	135
W. E. Burke, Preston	160	139
W. Barnes, Hamilton	160	147
W. J. Marshall, Galt	160	142
C. Thompson, Hamilton	160	124
A. S. Glover, Hamilton	160	128
Chas. A. Lewis, Galt	160	133
G. M. Dunk, Toronto	160	124
H. Kretschman, Hamilton	160	132
P. E. Peitzman, Bloomington Ill.	160	148
John Ebberts, Buffalo	160	106
James McCausland, London, Ont.	160	141
William Hodges, Jarvis, Ont.	160	134
Rowland Day, London, Ont.	160	143
Bert Smyth, Hamilton	160	150
Charles Summerhayes, Weston	160	119
James Summerhayes, Brantford	160	149
Dan McNeil, Brantford	128	160
Colonel Page, Brantford	140	132
M. E. Fletcher, Hamilton	160	141
E. F. W. Salisbury, Toronto	160	135
W. H. Gooderham, Toronto	60	45
George Beattie, Hamilton	160	141
J. Stewart, Niagara Falls, Ont.	80	68
E. J. Marsh, Toronto	80	83
N. L. Smith, Freeman	160	121
J. J. Cline, Hamilton	50	34
F. W. Watson, Hamilton	116	116
W. W. Livingstone, Carlisle	160	106
G. G. Syer, Bartonville	160	145
James Payne, Tillsonburg	160	143
G. R. Merlatt, Stratfordville	160	113
W. Bradfield, Stratfordville	160	126
George Vivian, Toronto	160	135
A. J. Thomson, Dunnville	160	140
F. H. Morris, Montreal	160	116
G. G. Choate, Hamilton	160	136
J. Vance, Tillsonburg	160	138
Herb Cooley, Toronto	160	150
S. G. Vance, Tillsonburg	160	142
Jack Griffiths, Freeman	160	87
John Moyer, Hamilton	160	114
A. H. Patterson, Toronto	160	59
N. R. Gooderham, Toronto	160	80
John Gomph, Hamilton	160	87
Alf. Parmenter, Bartonville	160	79
G. F. Harrison, Hamilton	160	79
Joseph Smith, Burlington	160	70
J. F. Gray, Hamilton	80	67
A. C. Caldwell, Dundas	80	45
L. C. Lauchland, Dundas	80	52



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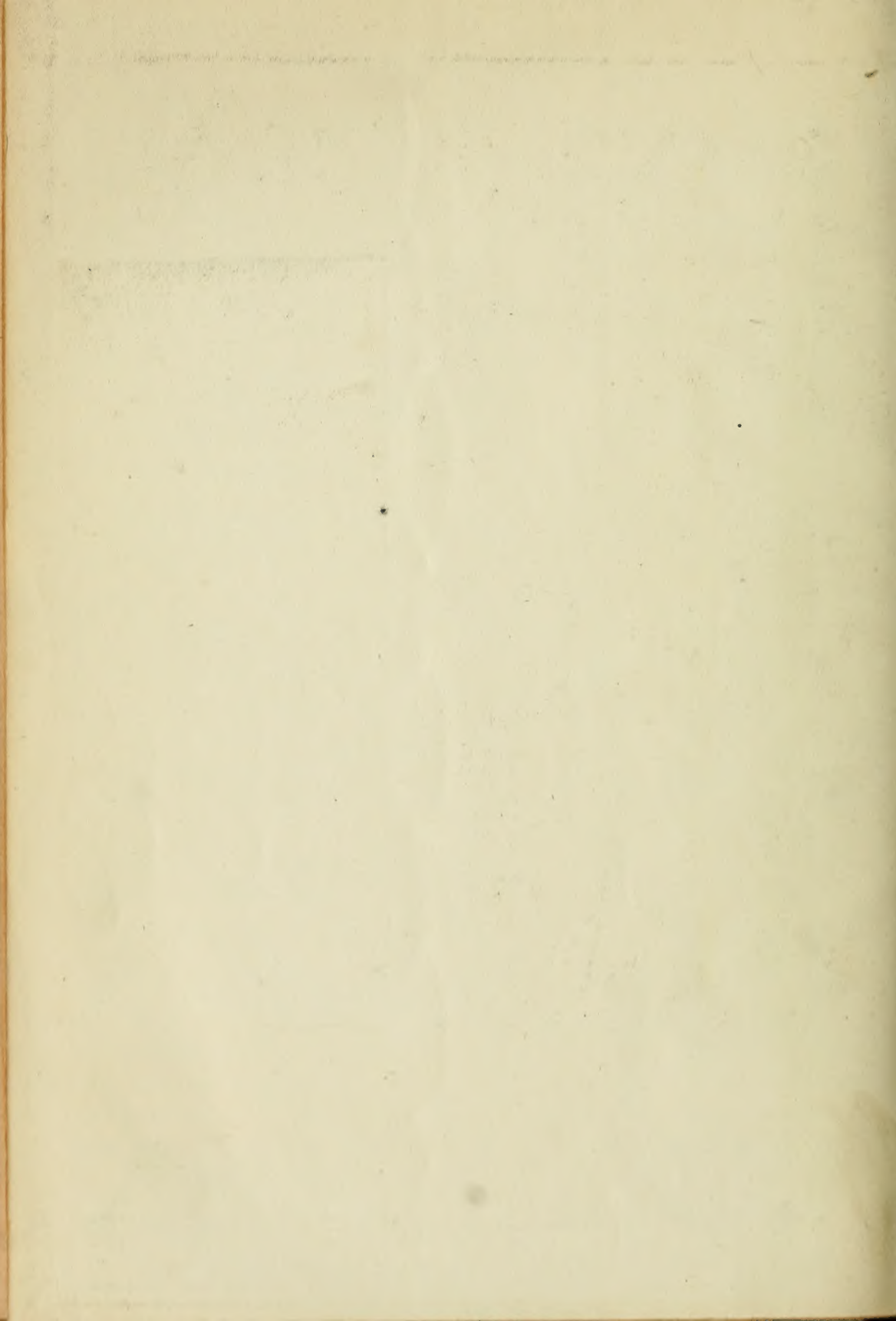
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